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COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILBURN.
CHAPTER II.
THE RHINE VOYAGE.

"It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards lying,
I see the bright flood shine;
Singing on the march with every banner waving—
Sing, brothers! 'tis the Rhine!'—Hanses."

The fairy regions of the song-consecrated Rhine! the vine-clad hills, the stately ruins, the towering orange and old baronial castles looming darkly over the blue, rippling waters! The magical sunshine of that fairy region, bathing the blooming hedges and kissing the blushing roses and the lingering violets; the token-flowers that cluster around the sloping banks; the fragrant treasures hiding amid luxuriant grasses; the sweet wildflowers modestly appearing their timid eyes; the scattered blossoms, that like the greenwood path, and fill the air with such delicious fragrance! Oh, consecrated Rhine—dream-land of poetic reveries—what mighty inspirations dwell in those storied fancies! Not fraught with the holiness of ages past, but glowing with the violet-breath of summer, the music stirrings of the air that play amid Eolian harps, that waved amid Elysian tresses, and rested on the golden harpstrings of adoring seraphs in the land of souls! Not with the faint repetitions of love-words spoken by mailed knights of old and titled maidens; not laden with the heart-pourings of the long departed, the long since blest and reunited, dost thou come, oh summer's breath of life and song! The high heart of youth throbs hopefully exultant now as then, and prophetic voices murmur as to the loving hearts of old: "Thine, thine forever!"—and radiant nature smiles, though man's improvements change her forest solitudes to crowded cities, and bring the busy hum of life to the wild-wood shrines, once sacred to her worshiping souls alone.

From the deck of one of the first steamers launched on that noble river, the dark, reflective eyes of a child wandered from scene to scene, with a rapidly flushing and palpitating cheek; betwixt one of those sensitive, enthusiastic natures, which is one of God's best gifts; but which the matter of fact denseness of the world deem it a bounden duty to crush out of existence, in obedience to man's mandates, or disappointment's stern commands.

White cities were passed, cathedral spires and monuments of lasting fame and beauty; renowned sites, and flower-crowned rural residences; forest shades, and vine-clad hills; sunlit glens, and fairy islands; ruined battlements, and frowning orange—all passed before the enraptured vision of our own Cosella, who was standing near her mother, with throbbing heart and heightened color.

"Mother," she said in a low, earnest tone, "I have dreamt of a river like this, but it was not the Rhine; it was called Eternity, mother, the beautiful, blue, shining river; and there were mountains, and the grapes on them were gold and purple; and beautiful roads went up the mountains, and many people were there, walking; and their faces were so bright, mother! and I saw the lady with the white dress and silver stars, and she took me by the hand and called me Cosy, and—"

The excited child paused to take breath; again the superstitious tremor shook the frame of Shina. "My dear Cosy," she began—

"Mrs. Phillips! why will you not allow that child to stay by her attendant? She is disarranging your dress, and you are completely spoiling her." The loud, imperious tone of her husband's voice startled the gentle woman; she blushed, and glanced hastily around; the passengers could not have heard him; they were all in another part of the vessel.

"You will never manifest the dignity becoming your station," he continued, coming nearer and speaking in a lower key. "Do behave like a lady; you ought to be used to it by this time," he sneered. Tears trembled in the large, soft eyes of Shina; her lip quivered, but she made no reply.

"Come here, Ella," he called to the child. She shrunk behind Shina's chair. "Come, my dear, come, Ella!" he said mildly and coaxingly. "I want come by that name; my name is Cosy!" pouted the child. Manasseh cast a threatening look upon his wife, but she approached the little one with smiles. "Your name is Ella, dear; it is foolish to call you Cosy, such a baby name!"

"Have I not expressly forbidden you to call her so?" he said in a low voice, grasping his wife's arm under her shawl. "Call her so again at your peril!" he whispered in her ear. "Can we be too careful? Would you have us discovered? Would you bring ruin, disgrace, imprisonment upon me?"

The face of Shina blanched with fear, and her timid heart contracted with sorrow, as she felt his rude grasp upon her arm. "Oh, Manasseh!" she pleaded with tear-filled eyes.

"Obey me, then!" he retorted, and released her arm.

"I don't like you, papa—I don't—go away, go away!" petulantly exclaimed the child. A curious smile played on his lips. "Oh, nonsense, Ella! you must like your father. Come here, I will show you something." He took an ivory case from his pocket and held it before her. She approached him slowly, half in curiosity and half in reluctance. He took a seat beside his wife and drew Cosella on his knee, giving the ivory playing into her keeping; but his attention was soon diverted from the child to the conversation of three persons who had seated themselves near him, and were speaking in the mother tongue.

The elderly gentleman, whose portly bearing, and natural but easy gravity bespoke the traveling Eng-

lishman, was the father of the blue-eyed, sunny-haired maiden at his side, who, a true type of the island beauty that combines perfect feminine grace with healthful glow and strength, bloomed a true summer's rose, in contrast with the pale, drooping Shina. Father and daughter were bound on a pilgrimage of love, for in the orchard of Mayence reposed the earth form of the wife and mother; and thither they often repaired to pay the tribute of affectionate remembrance.

The third person, was a young man, with dark complexion, large, soulful eyes of grey, and open brow, around which waved a quantity of dark brown hair; a certain polish and refinement visible in his slightest movement; a certain negligent care in the arrangement of his dress, revealed the graceful Frenchman; while the tender, half misanthropic smile that hovered around his lips, and the rich color that momentarily rose to his face, as some fresh point of picturesque scenery broke upon their sight; as curved and bend disclosed the ever varying beauties of the storied Rhine—they gave indications of an enthusiastic nature, of a soul keenly alive to the appreciation of the beautiful and the romantic.

"Last year, Mademoiselle," said the young man, addressing the girl in excellent English, that was tinged with a peculiar accent, "I was very much favored with pleasant company; not so agreeable as the present," he bowed to the lady and smilingly continued, "but very agreeable; in particular there was one compatriot of yours, a fine gentleman—beautiful scholar—a learned man—a poet—he was everything! but he was so sorrowful, so *triste* always, poor man! He lost a beautiful young wife. We were great friends. I have traveled all over Europe, he too; and we talked over old times, till we both laughed and cried. No, I mistake, we both cried together; but he never laughed; he only smiled—so and! He would sigh so deeply, oh, so often! and call her name, his dead wife's name! He was such a good, charitable man, was Percival Wayne—"

"Percival Wayne?" cried the Englishman, and "Percival Wayne!" in loud, startled tones cried Manasseh. In a moment he was bending over the child, trying to get her out of the conversation that so deeply interested him. Shina trembled with undefined apprehension.

"You knew Percival Wayne?" said the sweet voiced English girl. "Oh! I do tell us all about him, please, Monsieur Danvillers."

"You know him—you knew my friend?" eagerly questioned the excited Frenchman.

"We knew one Percival Wayne, in London," replied the stout Englishman—"just such a one as you describe. Please go on, Monsieur. Perhaps it is some one else, Emma."

"Do you remember the name of his wife?"

"Yes, mademoiselle—it was Lea; and she was a Jewess. I cannot find the English word just now."

"A Jewess," said Emma. "Yes, father, it is Mr. Wayne we know. How many pleasant evenings we spent together! Do you remember, father? He was so much beloved, so universally esteemed; and though many were prejudiced against him on account of his marriage, I know that we were not; and we felt deeply for him when he lost his beautiful young wife. He was ill for months; and when he recovered, he was merely the shadow of his former self."

"You knew him! You knew my dear friend! How glad, how very happy I am!" exclaimed the Frenchman, heartily shaking the fair girl's hand, and offering the same joyful demonstration to her father.

"Indeed, we knew and esteemed him," said the portly gentleman. "What was it to us that he married a Jewess? She must have been good, as well as handsome, or he would not have chosen her. Why, sir, he could have married the richest lady in the land; but Percival Wayne did not care for money—that he did not, sir! But please go on, Monsieur Danvillers; tell us of our friend."

"The light and joyous expression fled from the Frenchman's face, and a moisture gathered in his eyes.

"Alas! I shall make you sad," he replied, and passed.

The check of Emma paled, but her father said, firmly:

"Go on, go on, my friend. This is a world of changes. We must be prepared for all things. Come, Emma, don't give way. Let us hear the worst."

The slight ivory toy snapped beneath the convulsive grasp of Manasseh; its fragments fell to the deck. A sensation of deadly coldness overspread Shina's trembling frame. Bowing her head to her knees, she vainly struggled for self-control. Yet, seated upon Manasseh's knee, the dark, searching eyes of the child were riveted upon the Frenchman's face, her lips apart, her head bent forward as if in eager listening.

"I will tell you all, as you desire; but I am so sorry to make you feel sad," continued Mr. Danvillers, speaking low and as with effort. "We traveled together as far as Basel; then we hired a carriage—Monsieur Wayne and myself—and we go through all the beautiful Switzerland, and through Italy—to the little *Italie*; but in Milano my friend was taken very ill. I watched with him for sixteen days and nights. He was not delirious, not wild at all with the fever; but he said he saw the spirit of his wife beckoning to him—that she wore a white dress—that silver stars shone from it. He would hold long conversations with this fancy. I was fearful his reason would depart; but he was quite calm and gentle, and rational on every other point. He solemnly declared it was his Lea's spirit; but that, of course, was one *beset*—a delusion of the brain. Well, my friends, he grew weaker and weaker, and I knew that he must die. The doctor said he could not live another week. Then, as my civil wife would have it, I received a letter from my mother, who was at the point of death. What could I do? I loved my mother, and I loved my friend. I left him with tears and sorrow, and I hastened home to find my mother much better. Thank God, she is living still!

But my poor friend! As soon as my mother could be removed to the country, I returned to Milano. The landlord at the hotel told me that my friend recovered a little, but the doctor said he could not live long. He was conveyed to a small village—I forgot the name just now. I went there. There was but one miserable hotel in the place—one hut, more like, than like a hotel for a gentleman to live in. The landlord, a little, talkative fellow, told me that he had taken the place a few weeks before, but the last landlord told him that a fine Englishman, a gentleman, died some weeks before. I described our friend, and the little landlord cried out that was the person and the name. They had buried him privately. I fear that, as he was not known, they treated him disrespectfully. Some people are all for money. I took the room he occupied, and I assure you I cried and I prayed for him. No one seemed to care for him—none knew his name rightly; but I found his grave, in a retired spot, and I put a marble stone upon it. I thought it my duty. He has no relations living, but I took his portrait while he was sick. You know I am something of an amateur."

Emma was weeping silently. Her father, controlling his emotion, said:

"What a pity! And to die among strangers, in a foreign land! Poor Mr. Wayne! Yes, sir, there's no comfort out of old England. You have beautiful views, and grand scenes, and old curiosities, and you see strange sights; but for genuine comfort, for downright good nursing in sickness, and ease in health, give me old England, I say!" And with this patriotic sentiment, the old gentleman gave his gold-headed cane an emphatic thump against the deck.

The Frenchman sat with folded arms, regarding with respectful admiration the lovely Emma, who was wiping away her tears, and gazing pensively upon the vine-covered hills, the changing panoramas of the glorious Rhine.

The face of Manasseh was flushed with a fondish joy. A sensation of faintness, a sickening feeling of dread was upon Shina. With closed eyes and pallid lips she leaned against the skylight.

But the strange, spirit-guarded child! In his deep abstraction, listening so intently to the narration that so deeply interested him, Manasseh had dropped his arm from around her; and when he sought for her again, she stood beside the young Frenchman, a questioning look upon her face, her hand resting on his knee.

"Poor Mr. Wayne! So generous, so noble, so soon called away!" said Emma. "How few men are like him—so devoted to a memory! Could you gain no particulars concerning his last moments, Monsieur Danvillers?"

"I could not get much, I am sorry to say, mademoiselle; but the little talkative landlord told me that his friend, the last landlord, told him that he was always calling on his wife. I asked him if the name was Lea, and he said, 'Oh, yes; it is, *emmer*—the last name on his lips was Lea.'"

A soft rose flush mounted to the temples of the listening child. Her head bent forward as with eager listening, or anxious expectation; her dark eyes were upraised to the young man's face with an expression of entreaty that long, long afterwards lingered on his memory. She attracted the attention of all three.

"What a fine little girl!" said the Frenchman, taking her hand and gazing admiringly upon her.

"A sweet child!" said Emma Leelle; "not exactly beautiful, but what an expressive face, what glorious eyes, dear father. Do you not think she looks Jewish?"

"Why, not exactly, my dear," replied Mr. Leelle. "Her skin is very fair, and her eyes are dark brown, not black—as is her hair; but I do not think she looks Jewish."

"What is your name, darling?" said Emma, stooping toward her, and taking the soft hands within her own.

"Cosy," the child met the warning, threatening glance of Manasseh, and replied, casting down her eyes, and blushing. "Ella Phillips; mother calls me Cosy."

"You are a very little thing, but you mean very much," said the gentle Emma, smiling, and stroking her silken curls. "Where is papa and mamma, dear?"

"Over there," said the child pointing.

The drowsy, violet eyes of Emma, met the dark glances of Manasseh, as he bowed politely and smiled. Instinctively she felt repelled, as pure nature ever must be, in presence of the impure, the sordid and debased. Her eyes rested upon the crouching figure of Shina, and a deep womanly pity stole to her heart, and intuition whispered sadly, "she is an unloved wife."

"My little girl is troublesome, I fear," said Mr. Phillips, advancing to the group, and looking fondly at the child.

"Not at all, sir—not at all," replied the portly gentleman. "We are very fond of children; is she your only one?"

"She is, sir, my only treasure; I fear that she is delicate, and I travel for the benefit of her health, and that of my wife."

"The little girl appears healthy enough," said the bluff Englishman, "but your good lady does appear pale and suffering."

"Mrs. Phillips is very nervous and excitable; she is always apprehensive of danger for our darling, here. Please excuse my little girl; whenever she hears her own language spoken, she makes free to scorpae acquaintance. Good morning, Miss, good morning, gentlemen," and bowing and smiling, he led the child away.

Emma Leelle had been reading his dark face, and the covert sarcasm of his words, when he spoke of his wife, left discordantly upon as fine an ear as ever was attuned to the divine harmonies of life and love. He felt those searching eyes upon his face; not for worlds could he have met the questioning glances of those heavenly orbs. She returned not his salutation, but she fondly kissed the child.

Manasseh, looking around him, said to Shina, "Come, my love, rest yourself awhile in the cabin; you are again faint and pale. I will read to you, if

you wish; but first call Lydia to take Ella." Shina arose wearily and took his proffered arm; the commiserating glance of Emma rested full upon her face; she felt its influence, and timidly looking up, blushed painfully. She knew by her husband's politeness, that he was angry with her; she expected a renewal of the scenes that embittered her life; the deception of passing as a cherished, petted wife before the world, while she was, in reality, a crouching slave, weighed heavily on her heart and conscience.

"I do not like that man," said Emma, with characteristic frankness.

"I agree with mademoiselle entirely," said the Frenchman, with a bow.

"He is a Jew, for certain," said Mr. Leelle; "and I think he is a domestic tyrant from the timid manner of his wife. Why, sir! she looks as if she had some sorrow, poor, young thing. I don't think she's over twenty-four. The little girl is a pretty child."

"A remarkable child!" said Emma.

The spacious and luxuriously furnished cabin was deserted; all the passengers were on deck, enjoying the lovely scenery—this breezy fragrance—listening to the greeting music of the passing boats. The old, steeped in blissful recollections of life's summer time; the young, lulled in enchanted visions, that arose from vine-clad mount and forest denseness, from velvet lawn, and flowery path, to leave their impress of beauty upon the dreaming heart, in the angel guise of prophecy.

Manasseh, with flushed face and sternly contracted brow, seated himself upon the velvet cushions of a downy ottoman, and said, in loud, imperious tones to his trembling wife, "Call the servant to take this child on deck; she need not be a witness to every word I say. Call Lydia!"

Shina went to the door and called the woman.

"Lydia," said the master, "as she appeared; take Ella on deck, and mind, do not let her go near those English people, and that monstrous French dandy! I will not have the child contaminated by intercourse with Christians. I can rely upon you, Lydia; Mrs. Phillips is not so particular. And see here, Lydia; I do wish you would dress more becomingly, and not wear such gaudy things; the flowers on your gown are large enough for a May bouquet, and your hair is too ribbons as a country girl of sixteen! Mr. M., why do you not attend to the dress of your attendant? You look as shabby, and as Jewish, woman, as a rag-picker!"

The angry order mounted to the temples of Lydia, she pushed back her cap, placed her arms a kink, and commenced:

"If I'm shabby, it's the fault of those I live with, that care neither for soul nor body, judge nor judgment; I ain't ashamed of looking Jewish, and none of my folks were ever rag-pickers! My great-grandfather was a learned Rabbi, and fasted seven days out of three—I mean three days out of seven—and never ate meat in the penitential days, and my grandmother never touched money on the Sabbath, or ate a forbidden thing in her whole long life. Here you are hugging me up and down the world, and I'm compelled to eat all kinds of forbidden eatables and drinkables, just to keep body and soul together, and my holy religion is thrown to my face, and I'm told I look Jewish! That's what I want to look like, master Phillips, and madam, and Miss Cosy! I would n't change, not to be the King of Prussia's prime minister, nor the lord chancellor's key-bearer. Say, Master Phillips, when is the last day for the destruction of Jerusalem?"

"Do n't torment me with your facts and facts—sometimes next month—got the almanac and see; and now let me alone and go on deck. I want to speak to Mrs. Phillips."

"If I've said anything disrespectful, or irreverent, or defamatory to my position, please excuse me, master; say the voluble Lydia, who often committed words to memory without at all noting their significance; the result was, she said many curious things, and made sorry blunders with the vernacular. I never wish to obtrude my unbecoming opinions on those that know better; but master knows I do grow eloquent when our holy religion is slung about; I can bear a good deal here, but I want to be somebody, and have a good place in *Genadin*."

"I wish you were there, now," muttered Mr. Phillips, as she left the cabin, leading Cosy by the hand.

Shina sat with her hands folded in her lap, her soft, dark eyes swimming in tears. He was dead, the father of Cosella. He could never claim her; she would never know his love and care! Pity mingled with her selfish joy; her child was now her own. Her husband paced the floor, his face flushed and excited, his hands waving about him, triumph in his voice.

"Shina!" he cried, stopping before her, and speaking rapidly, "rejoice, rejoice with me! for he is dead! my worst enemy is no more! This time we are not deceived. That wicked Frenchman put the tombstone over him—would that it had crushed his soul to atoms! He is dead, the unbeliever! The husband of Lea Montepesca. Be a true wife, Shina, and rejoice with me, for now we are free to live; to enjoy our wealth. Since that child's birth we have been wanderers from place to place, as if a curse was upon us, to elude him, to thwart his efforts. How we have been chased from repose and quiet, by the shadow of his approach. Shina—he is dead! dead! I go to dust—his soul to perdition! And Cosella is all our own—her fortune is ours; we can live in splendor; we can travel over the wide world and see the wonders, or we can settle here in Germany, in France, or England. We shall be welcome everywhere, for all human souls bow to the power of gold. Honor, fame, rectitude, virtue, love, all can be bought with gold. I know it. Come, Shina, lay aside your troubled looks. You must be pale and sorrowful no more; the dread of discovery is past. It is no more—my enemy and yours. We will settle down in some great city, or buy a country seat on the banks of this splendid river. I have changed my name. You were never known in London; we can live there in style. I will deck your little form with silks and satins, and buy the costliest diamonds for you, little

Shina. You shall have servants in plenty, and pictures, and flowers, and all things that you love; but you must be submissive and never thwart me. My will, woman's province is to obey the commands of her lord—never to cavil and resist his power."

Poor Shina had expected reproaches and upbraiding; she drew a long sigh of relief, and, her courage rising, with a true and sudden impulse, she said, in low, unfaltering tones, as she placed her hand upon his arm, and gazed earnestly into his excited face—

"Is it right to rejoice at his death, Manasseh? Surely, he never injured us. Is it right to dispose of the fortune of his child?"

She had raised the storm; the brow of her husband clouded fearfully; an ireful light shone from his dark, painfully brilliant eyes; the mocking smile disappeared his lip.

"Do you dare to dictate to me?" he cried; "you, a weak woman, a paltry, insignificant wretch; you! The wife is subject to her husband; he makes laws for both; such is our holy law. Dare you rebel? Will you call upon your sinful head the curse of diabolism? Is it not enough that you caused the fall of man—that your sex is in league with evil spirits to waylay and destroy the souls of men? Do you not owe an honorable position, affluence and happiness to me?"

Shina sighed, and was silent.

"Your suffering air and pale cheeks," he continued, "are the target for every fool's remarks. That pompous Englishman on deck there noticed how delicate you were. *Beware!* I warn you! I will have no wife to be pitted by strangers. That Christian girl, too, with her blue, piercing eyes; would that I could annihilate the race that for ages has trod upon our necks! Shina, reform your manner before the world, or I swear by the God of our fathers, I will punish you as you deserve! I know how and when to torture you. Be gay, be cheerful; sing, and be happy before the world, or, as I hope for the rebuilding of our holy temple, I will take Cosella from you, and you shall never behold her again!"

With a loud cry, thoroughly aroused from her apathetic sorrow, Shina held his arm, and wildly exclaimed—

"You would not—you cannot be so cruel to the child—the only thing that loves me. Take her away! my life, my soul, my only treasure! Oh, Manasseh! if you have one spark of feeling, leave me my child. I will do all—I will smile, and sing, and laugh, though it be a bitter falsehood."

"Sit down!" he said coldly; "take your arms from around me; we are not rehearsing a love scene, and people may come in and think you crazy. Shina, I command you, call that child Ella; I will do so. It is dead—miserably dead and forgotten, and his child is in my power. If his spirit lives, and sees and feels, it shall behold her growing up a bitter enemy to his faith; a zealous, nay, even a bigoted Jewess, as her grandmother desired; as I pray to train her, and as I will, if I live. His spirit shall feel torture to behold his babe, his Cosella, spitting in scorn upon his nation, spurning with holy horror their doctrines. If she grow beautiful and talented, she shall be as a scourge to the unbelievers, an avenger of her nation's wrongs, atoning for the lost soul of her mother!"

There was something so terrible and menacing, so mysteriously threatening in his words, that the trembling Shina veiled her eyes, and turned away in fear. She had often timidly inquired the cause for this bitter hatred, this sworn, anding enemy; but he had repulsed her, and told her to wait. Amid her sickening dread and horror arose the impulse to ask him now; to know the full extent of her wretchedness, for a dark shadow pressed on her soul, and led her to listen and endure. With wildly beating breast, and choking voice, controlled by a desire she could not resist, Shina asked her husband:

"Why, Manasseh, did you hate Percival Wayne? Did he ever injure you personally?"

With bloodless lips, and frame that trembled convulsively, she awaited his reply.

Wife. You shall have servants in plenty, and pictures, and flowers, and all things that you love; but you must be submissive and never thwart me. My will, woman's province is to obey the commands of her lord—never to cavil and resist his power."

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"You would not—you cannot be so cruel to the child—the only thing that loves me. Take her away! my life, my soul, my only treasure! Oh, Manasseh! if you have one spark of feeling, leave me my child. I will do all—I will smile, and sing, and laugh, though it be a bitter falsehood."

"Sit down!" he said coldly; "take your arms from around me; we are not rehearsing a love scene, and people may come in and think you crazy. Shina, I command you, call that child Ella; I will do so. It is dead—miserably dead and forgotten, and his child is in my power. If his spirit lives, and sees and feels, it shall behold her growing up a bitter enemy to his faith; a zealous, nay, even a bigoted Jewess, as her grandmother desired; as I pray to train her, and as I will, if I live. His spirit shall feel torture to behold his babe, his Cosella, spitting in scorn upon his nation, spurning with holy horror their doctrines. If she grow beautiful and talented, she shall be as a scourge to the unbelievers, an avenger of her nation's wrongs, atoning for the lost soul of her mother!"

There was something so terrible and menacing, so mysteriously threatening in his words, that the trembling Shina veiled her eyes, and turned away in fear. She had often timidly inquired the cause for this bitter hatred, this sworn, anding enemy; but he had repulsed her, and told her to wait. Amid her sickening dread and horror arose the impulse to ask him now; to know the full extent of her wretchedness, for a dark shadow pressed on her soul, and led her to listen and endure. With wildly beating breast, and choking voice, controlled by a desire she could not resist, Shina asked her husband:

"Why, Manasseh, did you hate Percival Wayne? Did he ever injure you personally?"

With bloodless lips, and frame that trembled convulsively, she awaited his reply.

"Women are inquisitive and troublesome; it needed not the wisdom of the blessed King Solomon to find that out," he sneered. "But I will satisfy your curiosity; I feel just in the mood. Perhaps it will punish you for your arrogance, in opposing your opinions to mine, who am your head and lord. Know, then, Shina, that long before I saw you, I loved Lea Montepesca. Don't start; sit still! I loved her, worshiped her, as Percival Wayne—cursed be his memory—never could, though he had died of grief for her, and I married and lived on. Lea—peace be with her—was, as you know, of a proud, aristocratic family. I was poor then, so I never told my love for her; but she knew that her mother would have spurned me from the house; she looked for such a high station for that peerless daughter, that Princess of Israel, that Lily of the sacred plains; and I know now that she, the departed, would have turned from me contemptuously, to give her smiles to that Christian rhyme-maker; but I had a scheme in view, which, if successful, would have insured me wealth for life. I succeeded, but only partially, and I returned to —, and found—destruction, eternal perdition seize him!—Lea had eloped with the Christian! I was mad for several weeks; so was her mother. I traveled to dissipate my grief and rage. I met with you; you were gentle, yielding, the counterpart of Lea; she was proud and immovable, firm and unbending, young and beautiful as she was. I married you, and together we entered the service of Hannah Montepesca. You know the rest. How the intriguing mother won the Christian's consent for the return of Lea to her birth-place, that her child might be born there. You know the place we said, that were all frustrated by Lea's death. Alas! she never would have returned to the religion of her fathers; she had accepted the blasphemous creed of the Nazarenes. When she returned from the journey on which she sent him, he found his idol a corpse, and her stern mother sleeping in death beside her; and he was told that his babe also was dead. And I grieved over his misery; and he repaid me then, in that chamber of death, for the pang I had suffered. You know now that it was not only the

Christian I hated, but the successful rival, the husband of Lea—peace be to her ashes!"

The head of Shina had drooped upon her breast, the tears were streaming from her veiled eyes, and she sought not to arrest their flow. From her pallid lips issued broken words, unfinished prayers, while great sobs welled from the wounded, loving heart so cruelly betrayed.

"Oh, most wretched!" she moaned. "Father of Israel! why, oh why? He loved Lea—revenge himself on an innocent child! The dove I dreamed of is a cruel, destroying falcon! Oh, God! let me die! let me die! But Cosy—my angel child—my orphan babe—I will cherish—protect—I will—"

Merrily sounded the signal bell of arrival; the boat touched at a landing place. All was bustle and pleasant excitement, but Shina heard it not; she lay in a swoon, upon the cabin floor.

CHAPTER III.
FORDOMING.

"Over the misty mountains,
Over the sounding seas,
Far through the dreary distance,
Come a white dove to me,"—Mrs. TAYLOR.

and waited at the entrance door for the appearance of Manasseh.

Deeply impressed with the beauty and solemnity of the religious exercises, Cecilia was enraptured in dreams, vague, wild, intangible, of the future and mysterious world.

Manasseh was deep in conversation with a countryman of his; he had just heard a name that caused his heart to bound with a fear that for some time had slumbered; the dark, menacing shadow would not get from before him; one haunting name pursued him everywhere. Mastering his agitation by a powerful effort, compelling his voice to be firm and calm, he asked, indifferently:

"You say Mr. Wayne, a poet and a gentleman of letters, passed through this city, this time last year? He was pleased with the synagogue—who could be less with such a magnificent structure? Germany has the least in appropriate places of worship for God's chosen people, despite of the despotism of its rulers. But can you describe this Mr. Wayne? I know a Wayne once—"

"He was tall and slender; very pale, with large, expressive blue eyes, and light hair, that waved rather than curled; his hands were very white and small; his manner high-bred. In short, he was what the people here call the picture of an English Mylord. He gave a handsome donation to the synagogue—a strange thing for Christian to do; but he said he gave it for the sake of Lea. Not our father Jacob's wife, I suppose."

Manasseh turned aside his face. Too sure—too true! alas! was fate in league against him? And the young Frenchman's story—was that all false? Had Percival Wayne arisen from the tomb to haunt him; or was there another of that hated name? But the description was so complete—Lea was not buried beneath the fragrant soil of Italy; he lived yet to track the footsteps of his child!

Rage and disappointment, akin almost to madness, surged in the bosom of Manasseh; but it was revealed by no outward sign.

"Excuse me, sir; I must join my wife, who I see is waiting for me yonder, with my little girl," he said, politely, to his companion, as he bowed and moved away.

It is customary for husbands and wives, friends and relatives, to embrace, in token of continued goodwill and expiation of all wrong, on meeting after the close of the services of that great and holy day. As on the New Year, it is a time for reconciliation and forgiveness of all past enmities. Shina extended her hand with a loving, appealing smile. Her husband heaved her not; but bidding her take his arm, and leading Cecilia by the hand, they passed the threshold of the house of prayer, and silently took their homeward way.

The foreboding heart of Shina felt that some new sorrow had come to disturb her life—to drive them thence from that hospitable German city, farther into the bleak and uncongenial north. They arrived at their lodgings, where the valuble and almost famished Lydia awaited them. She had slept through the greater portion of the fast day, but at the approach of evening had prepared the supper and set forth the table sumptuously.

"Oh, Mister and Madam, and Miss Ella," she began, "I'm so immeasurably pleased with your arrival—just in the nick of time; the fish is browned as well as an ignorant Christian could be expected of to do superior things; in my finished manner, of course, there's few can imitate one as is a master in the culinary line; but I made the coffee, and the great prince Mogul of Sardinia and blessed Queen Esther never had a better cup of that same aromatic beverage. Bless my soul, Master Phillips, I'm most dropping dead with exulting hunger, I am! My tongue's cleaving to my mouth, so I can scarcely articulate; but I hope I'm unintelligible enough; the blessed food has given me strength. Shall I bring in the coffee?"

"At once, woman! and stop your gibberish. I believe Satan himself has possession of that untiring tongue of yours," cried Manasseh in a loud and angry voice, while Shina took off her child's bonnet and cape, and silently removed her own rich, crumpled shawl, and daintily white straw bonnet.

Lydia placed her arms akimbo, and launched forth: "Am I a black negro slave or a Hottentot mulatto Cuffie, that I'm spoken to as if I was a nonentity and a fifth wheel to the wagon? Am I a useless, lumbering, ignorant piece of ignorant silliness to be called a child of Satan? Do I look like a snake that over tempted anybody to eat what was forbidden by our holy law—the prophets of Moses, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob? My great grandfather was a holy Rabbi, and I'm no handmaiden of Egyptian darkness, nor a heathen ignoramus, nor immoral Ismaelite! I'm a legitimate Hebrew scholar, and my mother was a saint, in her way. I'm no Sabbath-breaker, or pork-eating idolator of graven images! I'm no violator of feasts and fasts and disturber of families. I'm no mischief-monger and satelli; I ain't no shamus faced question-asker, or misundertander, either. There, Master Phillips, I means no disrespect, nothing incongruous to my servility of obedience. Shall I bring in the coffee?"

Manasseh had regarded her with threatening glances throughout her long harangue; he now filled a large goblet with water, and made an expressive gesture with it toward her. She hastened from the room, crying:

"Please, don't, Master Phillips! It's a wicked sin to get angry to-night."

Shina glanced timidly toward her husband; his moody looks were bent to the ground; his brow was clouded. She knew some trouble pressed newly upon him. She ventured the inquiry:

"What has occurred to distress you, Manasseh? May I know?"

He bent down to her ear:

"Send the child away with Lydia," he whispered. That voluble and now thoroughly subdued individual returned, bringing in the coffee.

"Take Ella with you to your room; she may take supper with you," said Shina.

Glad of this rarely accorded privilege, the strange creature dropped a low courtesy and was about to return her thanks in a lengthy speech, when "the master" promptly interrupted her, and bade her be gone at once.

"Shina," he said, as soon as the door closed upon the child and her attendant, "I have evil tidings for you! It is decreed that we must cross the ocean, and live in some far distant land. The haunting demon of my life, the Christian foe is not dead! He lives. A year ago he visited this place; that was after the time the Frenchman gave us the date of his death. Shina, we must pack up to-morrow; we must leave Germany, England, all Europe for a time. We will go to a country—from thence wherever God will guide us!"

Percival Wayne still living! the pale face of Shina flushed with a noble joy she dared not reveal. "Must we wander still farther—forever wander?" she murmured.

"Yes, it is the curse of our race—the decree of the Most High!" impudently declared Manasseh.

"You will be happy wherever that child is. If we remain in Europe, his spies may track us; she may be wrested from your arms at any hour."

He calculated well. Impulsively she rose and cried:

"Let us go! let us not waste a moment!" Then, romping into thought, the romance of her selfishness held warfare with her passionate love of that one human thing. She burst into tears.

"Fear not, Shina; the angels of Israel will encompass us; we shall evade the enemy. Better so; for he shall live to know torture in the body before the spirit leaves it. Through that child his infidel soul shall suffer martyrdom. Eat, Shina, eat; you are pale and worn with fasting. I command you to eat!" he cried imperatively, as she turned slightly away.

"Would you incur the danger of sickness with a long sea voyage before us? Strengthen yourself with food, for to-morrow we leave, and soon we depart from Europe."

"It is forever!" cried Shina, wringing her small, jeweled hands. "I shall never behold these hospitable shores again. I shall never again see the blue, lovely Rhine. I shall never look upon my native England—never, oh, never, again!"

There was so much of deep earnestness, of heartfelt conviction in her manner, Manasseh gazed upon her in silence for awhile; then he spoke in light, bantering tones:

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense! you are timid and nervous. We shall go safely across the sea; and, once fully assured of his safety, we will return. When Cecilia grows a woman, we shall return, for then there will be no danger of discovery; there may be none now—but I feel urged on. I know that Percival Wayne—a thousand curses upon him—suspects me. I would not meet him now; but some ten years hence, I defy him—I challenge him to win! Come, Shina! no more tears; you shall once again return to Europe."

"Never, oh, never! My grave will be in a foreign land," she exclaimed; and the wild gush of sorrow would have its way. She wept long and unceasingly.

Drinking a cup of coffee, eating only a slice of bread, Manasseh left his wife, without another word of comfort or affection.

Forbidding heart! too truly the future cast its shadow before then. The tears of Shina were a parting tribute to the land she would never behold again.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THE POOR BOY, BUT HAPPY SPIRIT.

BY J. EDWIN CHURCHILL.

Oh! I am poor, and needy, and forever woe;
And know not where to lay my weary, lonely head;
My tired limbs all shiver, and my heart is sore;
I tremble lest I fall beneath the dark, green sod,
My body lowly laid beneath the dark, green sod,
My pure, freed soul ascending toward the fountain, God.

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there is one prevailing God of Love, who is good, so there is another prevailing God of Love, (Free-Love), which is bad and evil. By it, our beloved brother A. B. Child's theory goes to the wall. But the worst feature is, that it is so difficult to distinguish the good love from the bad love, that none but a priest can tell which is the genuine. I would therefore advise all persons who believe that God is Love, and the Devil also, (Free-Love) to get a priest to marry them, so as to be sure God has put them together, so they can love rightly, and ever within bounds, as limited by law and religion. A reasoner would conclude that the stronger, superior, and free love, was the ruling God Love; but this, it seems, if the priests know, is not so—and they ought to know. According to the philosophy of our schools, love is a passion, or emotion; but philosophy is at a discount in religion, and it would be almost blasphemy to call God a passion, or a passion God. It might do to call the Devil, or free-love, so; but there certainly ought to be as plain a distinction between the good and bad, or the true and false, in this, as between light and darkness, heat and cold, life, in nature; and one would naturally suppose that one would make us feel good and God-like, and the other bad or devil-like. One ought to always break out in kindness and sympathy, and the other in anger and hatred, scorn and contempt, so one could discover the difference between the good love and the bad love, or the God-love from the devil love. Wonder if this comes in the law of "extremes balancing extremes"—playing at "see saw" over us as a pivot?

Brother A. B. Child, whose sentiments sparkle with diamonds of truth, sometimes set in what, to me, is poor material, (or trite and common interpretations), says "love is desire." Suppose we touch the religious match to this kind of love, and see it explode. God is desire, and desire is God. Desire in the church and in marriage, is the good God, and desire out of the church and out of marriage, is the evil God, or the free-love God. I know several persons whose names are Free-love. They must be the legitimate children of the Evil One. And some I know whose names were Desire; they had equal chance of heaven or hell. I desire to obtain a home for my family, an education for my children. Is that free-love? I desire to have my infidel son go to heaven, to have my wicked relatives saved. Is that free-love? I love all the little children I see, and desire to have them made happy. Is that free-love? And this desire extends to the adults, also. Is that free-love?

"But stop," says a nettled, impatient mind; "you know what we mean by free-love. It is sexual desire out of wedlock. This is the devil, or evil, and the bad love." Well, then, this is the God who rules in the flowers and whole vegetable kingdom, and also in the animal, and in four-fifths of the male and three-fifths of the female human beings, to induce and prepare for marriage, by which the heart is, of course, changed, and God, or good desire, or love, comes in place of bad—and then, oh, the poor, lost thousands, nay, millions, who never have a chance to marry, but who desire to do so—they, I suppose, are the ones who were pre-ordained to endless misery, and the inexorable decree can never be let up.

How beautifully this true love doctrine works in religion. I met an instance of it, not a thousand miles from a great city, nor a thousand hours back on the dial, in a Christian woman, married, and a mother. She had the true love. A poor girl, deserted by the father of her child, sent a few pennies to the Christian woman who sold milk for her neighbors, for milk for her child. The Christian woman asked who it was for, and the boy told. "I have no milk to sell for such children." And the pain went back empty, of course.

"Three times a day, around their smoking board,
They thanked the Lord for his great bounty given,
Three times a week, at sound of Sabbath-bell,
They went into the synagogue to pray,
And gave thank-offerings of words to God,
And twice a year paid money tithes to God,
The poor they spared from all their better doings."

This good woman professed to love Jesus and Mary, (I fear it was free-love). But suppose poor old Joseph had not found her before her child was born, and she had sent to this woman for milk to feed her babe, would she have had milk for such babes? Suppose she had told how her child was begotten by a spirit, or ghost—would that have brought the milk? Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel seldom found in Christians!

Love Jesus, the fatherless child of Jude; but despite the fatherless child at your door, and allow it to starve!

But it is not all darkness. A highly esteemed friend, well known to many of your readers, who resides in Rochester, N. Y., once pointed me to a sunny spot in that city. A poor, desolate and friendless woman had come to their beautiful home. She stopped with them a few weeks, when it was evident she was soon to become a mother. The kind woman asked her for her friends. She said her husband had deserted her and gone to California, and she had no home nor means of support. Sickened and many cares at their home would not allow of their keeping her, and the lady went to a Protestant religious, charitable institution of the city, to seek aid and protection for her. After stating the case, the matron says to the lady, "If you will give us your word that you know she is a married woman, we will take her; if not, our rules will not admit of her reception."

Mary and Jesus would stand no chance in that place. The Christian rules would cut them off from support, as they did the poor woman; for, of course, the lady turned away in sorrow and pity for their narrowness of creed. But that was the pure love.

She next called at a Catholic charity hospital, and the smiling face that shone out from the clean white hood listened glowingly to the description of the poor mendicant; and then, without a question, says, "Bring her here at once; we will take care of her."

"But," says the lady, "I have not told you I have just been refused admission for her in yonder Christian asylum, because I could not vouch for her marriage." "We ask no questions about that," she replied. "If she is friendless and suffering at such time, we have a home for her." And she found it so, and a good one.

Mary and Jesus might have got in there. But Catholicism is below par in Rochester; the fashionable Christians despise it almost as much as they do Spiritualism, and perhaps it is this free love that renders it obnoxious to them.

I intended, when I commenced, to give briefly my views of love in this paper, but it is too late now, and I must leave it for another time, since this Christian love has stretched out my article to such length.

Baltimore, Md., March 6th, 1860.

HEAT OF DIFFERENT WOODS.—The following is set down as the relative heating values of different kinds of American wood.—Scheuchzer history, being taken as the highest standard, 100; pig-nut history, 95; white oak, 84; white ash, 77; dogwood, 76; scrub oak, 73; white hazel, 72; apple tree, 70; red oak, 69; black walnut, 66; white beech, 65; black birch, 62; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar, 50; white cherry, 55; yellow poplar, 52; butternut, 52; white birch, 49; white pine, 42.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.

Original Essays.

ORIGIN OF THE DIVERSITY OF LANGUAGES.

In the eleventh chapter of Genesis, verse sixth, it is written, "And the Lord said, behold the people is one, and they all have one language." And in verse seventh, "Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." And in verse ninth, "Therefore is the name of it called Babel, because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth."

In the second chapter of Acts, verses three, four, five, six, seven and eight, it is written, "And there appeared unto them eleven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the holy ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance. And there were dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in their own language. And they were all amazed, and marvelled, saying one to another, behold, we hear not all these which speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?"

This solution of the origin of languages, as being in itself an act of supernatural power, and a miracle, is confirmed by the spiritual manifestations of the present day. Mediums are now made to speak and write in languages altogether unknown to themselves; and sometimes the same medium in a number of different languages altogether unknown by himself. The same method was probably adopted by the deity in producing a diversity of languages, at the Tower of Babel, and at Jerusalem, as is now by the spiritual manifestations. They were probably produced by acting upon the people as mediums, either directly himself, or through the agency of "ministering spirits," in the same way as the same kind of phenomena are now produced by spirits acting upon mediums, and by which the language of these mediums is "confounded," and they are made to speak in "unknown tongues."

It has always been a matter of great difficulty, and it may be said of impossibility, to account for the multiplicity of languages as they now exist, and for so long a period have existed, except upon the supposition that they had their origin in some supernatural act, or in other words a miracle. To the supposition that they were the work of man and his invention, their multiplicity, their dissimilarity, and their systematic construction, oppose insuperable objections. If languages were merely the work of human invention, and their boundaries were enlarged gradually, as the human mind became improved, human wants multiplied, and the stock of ideas requiring appropriate words to express them became enlarged, they would I conceive, have been as chaotic and heterogeneous, as it is possible to imagine, without plan or system. For the very supposition of such an origin precludes the possibility of anything like system. Words being invented at the moment to express a particular idea, could not from the nature of the case, admit of being formed with reference to any system of language, especially such philosophical ones as those now existing. They would be invented from the urgency of the occasion to express a particular want, which it was found necessary immediately to communicate, and any form of expression which should first occur to the mind for this purpose, would probably be adopted. Its adaptation to a regularly contrived system of language, would never enter the head of the person first using it, because from the infancy of his intellectual powers he could not have any conception of such a system, and there could not by the supposition be any language existing to which to adapt it. Language formed in this way, by gradual additions, as the necessity for them should arise, would be as irregular, as wanting in method and order, as the different paths which the first settlers of a country should strike out for themselves, and for the same reason, the necessity of immediate accommodation, without reference to, or even thought of populous towns arising in future, requiring regular streets, laid out upon a systematic plan. This in the case of language as well as in the latter case, would be something that would not be foreseen nor provided against. Language, then, originated in this way, and growing gradually, would necessarily become in time an immense mass of words, perfectly unmanageable, and such as would require the labor of a century to learn. For there would be no relation or connection between its parts. So much for languages upon the supposition that they were the work of man.

But perhaps it will be said, even supposing languages to have been originally contrived and constructed without any method, order or system, by man himself, would it not be possible that they should afterwards be subjected to revision and remodeling, and that in this way they should be made to assume that systematic form which they are now seen to have? I answer, no, no more than it would be possible, after a city had been built upon crooked and irregular streets—as Boston, for instance—to have these streets made perfectly straight and at right angles with one another—and for the same reason. The language is already in existence, as well as the city, with all its irregularity and want of system. And as it would be easier to make a new city, in a new spot, with streets at right angles and upon right lines, than to make an alteration in Boston which should give the streets there such a direction and shape, so it would be easier for a community to make an entire new language out of new materials, than to reduce an old one to a system. And this I conceive that it would be impossible for them to do; and even if it were possible, it would be impossible to prevail upon a people to cast off an old language, and adopt a new one, even supposing that they were capable of doing it, which I conceive they are not. For I do not believe the human mind is capable, at once, of contriving a complete system of language.

If these remarks are true, it will follow that the different languages in existence—which are said to be entirely dissimilar in their structure and features, and bear no appearance of having proceeded from a common tongue, as is stated to be the case with the Hebrew, the Greek, and perhaps the Latin, by some physiologists who have examined these languages—must have been originally produced by the exertion of Divine power and wisdom, at the building of the Tower of Babel, or on some other occasion. I do not mean precisely in the form in which they now exist, but as distinct languages, built upon a regular system, which may perhaps have since been remodelled, and received additions and alterations, (some of which may have been the transfer of words from one language to another, in a little different shape), by the aid of human invention to adapt them to the changing condition and character of mankind, but still retaining their main features and their original structure. In other words, I conceive that the formation of anything like a system of language is something to which the human capacity is in itself inadequate, and can be nothing else than a miracle, or act of supernatural power. And that the casting off of an old, cumbersome and undigested language,

and the substitution of a new, philosophical and systematic one in its place—whether immediately, or by degrees—is something which, in the nature of things, could not take place by human agency, or means, alone.

If it be asked why this confusion of tongues, or creation of different languages, did not take place at an earlier period of the world, I answer that it is probable that the language existing among men up to that time, undigested as it might be, was sufficient for their wants, but that the deity availed himself of this occasion to give them now and diverse systems of language, because they had arrived at that stage of intellectual improvement to stand in need of more perfect languages than they had hitherto used. And because, also, the new systems could not have been received and used before, inasmuch as they were formed with reference to a much larger stock of ideas than had hitherto existed among mankind, and so also would have been inapplicable to their condition, and unintelligible by them.

But at this period of the world, when the race of mankind had multiplied so greatly, it became of importance, in furtherance of the Divine plan in reference to his rational creatures, that they should be separated into distinct communities, and thus the earth be more extensively peopled than had hitherto been the case. And this, probably, could not be so well effected in any other way as by rendering the communication of their ideas difficult between different portions of mankind.

I read, not long since, an article by a distinguished French theologian, who agrees with me that there is no other way of accounting for the origin of the diversity of languages now in existence, except by a miracle or act of Divine power.

W. B. A.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Mr. E. L. Yeomans, in his book of "Household Science," one of the best of modern works in the way of domestic economy and health, presents us with some apt reflections upon the old Jewish oracles which our doctors of divinity would fatten upon as the full measure of the growth we should attain. When our fragmentary energy would thus give us old Jewish as paramount authority for to-day, they are not lightly charged by our more ardent reformers with making their "Broad Church" a "synagogue of Satan—a covenant of death in agreement with hell."

In behalf of broadest outlooking light, Mr. Yeomans says, "It is a grievous mistake to suppose that the study of natural science martyrs the more ethereal faculties of the soul, and dooms the rest to painful toil among the naked sterilities of commonplace existence. So far from being unfriendly to the imagination, as is sometimes intimated, science is its noblest precursor and ally. Can that be unfavorable to this faculty, which infinitely multiplies its materials, and boundlessly amplifies its scope? Can that be restrictive of mental sweep, which unlocks the mysteries of the universe and plunges its way far into the councils of Omnipotence? Who was it that lifted the veil, and disclosed a new world of exquisite order and beauty in all the commonest and vulgar forms of matter, below the former reach of eye or thought? Who was it that dispelled the *fabulous firmament*, which primeval ignorance had mounted over its central and stationary earth; set the world in motion, and unfolded a plan of the heavens so appalling in amplitude that imagination itself falters in the survey? Who was it that first read the handwriting of God upon the rocks, revealing the history of our planet and its inhabitants through durations of which the mind had never before even presumed to dream? It has been too much the policy of the past to to train the mind as to enslave, rather than to arouse it. Education, from the earliest time, has been under the patronage of civil and ecclesiastical despots, whose necessary policy has been the repression of free thought. The state of mind for ever insisted on has been that of submissive acceptance of authority. Instead of laying open the limitations, uncertainties, and conflicts of knowledge, which arise from its progressive nature, the spirit of the general teaching has been that all things are settled, and that wisdom has reached its last fulfillment. Instead of encouraging bold inquiry, and feeling to noble conquest, the effect has rather been to reduce the student to mere tame, unquestioning recipient of established formulas and time-honored dogmas. It is obvious on all sides that this state of things has been deeply disturbed. We are not to tumble round forever in the old ruts of thought. Yet we cannot forget that our education still retains much of its ancient spirit, is yet largely scholastic and arbitrarily authoritative. We believe that this evil may be, to a considerable degree, corrected by a frank admission of the incompleteness of much of our knowledge; by showing that it is necessarily imperfect, and that the only just and honest course often involves reservation of opinion and suspension of judgment. This may be consonant neither with the teacher's pride nor the pupil's ambition, nevertheless it is imperatively demanded. We need to acquire more humility of mind and a sincerer reverence for truth; to understand that much that passes for knowledge is unsettled, and that we should be constant learners through life. The active influences of society, as well as the school-room, teach far other lessons. We are committed in early childhood to blind partialities—political and religious—and drive on through life in the unquestioning and unscrupulous advocacy of doctrines which are quite as likely to be false as true, and one perhaps utterly inequitable of honest defective adjustment."

Very apropos are these remarks to the summary taught in our Sunday schools and stereotyped churches, with incense draped in miasma from authoritative ancient books. What but evil has resulted? What but evil must continue to result in thus confining the mind to Judaea landmarks, as boundaries infallible, marked by the finger of the Most High?

R. W. Mackay, in his very learned work, "The Progress of the Intellect, as exemplified in the religious development of the Greeks and Hebrews," says, "The high poetical and moral value of the choicest Hebrew literature is tarnished by an arrogant nationalism, and an uncharitable feeling toward the rest of mankind; and if a few prophets pleaded nobly in favor of sincerity and justice, their precepts were neutralized by precedents which, under the name of religion, justified treachery, exclusiveness, and cruelty. Hebrew religion contained no already intellectual principle of progress; it might make an effort to recover the plain maxima of morality, when they had been forgotten; but it could supply no continuing principle for the support of society, except the spur of vindictive ambition, and that people and superstitions pride from which it never, except in Christianity, emerged."

Of what use, then, to preach such Bible in our schools, except for purposes of priestcraft and theological dementia? Whose "broad church" requires an eastern praying machine for its printed prayers, and a ritual lullaby for Unitarian weaknesses?

If ancient wisdom is more apt for the teaching of young Zionism, give us the scope of Gentile as of Jewrydom—the holy of one as well as the holy of the other. In what was Socrates, and many other holy men of heathen growth, surpassed by the very chiefest of the Hebrew prophets? Why not, then, have the shining lights of the one as of the other, in our schools, as equally inspired and holy to the Most High, who is no respecter of persons, whether they were righteously an Heathen or an Christian ground?

How lovely was the spirit of Socrates. Though "sassy and buffoon" to outer eyes, yet, says Plato, was "his soul all virtue, and from within him issued such divine and pathetic things, as drew tears from the heavens, and melted every heart."

How lovely does that other disciple, Xenophon, discover the divinity of his master; and how worthy such recorders, was "Athena's wisest son," thus in seal by the Delphian Apollo.

Socrates was the Athenian Son of Man, or Son of God, who taught that purity of heart was more acceptable in sacrifice, than the most magnificent of offerings—that wisdom is our best guide, our greatest good—as ignorance our greatest evil. "Wisdom," he says, "is enlightened reason, which, directing the objects of our hopes and fears of these false colors, shows them to us such as they are in themselves, fills by its unclouded judgments, and determines our will by the sole force of evidence." Like him of Nazareth

Or burn the City Hall,
Just as we did a while ago,
When 'twas no go at all,
The troops will all present—*bangue!*
Forming a flowery line;
The "sevenths" all march up the street,
And then march down the other,
The gay and gallant French,
With snow white hose appear;
In boots and spurs, the American
Will then bring up the rear,
The Mayor will call "Hls Graces" to die
And make a speech as well,
Then hand him his dapper ruyper, she
But in any case—
We'll take him to the Hospital,
To Blackwell's and Bing Sing,
Present him to the deaf and dumb,
And show him everything,
A grand knee-slapping, meeting will
Arrange a fancy ball,
And all our wives and daughters run
To make a friendly call,
We'll blow up a balloon or two,
And sail to Washington;
Present him at the seat of war,
And let him hear the gun;
In short we'll do the thing in style,
Just as we always do,
And taking (as the prudent should)
Time by the forelock, too—
No matter how he comes, or when,
A cordial welcome
The British heir-apparent here
In these United States.

Have you ever seen a drunk man trying to
believe that he is sober? How ridiculous the spec-
tacle. And yet, poor riddleman,

an ignorant and ill-bred person to appear very wise
refined in society.

Communications are notified that we cannot undertake to return communications that are declined.

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THE MORALS OF BUSINESS.

In this present social arrangement of ours, all depends upon the moral. We use the word in its original sense. Unless life has meaning, it is not life; and, on the other hand, it is life only so far as it has meaning. On the bold rock of absolute truth rests every superstructure that stands to day; what is put together with the help of the lies and cross-branches, the gladders, the brackets, the rafters, and the scaffolding of falsehood, however well they look to the eye, cannot and will not stand. Time will only show it to the deluded builders. Time is the final test, settling and unsettling everything.

To be shrewd, to wear a long hood on one's shoulders, to be the "cutest" way and forthwith to follow it, is not always the shrewdest, the longest-headed, or the "cutest," by a long distance. Let it be borne in mind of every man, that he must either add to or take from the general stock of social integrity. Nobody need think he can himself cheat, and forbid the same practice to others. And so far as he does cheat, by so far he diminishes the general stock of truth, lowers the standard of honorable dealing, and vitiates the force of his own example.

This he cannot do, however, and not himself be a sufferer. It is not so plain as it ought to be, and might be, to some minds, we know: but no truth is more true than this, that falsehood hurts him the most who deliberately practices it. If I deceive another, the evil does not rest there; I have not got rid of it by telling it; it goes forth as my word, my representative, and stands for me wherever and to whom my action may be known. If not now, then by-and-by, its hollowness will betray itself; and they who make this discovery, will naturally come not merely to doubt me, but to try the practice of playing off similar tricks themselves against mine.

Thus mischief widens, like circles in the water. Thus virtue decays and dies out. Contagion blazes the whole body of society at last. No one man can stand aside, and say that he may take from the general health and general virtue what another may not; he is permitted to take no thing from it; it is in his place only to add to it, to help on the process of accretion, and not to draw against it at all.

How much more a people or a society is strong, by so much must it be virtuous. In other words, all its published wealth, strength, greatness, beneficence, relies on its naked integrity. In all business transactions, there is something finer than the business; the thought refers back from the thing done to the thing itself. Our merchants could not stand a day without this constant, though silent, appeal to a nice spirit of truth and honor; impalpable, when one goes to talking about it, yet the only rock bottom on which all transactions rest. Between men of the higher order in mercantile life, a nod comes to mean a promise, and the promise stands till it has gone round the world. They do not require to lodge their conduct about with legal technicalities, and formalities that are meant for thieves and forgers; if such were indeed the case, commercial transactions of a large nature would not be carried out, because their effectiveness would be destroyed by the delay. But once let it be even suspected, among such a body of men—who are the ones, in fact, that unite the four quarters of the globe—that this one, or that, is disposed to flinch from the candid and direct requirements of truth, and from that moment he is shut in a pillory of helplessness and shame from which there is no hope of escape; and, all the time, too, perhaps not a word has been spoken.

It is not any less true because we never thought of it before; nothing is less true, or more true either, on that account; but it is a fact of universal significance, that as a single drop of water may balance the ocean, and keep itself firm, so the simple principle of integrity alone sustains the whole unwieldy and complicated structure of business and affairs. It is nothing but the morals of a thing that saves that thing, making it sweet and keeping it whole. To imagine a state of affairs in which business transactions are conducted without any reference at all to truth and honor, is to create something that neither does nor can exist. The man in the streets little thinks on what a slight and slender basis, to him, all this business system rests; but there is the basis, for all that, and the only basis—none the less real for being intangible and unseen, or abstract and outside the limits of definition.

Suppose, for example, that nothing but the law held away, integrity being set aside altogether; how long would it be before all this fabric of wealth and exchange would fall down, carrying with it the whole system of society besides? Who supposes that we could get on as well as we all do together, without the help of some unseen, but well understood bond, that lifts our common acts and intents up to a common standard—a standard established on the immutable principle of truth and right? All this may sound to many ears as little more than an abstract assumption. Let the experiment for once be tried, however, of getting along without such an abstraction, and see how wretchedly it would succeed! For what we agree to call idealities, and sometimes even dreams and illusions, are but the pith and point of ever-existing realities, without which, business, society, education, commerce one with another, labor of all kinds, would be soulless and dead. The human race could not live long thus; it lives to inspirations and ideas, or it dies. The very man who boasts the most of his practicality, forgets what telling words he thus employs for the impalpable abstractions that have always informed and controlled him.

The fatal mistake men commit in this, as in other respects, is in thinking that any private and selfish advantage may ever be got at the expense of the common interest. It cannot be, in the very nature of things. What concerns one, concerns all. To abstract from the common stock, is to steal from one's own self. To think you may cheat the general law of its operation, while everybody else must be rigidly held to it, is to look for miracles that will never be wrought. It is vain to hope any pardon for transgression of this sort; it exacts its hard but sure penalty as it goes along. What a man thinks he safely takes from another, he takes only from himself. The rest cannot be cheated, without his being cheated too. Perhaps he has no accusers to drag him up before a tribunal of law, or even of public opinion, for his shortcomings; but he knows his fault himself, and his thoughts will rise up to be perpetual witnesses against him. They may not prick his conscience for a long time, either; but they do abstract the currents of his life-force, and to that degree they are wreaking a costly and terrible revenge.

And this matter of personal force—no longer a mysticism to him who had learned to read the true spiritual law of his being—deserves far more attention than it has ever yet received. So much of it is wasted, absolutely thrown away, sunk in the ocean of nothingness! There is so little economy of that energy and strength of which Divinity itself is so nice a calculator! We pour forth our lives for rattles and straw, and have nothing left with which to go upon grand and worthy undertakings. Trifles draw off all our

freest energies, and great things wait vainly upon our feeble and faltering endeavor.

It is because, in the first place, we do not behold things as they are—because our perceptions need long and patient schooling; and, secondly, because we are not able to see objects in their right relations. This making up the state of life is a highly important piece of business. All depends on the estimate we place on this object or the other one, what class of motives we allow precedence and rule in our action, and how skillfully we are able to combine our aims and plans. In this sense, we make or mar for our own selves. It is truly astonishing, and fairly makes a person of sympathy and sensibility tremble, to think in what a headlong manner the million plunges along through life, and stumble out at the gate that opens to the acting sun! No plans, no views, no arrangement of motives or aims, but all one grand medley and confusion worse confounded! It is not life, and such a result as genuine discipline can in no way be got out of it.

And the largest waste of individual force occurs in consequence of this very headlong ignorance. Thus, too, our main point receives illustration—that men waste themselves by seeking to deceive and defraud others. It costs a much larger expenditure of force and gasoline power, to look after a lie, when it has been once started on its errand, than it would to suffer years from any possible effects of telling the simple truth. In honesty, but all the more expressive phrase, "it costs more than it comes to"; that is, the expense of the efforts necessary to tell and take care of a falsehood, whether direct or implied, is far greater than the final results would begin to warrant.

The Patagonians have a superstition, which has its foundation in universal nature, too, that the valor of every foe they vanquish enters into their own hearts, making them all the stronger and more courageous for every encounter. It is an excellent notion, considered even sagaciously; but as a point of morals, it has incontestable evidence of truth. When a man overcomes the first temptation, he has become so much the stronger to vanquish the second, when it appears; its strength having challenged his strength, and been found inferior, by as much as he exerted his spiritual energies to obtain a victory, by so much is he more vigorous and strong. This is a case of daily and hourly illustration in the life and experience of every man. If he resists with success to-day, he will resist with all the more ease to-morrow. What he gains by a trial of his individual strength, is his own forever. And this is the good that obstacles, trials, and temptations work in our lives; we should be puny and weak without them; our souls would never acquire that vigor which is the surest token of high health and the broadest promise of enduring happiness.

If this be true positively, it is true negatively also. If virtue thus accumulates, so that its alien accretions become visible to the introverted vision, we may as readily know how it may be kept from diminution and decay. And this brings us round to our point once more; all untruth on our part, by word, deed, look, or even silence, is to that extent our moral decay. If we practice it, except as a decayed tree lives, shooting out a meagre tuft of green at its crown, or only an occasional sprout among the dead branches, but nowhere hanging up clusters of ripening fruits, it is to be life, it is not the life a man with an awakened soul aspires to.

It is idle to suppose that the observance of any formalities and ceremonies, whether social, ecclesiastical, or even benevolent, can cover up untruth. It will not be so concealed. It looks out at the eyes. It blazes with the lips. It publishes itself and its meanness with every act and word. It may not be atoned for with seventh-day observances of the moral forms, however sacred in their associations or respectable. It is bought up with no bribes, whether of gifts or factory. If here the man has taken his position, here must stand all the forces of his own nature, of universal nature, extending to the very stars and planets that still go unnamed, compel him to keep the place he has chosen. He is in pillory, where all the world of men and angels may see him. No matter what, or how lowly, he professes—nothing in him speaks out but himself, and that has a voice of a hundred tongues.

If, therefore, a community is held together by men whose truth and integrity is capable of taking on as many forms as wreaths of mist or smoke, of what sort shall that same community be? If the eye be evil, then the whole soul must be filled with darkness. If our leading men—the men from whom others draw their worldly inspiration as from reservoirs set here and there for that purpose—are in a condition of decay, how long will it be before the whole social structure in as worthless and heartless as spun-wood, mere tinsel to feed the first chance conflagration?

It is so plain in the abstract; it is so hard to realize in the concrete. We may all of us see and know what is pure and true, but we are so apt to forget when temptation comes and takes us by the hand. The great problem of life is, how to reduce ideas to practice; and, let it be confessed to all lowliness and humility, the best of us succeed in doing little more than making mixed work of it indeed. Yet the great principles abide; the background is as fixed as it ever was, and against it, as a foil, our deeds show off to their own credit or demerit. It is easy to advise; nothing is cheaper than fluent counsel; but the law is not always as obvious to one as to another—we must all see our own way with the eyes set in our own heads. But nothing will bring us peace at last, in all the variety of affairs in this life, but perfect and thorough truthfulness, and souls cleansed of the mists of such foul birds as deceit and false intent. If we succeed in business by untruth of any kind, we may be quite as sure that we do not get on, but will find the obstacles at some other day, if not now.

The Man of Europe.

"Time wears wonders," sure enough! Who would have dared predict, not many years ago, that the lone prisoner of Ham, the exile and outcast, the alienated dreamer, rivalling even the immortal William the Third of England, would so soon make a mark on the politics of the European continent which the whole family of powers would be so prompt to acknowledge? Who would have laughed contemptuously in his face, if he had been told that this solitary individual dreamed of one day carrying out the high purposes of his imperial uncle—the man who at one time virtually had all Europe at his feet? But the dreamer held on his way, and cherished the hopes that were swelling and ripening in his heart. He heeded no scoffs of those who could not see what he saw, and were not waiting for and expecting what filled his own vision. And so he kept on, never doubting, never despairing, but all the time subjected to a discipline from external circumstances such as falls to the lot of few men living. And to-day he is the Emperor of the leading nation on the continent of Europe; and his policy is that which dictates ideas to all the other cabinets.

We do not pretend to deny that Louis Napoleon is a selfish man, or a thoroughly ambitious one; he has proved the contrary for himself, in too many ways already. But that he has been fitted to become an instrument, and a most powerful one, too, in the hands of a Providence that overrules the destinies of nations, is what we are but too ready to believe. His whole career, from infancy up, speaks in this single fact. He is doing for the people of Europe to-day—no matter whether impelled by selfish and purely personal motives or not—what no other ruler or statesman is thinking of doing; and thus he is leading off in the work of revolution. It may be that the times of Henry VIII of England are to be repeated in his reign, so far as the temporal claims of Pope Pius are concerned, and thus a larger liberty of thought will be secured to the millions of Catholic believers, not only in France but throughout Europe. Italy must become a nation, and so may Hungary. The peoples will learn to estimate and understand their own power, and in this way best qualify themselves for final freedom. Considered in any light, the life for thought that has been excited by Louis Napoleon, cannot fail to lead in the end to a thorough and radical revolution.

Our Mailing Machine.

The new apparatus which has been recently set up in this establishment for the more exact and rapid mailing of the *Banner of Light* to its army of subscribers, deserves more than a passing notice, and would amply repay one for the time spent in examining its facile operation. Why so simple a thing had not been invented before, is the only remaining wonder. By its aid we are now enabled to get off our bags of papers for subscribers with much greater readiness than ever before, fearful of no mistakes in copying post-office addresses from our mailing books, and always certain of keeping things well before us.

The machine is styled, "H. W. and D. Davis' Patent Newspaper Directing and Type-Cutting Machine," and was patented on the 6th of Sept., 1859. What it does is simply this: it prints the name or address of each subscriber directly upon the paper, or wrapper, as fast as the same can be handled, and without any liability to misname or make mistakes. Accompanying each machine is a type-cutter, capable of being worked by any one, the object of which is to cut the address of subscribers on separate blocks; and this can be done as rapidly as the letters could be set up separately by regular compositors. The blocks come already prepared for lettering, costing only from one dollar to one dollar and a half per thousand; whereas their equivalent in metal type costs from fifteen to thirty-five dollars per thousand addresses. The mailing apparatus is worked with a treadle, and the blocks, which are allowed to endless revolving bands, or straps, are adjusted to make their impressions, each in its turn. When one of these belts has performed its whole round of service, another one, similarly provided with names, is fitted into its place and made to perform the same sort of duty. The belts are all arranged systematically in light boxes, so that they can be got hold of without confusion or delay of any sort. There is no danger whatever of this machine's getting out of order, for its very simplicity makes that impossible. It takes up scarcely any room, is worked with the greatest ease, and when brought into general use in the thousand mailing offices in the United States, will make the mailing system one of the easiest and most certain departments connected with every establishment. We would not part with the one we use, if we could not get another, at any price.

Flimsy, but very Pretty.

A contemporary can't seem to stand it any longer. He is evidently tired of waiting for Spring. So he seeks to hurry it along by sending such a pretty piece of pastoral writing at us as this:—"About this time the trout break out in bright scarlet spots—or rather their dull red spots brighten into scarlet—unconsciously indicating thereby that they are 'in season,' and fit to be eaten. Acute anglers, who understand the life-cycle of the fish to a dot, are not slow to take advantage of the intimation. They are already troubling with their lines the waters of the Long Island ponds, and of the trout brooks of Pennsylvania. But trout is cold work in March, and somewhat unproductive; except now and then, when a June day is inter-poled into this month of ages. As yet, the trout are inert and torpid. In those northern latitudes they do not thoroughly wake up until the middle of May. Then, if the weather is favorable, they commence taking air baths, turning flip-flop from the surface of the water, in a graceful and hilarious manner. Flies are their weakness, and taking advantage of it, the angler feathers his hook with an entomological fabrication, and obtains the 'shiners' under false pretences. It is a 'confidence game' very similar to that practiced by those 'fishers of men,' who are sent to Sing Sing for playing their tricks on two-legged gudgeons. Rather mean, though, (is it not?) for a being 'blessed in faculties,' to pride himself on bumping a trout."

The New Bonnet.

Everything going derelict attention, in its place; and so the new style of bonnets. We must say we like them. For the first time in our life, we don't undertake to say how many years, the top of the head is covered up, or nearly enough so, at any rate, to call it covering. The bonnet comes forward to the forehead, lying flat and fitting somewhat closely, though allowing space for trimmings underneath; at the sides it spreads out flaringly, and there the usual assortment of flowers and fruits may be hung up to dry. Now then, let the younger ladies bid adieu to neuralgic pains and hair grown prematurely grey; the cold steel will no longer have the pleasure of raising direct upon their heads, or the wintry winds of trying to tear their hair out by the roots; there is some hope of longer lives for them, and happier. For one, we welcome this return to common sense in matters of dress and adornment as one of the promising signs of the times, and congratulate our thousands of friends among the fair sex on the recently projected change. The gray-headed ones, many of them not yet twenty-five, may regard the new style in a spirit of wise sorrow, and admit that experience does cost something, after all.

Proceeding.

If we are to believe the "religious papers" hereabouts, the Episcopalian would appear to be doing an excellent business in the line of winning over converts to their views of church policy and church government. The recent visit of Prof. F. D. Huntington, late of Harvard University, over to the Episcopal benches, coupled with that of Rev. Mr. Coolidge, last year, has naturally excited more or less comment in sectarian circles; it is unmistakably stimulating men to review their religious creeds and professions all over again, to see if they may not have committed some error at the outset in making up their minds and taking their position. So far as this is made a matter strictly of conscience, it is well; but if new claims are put forth for the infallibility of the Episcopal, or any other church in this country, it is time that the case of Pope Joanna be called up again, and the actual cause of the quarrel between Henry the Eighth and Pope Clement VII. be looked over. But it is agreed that one man—be he king or peasant, Henry or John Wesley—may establish a church after his own views, why, then, we have nothing further to say; no man's conscience is cramped, and the field is wide open for all.

Prize Fighting.

The approaching prize fight in England, between Heenan and Sayers, is one of those disgusting affairs that—not elegantly, at all, considering the modes of our popular education—is just now exciting very general talk and discussion. It is even pretended that a low personal conflict of muscular strength and endurance like this, is to be elevated into the character of a worthy contest between the English and American nations! To such a pitch of impudence do these "muscle" fellows carry their estimates of their own importance, when once they become the topic of conversation in circles styling themselves refined. We do not care, of course, which worries the other out of breath and strength in the coming fray, for we think they ought both to be trounced and shut up for a month's calm reflection. We believe in the necessity and beauty of physical development; but when undertaken for such low ends as this, we have neither respect for nor patience with the exhibition. If people would care to know the character of the parties who thus entertain themselves by the week in these contests, let them look at their "villainously low foreheads." In the very next picture of them furnished by the illustrated papers.

A New Medium.

An exchange informs us that the boarders at the Everett House, New York, are in a state of wondering excitement over another manifestation reported to have occurred in the family of Horace Greeley. One of his children, a girl of twelve years of age, has recently been developed as a medium. Several times, of late, her mother has left her alone in a room apparently inaccessible from without, and on returning, has found either a beautiful bouquet on the table, or a canary bird fluttering around the room—both supposed to have been brought there by spirit hands. Evidently, it is impossible to keep this little within bounds; and the mother of the *Verdine* will (if permitted) explain a little more to the satisfaction of his half-million readers. We shall read the revelation with the intensest relish.

Unhappy Mexico.

It is as difficult a matter to say which side is up, in Mexico, and which is down, as it is to tell on which side the coin will fall, while it is still slipping in the air. Our own government has thus far recognized, so far as was prudent, the Juarez party; but Alvarado seemed to get the better of those fellows not a great while ago, and went so far as to lay siege to Vera Cruz. At this point, it was arranged for him in Ha Cruz, that certain vessels should make their appearance off the coast, under the Mexican flag; the plan might have worked very well, for all that we know, but our commodore, who was cruising in the Gulf, put his foot into it and a stop to it, by capturing these Mexican vessels! The Spaniards are much incensed about it, and so it was said the French were, too; but what they are going to do about it, is not just so plain. The President of the United States has lent his countenance to the proceedings of the American commodore, and our minister, Mr. McLane, has returned to Vera Cruz in a government vessel, with the largest latitude to assert our rights in every place, and at the last extremity.

A Taste of Politics.

With the lapse of a little more than two weeks now, the political canvassing for the approaching Summer and Fall will have been begun. The sitting of the next Convention opens the business. Next follows the Convention at Baltimore; then the one at Chicago; and how many others, or in what places are admitted, it is beyond our power to say. A fierce contest is predicted on all sides, this season, and we see no good reason now to question the truth of such predictions; but the whole story can be told better afterwards. We are quite certain, however, that all angry passions will be applied to, ambitious motives will be brought into play, selfishness will work a large work of its own, and the social tumult will be almost universal. Where the body politic rests, as with us, upon the will of the people, it is safe to suppose that this will create general excitement in the enlightenment, and social making up. Who is to be the next President? that is just the point. Of one thing only are we certain: it is to be neither ourselves, nor anybody now known to be related to us.

Miss Hoyt's Seances.

We find our afternoon circles are so fully attended, that we shall be obliged in future to occupy the entire floor, a part of which has, up to the present time, been used by Miss A. L. Hoyt for private seances. This being the case, Miss Hoyt has changed her hours for private sittings, which are now held from nine A. M. to two P. M.

This being necessary, and finding that it is impossible to confine herself so many hours in the day, and give her evening circles which seem to be demanded at this time, Miss Hoyt has, at our suggestion and request, made an alteration in her charges for day circles, for which she now asks \$1.00. The evening circles will be continued, and the price of admittance remains the same, which gives favorable opportunities to those who desire to investigate, whose means are limited.

The Grimes and Miller Discussion.

In consequence of pressing engagement of a professional character at the Legislature, now in session in this city, our reporter, Mr. Pomroy, has been unable to transcribe his notes of this discussion as rapidly as we desired, and we are unable to fix an earlier date than TUESDAY, APRIL 10th for the issue of the above book. It will be an octavo of 200 pages, and we are very particular that the report shall be correct in every statement, representing fully and truly both of the disputants, we have been obliged to wait for the reporter to revise his manuscript, which under other circumstances, where a lesser point of perfection would have answered all purposes, would have been unnecessary. Price for 50 copies and over, 10 cents per copy. Single copies 25 cents, mailed free of postage.

Our Paper.

Every number of the *BANNER OF LIGHT* contains in the aggregate 271,000 copies of printed matter. This, we venture to say, is far more composition than any other weekly paper of its size can boast of in the United States. And this is nothing to what we intend to accomplish whenever our patronage warrants us in extending the folds of our *BANNER*. Our friends there, everywhere, must put their shoulders to the wheel, to increase our already extensive circulation. And in return we will give them the cheapest and best paper ever issued from the American press.

Metedeon Verities.

Miss Fannie Davis will lecture in the trance state, in the Metedeon, on Sunday, April 8th, 1880, at 2:45 and 7:30 o'clock, P. M.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, March 28th.

QUESTION—Do good spirits influence us; and what do we know of their influence?

HENRY C. WRIGHT.—I believe that in all ages and nations of the world it has been an admitted doctrine that disembodied spirits do influence those in the body. The question for discussion takes for granted that we, as spirits, live after the death of the body; so that it is not debatable—the only issue is: have we the power to communicate? Now it has been the belief of all Christendom, that there are two kinds of spirits, good and bad, and that both have an influence over mortals; but especially the bad ones. In Christendom, that bad spirit is called the Devil, and the good spirit God. These two elements represented in the Christian theology as two antagonistic powers, struggling for the mastery over the human soul. Milton has vividly painted it in "Paradise Lost." God is represented as the good being, trying to win us to his side; and the Devil is trying to reduce us by wiles and deceptions. It has seemed to be a belief with many theologians that good spirits do not influence us, but we are given up to the lead of evil spirits—to Satan.

Now my own observations lead me to believe that we are continually under the influence of good spirits, who are always laboring to make us better. When they were transferred to another state of existence, they remained in communion with the spirits left behind them. It is a false and hurtful idea that the soul goes away and is cut off from all communication with those left behind. It has long been a cardinal point in my religion that spirits, when they get out of the body, will know what is going on here as well as ever, and will take a deeper interest in us, when they are able to see through our clay disguise all our surroundings, than before, when their view was limited. Good spirits know what we are doing, and have power to influence us in the right way—to impel us in the right direction. Whenever I err by thought or deed, I feel myself surrounded by good spirits, tagging at my heart to lead it in the right way. When I allow myself to get awitched off the great track railway of life—and there are innumerable switches—I feel for a time there is no relief to my spirit, that it is "like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." This feeling is owing to the power and influence of good spirits over us.

When we are able to understand the causes and effects of things, I believe we shall all of us find ourselves unable to explain our emotions in any other way than through good and evil spirits. I never can account for them except by impression from the disembodied souls.

No human being was ever so utterly abandoned, but what good spirits held the reins of his soul. I do not believe in the cold, heartless, Calvinistic doctrine, that it is possible for a man to "win away the day of grace." It would lessen our respect for a just God. It is said there is a sin against the Holy Ghost which cannot be forgiven. But then there is no forgiveness in the power of God; we have got to expiate all our misdeeds, ourselves.

We, in the body, are just as necessary to the spirits, as they are to us, and the influence is perfectly reciprocal. The two conditions are bound together by a sympathy the most close and intimate.

I know of no better test of good and evil spirits, than that recommended by Jesus of Nazareth:—"By their fruits ye shall know them." We should not try the spirits, whether they be of God or not. They must be found to be good or bad, as we judge of men and women.

Mediums should never lose sight of this fact. Promiscuous giving up of self to all manner of spirits, is destructive of morals and purity. Set in judgment on them all. Any influence which teaches us to cultivate evil passions and despise humanity, I know to be bad; but an influence which makes me respect men, and women, and little children; which makes me love God in human beings, instead of houses, books, and speculative creeds, I know is good, always, and never evil.

I believe my soul is born with the God-element in it, though it may be covered with rubbish and totally obscured. For an illustration, suppose I was born with a diamond in my keeping, but around that diamond was two inches thick of rubbish. Dr. O.—I have another diamond with four inches of rubbish around it; Dr. E.—has six inches; another has eight inches; another ten; another twenty. The diamond is still in each man's keeping; are we to quarrel and condemn each other for the rubbish around our diamonds? Anybody to be envious of me because I have not got so much rubbish as you? and am I to look down on you with airs of self-righteousness, because you have got more than I? It shows no sign of goodness for me to find fault with you. How came the rubbish there? Ah! this question has got to be answered; and when it is answered, there will be a terrible splitting! And it would seem as if men and women would not dare become mediums—especially those who believe in endless damnation—so great, so eternal is the responsibility they assume.

Dr. Von Vleck.—The condition of every man—and I use the term in its general sense—depends upon his relations with the rest of creation. A state of good feeling in man is only induced by his being in a proper relation or communion with other existences. Whenever we feel unhappy, we may be so, that wrong exists in our relations; that we are improperly disposed with reference to some men or things, and therefore that they are improperly disposed with reference to us. Thus good spirits must necessarily be in constant communication with mortals. I do not admit the existence of bad spirits; but with those who we esteem especially good, we are all more or less intimately related, and therefore subject to their influence. All of us have "gushes of feeling" for the expression of which, no words are adequate; but we have no emotions that may not be, or are not, communicated to those who are in sympathy with us. Through a physical medium, any disembodied spirit can represent himself to be a dear friend, and perhaps make us believe it, i. e., if we rely upon such means of communication; but those spirits who make us feel their presence without any physical manifestation, are certainly our friends, for it is by means of the law of sympathy that they are able to influence us. We need not look outside of ourselves for evidence of spirit-intercourse; and this direct and internal evidence every man must have before he is satisfied. So-called spirit manifestations, through the various public mediums in the country, are a mockery, if not delusive. They testify no yearning souls. They are a pandor to folly. No physical medium is necessary in order that there be a communion between spirits on the earth, and the inhabitants of another world. Between our spirit friends and us, there can be no material intervention. It is folly to suppose they can communicate with us through another person, if they cannot commune with us directly. It would be strange that other mortals were accessible to our spirit friends when we are not. This claim to special gift, power, or state of mediumship, is a pretence only. It may be that certain mortals may feel the influence of their spirit friends, when we cannot feel or realize an influence from ours; but that they can feel an influence from our spirit friends, when we cannot, is absurd.

I think the profession of mediumship should be discouraged, for its tendency is to degrade instead of elevate those who are in it, and whose attention is directed to it. It involves deception, positive falsehood, and leads to numerous perversions. I know of several professed spirit mediums in this city, and many in other places, who are downright liars and swindlers, and I can prove them to be such, and will do so as soon as a good opportunity offers. I do not wish, however, to be understood as denouncing all who claim to be mediums. I deem mediumship, as a profession, unnecessary, and liable to base perversions.

Dr. P. B. RAYBOLDS.—I am of the opinion that true Spiritualism is the holiest, purest, best, healthfulness, our Eternal Father has, in this world, vouchsafed to his children. There seems to be a misunderstanding in the public mind respecting the part played by spirits, good and evil, in the great drama of life below the spheres. Many persons attribute all their good and evil deeds to the agency of spirits. This is wrong. We are men and women, and as such act from ourselves, and incur certain responsibilities. Our joys are our own—so are our pains and woes. We are men, as well as mediums; and that philosophy which regards us as automata, or machines to be played on altogether by spirits, is equally at fault.

There is one certain and unmistakable proof of the influence of good spirits upon us—the check-rein idea. When our perverted instincts lead us astray; when we are tempted by our appetites and propensities to violate a moral law, or to act contrary to the true principles of self-conservation, and are suddenly checked in the world's manifestation, without a mental process on our part, we may rest perfectly assured that our course has been observed by some loving son or daughter, father, brother or friend, dwelling beyond the veil, and that the sudden checking is an effort on their part to restrain, reclaim, and set us right before God, then, ourselves, and our own conscience.

I don't agree with friend Wright on the baby question; but I have no desire to quarrel with individual exponents of ideas that differ from my own. In criticizing the words of others, I mean no personality whatever. There is no time to quarrel with men—only in their capacity of philosophers and thinkers, do I arraign any man before the bar of a virtuous public sentiment; and all I say in opposition to views of others, must be accepted in this light only. Doubtless man is to a great degree endowed with the power of choice. Let him choose right. The sweet and silent I regard as the best manifestation of our departed friends.

There is a great amount of twaddle to-day that passes current for spiritual philosophy; and, though it exceeds at present, yet by and by the truth as it really exists will be made apparent. The forces of the upper land are at work, preparing the way for a better time coming, when true Spiritualism will be understood and practically carried out. I feel that though things look dark at present, yet it will be "all right in the spring" of the coming time. Let us stop the discussion of idle issues, and give our attention to the great central truths, all men and women for themselves. Then we shall be walking temples, and the heart will be the residence of the eternal spirit of goodness and benevolence. I prefer the soul of Spiritualism to its body, its religion to its science, and its consoling influence to its splendid scientific and philosophic refinements—which are all well so far as they go; but the kernel in the great nut is the one thing needful for you and me, our neighbor, and the human race.

Mr. THOMAS.—The question is not as regards the ranks of mediums; but the experience of many will lead them to say that even the communication of lying spirits through mediums has been of value to them. In all the created world, I find nothing evil. If I claim that evil does exist, we make God out a liar. Every man for himself must be qualified to answer the question, whether good spirits do communicate. Some minds can only be reached through the manifestations of grosser forms. Thousands are convinced by a moving table, when all the poetry and beauty of the spirit-world could not influence. They must be approached through the external. Only "by their fruits" can you test the communion of spirits.

Mr. THAYER.—It seems strange to me that any one who believes in the existence of God, can for a moment doubt that good spirits do influence us. I don't believe God does anything, or allows anything to be done, which is not good. Just in proportion as we have the spirit of goodness in us, we are influenced by good angels; but that influence depends on conditions. I have told people by their heads, years ago, and I thought if they had heads like mine they were pretty good; but now I find the best way to measure people is by their hearts.

Dr. GARDNER.—I agree with Mr. Von Vleck, that all jugglery, trickery and deception should be exposed, and I will go as far as he will to expose them when I find them. If he knows what he says to be true, I hope he will put the public on their guard. But I am sorry he has made such a wholesale denunciation of mediums and mediumship. I have had as much experience as most men in this matter, since the first manifestations of Spiritualism in this country, but, as yet, I have not had the fortune, or misfortune, to know that a vast majority of mediums are deceivers. As a general thing, I have seen places of mediumship which would lay the mediums open, perhaps, to such a charge, while they were wholly free from any such intent. If you go into the investigation with lies in your heart, you should expect lies to return. You draw such an atmosphere to you. I don't believe Mr. Von Vleck, Mr. Ely, or any other man, not a medium, can perform the ballot test as Miss Hoyt does it. You may imitate it by shrewdness; so can I, when "conditions are right;" but I challenge you to do it as she does.

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of the oldest schools as well as new, who it has
quand, and disposes of the scalp and brain; but all who
used it, write in testifying that it will preserve the hair
belonging away from falling to any age, as well as re-
futed the following:-

Oak Grove, N. C., June 24th, 1861.

Honr. O. J. Wood: Dear Sir—Your Hair Restorative
widely gaining popularity in this community, has
enabled me to try judiciously, and give your Hair Restor-

During the year 1857, I was so unfortunate as to be the
victim of a very bad skin disease, which consisted from my
head received a most terrible louse; causing a great
of irritation, which communicated to the brain and ex-
surface of the head, from the effects of which my hair
fell out, leaving the scalp bare, and the head bald.

These and no other circumstances induced me to read your worthy Hair Restorationist, which I have every reason to believe will be the means of restoring me to my former state of health.

[illegible][illegible]

DU, Phrenitis and neuritis pain; "burnt
 flesh" in the throat, catarrh of
 peptic tubercular consumption.
ACUTE, INFLAMMATORY DYSPEPSIA, known by the
 weight and fullness at the pit of the stomach
 irregular bowels; "burnt flesh" in the throat;
 darting between the shoulder-blades from the stomach;
 quick and irritable; dull, heavy aching pain across the
 epigastrium, and a burning heat in the throat, lead-
 ing to excite the most painful dyspepsia; hence this class
 orders internally indicate impaired nutrition, emaciation
 and loss of digestion and assimilation, so that bad
 assimilated food is absorbed, and the child is not
 vigorous, therefore, that some of the worst and most
 diseases to which flesh is heir, commence with indigestion
 and malnutrition, it is the first step in those leading
 to tubercular deposits in the lungs.
 The Directors and Faculty of this Institution pursue
 a course of instruction in the judicious use of
 diet and scientific remedies, and the judicious
 discrimination and judgment that directly aid nature
 recuperative energy to build up, throw off, and restore
 the system to its normal condition. The child is
 mercury, calomel, and all the old school remedies are
 scrupulously discarded, both from convictions of judi-
 cial and scientific motives. *Patients shall not be
 at this Institution.*
**A Word of Solemn, Concise Advice to
 who will reflect:**
 Statistics now show the solemn truth, that over 100,000
 in the United States are afflicted with the
 dread diseases, developing consumption, prostration of
 force and premature decay.
 This is due to the effect with them, the adequate
 thousands of the young, but even the aged, are
 gnawed from causes little suspected by parents or gen-

In view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by debilitating disease, such as Bacteriemia, and the fact that the vice of opium smoking, which is a legacy, a serious plague and disease of the heart—and of the gross deception practiced upon the community by the promoters—the directors of the Society of Christian Scientists, and the members of this community, have conscientiously assured the invalid and the consumptive their resources and facilities for successfully treating their ailments.

Patients for whom treatment is required at the hospital by letter they will be furnished with private interrogatories, which will enable us to send them their medicine.

20 All communications are regarded with strictest conscientious fidelity.

The institution gives the most responsible care to the men of standing in all parts of the country, who have successfully cured.

21 A Treatise on the causes of the early decay of the human system, published by the Institute, is sent by a sealed envelope, to all parts of the Union, on receipt of postage. It is a thrilling work, and should be read by every man, lady and child.

22 Fall not to send out old-fashioned books.

23 The standing physician will be found at the hour for consultation, from 9 A. M., to 9 P. M., of each day, days, to the day.

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1710 Broadway, to the Troy Lung and Hygiene Institute, a
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Dec. 11, 1904. 90 Fifth A. Troy.

32 HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN

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