

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS

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THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.
FOURTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TOPHANIA.

A TALE OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY OPHELIA MARGUERITE CLOUTMAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was toward the close of a sultry summer's day, in the year 1680, that a pair of youthful travelers might have been seen entering the smiling and stirring city of Naples, by the road leading direct from Capua. The elder of the two, a tall and melancholy-looking boy, of perhaps eighteen summers, seemed hardly fitted to assume the office of protector to the dark-eyed, joyous creature at his side, who he frequently addressed as *caro fratello*, (dear sister,) and who, to all appearances, could not have been his junior by more than a couple of years.

Across one shoulder the boy, Angelo, had slung a light guitar, whose faded ribbon and bruised case showed traces of long and frequent use. From beneath his left arm peeped out a small sketch book and an old portfolio, which denoted the existence of no inconsiderable amount of artistic taste. If not genius, in the person of one so young. Hand in hand the happy pair wandered on for some distance, glancing eagerly at the crowds of mirthful Neapolitans that, riding or walking, flooded the Chiaja, or, passing occasionally in the midst of their sight-seeing expedition along the Capo de Monte, to watch the groups of lazy, sun-browned lazzaroni, as they listlessly dragged their fish-bone to the shore, or, chattering their teeth, to indicate a desperate state of starvation, ran wildly after the gaily-painted vehicles of the nobility, shouting and screaming at the tops of their voices, in *drue macaroni gibberish*. "Datemi qui che cosa!" which, being interpreted into plain English, signifies nothing more nor less than the modest request, "Give me something."

Finding that the sun, whose rays had for some time past completely deluged the blue waters of the bay in its own crimson light, was fast fading from view, the vision-dazzled youth, suddenly recollecting his companion's fatigue, began to look about him for a place wherein he might with safety procure a supper and lodging for his black-eyed protégé, Tophania, and himself. Through the kindness of a poor artisan, who was just returning home from his day's labor, our youthful tourists—both of them strangers in Naples—were shown to an humble inn, situated in the outskirts of the city, where the hungry and body-tired adventurers were soon regaled with an excellent dish of steaming macaroni, and clean if not remarkably soft beds.

Wishing our young friends *buona notte*, after their dusty and tedious day's journey from Capua, I will embrace the present opportunity of narrating to the reader a few facts relative to the previous history of the two humble personages thus early introduced to public notice in the first pages of our story.

Tophania Spallanzani was born of poor but respectable parents, at Cagliari, on the island of Sardinia, during the latter part of the year 1664. While cruising about the coast of Corsica in his profession of a sailor in the King's service, Antonio Spallanzani, then a young man of twenty-five years, chanced to make the acquaintance of one Victor Foray, a fisherman of Bastia, on the northwest coast of the island. The result of this intimacy between the old Frenchman and the sailor, Antonio Spallanzani, was the latter falling desperately in love with the fisherman's only daughter, the lovely Mariette.

A speedy marriage followed the young Sardinian's declaration of affection for the youngest child of his newly-made friend. With tears in her lustrous black eyes, Mariette Foray fervently embraced her widowed father and twin brothers, Pierre and Francois, of whose brave hearts she had long been the joy and pride, and, taking the proffered arm of her husband, quietly conveyed herself to be laid on board the vessel waiting to suffer them to Sardinia.

Arriving at Cagliari, Antonio had hardly succeeded in establishing his beautiful bride in a new and comfortable home, before he received orders from his sovereign to embark at once upon a voyage to the East Indies. Antonio who had risen to the honorable position of first mate of the royal cutter ship, "Victor Lorenzo," entirely through his own industry and perseverance, was sufficiently ambitious to aspire to the rank of captain, after two or three years' more of experience should have passed over his youthful head. Accordingly the happy bridegroom set sail for Calcutta, with a light heart and many expectations for his fortune, success and welfare.

Returning to Sardinia, after a year's absence—during which time the loving and devoted Mariette had become the mother of a beautiful girl-babe, which she had christened Tophania, after her own god-mother in Corsica—Antonio hastened at once to the humble yet comfortable cottage in which he had enshrined his heart's best idol, on leaving Cagliari, a twelve month before. Arriving there, he found his beautiful wife, with her infant closely pressed to her bosom, in tears. The warm-hearted sailor, feeling that his own cup of earthly happiness was indeed filled to overflowing, could not comprehend the nature of Mariette's sorrow, and forthwith began bantering her upon her dallied spirits and tear-bedewed face, at an hour which should have been to both an equally blissful one.

A look of intense agony crossed the pale brow of the young wife, as, rising from her seat and laying her babe upon a neighboring couch, she took from her pocket a paper bearing the imperial seal, and, without uttering a single word, placed it in the hands of her astonished husband.

The seal was already broken; for the watchful eye of love had read, at the first glance at that royal document, that all was not well with the absent one. Woman's curiosity is not easily satisfied, especially when united to wifely anxiety for the wanderer's safety and welfare, as was the case with poor Mariette.

Tearing open the carefully-folded document, she learned what, some three hours later, Antonio himself could hardly bring his mind to fully believe—that Antonio Spallanzani, first mate of the Victor Lorenzo, was not only discharged from the royal service, but was also exiled for the space of ten years from Sardinia, on the charge of having disclosed some important facts relative to the Sardinian government while holding a business interview with the Prefect of Ajaccio, during his visit to the island of Corsica.

Upon finishing the contents of the paper which Mariette had handed her husband for perusal, Antonio had sunk silently into a chair completely overpowered by so unexpected and startling a revelation. In vain he endeavored to recall the exact language made use of during his interview with the Corsican Prefect a year previous. He remembered nothing particular that was done or said upon that occasion, except that the Prefect had extended to him much courtesy and hospitality, at the same time professing to feel no slight degree of interest in his Sardinian neighbors.

After reflecting closely upon the subject, Antonio came to the sensible conclusion that if he had, in the course of his conversation with the cunning and treacherous Prefect, chanced to let fall any secret of vital importance, he had done so unwittingly and without the slightest intention of injuring, in any way, a government to whose favor and encouragement he had thus far owed his success and advancement in life. That his simple language had been misconstrued by the Prefect, who had doubtless been his betrayer in the matter, was a clearly established fact in the mind of the young sailor; but his Italian pride of spirit would not permit his wife to see for mercy for his sake at the feet of the King, as she begged to be allowed to do; neither would he himself accept an explanation of the affair from the lips of his Majesty.

Upon leaving Cagliari, Mariette plead most warmly for a return to Corsica, the land of her birth; but her husband would not so far compromise his pride and honor as to become a dependent upon the bounty of his wife's relatives. Mariette, who was by no means an indolent musician upon the guitar, and who had for two or three years previous to her marriage with Antonio been looked upon as the most accomplished *coartise* in her native village Bastia, now determined to turn the talents which God had bestowed upon her to good account.

With a heart less blighted and discouraged by misfortune than that of the exiled Sardinian, the young mother, accompanied by her infant daughter and spirit-crushed husband, bade adieu to Cagliari, the scene of their mutual joys and sorrows. After some five years wandering through Northern Italy in the capacity of traveling musicians, our humble trio took lodgings for the night at a small roadside inn, in that most wretched of Neapolitan towns, Fondi, preparatory to a continuance of their journey toward Naples on the morrow.

About midnight, Mariette Spallanzani was seized with a relapse of a fever, which she had contracted some two months previous while crossing the Pontine Marshes, and which had at one time threatened to deprive her entirely of her voice for singing—a matter of no small import to the heart of the Corsican wife, to whose perseverance and energy the daily subsistence of her little family were chiefly owing. Antonio being himself possessed of but slight musical qualifications.

A few days severe strata upon the already loosened cord of life in the case of the faithful Mariette, and the chain of mortality was suddenly severed forevermore. Worn out by incessant watching and fatigue, as well as by intense grief at the loss of his noble-minded and affectionate wife, who had borne her part in the world's great arena so bravely and uncomplainingly, the once stout-framed sailor, now wasted and feeble, became an easy prey to the violence, disease. Three weeks from the day on which Mariette Spallanzani breathed her last, Antonio was laid to his final resting-place beside the cherished companion of his life-pilgrimage.

Tophania, at that time a child of six years, escaped the pestilence which had lain her parents in the grave, and found a comfortable though by no means luxurious home with the kind-hearted innkeeper and his wife, who had lavished so much care and attention upon Antonio and his wife during their severe illness.

Providence having denied this honest-hearted Neapolitan couple children of their own, they had generously adopted the orphan child of a distant relative, who still retained his family name, Angelo Martini. At the period of Tophania's infatuation to the home circle, the boy Angelo was but eight years of age, and although remarkably slight and effeminate in appearance, was nevertheless noted for the precocity which he exhibited in sketching roughly the various objects around him.

For ten years life glided calmly and happily on to this orphaned pair, whom a mutual bond of sympathy had first drawn together, and then came a change. The wife of old Torriani, the innkeeper, lay dead and Tophania and Angelo, to whom she had more than fulfilled the office of a mother, mingled their tears in common, as they stood hand in hand beside her coffin.

The old inn of Fondi passed into stranger hands; and Torriani, who felt that his earthly race was well nigh run, proposed ending his days in a cottage near by, which he had bought with the earnings of long years' labor a short time before his wife's death, intending it, upon the occasion of his own decease, to Angelo and Tophania, whom he sincerely hoped to see united in marriage ere another year should have passed over their youthful and loving heads.

But with increasing years grew and strengthened the love for art which the boy Angelo had so plainly manifested during the earliest stages of childhood. A desire to perfect himself in the study of painting awakened a corresponding desire in Angelo's breast to behold Naples, that world of beauty, gaiety and art. The love of adventure having been, from early associations, a paramount feeling in the heart of the orphan girl Tophania, she not only encouraged Angelo in his newly-conceived scheme, but also expressed a firm determination to become a copartner in all future

movements and wanderings of her dear foster-brother.

After the most unavailing remonstrances upon the part of the aged Torriani, who looked with horror upon the undertaking of so hazardous an enterprise—accompanied by Tophania, set out for Naples, where he hoped by earnest study and industry to be soon able to furnish his beloved sister with the means of procuring an education, besides providing for them both a comfortable home. Their arrival in the Neapolitan Kingdom having been duly chronicled, and some slight insight into the private history of the principal characters of our story having been granted our readers, I will leg their further attention to a little circumstance which occurring some three months later, constituted the turning point of a life whose earliest aspirations were essentially pure and high-minded.

CHAPTER II.

In a scantily furnished apartment of a crazed and dilapidated looking building, situate in a remote quarter of the bustling city of Naples, Angelo Martini lay sick of fever. Beside his humble couch stood an easel, upon which rested a half-finished picture—a fancy sketch to all appearances—in whose handsome lineaments a close observer might have traced a strong resemblance to the countenance of the heroine of our sketch, the dark-eyed Tophania. Pallet and brushes were alike neglected, now that the hand of disease was pressed upon the art-student's pale brow. A step, light and hurried, rouses Angelo from the listless stupor in which he has lain for the past half hour or more, and a moment later the door of the apartment is swung open, and Tophania Spallanzani, in all her rich, dark style of girlish beauty, bounds eagerly into the room.

"See! see! *caro Angelo!*" exclaimed the delighted girl, moving toward the couch of the invalid, and hastily extracting an exquisite diamond ring from her finger, "is not this a rare gift for a stranger to bestow upon a poor guitar player?"

The bright eyes of the sufferer, which a second before had looked so warm a welcome, grew sad and reproachful in their expression, as in trembling accents, he inquired of his handsome companion by what means she had come in possession of so valuable a trinket.

"While singing on the Chiaja this afternoon, a song which my dear mother had taught me in my infancy," said Tophania, "a handsome equipage drove up to the spot where I stood, the centre of a group of children and illers, and the next instant a dark and noble-looking man, seemingly an Italian by birth, sprang out of the carriage, and bowing his way rapidly through the crowd, was soon at my side. I had but just terminated my song, a mournful and pathetic ballad, when the distinguished stranger whispered in my ear, that if I would accompany him in a short drive upon the Capo de Monte, he would reward me a much easier way of procuring a livelihood, than by singing and playing in the public streets of Naples."

"Of course you refused his insolent offer," interrupted the invalid, at the same time raising himself upon his couch with an expression of kindling anger gleaming in every feature.

"No, indeed I did not," replied the young girl, with a degree of haughtiness and self-determination that quite startled her companion, from its very unexpectedness. "It is not often, now-a-days, that a strolling ballad-singer gets an opportunity of riding in a nobleman's carriage. I only wished that you were along with me, Angelo; the air from the bay, and the sight of so many gay equipages upon the Capo de Monte, would have gladdened your heart, and made you quite well again, my dear brother!" and, actuated by the impulse of the moment, Tophania stooped down and pressed a kiss upon the marble brow of the fair invalid.

"But you have not told me how you procured the ring; so valuable an ornament is fit only to be worn by a fine lady," continued Angelo, after a second's pause.

"And who knows but what some future day may see me one?" replied the young beauty, with an imperial toss of her handsome head. "But, to be frank," she continued, "this costly ring was given me on condition that I would consent to accompany the donor on his return to Paris."

"In the name of the Virgin, who is this man, who, in the space of a few short hours, has so far ingratiated himself into your favor, as to propose an elopement?" exclaimed Angelo Martini, with an earnestness and warmth of manner that was truly alarming to witness, in the person of an invalid.

Tophania was terrified. Never before since the time of their first acquaintance had the young girl known what it was to possess a secret that was not shared by her foster-brother. Even now, while she hesitated disclosing the stranger's name, she felt keenly the penetrating glance of Angelo's dark blue eye. Adverting an air of composure which was quite at variance with the restless vibrations of her little heart, Tophania said, in a firm tone, "the nobleman's name, Angelo, is Mazarin, if I conscious of the recognition which was about to follow, turned her face away to hide the emotion there expressed."

"Mazarin! You cannot mean Cardinal Mazarin, the present prime minister of France!" exclaimed Angelo Martini, with a questioning look.

"The same, *caro fratello*," (dear brother,) replied Tophania, blushing deeply. "I think he is at present upon a visit to relatives residing in Naples, where the earlier portion of his life was spent."

For a moment the young artist remained silent; then sinking back upon his pillow, from which in a state of feverish excitement he had unconsciously raised himself, he said, in a clear, but low tone, fixing his large blue eyes steadily upon the crimson-tyed cheeks of his companion, "Tophania, report hath branded this same Cardinal a villain. Beware how you accept the proffered friendship of such a man!" and with a long drawn sigh the exhausted Angelo turned his face to the wall, and closed his eyes as if to woo the presence of the drowsy God, Morpheus.

For a moment or two the young girl pondered upon the words to which her companion had so calmly given utterance. Now that she recalled to mind the handsome features of the distinguished Italian, she could not help acknowledging to herself that there was a cold glitter about the small and deep-set eyes of the

stranger that marred the otherwise glorious beauty of his face.

Angelo said no more to Tophania upon the subject of her new acquaintance that night, for being greatly fatigued both in mind and body, he partook sparingly of the repast which Tophania's hands had prepared, and then sank into a most refreshing slumber.

The following morning, upon the young girl's departure for the scene of her musical labors, Angelo called her to his bedside, and said, tenderly, while the tears started involuntarily to his azure eyes:

"*Caro fratello*, you have toiled faithfully for our support for several weeks, during which time I lay weak and helpless; but, thanks to the Holy Virgin, I am now much better. To-morrow I shall at least be able to resume my artistic studies, if not strong enough to accompany you in your customary strolls upon the Chiaja and Capo de Monte."

Tophania, who still loved her foster brother with all her heart, seemed touched by the deep sense of gratitude evinced by Angelo, who, for some nine months previous to his illness, had been her main support and protector. By close application to his cherished art, he had been enabled to accomplish what, to his boyish eyes, seemed miracles. From a well-known print-seller in Naples he had obtained the loan of one or two time-worn engravings, which he succeeded so well in copying as to induce the print-seller to give him an order for the painting of a small picture each week. The compensation thus received—although an exceedingly meagre one—together with the few coins which Tophania received daily by singing in the streets and public cafes, where Angelo generally managed to accompany her for a few hours every afternoon, afforded a comfortable support to a pair whose infancy had been passed amid scenes of poverty and hardships.

For several weeks, owing to the severe illness of her foster-brother, Tophania had been obliged to rely entirely upon her own energies and abilities for the means of subsistence. Her great beauty, and sweet, though by no means cultivated voice, had at once attracted the passionate gaze and admiration of Cardinal Mazarin, who was recreating for a few weeks among the scenes of his native city.

Anxious to procure the favor of Anne of Austria, the queen of Louis XIII., the artful Italian devised a plot for blinding the eyes of the unsuspecting monarch to his own base conduct, of which, also, Tophania Spallanzani became the unfortunate victim.

But to return to Angelo. Upon the departure of Tophania, who had bestowed more than ordinary care and time in the preparation of her simple yet fanciful toilette that morning, the young artist arose refreshed from his couch, and after partaking of a slight repast, sat down to mix his colors for the completion of the fancy sketch, or rather portrait of Tophania, which had stood for weeks in a half-finished state upon his easel.

Absorbed in his work, Angelo heeded not the slight of time until the gathering shades of evening warned him to lay aside pallet and brushes until the light of another day should dawn upon his vision.

Darker and darker grew the night, but still Tophania came not. Thinking that some slight delay had prevented the young girl's return home at an early hour, Angelo set about preparing supper, thinking by his own handiness to afford his beloved sister a pleasant surprise upon her arrival. Nine o'clock came, and yet the wanderer tarried abroad. Intense anxiety as to the probable fate of Tophania now pervaded the breast of the young artist. The plain but well-cooked repast which Angelo's skillful hands had prepared, lay cooling upon the table. To eat or sleep that night, without the knowledge of his fair companion's safety, was a moral impossibility. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, the excited invalid seized his hat and rushed out into the streets; determined to ascertain some clue to the whereabouts of the lost Tophania. After a long and unsuccessful search throughout the most frequented portions of the city, the thought that perhaps the object of his solicitude had been decoyed away by means of the cunning machinations of Cardinal Mazarin flashed suddenly across the art-student's brain of Angelo. Never before had the over-taxed doubts, even for a moment, the truth and constancy of his beloved companion. The thought of Tophania's desertion was madness. Life, uncheered by her presence, would be insupportable.

Morning dawned. At an early hour, before the busy hum of the awakening city called forth man to the exercise of his daily vocation, a lodger in the dwelling characterized by the artist as "home, sweet home," passed out into the open air. Upon the lower step of the flight of rickety stairs leading to the ingrain entrance of the building, lay the apparently lifeless figure of a man. Upon nearer approach the humble artisan recognized the features of Angelo Martini—the occupant of the attic story of the house. Weak and exhausted after a long night's search, the poor artist had fallen prostrate upon the steps of his own dwelling.

Weeks of delirium and fever followed this piece of imprudence upon the part of the invalid, who would have died had it not been for the kind care which he received from the hands of a generous-hearted widow woman, who lived in the chamber beneath the apartment rented by our hero. Some three months after the above circumstance transpired, Angelo, who had again resumed his artistic labors with increased energy, received a sealed note bearing the Paris post-mark. Upon opening the document, the amazed youth read as follows:

"*Caro Angelo*—You will doubtless be delighted to learn of my sudden rise to good fortune and happiness. I am no longer the humble guitar player of Naples, but the (I almost blush to speak it, *caro fratello*) adored mistress of the King of France. I trust that you have so far recovered your health as to be able to resume your labors in the field of painting, which I feel confident you will sooner or later adorn and glorify by your pencil. Forgive me, I beseech you, the cruelty I was guilty of in deserting you in the hour of sickness. You must believe me when I tell you that I have wept long hours at a time, even at the remembrance of that sad yet eventful night. My great personal beauty and my voice—which Louis' liberality of purse is doing much to cultivate—are the universal subjects of conversation at court. Even Queen Anne believes the ruse perpetrated by my friend the Cardinal, who, in

introducing me at court, presented me as his niece whom he had brought from Naples with him. I know you will enjoy so admirable a joke, especially when I tell you that the King is willing to remit you any specified sum of money for the purchase of the fancy sketch which I sat for a few days previous to your sickness. Are you not proud, Angelo, of your sister's success and prosperity? Now, indeed, are my girlish dreams of glory and splendor being realized! Addio, *caro fratello*, (you see I have not yet forgotten Italian, although in a French community,) write me at your earliest convenience, and do not fail to remember I am no more your simple-minded Tophania, but henceforth and forever your eternal friend and well-wisher.

MD'LE MAZARIN."

Horror-stricken at the contents of the letter which Tophania's hand had penned, Angelo sat for some time motionless in the chair into which he had dropped upon recognizing the chirography of his once dearly-beloved foster-sister.

When he rose from his seat a look of stern determination was visible upon his pale yet handsome face. Seizing a brush from out a cup of black paint, Angelo advanced toward the half-finished portrait of Tophania, which he had kept veiled from sight since the night of his companion's voluntary desertion, and, removing the drapery shrouding it, slowly drew the blackened brush across the face several times until nothing remained of the once brilliantly beautiful face but an unguessed dæmon.

From that hour, Angelo resolved to blot out from his heart the memory of one whose future existence bade fair to become as black and sin-steeped as the ebony colored paint which now disfigured the once glowing canvas.

Three years had passed, during which time Tophania Spallanzani, or Mademoiselle Mazarin, as she was commonly known throughout Paris, was the fair cynosure of all eyes. So great was her influence over Louis XIII., that he now but seldom visited the apartments of Anne of Austria, except to confer with her and Cardinal Mazarin, (who was now the devoted paramour of the hitherto coquetish and invincible Queen,) upon affairs of state.

Being naturally an apt scholar, and the possessor of an immediate share of ambition, Tophania, as might be expected, profited wonderfully by all the instructions which she received in the various departments of art, from the most competent masters, by whom the King joyfully surrounded her. In music and dancing she was the most thoroughly accomplished woman at court, and being the publicly acknowledged mistress of the King, was consequently at once the admiration of the courtiers, as well as the envy of the ladies.

Among the most beautiful women who graced the festivities of the Palace of St. Germain each week, was Marion de l'Orme, a celebrated courtesan, whom Victor Hugo has immortalized in one of his most brilliant dramas. At that time, the office of Master of the Horse was held by Henry, Marquis of Cinq-Mars, whose sad fate of death upon the scaffold has been a favorite theme for poetry and romance. The latter, preferring the charms of female society to the sports of the field, used generally to leave St. Germain under cover of the night, at an hour when he supposed the King had retired to rest, for the purpose of spending several hours in the company of Marion de l'Orme. Cinq-Mars being on several occasions absent from his post, the King's curiosity became excited, and upon making inquiries as to the cause of his absence, he at last succeeded in discovering the intrigue.

Marion de l'Orme was commanded to take up her residence at the Palace of St. Germain, in spite of the numerous protestations of Tophania to the contrary, and Cinq-Mars was forbidden to enter her apartments except by special permission from the King. The more delicate blonde style of beauty of the fair courtesan, Marion, at last succeeded in rousing the admiration of royalty. For a sensuality, a new mistress, like a new toy to the eye of a child, is a novelty.

Tired of his Italian *l'amour*, as the King termed Tophania, Louis soon became enslaved by the powerful charm which the experienced courtesan knew so well how to exert.

The high favor extended to Marion de l'Orme by Louis XIII., excited the double jealousy of both Cinq-Mars and Tophania. How to rid herself of so beautiful a rival was a problem for Sardinian intellect to solve. In her great distress of heart, the neglected favorite applied to Mazarin to redress her wrongs; but the Cardinal, influenced by Anne of Austria—who had never really liked Tophania, but merely tolerated her because of her supposed relationship to the Prime Minister—refused to address the King upon so delicate a subject.

Finding herself cast off by the King, who was but too happy in the exercise of a new affection, Tophania, at once proffered her friendship and valuable services to Cinq-Mars, who, finding his mistress untrue to him, resolved upon snatching her from the embraces of the King by taking the life of her he had a few months before sworn to cherish and protect forevermore. From her mother, Tophania Spallanzani inherited the Corsican spirit of revenge, and being personally interested in the matter of Marion de l'Orme's death, she was only too willing to become the instrument of execution in the hands of the incensed Marquis.

Retiring from court for a while, she anxiously waited an opportunity for the fulfillment of her base purpose. Fortune, or rather his Salento Majesty, favored her wicked designs. Approached by Cinq-Mars, who still retained his office of Master of the Horse in the royal household, of the sudden illness of Marion de l'Orme, Tophania, in the disguise of a monk of St. Bernard, presented herself at the gates of the palace, as the possessor of an infallible remedy for all human ills. The King, anxious for the speedy recovery of his favorite, gave orders for the monk's admission to the chamber of Marion. Having sent out of the room her serving-maids, Tophania took from her breast a small vial labelled "holy oil," and pouring a single drop into a wine-glass of water, gave it to her patient to drink, with the comforting assurance that she would soon fall into a refreshing slumber.

A half hour later, when the King entered the apartment of his mistress, he found the monk gone; and Marion de l'Orme cold and lifeless upon her couch. Medical examination at once proved the fact of the

person was a mere casual acquaintance of Mr. Cogswell, not an intimate friend, and since his death Dr. Cogswell had not thought of him.

But the apparition was in the presence of a man not easily scared. The Librarian, so far from fainting or shrieking, as might reasonably be expected, calmly addressed the ghost:

"Dr. —," said he, "you seldom, if ever, visited this library while living. Why do you trouble us now when dead?"

"Perhaps the ghost did not like the sound of the human voice," it gave no answer, but disappeared.

The next day Mr. Cogswell thought over the matter, attributed it to some optical illusion, and in the evening proceeded with his work as usual. Again he wished to refer to some books, and again visited the north-western alcove. There again, as large as life, was the ghost, very calmly and placidly surveying the shelves.

Mr. Cogswell again spoke to it:

"Dr. —," said he, "again I ask you, why you who never visited the library while living, trouble it now when dead?"

Again the ghost vanished, and the undantied Librarian pursued his task without interruption. The next day he examined the shelves before which the apparition had been seen standing, and by a singular coincidence, found that they were filled with books devoted to demonology, witchcraft, magic, Spiritualism, etc. Some of these books are rare tomes, several centuries old, written in Latin, illustrated with quaint diagrams, and replete with mystic lore. The shelves are the younger brethren, the new spruce works of modern Spiritualists, of Britton, Davis, Edmonds, and others. The very titles on these mystic books are suggestive. There are the Prophecies or Prognostications of Michael Nostradamus, a folio published in London in 1572; Almanac of Con-junctions; Karmic Majik; Golem's Lives of the Necromancers; Glanvil on Witches and Apparitions; Cornelius Agrippa; Rodin's Demonology; Lilly's Astrology and others, a perusal of any of which would effectually murder the sleep of a person of ordinary nerve for at least half a dozen nights. It was these volumes that appeared to attract the apparition.

The third night Mr. Cogswell, still determined that the shade, spirit, delusion or effect of indigestion—whatever it might be—should not interfere with his duties, again visited the various books to which he wished to refer, and when occasion demanded, did not fail to approach the mystic alcove. There again was the apparition, dressed precisely as before, in a gentleman's usual costume, as natural as life, and with a hand raised, as if about to take down a book. Mr. Cogswell again spoke:

"Dr. —," he said boldly, "this is the third time I have met you. Tell me if any of this class of books now disturb you? If they do, I will have them removed."

But the ungrateful ghost, without acknowledging this accommodating spirit on the part of its interrogator, disappeared. Nor has it been seen since, and the Librarian has continued his nightly researches since without interruption.

A few days ago, at a dinner party at the house of a well known wealthy gentleman, Mr. Cogswell related the circumstances as above recorded, as nearly as we can learn. As some eighteen or twenty people were present, the remarkable story of course was soon spread about. A number of literary men, including an eminent historian and others, heard the recital, and though they attribute Mr. Cogswell's ghost-seeking to the strain and tension of his nerves during his protracted labors at the catalogue, they yet confess that the story has its remarkable phases. Both Mr. Cogswell and the deceased physician were persons of a practical turn of mind, always treated the marvelous ghost-stories as mere tales set aside with deserved contempt. And, as they were not at all infatigable, it will be at least a curious question for the psychologist to determine why the idea of this deceased gentleman should come to Mr. Cogswell's brain and resolve itself into an apparition when engaged in dry-stained labor, which should effectually banish all thoughts of the marvelous.

Acting on the advice of several friends, Mr. Cogswell is now absent on a short trip to Charleston to recuperate his energies. His indefatigable industry, his devotion to the interests of the Librarian, and his great efficiency as a Librarian, render it highly desirable that he should enjoy recreation and repose, and not endanger his health by a too close application to his duties. In regard to the apparition we will make no comments, but give the story as it was related by Dr. Cogswell, as we are credibly informed, and as it has already been talked about in various literary and domestic circles in this city.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE BANNER! ROOM FOR ALL!

In order to make room for all our friends who have long desired to be heard relative to their own experiences in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and to furnish a still greater variety of reading matter for our tens of thousands of subscribers in all quarters of the country, we have determined, on the 1st of March, and with the commencement of the NEW VOLUME, to

ENLARGE OUR PAPER
by Two Columns on each page! We shall add one column to its width, and lengthen the whole page three inches, thus giving

TWO NEW COLUMNS TO EACH PAGE,

on, in all
SIXTEEN COLUMNS MORE!
We shall, by this arrangement, be freed from the necessity of using the small type which has troubled so many of our readers, and hence

No More Small Type will be used on the Banner.

This enlargement we have had in view for some time. We make it in order to meet

THE WANTS OF THE PEOPLE,

and that the

"BANNER OF LIGHT"

will remain as now. We shall employ the

BEST CONTRIBUTORS

to our aid, and

No Means will be spared to continue

the Banner in the path of

RATIONAL PROGRESS

in which it first

set out on its prosperous journey. Our paper will never fall

away one iota in its

BEAUTIFUL MECHANICAL APPEARANCE,

but it will be our aim to make

Still More Improvements,

as fast

as our friends demand them. In all respects the Banner

means to keep itself fully

ABREAST WITH THE AGE WE LIVE IN,

thus commending

itself to the favorable attention of the

Liberal Minded,

and the

Friends of Progress Everywhere!

Our contemplated improvements of course involve

LARGE OUTLAYS OF MONEY,

but we

OLD AND NEW FRIENDS

to

EVERY STATE OF THE UNION

to secure us, by their liberal subscriptions, that our efforts on

their behalf have fully

Met Their Approval.

With the

A FRESH STORY

by that popular

COBA WILBURN,

entitled

"COSELLA WAYNE;

OR

WILL AND DESTINY."

BERRY, COLBY & CO.,

312 Brattle Street,

Boston, Mass.

NOTICE.
Hereafter our reports of Messrs. Beecher and Chapin's Sermons will be protected by copyright, and the practice which has obtained so extensively among our contemporaries of publishing them from our reports, week after week, will be dealt with according to law.

Banner of Light.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1880.

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Persons sending us clubs, may add to the club at any subsequent time, names either in their town, or any other place.

Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. Pro-cure drafts on New York, if possible.

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All letters must be addressed, **BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.**

Berry, Colby & Co.

FARMERS' FARE.

It is not our wish to be confined to commenting on any particular class of topics. We look over the field, and find enough, and much more than enough, to command our attention and attract our sympathies.

In former numbers, we have had more or less to say of the condition of the dwellers in the country, their resources, and their enjoyments. We take up the thread again in the present issue, and talk plainly upon what, from observation alone, we have found to be a crying evil in the otherwise beautiful economy of country life.

Everything depends upon the home comforts. Sagging doors, leaky roofs, shaky windows, and poor fare, are not calculated to advance the heart's enjoyment or progress. Taken as a class, and with no desire to arraign anything but their utter thoughtlessness on the matter, our working farmers are the poorest of the poor, and the wretchedest of the wretched.

Special benefit the sun shines and the rains drop fatness out of the clouds. We are not upon a homily; let us, at least, get at things as they are, and not go about bludgeoned with prejudices.

Most of our farmers believe in one thing, if they do not in another; and that is a dinner of pork and potatoes. Half the time, during the winter, it is pork, pork, pork, till the wonder is that they do not turn into hogs altogether. It is pork and beans, or pork and cabbage, or pork and potatoes, or pork and bread—pork it must be, anyhow. They pack down their porkers in barrels for the winter, and rely upon them for a generous subsistence. Through the summer they depend upon pork, again, to place out their few vegetables; so that this greasy sort of food stands them well in hand for a regular supply. To be sure, scrofula and other diseases may grow out of such an unwholesome diet, but who is going to change the superstitions of his appetites just to prevent a few blotches from coming out on his face?

One great fault with our friends in the country is, they pay no attention to the raising of vegetables or fruits. Here is their most lamentable deficiency, to start with. A table well spread with vegetables, is a table to invite one to sit down to; its master may do so with infinite satisfaction. But to sit and chew the end of contemplation and salt pork and beef, is one of the sorriest experiences that are generally associated with country life, and for which the country has to answer.

Various food is necessary; the solid may be made still more solid by a due admixture and proportion of vegetable matter. The relish is heightened, the acids are properly mingled with the sweets, all vagrant humors are expelled from the localities where they had taken lodgment, and digestion and animal spirits are improved wonderfully by the accession.

But then, in order to raise vegetables, there must be a garden. Yes, of course, it will take time and room to get up these desiderata, and a few hours' work will have to be taken from the farm; and the cattle, or the horse, must be given up now and then for the needful ploughing in the spring; but, if the account is but fairly made up, it will be found that there is a decided profit, instead of a loss, about it. It will tell in the increased health of the family, the whole year through. With a cellar stuffed with nice vegetables, through the winter, what is the need of so much field-work to support the family? Corn and potatoes would not make such a draft upon the energies, for there would be less demand for what they are supposed to be capable of bringing—MONEY.

A farmhouse kitchen is rarely anything more than a kind of lounging place for the neighbors—sometimes a kind of bar-room for the idlers who love to sit about, with short pipes in their mouths, gossip, and spit on the hearth or floor—as it comes handier. The picture is not without truth, and a good deal of it, too. Few indeed are the country kitchens into which a stranger or a chance traveler can be ushered, and look around him with delight to feel himself wholly at home. They are barracks of places, all out-of-doors, entertain visitors in just the casual way described, and are furnished with an old spinning-wheel, (out of use now,) an ogle table, three or four high-backed, hard-bottomed chairs, and a huge fire-place; for, as they say in Virginia, the fire is certainly a piece of furniture, and the prettiest piece in the room. These very important apartments are not apt to be inviting to the stranger; whereas, if the household is well ordered, and the food and cooking are what they ought to be, the kitchen would be the centre-piece in the whole domestic picture.

An old-fashioned farmer's kitchen is a desolation; the old cities of the Bible are not more so. Smoke and ashes about the fire-place; water on the hearth; grim on the floor; the pots and kettles having an exterior look, as if business was carried on with their help for the cattle, rather than for human beings; the windows broken and stuffed out with bats, or something; the floor gaping, seamy, and all the while belching up the wind; the door sagging on its hinges, and creaking, or scraping, every time it is opened,—where is the enticement in a picture like this? Who, with an ordinary amount of sentiment, would ever seriously think of bringing his household gods and settling them permanently in a place of this description?

Yet people cannot forget that as this department of the household is ordered and conducted, so are the meals prepared and daily set before the hungry. If we wished to know what kind of a housekeeper a woman is, we would first of all ask to take a look into her kitchen. The disclosures offered there would very soon enable us to make up a judgment. Never choose your wife in her own parlor. She must needs be taken

off her guard a little; you must see her when her hair is in papers—or at nine o'clock in the morning on Saturday—or just as she is in the heat and hurry of sitting out for an evening party—or when she is winding a skein of silk, or yarn, and has got everything into a tangle; these are the proper times in which to test a woman's quality of temper. And so it is, too, with her cooking—her aptitude for general housewifery—and her general domestic make-up.

Farmers are popularly supposed to live on the "fat of the land," but they don't do it. To their shame be it spoken. We do not question that some of them, here and there, are up to such a luxury; but the body of them are content to dudge and delve along in the life of self-imposed servitude; working only for others, because they give over the best of what they raise to others, and live on the poorest themselves. There is no hallucination in Christendom exactly like it. If they were sitting themselves, for the fear of coming short at some not very distant day, or if they were putting themselves and their families on a short diet, in obedience to the positive orders of the nearest physician, they could hardly do more, or rather less, than they do in this pinching, and skinching, and starving, their families.

A thrifty agriculturist has his thoughts on his farm and his family early and late—morning, noon and evening. He will not carry off the money he skins from his land, to invest in railroads, flash banks, and paper lots; but he puts it into his ground, his cattle, his implements of husbandry, and his buildings, turning it over and over as a shrewd and far-seeing merchant does. Therefore he looks out for his home and family first, as he should. He will lay out a good garden, and obtain from it an abundant supply of vegetables and small fruits. He thinks that there may be something else to live on than pork and potatoes; so he raises whatever pleases the palate, refreshes the juices of the physical system, and assists digestion. His family are healthy, and of course happy. He is bothered with no doctor's bills, incurred by the skillful prolongation of little ailments and disaffections, for his children have hearty laughs for his ears, their faces are ruddy, and their eyes speak a language far more eloquent than poetry.

The farmer in the interior lacks for a good market. We know. There is no other variety for him to make a selection from, than that which he is disposed to create for himself, out of his own garden, yards, coops, and shambles. If he wants beef, he raises it; if mutton, he gets it in the same independent way; if he will continue to disease himself with pork, he turns the great grinders out of his own sty to be butchered; or if he inclines to a more purely vegetable diet, his own acres supply his wants with a bounteous generosity known to no class of men but those who put faith in Providence and seed in the soil. Thus they are in a sense insulated from all mankind, and made self-reliant in the matter of supplying his own table. He knows very well the quality of what he eats; and need have no fears that he is either going to be cheated or poisoned. He is truly the lord of his own lands; fills his own barns; peoples his own estate, and pens, and coops; supplies his own table; and there is no earthly reason why he should not do all this in the very best manner. It certainly cannot be for want of material; it must be either from sheer ignorance or pitiful parsimony.

A single word to our good friends in the rural settlements—farmers' wives and their daughters—in the subject of the cooking. Their husbands and fathers supply the kitchens with such things as are demanded, and it is their duty to bring them in proper condition, and shape to the table. How many of them do it as it should be done? We very well remember the commotion that was created, not a long while ago, by an article that appeared in the *Tribune* in relation to the greasy food and the careless cooking that prevailed in the country; and how many sharp pens were driven by charity wits, of course belonging to the other sex, in defence of ignorance and malpractices that must have known did generally exist. The *Tribune* was right, though its denunciations were quite sweeping. It charged home upon the wives and daughters of our farmers, that they did not know how to make a proper cup of coffee, nor how to cook steak, or to roast a bird, or bring anything else in a fairly eatable condition to the table. The charge was most briskly, may we pepperily reiterate, that it was not disproved. Not our country friends are so much more in fault than our city friends; but the feeling of disappointment and vexation is deeper, because very different things are expected of them. Everything one can imagine is at their hands, and yet they are lax, given to oversight or indifference, and all the time thinking more how they may get rid of their duties, than how they may perform them with skill and thoroughness.

The women—God bless them!—have these matters all in their own control. It is for them to insist on a better standard and style of supplies for the table, which they will also find a very long step toward that refinement in the way of living which they are inwardly so desirous to apprehend and enjoy. Let them call for fruits, and the better class of vegetables, for their daily use, and the revolution is begun. Pork will soon turn those who eat it into something very like itself. All potatoes are hardly what any rational being craves, with a thimbleful of imagination, or sentiment, about him. Then greater pains should be taken to select the food before those who are to eat it, in an attractive and appetizing form. The palate needs coaxing a trifle; even a bit of dexterity is really good for it. We are not of animals by nature; it is generally estimated that other characteristics enter, by some subtle and as yet unexplained process, into our organization.

We beg the farmers' wives, then, to put their feet down for a garden, to begin with. This point gained, the rest of the battle will go easy. Let them demand vegetables in variety and profusion, with which to garnish the solid meats, and that can be grown with very little effort indeed. Then they must secure fruits; they will come to hand in two or three years, and then they are as easy to raise as the same quantity of potatoes, or artichokes. Then let them make a study of the art of cooking—for it is an art, and the best housewife finds her certificate here—and learn to offer good dishes to her family, in the place of those crude and indigestible affairs that convert farmers into logs and lamps, and keep them so by a mysterious kind of tyranny they never could find the heart of themselves.

A very little change in this direction will work a very great change in every other direction. A neat table is the place where a family learns at least good manners three times a day. Good cooking serves to refine, instead of to vitiate the animal tastes; and these are more closely connected with the spiritual qualities than unthinking persons are apt to suppose. The well-ordered meal carries its own peculiar influence with it. That influence no living man can long withstand. The table either makes him a glutton, and a swine—or it teaches him control of his appetites, the social virtues, and the instinctive refinements that clothe the commonest objects pertaining to a true civilization. Because farmers live among their cattle, it is no reason why they should be satisfied to resemble them. Such an unworthy imputation we fear, however, has too often arisen from the very courses which they were content to tolerate themselves. It is time they turned a short corner.

T. L. Harris in England.
A very interesting article from William Howitt—with quotations from Mr. Harris's Lectures, which has been the cause of so much discussion—will be published in our next. It will present Mr. Harris in a far different light from that to be at present occupies in consequence of the garbled report in the London Morning Advertiser, which has been so extensively copied by the press of this country.

THE SPIRITS IN BOSTON.

At length the polite people up Town, have once again, which is no novel and startling in its nature that it must serve as a refreshment to those who have exhausted the material resources of excitement. A deceased physician—six weeks a dweller in the Starland—visits our great repository of literary remains. We copy the story as it appeared in the editorial columns of the *Evening Post*, of the 12th inst., on our third and fourth pages.

The mysterious visitor to the Library—who was conscious of being alive and active—was, probably, not a little surprised on being twice told that he was "dead," and may have very naturally concluded that his mundane inquirer was suffering from some serious malady than the alleged neurological "strain." The Spirit was evidently a polite and gentlemanly personage; and the plain and pointed intimation from Dr. C., that he could have no proper business in the Library, especially at such unreasonable hours, caused him to gently retire, without disputing that gentleman's opinion.

Moreover, the Spirit's attention to the particular class of books named, appears to have been wholly misinterpreted. The Librarian conjectured that those books disturbed the Spirit, and was quite ready to have them removed, if his ghostly visitor desired it; (the doctor was too willing,) but the spirit gave no commission. Having—as we are informed—been accustomed, while on earth, to treat certain spiritual subjects with "deserved contempt," (?) he had probably discovered his mistake; and while attending to the neglected part of his own education, his appearance—under the circumstances—should have served as an admonition. Like other visitors at the Library he doubtless directed his special attention to the class of books in which he was, and now is, most deeply interested. The fact of his appearance there—on three consecutive nights—before the shelves occupied by the works of Ancient and Modern Spiritualists, is susceptible of a rational interpretation. It appears to have been a significant hint to Dr. Cogswell to make himself acquainted with the contents of those books, and, more especially, with the great subject of which they treat. A spiritually minded man would have comprehended the impressive suggestion at once, and turned it to a profitable account.

We have several questions for the material expounders of such spiritual mysteries, and will thank them to answer the following:

1. If, in this particular case, the image before the vision preceded the introduction of the idea into the mind—in the order of time—how can the apparition be ascribed to any morbid action of the faculties?
2. By what optical or psychological law did Dr. Cogswell's "strain and tension of his nerves" produce the form, features, and expression, of a man of whom he had entertained no thought?
3. If the ghostly appearance resulted from that nervous tension, whether hypothetical or real, must we not logically infer that Dr. C.'s nerves—on the occasion of each succeeding interview—were suddenly relaxed as soon as he asked his question—as the spirit instantly disappeared; or, is it more reasonable to conclude that the Spirit's first lesson in the catechism so relaxed and enfeebled his own constitution that he was, for the time being, incapable of producing a shadow?
4. It appears that the Librarian did not suspend his labors with the termination of the last interview; and as he may have very naturally anticipated another visit, why—supposing either the "nervous tension," "optical illusion," or "psychological hallucination" hypotheses, to be the true one—did the ghost absent himself after the third night?

Whenever a man, in these degenerate days, discourses anything spiritual, he is confidently presumed to be dangerously ill! Accordingly Dr. Cogswell—following the advice of personal friends and professional brethren—makes an excursion into the palmist country for the benefit of his health. If one is only blind as a beetle to anything really spiritual he is presumed to be in a strictly normal, and most desirable condition. Many doctors have attempted to expel the Spirits by the administration of drugs, but Dr. C.'s mode of exorcism is certainly far more agreeable.

It occurs to us that Moses and the Prophets, and Jesus and his Apostles—who were always having visions and seeing spirits—must have all worked on a catalogue, or otherwise produced a powerful "strain and tension of their nerves." Had they lived in this enlightened age, they would doubtless have been sent to the hospitals for medical attendance, or into the country "to recuperate."

Let us pray! May we never sound the rayless, fathomless, and unknown depths of apostasy, to which learned and titled ignorance sometimes descends. Oh, from the blindness that will not distinguish the physical maladies of the living from the shades of the departed.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

Another "Good Time Coming."

A Grand Social Love and Musical Soiree, will be held at Minot Hall, corner of Washington and Springfield streets, on Thursday evening, March 22d, 1880, under the direction of J. H. Conant, J. Baldwin, and F. G. Pope. Prof. E. H. Frost, with his talented Quartette Club, will give a Grand Musical Soiree in the Lower Hall, for the entertainment of those who do not wish to dance.

Tickets to both entertainments \$1 00, admitting a gentleman and ladies; for sale at the usual places, and by the Committee of Arrangements. White's celebrated Quadrille Band, of six pieces, will furnish the music. Dancing to commence at eight o'clock precisely, and the Musical Soiree at the same time. No tickets sold at the door.

For the accommodation of those residing at the North and West End, the Citizens' Line of Omnibuses will run their Coaches at the close of the Party, and leave those who desire it at their doors.

The New Volume.

We will remind our friends whose terms of subscription are about to expire, that prompt renewals will materially benefit us, now that we are expending large sums of money preparatory to the

ENLARGEMENT

of the BANNER OF LIGHT. The usual notices will be sent to such subscribers, and their immediate attention will aid us in carrying out our plans of labor. Friends, put your shoulders to the wheel, and give us an impetus which nothing can withstand, by sending us, each one of you, a new subscriber.

Ada L. Hoyt's Evening Circles.

A very pleasant party attended Miss Hoyt's first circle on Friday evening, March 10th. They will be held every Tuesday and Friday evening. See advertisement.

Miss L. E. DeForco

Will lecture at the Melodeon on Sunday, March 22nd, at 2:45 and 7:30 P. M. If preferred, the subjects may be selected by the audience, and opportunity will be given to propose questions to be answered by the medium, who, in this department, is not excelled by any medium now before the public.

In Truth Dangerous!

THE WORLD'S CRISIS, in referring to the BANNER OF LIGHT, says:

"It is sustained by some of the most talented and noble intellects of the day, in consequence of which it is more dangerous in its influence."

We almost conclude, from the above, that our good brothers of the Crisis go against the light of science—the light of truth. How is it, Brother Crisis?

UEO. A. REDMAN IN NEW ORLEANS.

Newspaper reports have reached us of charges of per-
ulation and imposture on the part of Geo. A. Redman, the well known medium for physical manifestations. The New Orleans Delta contains an account of the *medium's* "Halo Test," as performed by Redman, and then relates the arrival of M. V. Bly, and his attempt at the elucidation of these phenomena. We have no particulars of the special case in which Redman is said to have been exposed, or how the gentleman who felt imposed upon arrived at the conclusion that such was the case. Still it is conceded, by letters we have received from Spiritualists, that Redman has been practicing deception. And the fact that Mr. Redman refunded money paid him by the gentleman in question, and then left the city suddenly, is good circumstantial evidence of his cowardice, if not deception.

But by far the worst feature we see in the matter, is the fact that Redman's charges were five dollars for thirty minutes' interview. This avaricious disposition is prominent in Mr. Redman's organization, and has occasioned him a loss of friends in our city. We hope that Spiritualists will set their faces against all such exorbitant demands of mediums.

That George A. Redman is a very wonderful medium for physical manifestations, thousands who have witnessed the various phenomena produced in his presence will testify. That in these manifestations he has been honest, as many are ready to testify.

That he has at times deceived, led by his grasping disposition, has been suspected of him; but this deception cannot wipe out, as the school-boy wipes out his sums on the slate, with a sponge, the many truthful tests which have been given through him.

We have in all cases cautioned people who visit mediums, to watch carefully the various phases of the phenomena they witness, and to let all chance for deception be counteracted.

As for Mr. Bly and his expostitions, we will say that to us they are not worth a copper—not entitled to any serious thought; and, however badly the people of New Orleans may have been imposed upon by Redman, we feel positive that Bly will impose upon them still more, and laugh at them for believing in his tricks.

We know that the "Ballot Test," as has been performed by Redman, is far differently done by Bly, not understanding he declares it is performed in the same manner; and we advise our friends and opponents to see that they are not imposed upon by the "detective medium."

We hear that Mr. Redman is in New York, and purposes to sail for England shortly. It is due to Spiritualists and to Spiritualism that he make some statement of this disgraceful affair, if indeed he can satisfactorily explain matters. Thus far, however, he has kept silence, and we shall feel, if his silence continues, that it is our duty to place the friends in England on their guard against him. If Mr. Redman's aversion is so strong as to lead him to put before the public counterfeited manifestations, he should at once be compelled to leave the field. And this the more because he is

CHAPIN'S SERMONS.

SEVEN PASTORS' DISCOURSES, delivered in the Broadway Church, New York, by E. H. Chapin, D. D. Reported as delivered, and revised and corrected by the author. First series. O. Hutchinson, publisher, New York.

This book contains the first sixteen sermons reported for the BANNER. Mr. Chapin, in his preface, says they were collected from the reports in the "Spiritual Telegraph" and the "Banner of Light." It seems to us hardly just to put the *Telegraph* before the BANNER, in view of the fact that the first twelve of the sixteen sermons never were reported for, and never appeared in the *Telegraph*. Nor was it exactly truthful in the publisher to say that "most of these sermons were taken down by two different reporters, whose published reports have been carefully compared, and any omissions of importance on either side are embraced in the book;" because there were only four such sermons to compare—one quarter of the whole number. Nor do we discover that those four were carefully compared. The truth was, that owing to the inability of the reporters for the *Telegraph*, or the importance of its proprietor, or both, Mr. Chapin was compelled to revise the reports for that paper, and hence he was saved the labor of a subsequent revision. The reports in the BANNER were always considered by Mr. Chapin as correct, as to be worth the trouble of revision; and in his preface he says, "I can especially recommend the general accuracy of Mr. Barr's reports." The omission to mention Mr. Lord, who though he had nothing to do with the first few discourses, has since, we understand, written out most of them—was, we presume, owing to the fact that Mr. Chapin was personally acquainted with Mr. Barr only.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, March 14th.

QUESTIONS.—What is the Philosophy of the Soul's Growth?

LORENZO G. GOODRICH, (Shaker).—After God had created the world, and placed every beautiful fruit and happy living thing in the Garden of Eden, he formed man out of the dust of the earth, and breathed into him a living soul. Every soul has growth as an absolute power, and every soul grows just in proportion to its communion or intercourse with a higher power. In whatever world we start, we look instinctively for a power by which the soul lives, moves, and has its being. Growth is receptivity to divine influx; and in this divine world, when we would live to God, we have to die to another power. The soul's growth is as natural as the fruit on trees. Properly trained, and nourished by intellect and spirituality, it grows; otherwise, it decays.

MR. DUNKLEY.—As former speakers on this subject have given the logical and the ideal, I wish to speak more of the practical, in the soul's growth. I shall assume the soul to be that part which the owner of the question calls soul, viz.: "The etherealized form we call body; the fundamental principle, or interior substance, we call spirit; the expressed or projected qualities, capacities or properties, we call soul." In the individualization of himself, man has no control; but as he comes into life and commences to act, then he commences to express, and thus to form the character of the spirit's body. The growth of the soul will be largely governed by the associations and education that surround the child or man. If associated with the soul, it takes on selfishness, or, with the social, with selfishness and growth in that direction; if the moral and religious, will develop in that direction; or, if associated with intelligence, it increases in intellectual growth. All these are the received and projected qualities that show us that the development of the soul, in each of these departments, is the growth thereof. As I understand it, the soul is the covering of the spirit; its purity or impurity is imparted by the acts of the person. I do not say by his own control alone, because he has no control of circumstances that surround him. If this is the case, it seems to me important what society we associate in; also the influence we exert upon those that surround us. We are constantly imparting to others, and receiving from them that which feeds the soul and gives it growth. If the messages, purporting to come from spirits, are indicative of their souls' condition—for we hear from them as being like unto, or nearly so, what they were in the later portion of their lives—they carry each their own advancement, however, wherever plan it may have been—into the next, and remain in spirit by proper training they progress to higher and purer spheres.

MR. YALDEN.—Whatever increases the intellectual powers of man, or refines his feelings, enlarges his soul. Those who are capable of the most passionate or intense feeling, and the greatest intellectual exertion, have the most soul-power. Aside from his consciousness, man has no soul; and his consciousness is nothing more nor less than his susceptibility to impressions—therefore, whatever increases the susceptibility of man, enlarges the capacity of his soul. Man is not a machine which can be taken to pieces and its parts considered separately; but he must be considered as a whole—as an organism so perfect, every part of which is so nicely adapted to the other parts, that there can be no clearly defined distinction between his mind and soul, spirit and body. We must consider the general economy of his being, otherwise our speculations with reference to him will all be in vain. The powers of man are increased by exercise. He feeds on everything in one sense, his sustenance being as much derived from the heavens as well as the earth, from the realm of mind as well as of matter. Every influence exerted upon man, every trial through which he passes, increases his growth. There is a natural dependency among men; and every person is, whether consciously or unconsciously, subject to the influence of everything that exists. It is simply the changing of his relations that adds to, and varies his thoughts and feelings. The growth of his soul is ever indicated by, and is identical with or consequent upon, the refinement of his feelings, &c., the increase in his susceptibility to impressions.

MR. WILCOX.—With every class of minds this question would have a different answer. Some seem to think the growth of the soul dependent upon the hot-bed processes of the Christian church, and would have prayer, prayer, nothing but constant prayer—filling up every odd moment of the day—as the surest way of the soul's development. They think there is great danger that the soul will retrograde, and that a heavy weight going down an inclined plane, will keep on increasing its momentum, till—unless it is stayed by a mighty power—it plunges, splashing, into hell's boiling cauldron. They say the natural tendency of the soul is to grow in evil; and, unless a heavenly power interposes, hell is its natural portion. Now some minds are developed by prayer; others are not. Some can expand over the pages of the Bible, while others had better never touch the book. Some have their faithful goodness heightened by prayer-meetings; others regard them as nonsense and twaddle. The church teaches that the soul goes down to endless perdition, and is eternally lost; but Spiritualism teaches us that such a thing is impossible. There is no such thing as going back. Every time the soul stands still, it is only unfolding more and more. Progress all things must, whether they will or not. Thus, in ultra religious circles, Unitarianism has become respectable; Elder Knapp has got many of his rough corners worn off; and the religious world believe and do many things now they would not have thought of twenty years ago. Thus we see there is soul development even there, shallow as the ground is. Outside of this class of persons, in the world at large, progress is much more rapid.

MR. TOWN.—The individual, conscious entity of man, is the soul—all there is of the individual progressing and unfolding. MR. LOVELAND.—When this question is narrowed down to soul-growth, or progress, will be found to be the development of the spiritual consciousness. The one who has thought most, or felt most, is the largest man, or woman. There is an indelible tendency to progression. Every succeeding thought, feeling, or emotion, adds another leaf to the book of the soul. All men cannot progress alike, because the instruments differ. What a man has done, no earthly or heavenly power can undo; the line cannot be blotted out. Every experience is useful. I make no exception. As the soul shines out through the windows, the unvaried shines in. The soul does not grow in any sense of being extended—does not occupy any more space. I know not, and cannot explain, how this is, any more than I can explain how a whole landscape is painted on the retina of the eye, and preserved there for years, or how we create record ourselves in memory, and retain forever fastened there.

MR. LLOYD.—We have always been taught that Adam was made out of dust, and God gave him a living soul. After I had first come under the influence of spirit inspiration, I was one day shown a vision of a glass jar filled with all colors of pulverized sugar. This was shown to teach me that from all the various elements is born the human form, and from the human form springs the human soul. It grows, expands, reaches forth, and takes in all that is grand. There is no tale, but is something added to the spirit's growth.

MR. LOVELAND.—I thought when this question came up that people had attended to their bodies, to the neglect of their souls, so long, that they did not know what their soul was. I am not myself, I frankly admit, fully prepared to answer satisfactorily the question, what is soul? I think I can answer it to suit myself. (Mr. O. here recited an original poem, on the question, "What is soul?")

MR. TOWN.—The philosophy of life is the soul growth. If God, the Divine Father, is the individualization of the spirit, we can well give thanks that men are born ignorant.

MR. LOVELAND, in explanation of his former remarks, claimed that the soul was independent of time and of space, and was not governed by the surroundings of the body. As an illustration, he told of a man who was engaged felling trees. A tree fell, and he attempted to run from it, but instead, fell under it. In the time intervening, he saw his whole former life pass before him, repeated, was forgiven, and received the good blessing of God, between the falling of the tree and the blow he received. The same experience is true of persons drowning. This man was fearless for three weeks, and then commenced his life where it was broken off by the blow of the falling tree. Thus, in the first place, he lived a life-time in a second, and again, three weeks passed away in what to him was a flashing moment.

MR. GANNON related a parallel, in the case of one of Newton's officers at the battle of Waterloo. He was on the point of giving off an order, when he was struck on the head by a splinter, and broke off his command in the middle of a word. For fifteen months the officer was insensible; and then, when by the trepanning process the broken skull was re-adjusted, he finished the order with the broken syllable. Dr. G. asked how this was to be explained, except through the theory that the soul was independent of the body. It is a beautiful illustration of its freedom from time and space. The checked current becomes paralyzed; the obstruction removed—it completes itself. This illustration completely overthrows the theory of the Second Adventists. The brain is not the mind; only its instrument. There never was an ideal in human life but had its actuality. The idea of a throne of God, and eternal hell, holiness, etc., in the very things that are needed. The demand is the parent of the thought. Man is his own judge. If God, Christ, or any of the saints, were to judge him, there might be some hope for him. No two souls can have the same experience. Only now and then can they feel for each other. Dr. Child has got more philosophy in his ideas of good and evil than most people ever thought of. The world ought to know and feel the necessity, the blessing of sin. Jesus and Judas both had the experience they needed, and neither were made better or worse by the simple acts they were compelled to do by their innate condition.

The question for the Conference next Wednesday night is: "Do good spirits influence us; and what do we know of their influence?"

Baltimore.

This old and wealthy city, standing third in the list of population by the census of 1850, and occupying a sort of middle ground between the north and the south, is a beautifully located elevated and ancient land with harbor and bay, and its waters in great abundance (for many years one of her staples of commerce) with broad streets and parks, fine shade trees, and the most ample and beautiful park in process of completion (that any city can boast, surrounding the city from water to water on its outer border and accessible from every thorough street and road. For climate and locality, with access to the capital, the ocean, New York and New Orleans, no city in the nation can equal it. It is an old city, and many of its buildings show marks of age and defective architecture, and many of the people also show signs of proterogence and defective architecture, showing me plainly that God was not their maker, or the house-builder for their spirits. For the last five or six years the city has been blighted with a mildew of rovelism and riot, which has found its spirit in the drinking saloons, and which has not only controlled or destroyed the elections, and thus subverted all decent authority, and filled the bench and bar and council hall and assembly with its own tools, but has also entered largely into the social circles, so that dances and balls and parties were often the scenes of riot and fights or tragedies. This spirit of rovelism has become contagious and extended to the children, even little girls partaking of the spirit as well as school boys. The better portion of the citizens saw the withering effects of this curse on their fair city, and at last awoke to the necessity of its suppression; but it had control of the city authorities, and had noted itself into city railroad and other corporate powers, through much corruption and bribery, and many who found they could not deal with honorable powers had courted the power and secured the influence of the powers that were dominant. The necessity of law and order at last became imperative, and the honorable and respectable portion of the people applied to the state and secured a democratic legislature, which always knows how to make up for any lack of power it may possess. This was probably done on the principle of Hemanism or Hemanopathy, that "like cures like," for it is said here, the mobs began with democratic clubs, &c. When at last they found there were "blows to take as well as blows to give," and they were often beaten, they were ready to resort to law and order again. The democracy of the legislature, with much credit to itself, has passed an act establishing a police with ample powers in and over the city, which is placed over and above the reach of the rovelism, and by the aid of all good citizens (which it will have) will be able easily to suppress vice and rescue the saloon boys and protect the people at elections and all other places of legitimate business. The ruling powers of the city of course resist the new power, and go to court with the contest, but that is only for delay with no hope of success. The decision is now daily expected which will put the law and order party into power. One great step has already been taken toward it in dissolving the fire companies, which had become rather organizations of fighting companies, and man-fights rather than fire-fights. The steam fire-engines are in use, and have dissipated the old companies, which for a time increased the force of small and single fights, as disbanding an army does, but it is at last somewhat neutralized. The legislature has also annulled some of the old corrupt grants of the city; and under these new and encouraging prospects, there is little doubt that Baltimore will spring forward from this retarded condition, and once more show signs of prosperity and enterprise equal to our other great cities. There certainly can be no city in the nation more desirable as a location for business, health, or pleasure, than Baltimore; and when she shall have recovered from the effects of this "reign of terror," that reforms and reforms will find a good soil here, and our philosophy will find good ground and favorable hearts, as it does in many other cities. I have been warmly greeted; had a second house at each lecture. No single sign of rovelism, or rovelism, has been at our lectures, but the best of feeling and very intelligent and highly appreciative audience.

I met many earnest and devoted friends of our cause, and one of the best mediums, in Mrs. Danekin, I have met in the nation; there is also a Mrs. Morrill, and several other good test mediums in the city, but Mrs. Danekin, whose circumstances place her above the necessity of using her powers for pay or pleasure and yields to it from conscientious and spiritual motives, is certainly one of the most remarkable instruments that our angelic visitors have gained control of. Through her, many citizens of Baltimore have returned after death and given the most perfect and unmistakable evidence of identity that could be given through her feeble power; and I am told by Mr. Danekin that she has been of almost daily occurrence for years. The friends here engaged a hall here for regular meetings, and are intending to engage speakers and keep up meetings most of the year, with the exception perhaps of three or four summer months. There is certainly an increasing interest, and I perceive here a condition of mind well adapted to our philosophy, and expect a revival of true religion when the new order and power of moral principles shall crowd the rum and rovelism to the wall. One fact I notice here and suggest for thought, is the poorest class of blacks I ever here look better than the same class I saw in Philadelphia; while the poorer classes of whites here, look worse than the same class there. The reason is for each to find out.

March 10, 1860.

Calvin Woodard's Message.

Charlotte Allen, of Plymouth, Mass., in a note to me, says: "In your paper of the 10th of this month, I read a communication in which I recognized a spirit-friend, whose name was Calvin Woodard. He belonged to Taunton, Mass. About thirteen years ago he came to Boston, and visited the very house where I now live. While there, he went up to the second floor of a vessel, and becoming dizzy, fell to the deck, was taken up in an unconscious state, and soon after died. He was a relative of mine. His communication I pronounce true."

ALL SORTS OF PALAGRAPHIS.

227 Chapter XI of the new series of "MAN AND HIS LITIGATION," by PROFESSOR HARRIS, will appear in our forthcoming issue.

227 "IMMORTALITY AND NON-IMMORTALITY," by PROFESSOR TAYLOR, Science, M. D., of New York, is on file for publication in our next.

227 A communication from the son of one of the most distinguished opponents of Modern Spiritualism, commenting upon T. L. Harris and his London sermon, is in type.

227 THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April is a superb number. Its contents are: The Laws of Beauty, Bound and Lost, An Experience, About Thieves, The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, The Portrait, American Magazine Literature of the Last Century, Come to Chateau! Barle Symphonie Hunting a Pass, Kepler, Thesaurus-Pain, The Professor's Story, Lost Beliefs, and The Mexican and their Country. Published by Ticknor & Fields, 133 Washington street, Boston.

The French Chambers were opened March 1st. Louis Napoleon's speech on the occasion is considered more eloquent than that which preceded the Italian war. Every paragraph is fraught with the most serious complications to Europe. The Daily News, remarking upon the Imperial declaration of desire for peace, says it is the misfortune of the annual speech of the Emperor that it reads too much like one of our articles in the *Monitor*, which declare war in one sentence, and proclaim eternal peace in another. The Times says it is not what it hoped, but rather what it expected. The most important and objectionable part is the declaration that he intends to annex Savoy.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.—Messrs. Brown & Taggard, of Boston, have in press a new and complete edition of Carlyle's Essays, revised, enlarged and annotated by the author. The work will be in four volumes, printed at the Riverside press, Cambridge, on fine tinted paper, in the style of the Boston edition of the "Curiosities of Literature." It will have a copious index and new portrait, and will be altogether the finest edition of Carlyle ever issued on either side of the Atlantic.

REV. THEODORE PARKER'S HEALTH.—A letter from a young Boston lady in Florence, dated the 22d of February, reports having seen the Rev. Mr. Parker, who had just returned from a southern tour in Italy. Mr. Parker, while in Rome, had met Mr. Theodore Parker and party, and reports that "Mr. Parker looked very well, and had strong hopes for himself." Mr. Parker was on his way to Paris.

Stevens and Hazlett were executed at Charlestown, Va., on the 10th, at noon.

The anniversary of Saint Patrick's Birthday was celebrated in Boston on the 17th by several Irish benevolent societies. They attended services at Father Wiggle's church in Endicott street, and were addressed by Rev. Mr. McKelly, of North Bridgewater. One of the old Irish bards affirmed that no one who deny to the tender mercies of the day, that—

St. Patrick was a gentleman.

And lived with decent people.

In Dublin town he built a church,

And on it put a steeple.

TRIESTE.—The wife of Reuben Butters, Esq., of Wilmington, Mass., presented him with three sons at a birth, on the morning of the 14th. The mother and children are all doing well.

An Ohio paper calls one of its politicians a "type of Democracy," whereupon Protection continues the metaphor, observing that the "type" is considerably battered, and does not make a fair impression.

Congress having granted his permission, Commodore Shubrick has received the sword presented him by Gen. Urquiza, President of the Argentine Confederation. The scabbard is silver and gold, the hilt tipped with diamonds, and it is valued at \$2000.

The eccentric Lola Montes, whom reports said a few months ago had hired a house in London, met with the Christian's "change of heart," settled down for a life of sobriety, has again turned up in Cleveland, Ohio, where she has been located since about a year since, and from that moment the effects of his faith were visible in all his works.

When the hour of separation came he shook hands with his friends, thanked his mother for her kind care, bade each adieu, and sweetly and cheerfully passed on. Mrs. Fanny Felton was present at the funeral, and spoke words of comfort to the bereaved ones. Thus we are left to await our summons, when we fondly hope for a reunion of the now broken family. Yours in the firm belief of immortality, WILLIAM BURGESS.

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Message through Mrs. Conant Verified.

MRS. CONANT.—I think it incumbent on all your readers, whenever they can verify a message through Mrs. Conant, to advise you of it. Such is my present purpose. A few weeks ago they appeared a short message from my son, who also bears my name. Tent it from the paper, and this morning, while sitting with Mrs. Morrill, drew it from my pocket, and, without letting her know its purport, asked my spirit son if he could tell me about it. Immediately her hand was influenced, and wrote—"Dear Father—You desire me to tell you all about the communication you received through the Banner of Light. I gave them all that I could. If you could but realize for a moment the thousands of spirits that crowd around Mrs. Conant to communicate, you would think it marvelous that I had an opportunity to send even those few words. I will redeem my promise to you at the earliest opportunity." FRANCIS H. SMITH.

Baltimore, Md., 7th March, 1860.

Spiritualists' Convention.

The Spiritualists of Providence, R. I., and vicinity, will hold a Convention in that city on Wednesday and Thursday, August 1st and 2nd, 1860; and on Friday, August 3d, they will make a grand excursion to Narragansett Bay, for an old-fashioned Rhode Island clambake, and a "general good time." A number of the best speakers in the country will address them, each day, whose names will be announced in due time. All Spiritualists and their friends throughout the country are invited to attend.

Friends in the West,

Living near the Mississippi River, above St. Louis, who wish to see or hear me in the month of July next, must write me in April at Oswego, N. Y. I spend June in St. Louis, and the remainder of the year in the West, returning East in the winter.

New and old subscribers for the BANNER can have the advantage of my agency wherever I am; and I shall be ready to apply many of the books on our philosophy to the western friends. Write early, and state plainly your wants. WARREN CHASE.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

A Circle for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10-1-3 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street, Admission 5 cents.

CLAMOROUS.—Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7-1-2 o'clock, p. m., at Washington Hall, Main street. Seats free.

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

FOXBORO.—The Spiritualists of Foxboro' hold free meetings in the town hall every Sunday, at half-past one, and half-past six o'clock, p. m.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, speaking, by mediums and others.

SALAM.—Meetings are held at the Spiritualists' Church, South street. Circles in the morning; speaking, afternoon and evening.

WORCESTER.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular Sunday meetings in Washburn Hall.

DEATHS.

Died in Lincoln, N. H., Feb. 12, 1860, ANNE TRABELLA, infant daughter of A. J. and M. A. GARRON, aged ten weeks. Soon after the child passed away, one of the family was influenced and wrote the following: "Your little darling is free; do not mourn—earth's trials are not for her. She is an angel now with us."

How consoling is the thought to bereaved parents that the little child passed away in peace and comfort, for the bright and pure ones, who have progressed beyond the possibility of error, and are commissioned by the Father to watch over the unfolding of the transplanted bud, and water it with the dew of his everlasting love, that it may bloom in all its purity and perfection. COX.

Died, in West Killbuck, Conn., March 1, 1860, CHARLES W. BURGESS.

The death of Charles Burgess affords us another striking evidence that Spiritualism is not only good to live by, but will stand the test of that trying hour called death. He became convinced of the existence of life beyond this present plane about a year since, and from that moment the effects of his faith were visible in all his works.

When the hour of separation came he shook hands with his friends, thanked his mother for her kind care, bade each adieu, and sweetly and cheerfully passed on. Mrs. Fanny Felton was present at the funeral, and spoke words of comfort to the bereaved ones.

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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner was written by the spirit who spoke it, through the medium of J. H. Coward, while in a state called the trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spiritual communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are mere transient beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is, and not as it is portrayed in fiction. We shall not attempt to reveal the secrets of the spirit world, but we shall endeavor to show that the spirit world is not a mere dream, but a reality. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely relative to things not experienced.

Answering of Letters.—As one medium would in no way answer to answer the letters we should have sent to us, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 313 North Street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at ten o'clock. Two o'clock after which time there will be no admission. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits will be published in regular columns. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

From No. 1869 to No. 1873.

Friday, Jan. 6.—Is God the Author of Evil? E. M. Coppel, Correll.

March 13.—Why are Spiritualists at the War? The Christian Church? William Simpson; Henry Anley White. Why do the spirits fail to produce manifestations in presence of Professor Grimes?

March 14.—I am the way, the truth, the life; Wm. H. Bancroft; Patrick Murphy; Lucy Ann Brainerd.

March 15.—Stephen Cole; Aunt Jenn; Helen Wingate; Bridget Ouelan.

"What is Magnetism?"

This is the question we have received and which we purpose to answer, although we do not purpose to fully elucidate it, for time has not been given us in which to do so.

Magnetism, when properly understood, is the life of all things. It may be the mighty sun, source, or center of life. Everything that lives at all lives by magnetism? Without it there would be no life.

There are four kinds of magnetism—the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, the spiritual. What is that which produces the change in the mineral particles from year to year, month to month? Magnetism, we answer—a life principle we may call divine.

During certain conditions of your King of Day, it is possessed of positive magnetism—positive to the earth. While this is the case the life is negative, or receptive, capable of absorbing the rays of the sun, that it may yield forth its treasure. In the spring time you see it possess positive magnetism. The earth is then in a negative state. Then it ceases to yield up its treasure. When the sun sends forth its magnetism to rays, the earth yields forth her fruits by the law of magnetism. Again, during certain portions of your seasons the animal form, and all other forms of life, are negative to the positive elements of nature, and receive positive life, which goes to add them in progress. These animal forms are constantly changing, and magnetism produces it. Could you live without the rays of yonder sun? No; your earth would be a barren waste—you could not exist under lawful conditions, unless you exist by the law of magnetism; and future ages shall acknowledge the power of this law.

Some animal forms possess a large share of positive magnetism. They are peculiarly organized and capable of drawing the positive force from the sun, the earth, the moon; and they are capable of exercising their force over one less positive. Law sanctions this course, for this is but an outgrowth of law. All media are possessed of a very large portion of negative magnetism. They are capable of drawing that, and that only, from the elements. You rarely ever find them otherwise. They are negative and receptive, constantly capable of being used by parties communicating; capable of being used as I would use a pencil. The pencil has magnetic life in its composition; yet it is so far negative to the animal that it can use it at will.

Let us go beyond—to the magnetism of spirit life, that governs every creature of God in spirit. This magnetism is made up or derived from the minerals of earth, the animal, and the vegetable kingdoms. Thus the spiritual is but an outgrowth of the lower order of magnetic forces on earth. It is however more positive, more powerful. Thus the spirit is capable of using far greater power on mortals than mortal man is capable of using over his brother. Spirits have a greater share in diffusing over earth's people; and as each spirit in the shadowy world is a law to guide himself, he has a perfect right to use it as he pleases. If, as a spirit, know how to give me magnetism, the law that gives me understanding gives me full power to use it as I please. I am an agent, not a slave. I control the law, and use it for good or evil, as I please.

What is it that gives life to the monarch of the forest? You see it in spring time put forth his buds and leaves. God gives it life, you say. Yet has he no agents in the great workshop of life? Yes, he has many, and the greatest of all is magnetism. The buds, the leaves, the flowers, all come forth at the call of magnetism.

Our questioner doubts the power of mind to control mind—our department of life being able to control another. How strange to doubt God in one of his grandest manifestations! We ask our questioner if he is not able to control certain portions of the lower orders of life? He will answer, he is. How does he control? We ask. Perhaps he will say, by a greater share of intellect. His intelligence strength? Has it power to speak into existence the flower? No, we answer. The law of life—the magnetic power, that thrills all life—has this power. It is not found here in intellect than elsewhere; and when man shall understand it, he will know how to use it.

In your garden, by a Franklin foyed with the subtle element. By his superior intuitive power he conceived a grand idea. He was like the child who takes a watch. It pleases him, yet he knows not how to use it. In after years, he learns the value of the watch, and how to use it. So it was with Franklin.

Man is impelled by Progression to search out the truth, and that progression is magnetic, calling for a corresponding life to that desire in his spirit, which leads man to say with strange mysticism; and when intelligence comprehends, the man receives good thereby.

If man, the grand temple of animal life, only understood one thousandth part of his power, what a God he would be here, even on earth. But a wise God says, "Here shalt thou come, and no further;" when thou hast understood one ask for another, and receive it. Our God gives to each in time, and to each his due.

If man but understood his superior magnetic power, he could at any time use that power over any subject of the animal creation, and it would quail before it. He could say, "Go," and it would go; "Come," and it would come. It would yield implicit obedience to the superior magnet. Now the lower order of animals frequently conquer the man. The time shall come when man shall understand this power and use it. But that time is in the future—brightness and glory surround it.

Our questioner need not go into the past to learn what magnetism is. Every lesson God gives to man is first transcribed on the page of man's soul, and the man has but to turn within and read. Then, wherever he goes he shall have an understanding of magnetism, or the law of life—for such it is.

We will ask our questioner to inform us, if he can, why it is that certain plants that flourish in other climates, cannot in this? Why they yield their fragrance under certain conditions—why they withhold it under certain conditions? Can he tell us?

The flower, born into existence in a foreign clime, flourishes in that clime far better than it can here under your conditions. It was born at the call of a magnetism peculiar to itself, or the sun and surrounding elements were positive to the plant. Remove it, and you take it out of its sphere of action—your strive to rear it under conditions foreign to it—you are thwarting a magnetism peculiar to itself—you have taken it from the bosom of its mother, and given it unto a stranger. It lives, by a magnetism well adapted to its element. It can find it nowhere else as well as at home under the same conditions that spoke it into existence. This law has the same power over all animal life, but to a less extent. Man stands to a foreign clime; if his forces are moving

high, he lives there; yet, could you see the mighty change, the terrible revolution the natural passes through, and the spiritual also, you would wonder why he was not called higher. But man is pointed out of his magnetic force than anything else you find in animal life. He can endure more hardship—he can stand more arrows from the enemy than any other of God's creatures; and thus he can trespass upon God's laws further than anything else. But to sure as he goes out of the condition he was born under, he suffers to some extent.

We will beg leave to point out some of the bright jewels of magnetism that exist in your spirit. Bright buds are there, waiting to be called into existence—waiting to come forth, that man may be blessed therewith. War no longer with truth; but render to God his due, using all things for his glory and honor. Render to the earth and the surrounding elements their due, also, and while you give to each their due, oh fall not to be just to yourself and to that law you so poorly understand.

We will not censure, for ignorance is not a sin; but it is the mother of all evil. It begeth no perfect children—it produces no harmony. So, then, get Truth, and then you shall understand what magnetism is, and shall render justice to yourself, to others, and to your God.

Lucy Lee.

I wish you to write to my mother. I want her to let me talk to her. My name was Lucy Lee. I lived in Bloughton. I was most alive when I died—I guess I was—I've forgot, most. My mother's name is —; but you mustn't publish it—she won't like it. I've got something to tell her, and I can't go home, so I come here.

I've been dead most five years. I died of fever. I don't want to talk much to you, but I want you to tell my mother to go where I can talk to her.

Carrie helps me—mother will know who she is. Charles helps me, too—mother knows who he is.

[We are unable to publish this message in full, in consequence of having mislaid a portion of the manuscript.]

Harriet Nichols.

I have mistaken the place, I fear. I thought when I came here I should meet with some disappointment; I am mistaken, I think. I came here to speak with my own dear friends. I was told if I would come here, I should find a privilege of speaking to my dear friends.

I cannot give you what I wish to give them. Oh, sir, I find everything so entirely different from what I expected, I cannot make my dear friends understand me.

I have not seen God—I have seen no heaven such as I expected to see; but I am very, very happy. Yet, if I could speak to my dear friends as they speak to me, I should be much more so, about my dear friends would be more happy, too. I know their religion is good, but not so good as that of your whole life now. My name was Harriet Nichols—they called me Hally. I have been dead between one and two years. I died of consumption. I lived in Taunton, Mass.

My brother is here. He says I must be more quiet if I wish to control perfectly. I am so disappointed, I can't do anything. My brother's name is Frank.

If you will just write and tell my dear parents that I came here, and oh, how anxious I am to speak of home, you will do much for me. I wish my sister Susan would go to some medium. I could speak to her if she would come here. I don't know anything about the Spiritualists in Taunton, but I used to hear of the Howards, the Sturges, the Robinsons; but I want to think they were crazy. I was fifteen years of age. I went to the Baptist Church. Mr. Pollard was the pastor.

Tell my friends that I came here to you, and how anxious I am to come to them at home. Oh, tell them I am happy, and I should be much more so, could I tell them what I know. My brother was about eighteen when he died. Do they know his name in Taunton like this? I wish I could go home with this medium; but they say I can't. What makes me feel so weak when I come here, sir?

Samuel Richardson.

I suppose everybody has a reason for coming here, and everybody has his own reason. I suppose I've a father in Boston—yes, I know I have, and that father says, "Sam, go to the Banner of Light office, and communicate there, touching at some points, and I will believe in Spiritualism without a doubt."

My father gave me this thing to do, or requested me to do it in one of your books in Blue street.

Tell my father that we are where doctors and lawyers' services are not required. They are both good in their place, but we do not have any use for them here.

My father wishes me to make use of what he called a phrase he was fond of making use of to me. I suppose he means this: "Well, Sam, what are you driving at to-day?" I don't come here to give anything to please the public, but to satisfy the old gentleman, after my fashion. If he is my father, he is just as good a man as walks the streets of Boston, but he wants a little spiritual light.

My father thinks I am a pretty good body, and that if these influences are genuine spirit influences, his son Sam would come through this channel.

You're got a mighty hot fire here, but it's all right—I can stand it. They used to talk of a hell of fire and brimstone, and I don't know but what I shall be blown into it; if I am I could take a fortnight of it by this time, believe me. [The room was very warm.]

Oh, I'm Sam Richardson; I can't put on any Sunday-going or meeting clothes, for my father will say that is not Sam, or, if it is, he is mightily changed.

I intended to communicate with my father four years ago, just after I died, but somehow or other—the medium was not suited to me, or I was not suited to her, and I blundered every time. The fact is, I wanted to be a little too nice—to-day I am Sam Richardson.

The old gentleman says, "Sam, if you go there, tell me how to make some money." Tell him I think he has got as much as he can use, consequently I shall not tell him how to make more. It's all well enough for men to have enough to support the bodies and clothe them, but anything further is of no use.

Don't understand me to say my father is in any bank as an employee; but he was in there, and I got his dispatch from there.

My father has seen only the dark side of Spiritualism, because he has seen only the spiritual side of it.

Tell the old gentleman to travel over the other side of the mountain where the sun shines, and take a look at the other side of Spiritualism. It is in a rough state now, but it's going to be polished sometime. I suppose when it gets to be a popular thing, some of my folks will take a little. I don't mean the old gentleman, for he, if he sees any good in it, he will take it. It's clear down to the bottom of the river.

Some of my friends whom I know, probably think I might do a little better. They think one way, and I another. My father wanted me to come here, and give a manifestation that would be like me. I mustn't be the Sam Richardson of abroad, but the Sam, at home. That's the trouble with some who come here. They see so many strange faces here they undertake to say nice things, and break down. I wouldn't be nice to please God even, for he don't want me to. He says, Sam Richardson, be yourself. It makes no matter what Mr. So-and-so says about my communication. I talk to please myself; I am attending to my own business, and if they will attend to theirs, they will not criticize my words.

I suppose I should have been a lawyer—one of those respected sort that go about asking whom they may devour. My father's business is sickening, and I have no right to tell what it is. I have a perfect right to give my own name and facts belonging to me, but I've no right to give his, for he is an individual, as I am.

I suppose the cause of my death was consumption; but I never satisfied myself upon that point. My lungs were apparently strong up to a few weeks before my death, and I went off by hemorrhage of the lungs. My general health had been running down for some time.

When I first entered here, I really thought, (when they told me I was no longer an inhabitant of earth) that I knew better than they did. Still I think I had an intuitive knowledge of these things before I left the form. I was not bound to any religious creed, and I guess the old gentleman isn't. He has been under the corner of the flag of Spiritualism. Tell him to come under the stripes.

Yes, I recognize my friends here. Certainly, I carry within me the same disposition and humor I had here.

I have progressed in this way—have made myself master of a great many points I did not understand here. Intellectually I have progressed, but morally I stand upon the same plane I did here. I enjoy myself pretty well here. I should not enjoy myself were I transported to some higher intellectual or moral plane.

I am very much pleased to come here to-day, and I know I shall enjoy some good. I am willing to take upon myself a form not suited to me for a time, but should not be willing to tarry here long.

I was very much astonished when I found everything about me so clearly corresponding to what I knew was an earth, that I did not for a moment believe I had left earth. As high as I can calculate, I suppose I am about three thousand miles from the planet earth. We draw our mathematical conclusions, starting from earth. I have been in very close connection with the moon, but not near enough to understand anything of its laws or productions. By ether are not locations. If you enjoy the beautiful in nature, and I enjoy the beautiful of art, I am in one sphere spiritually, and you are on a higher plane, because you are more natural.

And—if you had a brother who passed to the spirit world, and after a few years you die, there is a law that will attract you to him. The same law that binds you here, binds you there. If you are in different spheres, you can't dwell together, yet you can meet. If your thoughts be positive, and it acts upon one who is negative, you are as sure to draw that negative spirit to you, as the sun is to shine.

And—I first magnified by the power of superior will all the organs of the form I wish to, and then I enter by absorption. I become at once, by will, incorporated into the organic life of the medium.

Her spirit is withdrawn by the same power. There is a willingness on the part of her spirit that is not recognized by her form. I commune with her spirit before I enter her form; yet I do not make this communion known to her natural sense. She might remember what she has passed through since I have been here, had I not magnified her organs of memory, so that they were in a dead state. If I were to withdraw my magnetism from her organs of memory, and give her the natural control of that and no other, she would control all her organs to power on that, and would remember all she has seen since she has been away.

And—Under the control of some spirits it is unhealthily to a medium under control. Some spirits use too little magnetic power over the muscles—this creates a nervous state of the mental power of the medium, and personness bears up the vitality of the medium.

And—Spirits who wish to foretell any event, come with their own spirit-force, and are in perfect rapport with the medium, and forebode the event.

Now, gentlemen and ladies, Sam Richardson will take his leave.

How do we know that God dwells Everywhere?

The Spiritualist tells us to see God in everything. How may we be able to see God in that portion of his creation that is not blessed by intelligence? How may we know we have a God dwelling in everything?

This question is met and upon our list to-day.

So our questioner informs us that the Spiritualist tells him he must behold God in everything. Now he asks how he shall be able to do so—how he shall know that his God, wherever he is, and everywhere, and take up his abode where intelligence dwelleth not.

Our questioner may know where his God abides by seeking to find him; wherever he finds it, there he may find his God. It matters not under what condition it has been called to an outer existence, if the outer lives, God is there. Who can prove to us or to themselves that God is not everywhere, filling and actuating every atom in the universe? That which may seem dead to mortal sight, is not dead—it is but undergoing a change, coming into a higher form of life, obeying the dictates of its life principle, its God, by which it moves into higher spheres of life.

Our questioner tells us, also, he often wanders forth in the open air, viewing the beauties of nature. He finds nothing there to tell him of a God. Nothing? "No, nothing whatsoever," he says, his spirit, "I have looked at beauty here, and in other lands; and for one, from what I can see, I have found no proof of a life beyond, or a God. Nature hath given this to us for a season, and then we pass into the grave, and know no more."

Life has eternally marked out, it always—it never dies—these human forms never die. There is no such thing as death—all is life; and if men and women only understood the Great Author of life, they would see there is no death. When the union is dissolved between spirit and mortal; you say the body is dead. We tell you it is not dead—it has only passed through a change of life. You place it beneath the bosom of earth, and behold it lives, and brings forth new life, working continually toward the God, obeying his own nature.

If our questioner would but seek for spiritual food, he would at once become acquainted with God. Nature has shown her many rare gems. He has looked, and said they are beautiful; but they come by chance—they have no other creator. Chance, then, must be wise—intelligence must be theirs. What is chance? Our questioner will answer, Nature. What is Nature, God, we answer. The same intelligence that spoke the flowers into existence carries you, and will call you on through endless changes, through an endless eternity. Eternity is stamped upon all life. You gaze upon a flower at a time cold winds have blown over it, and it is like the rose and yellow leaf. But God is there, and has called it to higher existence.

Why mourn because your friend has been called to a higher existence? Rather rejoice because he has been called from a lower to a higher state of life—been called to a higher plane, whilst you stand waiting for God to beckon you onward.

Again we say, there is no death. Again we say, the body that is dead to mortal sight, is no more dead, in reality, than is the body I now speak through. We inform our questioner he has failed to look beneath the surface; he has looked at the mirror of life, and has gone straightway, and forgot what manner of man he is. Look again, by the light of the present, and know what life is. Go to the corpse of the friend who, while we now speak, lies dead to mortal sight. Do, then, we say, and see not death, but life. God is there, controlling that mass of clay, as much as he did when it was blessed by possession of the spirit. And when you lie on the bed of death, know that life belongs to your spirit, and none can wrest it from its grasp.

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to commune in public with their friends. I heard there were mediums all over the country, but I knew but little about it. Will my mother and sister afford me the opportunity of speaking to them in private as I speak to you. They of course know all the facts I have given here. I suppose it will be very hard for my mother to believe in this; but I shall throw up all preconceived opinions and meet her where I can talk to her for a few minutes I shall not injure her. The days when "When Robert was alive, I had some one to depend upon, now I have no one." I want my dear mother to understand, that if she will try as hard to come in rapport with me as I will to speak with her, she will soon find I can aid her as much as ever—perhaps more so. There are some facts about my death and my business matters it will be well for her to know; but I cannot give them here to the public.

This existence in spirit life, is but the next door to earth. You cast off some responsibilities and take on some. I feel the same interest and anxiety toward my friends that I ever felt, and I have suffered intensely at times because I could not reach my friends. I heard of others reaching theirs all over the world, but there seemed to be no chance for me. Now I have found an opportunity to speak to my mother and sisters, and I trust they will not turn their backs upon me. Sometimes a thought from mother and sister reaches me. My uncle's name is Samuel Wellman. I suppose he is in New York now, but do not know. I died in San Francisco, but spent most of my time in the section of country. I traveled as far up as Auburn, and some hundred miles beyond.

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Julia.

My dear Charles—I am here this afternoon, as I often am when you are here. I shall be with you this evening. Don't think I am in the spirit-land always, for I love to have you think of me as here sometimes. Our little girl is with me here. Good-by to-day.

[The above was given to a visitor.]

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days, in the forenoon.
 Address, DR. ANDREW STONE
 Physician to the Troy Long and Hygienic Institute, and
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 Dec. 17. ly 86 Fulton-st., Troy, N. Y.

