

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
LOST MABELLE.

BY HATTIE.

Farewell, my own Mabel, farewell, farewell!
How wildly on my stricken heart thy dirge-notes fell.
For I had learned to live for thee,
Mabel, my love.

Did conscience dictate when thou sought to quell
The tide of love which was my heart's death-knell,
Which brought thee to this narrow home for aye to dwell?

Speak! lost Mabel!

False hearted world! they spurned me from the door
For this great sin—the sin of being poor.
They saw the rose that faded from thy cheek,
They knew what would return its vanished bloom—
At last, relenting words essayed to speak,
Just as thy sinless spirit left the tomb!
Ah! is it duty martyr-like to die?
Then hast thou brow a coronet, Mabel.
Yet justice never asked such mockery
To light and reason as to thee befall;
No, no! Mabel.

Why didst thou raise the chalice to thy lips?
Did Fate pursue thee with relentless force?
Yes, we were destined—as the bird that slips
The pearl-like dewdrop from the morning flower,
To fall beneath the shaft of conquering fate—
And thus his fixed desire I calmly wait;
And yet, Mabel,
We might have wandered long on Time's dark shore,
And gathered flowers that bloom, alas, unseen!
Would we have grown estranged and loved no more?
Better the present with Death's wave between!

Yes, I can bear this silent gloom, Mabel,
And wait with thee for Fate's all-conquering hand,
And, kneeling by thy grave, bid my farewell,
Hoping to meet thee in that "better land."
Than cold estrangement, give me death, Mabel;
I would be thy heart's response; I know full well.
Rest, loved Mabel.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE

MARCHIONESS DE GANGES.

TRANSLATED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, FROM A. DUMAS'S
"CRIMES CELESTES."

Toward the end of the year 1657, a chariot of simple construction, and without armorial bearings, stopped, about eight o'clock in the evening, at the door of a house in the Rue Hauteville. A footman immediately descended to open the door, but a sweet though somewhat trembling voice stopped him, saying, "Wait till I see whether this is the place." Then a head so enveloped in a black satin mantle that it was impossible to distinguish a feature, was thrust through one of the windows, and, looking around, seemed to seek on the outside of the building some sign to end her uncertainty. It seemed that the unknown lady was satisfied with her investigation, for, turning toward her companion, "It is here," she said—"there is the picture."

The door of the carriage was opened, the two women alighted; and, after having looked again at a sign nailed above the windows of the second story, and which bore the inscription, "Madame Voisin," they quietly glided into a passage way, whose door was ajar, and which was lighted just enough for those who went in and out to see their way along the narrow and crooked staircase which led from the ground floor to the fifth story.

But the two women, instead of stopping at the door opposite the sign, ascended to another story. On the landing was a dwarf, fantastically dressed in the style of the Venetian buffoons in the sixteenth century. When he saw the two women he stretched out a wand as if to ward them off, and asked what they wished.

"To consult the spirit," said the lady, in a gentle and tremulous voice.

"Go in and wait," answered the dwarf, raising a tapestried doorway, and ushering the two women into an ante-room.

The two women followed their instructions, and waited nearly half an hour, seeing and hearing nothing. Finally a door concealed in the tapestry suddenly opened, a voice pronounced the words, "Come in," and the two women were ushered into an apartment hung with black, and lighted only by a three branched lamp suspended from the ceiling. The door shut behind them, and they were in the presence of the sibyl. She was a woman of about twenty-five, and, unlike other women, was obviously anxious to look old. She was dressed in black, with her hair hanging in plaits, and her neck, arms and feet bare. Her girdle was fastened by a large garnet, sparkling with a lurid brilliancy. She held in her right hand a wand, and was standing on an estrade shaped like an ancient tripod, whence issued a cold and penetrating perfume. She was handsome enough, though her features were coarse, excepting her eyes, which seemed—probably by some artifice of the toilet—extraordinarily large, and, like the garnet in her girdle, gleamed with strange lustre.

When the two visitors entered, they found the sorceress leaning her head on her hand, and seemingly absorbed in thought. Fearing to disturb her, they silently waited until it pleased her to leave this position. At the end of ten minutes she raised her head, as if she had just become aware that two persons were in the room.

"What is wanted of me now?" said she; "shall I never find repose except in the tomb?"

"Pardon me, madam," said the unknown; "but I would like to know—"

"Silence!" said the sibyl, in a solemn tone; "I wish not to know your business; you must ask the spirit; he is a jealous spirit, who forbids prying into his secrets; I can only intercede for you and obey him."

With these words she left her tripod, passed into another room, and soon reappeared, paler than be-

fore, holding in one hand a lighted chafing-dish, and in the other a piece of red paper. Instantly the three branches of the lamp grew dim, and the apartment was lighted only by the chafing-dish. Everything assumed a fantastic appearance, which added greatly to the uneasiness of the strangers; but it was too late to recede.

The sorceress placed the chafing-dish in the middle of the room, gave the paper to the woman who had spoken, and said—

"Write what you wish to know."

The woman sat down to a table, took the paper, and wrote—

"Am I young? am I handsome? am I maid, wife or widow? So much for the past."

Shall I marry or re-marry? shall I live a long time, or shall I die young? So much for the future."

Then, extending her hand toward the sorceress, she said—

"What shall I do now?"

"Roll the letter around this ball," said the latter, presenting to the stranger a little ball of virgin wax; "both will be burned before your eyes; the spirit already knows your secrets. In three days you will have an answer."

The stranger obeyed the sibyl's command; then the latter, taking the ball and the paper which covered it, threw both into the chafing-dish.

"And now all is over," said the sibyl. "Comus,"—the dwarf entered—"Conduct this lady to her carriage."

The stranger left a purse on the table, and followed Comus, who led her and her companion, who was only a confidential chambermaid, down a secret staircase, used by those who departed, and not opening on the same street as the principal stairway. The coachman, informed of this, was waiting at the door. The ladies entered the carriage, which drove off rapidly toward the Rue Dauphine.

Three days afterwards, as had been promised, the fair unknown found on her toilet-table, when she awoke, a letter, in an unknown hand. It was addressed "To the Fair Provinciale," and contained these words:

"You are young, you are handsome, you are a widow. So much for the present.
You will marry again; you will die young, and by a violent death. So much for the future."

THE SPIRIT.

This answer was on a piece of paper like that on which the questions had been written.

The marchioness turned pale and shivered with terror. The answer for the past was so perfectly correct that she feared those for the future might be equally true.

Indeed, the unknown lady enveloped in a mantle, whom we have seen in the sanctuary of the modern sibyl, was no less a person than the beautiful Mary of Rossan, called before her marriage Mlle. de Chateaublanc, from the name of one of the estates of her maternal grandfather, M. Joannis de Nocheris, who enjoyed a fortune of six hundred thousand livres. In 1648, at the age of thirteen, she married the Marquis de Castellane, a noble of the highest rank, who traced his descent from John of Castile, son of Peter the Cruel and the ill-fated Inez de Castro. Proud of his young wife's beauty, the marquis, who was an officer in the King's galleys, hastened to present her at court. Louis XIV., who at the time of her presentation was scarcely twenty years old, was struck by her charming appearance, and, to the great chagrin of the court beauties, danced with her twice in one evening; and, to crown all, the famous Christina of Sweden, then at the court of France, said, that in all the Kingdoms she had visited she had never seen anything equal to the "Fair Provinciale." This eulogy produced such an effect that the marchioness retained the name, and was never afterwards called by any other.

The partiality of Louis XIV. and admiration of Christina immediately put the marchioness in the fashion, and Mignard, who had just been ennobled and appointed painter to the King, put the seal on her reputation by asking permission to paint her portrait. This portrait still exists, and gives a perfect idea of her wonderful beauty; but as this portrait is far away from our readers, we must content ourselves with the descriptions of her given by contemporary writers, who all agree in their reports. The brilliancy of her complexion, which was dazzlingly fair, and adorned with a red not too vivid, was relieved by jetty locks, grouped around a well-proportioned forehead, in a way no artist's pencil could surpass; her eyes, black as night, were large, well set and brilliant; her mouth was small and well formed; her teeth white and regular; her nose a model for symmetry; and her face well turned and expressive of all the vigor and freshness of health. Her figure was as perfect as her face. Her conversation was agreeable, her gait noble, her manners easy, her humor sociable, her wit without malice, and her temper amiable.

Of course a woman thus gifted could not, in the midst of the most gallant court in the world, escape the calumnies of rivals; nevertheless, slander could effect nothing. The marchioness, even in her husband's absence, was always discreet. Her cold and serious conversation, more guarded than lively, more solid than brilliant, contrasted strongly with the levity of the court wits; therefore those who had failed to conquer her, not willing to attribute their want of success to themselves, endeavored to spread a report that the marchioness was nothing but a beautiful idol, and that she was virtuous after the fashion of statues. In vain all this was said and repeated during the absence of the marchioness. As soon as she appeared in a drawing-room, as soon as her fine eyes and gentle smile gave expression to the short, guarded and sensible words which escaped from her lips, the most prejudiced returned to her, and were forced to acknowledge that never before had God created anything so nearly perfect.

She was enjoying a triumph which falsehood

could not attack, and slander tried in vain to tarnish, when she learned that the galley commanded by her husband had been shipwrecked near Sicily, and that the marquis was dead. The marchioness showed herself in this emergency pious and discreet, and although she was not very strongly attached to her husband, with whom she had passed hardly one of the seven years of her married life, she retired immediately to her mother-in-law's house, and left society altogether.

Six months after her husband's death the marchioness received a letter from her grandfather, M. de Nocheris, pressing her to finish the term of her mourning at Avignon. Deprived of a father's care from her infancy, the marchioness had been brought up by this good old man, whom she tenderly loved; she therefore hastened to accept his invitation, and prepared for departure.

At this time, La Voisin, still young, and very far from enjoying the reputation she afterwards obtained, was beginning to be spoken of. Several acquaintances of the Marchioness de Castellane had been to consult her, and had received strange predictions, some of which, perhaps by the address of La Voisin, perhaps by singular coincidences, had been verified. The marchioness could not resist the curiosity inspired by these reports; and she made, some days previous to her departure for Avignon, the visit we have described. We have seen the answer she received.

The marchioness was not superstitious; nevertheless, this fatal prediction stamped itself on her mind, and left a deep impression, which neither the pleasure of revisiting her native city, nor the affection of her grandfather, nor the new triumphs she obtained, could efface. These very triumphs were displeasing to her, and she begged her grandfather to grant her permission to enter into a convent, there to spend the last three months of her mourning.

It was there that she first heard of a man whose reputation for beauty was equal to her own. This favorite of heaven was the Lord of Lenide, Marquis of Ganges, Baron of Languedoc, and Governor of Saint Andre, in the diocese of Uzes. The marchioness heard so much about him, and was so often told that nature seemed to have created them for each other, that she began to be very desirous of seeing him. Doubtless the marquis, excited by like reports, entertained a similar wish, for one day, obtaining a message from M. de Nocheris, he came to the convent, parlor and asked—"to see the fair recluse. Though this was their first meeting, she knew him immediately.

It was easy to foresee the end of this; it was impossible for them to behold each other without falling in love. They were both young; the marquis was noble and in office, the marchioness was rich. The marriage appeared suitable in every respect; therefore, as soon as the term of her mourning had expired, the marchioness gave her hand in marriage a second time. This took place near the beginning of the year 1668. The marquis was twenty years old, and the marchioness twenty-two.

The first years of their union were perfectly happy; it was the first time the marquis had loved, and the marchioness forgot that she had ever loved before. A son and a daughter completed their happiness. The marchioness had entirely forgotten the fatal prediction, or if she ever thought of it, it was merely to wonder that she had ever believed it.

Such felicity is not made for this world; and when it occasionally appears here, it seems sent rather by the anger of God than by his bounty.

The marquis was the first to grow tired of this happy life. Little by little he missed his youthful pleasures, and began to avoid the society of his wife, and to frequent that of his former friends. Then the marchioness, who had sacrificed to conjugal love all her worldly tastes, went again into society where new triumphs awaited her. This excited the jealousy of the marquis; but too well educated in the manners of his age to show his suspicions openly, he looked them in his soul, where they took another form. To words of love, so sweet that they seemed the language of angels, succeeded sharp and bitter phrases, presages of an approaching rupture. Soon this well-matched couple saw each other only at hours when it was impossible not to meet; and at last the marquis, first feigning indispensable journeys, finally without any pretext whatever, absented himself three quarters of the year, and the marchioness again found herself a widow.

Every history of that period has been consulted, and all agree in stating that she was always the same—calm, patient, and discreet, and it is rare to find such a unanimous opinion of a young and lovely woman.

About this time the marquis, who found even the short time he passed at home insupportable, invited his two brothers, the Chevalier and Abbe de Ganges, to come and live with him.

The Abbe de Ganges bore this title without belonging to the church, and had taken it for the sake of the privileges it conferred; he was something of a wit, occasionally made madrigals and bout-rhymes, good-looking enough, though sometimes, when he was impatient, his eyes looked strangely cruel; as to his character, licentious and shameless, as if he had really belonged to the clergy of the period.

The Chevalier, endowed with a portion of the family beauty, was one of those ordinary men who are satisfied with their mediocrity, and thus live on, fit neither for good nor evil, unless some stronger nature seizes them and drags them along, pale and lustreless stars in its fiery track. This was the case of the Chevalier and his brother; bowing to an influence, of which he was utterly unconscious, and against which he would have rebelled with the obstinacy of a child if he had even suspected it, he was a machine, obeying the will of another mind and passions of another heart—a machine more

terrible, because no thought arising from instinct or reflection could check in him the given impulse.

The abbe had also obtained, to a certain extent, the same influence over the marquis. Without fortune, because a younger son—without occupation, since, though bearing the title and costume of a churchman, he performed none of its duties—he persuaded the marquis, rich in his own right, and still richer through his wife, that a trustworthy man was needed to manage his large estate, and proposed himself. The marquis, weary in his solitary home, joyfully accepted; and the abbe brought with him the Chevalier, who followed him like his shadow, and who was as little noticed as if he had really been incorporated.

The marchioness afterwards often declared that the first time she saw these two men, although their exterior was agreeable, she was seized with a painful sensation, and the prediction of a violent death so long forgotten, suddenly appeared before her eyes like a flash of lightning.

The two brothers were greatly struck by her beauty, though in different ways. The Chevalier stood transfixed before her as before a beautiful statue; but the impression she produced was the same as a marble image would have done, and had he acted himself, the consequences of his admiration would not have been dangerous. The abbe, on the contrary, was instantly seized with a desire to possess this woman, the most beautiful he had ever seen; and although he betrayed no sign of emotion, before the end of the first interview, he had decided in his irrevocable will that she should be his.

Although the marchioness could not entirely recover from her first impression, yet the wit and talent of the abbe, and the stupidity of the Chevalier, finally conquered her repulsive feelings; for she was a person who never suspected evil, if concealed even slightly, and was unwilling to acknowledge its presence when it took its true image.

However, the arrival of guests brought new life and gaiety into the house. Soon, to the great astonishment of the marchioness, her husband, so long indifferent to her beauty, seemed to have become aware that she was too charming to be detained; and, little by little, his words regained the affection they had gradually lost. The marchioness still loved him; she had borne the loss of his affection with resignation; she hailed its return with joy, and three months passed in happiness, which recalled the early days of her marriage.

She was then enjoying her happiness with all the enthusiasm of youth, neither asking nor caring what had restored her lost treasure, when a lady of the neighborhood invited her to spend a few days at her castle. Her husband and brother-in-law were included in the invitation, and accompanied her. A grand hunt had been planned beforehand, and each one, on his arrival, prepared to join the company.

The abbe, whose wit made him an indispensable companion in every party of pleasure, declared himself the Chevalier of the marchioness during the day—a title which his sister-in-law good naturedly confirmed. Each hunter, following this example, chose a lady to protect and serve through the day. This chivalrous precaution taken, all hastened to the rendezvous.

Everything went on as usual; the dogs hunted on their own account; two or three amateurs followed them; the rest wandered off.

The abbe, as cavalier servant of the marchioness, had not left her a moment, and had so skillfully manoeuvred that he found himself alone with her; this was something he had sought for a month, with as much care as the marchioness had avoided it. When the marchioness perceived that he had intentionally left the hunt, she wished to gallop back again, but the abbe stopped her. The marchioness was unwilling to engage in a struggle; she therefore resolved to listen, assuming an expression of disdainful pride, which women assume when they wish a man to understand that there is no hope. There was a moment of silence, first broken by the abbe.

"Madam," said he, "pardon me for employing this means to speak in private with you; but since, notwithstanding my relationship, you did not appear disposed to grant me this favor, had I asked it, I thought it was best to take from you the power of refusing."

"If you have hesitated to ask so simple a favor," answered the marchioness, "and if you have taken such precautions to force me to listen, it is because you knew long ago that the words you wish to say I ought not to hear. Reflect, then, before commencing a conversation, and know that I reserve the right of interrupting it whenever it ceases to please me."

"As to that, madam," said the abbe, "I think I may safely wager that you will listen to whatever I please to say; besides, there is no necessity for uneasiness. I wish to ask whether you have noticed any change in your husband's behavior toward you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the marchioness, "and not a day passes in which I do not thank heaven for this happiness."

"And you have been wrong, madam," said the abbe, with one of his peculiar smiles; "heaven has had nothing to do with it; give thanks to heaven for making you the most beautiful and charming of women, and do not take from me my due."

"I do not understand you," said the marchioness, in an icy tone.

"Well, I will make myself understood. I performed the miracle for which you thank heaven; to me, then, your gratitude belongs. Heaven is rich enough without robbing the poor."

"You are right, if it is to you that I owe this change, the cause of which was unknown to me. I will thank you first; then I will thank heaven for inspiring you with this good idea."

"Yes," answered the abbe, "but if this good idea

does not bring me what I expect from it, heaven may perhaps inspire me with a bad one."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"That there is in this whole family only one will, and that that will is mine; that the minds of my two brothers turn at the caprices of this will, like a weather-vane in the winds, and that he who has blown warm can also blow cold."

"I still await an explanation, sir."

"Well, my dear sister-in-law, since it pleases you not to understand me, I will explain myself more clearly. My brother has been alienated from you through jealousy; I wished to give you an idea of my power over him, and from the extremity of indifference I have brought him back to the most ardent love, by showing him that his suspicions were wrong. Well, I have only to tell him that I was deceived, and to fix his suspicions on somebody, no matter who, and I can again cause a coldness between you. It is not necessary to prove this to you; you know very well that I am speaking the truth."

"And what has been your object in playing this farce?"

"To prove to you, madam, that I can make you at will, sad or joyous, cherished or despised, adored or hated. Now, listen to me. I love you."

"You insult me, sir!" exclaimed the marchioness, endeavoring to withdraw the bridle of her horse from the grasp of the abbe.

"No hard words, sister, for I forewarn you they will be lost upon me. A man never insults a woman by declaring a love for her; but there are many methods of forcing her to return love for love. The fault is, in employing the wrong one; that is all."

"May I ask which you have chosen?" said the marchioness, with a smile of withering contempt.

"The only one which could succeed with a woman, calm, cold, and firm as you, by convincing you that it was for your interest to return my love."

"Since you think you know me so well, you ought to know how a woman like me would receive such an overture; say to yourself what I ought to say to you—and to my husband."

The abbe smiled.

"Oh, as to that," exclaimed he, "you are the mistress, madam. Tell your husband just what you please; repeat our conversation word for word; add the most convincing things, your memory can furnish, no matter whether true or false; then, when you have preached it well into him, when you believe you are sure of him, two words from me, and I shall twist him like this glove. This is all I have to say to you, madam; I will detain you no longer; you can have in me a devoted friend, or a mortal enemy. Reflect."

With these words he released the marchioness, who trotted along at a moderate pace. The abbe followed her, and both joined the hunters. The abbe spoke truly. The marchioness, notwithstanding the threat she had made to him, reflected on his great influence over her husband; she therefore kept still, hoping that in order to frighten her he had painted himself worse than he was. In this respect she was strangely deceived.

However, the abbe wished to know whether he should attribute this repulse to personal antipathy, or to real virtue. The Chevalier was handsome and accustomed to the best society; he undertook to persuade him that he loved the marchioness.

This was not very difficult. We have described the first impression made on him by the beauty of Madame de Ganges; but knowing her reputation for virtue, he never thought of making love to her. Nevertheless, yielding to the power she exercised over all who approached, he remained her devoted servant, and was treated by her with great kindness.

The abbe sought him, and after assuring himself that they were alone—

"Chevalier," said he, "we both love our brother's wife—let us not quarrel; I am master of my passion. I can sacrifice it to you, because I think she prefers you; try, then, to strengthen the love I suspect the marchioness feels for you; if you succeed, I will retire; if you fail, give me the place, and I will try in my turn to find out if her heart is really impregnable."

The Chevalier, encouraged by these flattering words, redoubled his attentions to his sister-in-law, who at first received them kindly. But on his explaining himself more clearly, and declaring his passion, he was severely repulsed.

The Chevalier now lost all hope, and frankly confessed to his brother the unhappy result of his love. This was what the abbe wished—first to satisfy his self-love, then to aid in the execution of his projects. He fanned the flame of the Chevalier into bitter hatred; then, sure of having obtained a defender, and even an accomplice, he began to put into execution his plan against the marchioness.

The result was soon manifested by a new coolness on the part of M. de Ganges. A young man, whom the marchioness had occasionally met in company, and to whose intelligent conversation she had willingly listened, became, if not the cause, at least the pretext of a new jealousy, manifested by quarrels on other topics; but the marchioness was not deceived; she saw in this change the fatal hand of her brother-in-law.

Things went on thus for several months. Each day the marchioness perceived that her husband's conduct grew cooler, and she felt herself surrounded by invisible spies, who exposed the most secret acts of her life. As to the abbe and Chevalier, they remained the same; only the abbe concealed his hatred under an habitual smile, and the Chevalier, under that cold and stiff dignity which dull men always assume when they think their vanity is wounded.

About this time M. de Nocheris died, increasing the large fortune of his grand-daughter by about seven hundred thousand livres. This legacy was the

called, in countries governed by the Roman law, a *paraphernal property*—that is to say, it was not included in her dowry, and she could dispose of it as she pleased, with or without the permission of her husband.

About this time a strange event happened. At a dinner-party given by the marquise, some cream was brought on at the dessert; all who partook of it became indisposed; the marquise and his two brothers, who had abstained, felt no ill effects. The remainder of the cream was analyzed, and arsenic discovered, though being mixed with its antidote, milk, it had lost part of its strength. As nothing serious followed from this, the blame was thrown on a servant who had mistaken arsenic for sugar, and all seemed to forget the occurrence.

The marquise was now, trying to become again reconciled to his wife; but this time the marchioness was not deceived. Here, as everywhere, the selfish hand of the abbe was visible; he had persuaded his brother, that seven hundred thousand livres were well worth the trouble of forgetting some frivolities; and the marquise was now endeavoring to overcome, by gentle means, his wife's half-formed decision of making a will.

In autumn it was proposed to pass the season at Ganges, a small town in Languedoc, seven leagues from Montpellier, and nineteen from Avignon. Although this was very natural, since the marquise was lord of the town, and had a castle there, yet the marchioness shuddered on hearing the proposition. The fatal prediction again came to her mind. The poisoned cream added not a little to her fears. Without directly suspecting her brothers-in-law of this crime, she knew she had in them two relentless foes. This departure for a small town, where she was to dwell in an isolated castle, and among strangers, foreboded ill; but open resistance would have been ridiculous. Besides, on what grounds could she base her opposition? She must accuse her husband and his brother. Of what could she accuse them? The poisoned cream was not conclusive proof. She resolved to bury her fears in her heart, and to place herself in God's hands.

However, she did not leave Avignon without making her will. This document made her mother, Madame de Rossan, residuary legatee, provided she left the property, after her death, to either of the children of the marchioness. There were two children—a boy of six, and a girl of five.

The marchioness was so deeply impressed that she should not survive this fatal journey, that even this did not satisfy her. One night she secretly called together the magistrates of Avignon and several gentlemen of high rank, and declared before them, *in voce*, that, in case of her death, she begged the honorable witnesses not to give credit to any other will than the one she had signed the day before, affirming, beforehand, that any other subsequent will would be the work of fraud or violence. Then she renewed the declaration in writing, signed the paper, and intrusted it to the honor of the gentlemen present. These precautions created great curiosity; many and pressing were the questions asked; but they obtained no answers, except that she had reasons which could not be revealed. All who were present took a solemn oath of secrecy, and the assembly dissolved.

The day before her departure for Ganges, the marchioness visited all the charitable and religious institutions of Avignon, leaving rich gifts to obtain prayers and masses, lest she should die without receiving the sacraments of the church. In the evening she took leave of all her friends, weeping as if convinced she was bidding a last farewell; finally she spent the night in prayer; and when her maid entered her room to wake her, she found her kneeling in the same spot where she had left her the night before.

On arriving at the Castle of Ganges, the marchioness was somewhat reassured by the presence of her mother-in-law, a sensible and pious woman. Everything had been arranged beforehand, and the most convenient and elegant apartment in the castle was given to the marchioness; it was on the second floor, and looked out upon a court shut in on all sides by stables.

The very first evening the marchioness searched her room thoroughly, but found nothing to confirm her fears, which gradually decreased. After a short time, the marquise's mother left Ganges for Montpellier, and the very next day the marquise spoke of pressing business which called him to Avignon, and in his turn left the castle. The marchioness was therefore left alone with the abbe, the chevalier, and a chaplain named Perrette, who had been in the family for twenty-five years. The rest of the household was composed of servants.

The marchioness, on her arrival, endeavored to form a small circle of acquaintances in the town—a thing which was easy, both on account of her high rank, and her pleasing manners. This precaution was of service, for the marchioness, instead of merely passing the autumn at Ganges, was obliged to spend the winter there. During all this time the abbe and chevalier seemed to have entirely forgotten their former designs, and had become respectful and attentive brothers. But the marquise was still far away; and the marchioness, who had never lost her love, though less fearful, was still sad.

One day the abbe, suddenly entering her chamber, found her in tears; in reply to his questions, she frankly confessed that there could be no more happiness for her in this world, while her husband remained estranged from her. The abbe endeavored to console her, but said that the root of her unhappiness was in herself; that her husband was justly hurt by her distrust in him—distrust of which the will she had made was a humiliating and public proof, and that as long as that will existed, she must never expect any return of affection on her husband's side. This he proved some days after by a letter received from the marquise, in which he tenderly complained to the abbe of his wife's conduct, and testified great affection for her.

From day to day, under the pretext of reconciling the husband and wife, the abbe became more pressing about the will, and the marchioness began to be frightened. Finally, after reflecting upon the subject, she thought it would be better to yield than to irritate this stern man by an obstinate refusal, since, after the declaration she had made at Avignon, a revocation would have no effect. She therefore on the 5th of May, 1667, signed another will, constituting the marquise residuary legatee. The abbe and chevalier expressed great joy, and pledged their honor that her future should be bright. A letter from the marquise confirmed her hope, and announced his approaching return.

On the 16th of May, the marchioness, having for some time felt time slip indolently, decided to take some medicine; she therefore asked the apothecary to prepare a dose, and to send it to her the next day. The next morning the draught was brought; but the marchioness found it so black and thick, that she dared not swallow it; but saying nothing, put it in a closet and took something else.

Fearfully had the hour for taking the medicine elapsed, when the abbe and chevalier sent to inquire about her health. She sent back word that she was well, and invited them to partake of a small collation which she intended to give at four o'clock in the afternoon to her female friends.

An hour afterwards they made another inquiry concerning her health. The marchioness, paying no attention to their excess of civility, replied that she never felt better.

The marchioness, according to the custom of the times, presided at her collation in bed. At the appointed hour all the company came; the abbe and chevalier were introduced, and the repast brought on. Neither of the gentlemen partook of it. The abbe sat down, but the chevalier leaned against the foot of the bed. The abbe remained plunged in a reverie, which greatly astonished all present, since it was foreign to his character. As to the chevalier, he never took his eyes from his sister-in-law; this, however, was not very surprising, for never had the marchioness looked so beautiful.

The collation over, the company withdrew; the abbe waited upon the ladies; the chevalier remained with the marchioness. Hardly had the abbe left the room, when Madame de Ganges saw the chevalier turn pale, and fall from an erect position to a sitting posture on the foot of the bed. Feeling uneasy, she inquired what ailed him, but before he could answer her attention was drawn elsewhere.

The abbe, as pale and haggard as the chevalier, came into the room, holding in his hand a tumbler and a pistol, and double locked the door behind him. Terrified, the marchioness rose in her bed, and looked at him, without the power to utter a word. Then the abbe approached her, with trembling lips and inflamed eyes, and presenting to her the glass and pistol:

"Madame," said he, after a moment of terrible silence, "choose—poison, fire," and making a sign to the chevalier, who drew his sword, "or steel."

The marchioness, seeing herself between two men, each threatening her, slid from the bed, and falling on her knees, exclaimed—

"What have I done, that you should thus doom me to death, and make yourselves both judges and executioners? I have never injured you, except by being too faithful to my husband, your brother."

Then seeing it was useless to continue imploring the abbe, whose looks and gestures indicated a fixed resolution, she turned to the chevalier—

"And you, too, my brother," said she—"oh, my God, my God! you, too! But take pity on me, in the name of heaven!"

But stamping his feet, and pressing the point of his sword against her chest, he exclaimed:

"Enough, madam—enough; choose quickly, for if you do not, we will choose for you."

Then the marchioness turned for the last time toward the abbe, and felt against her forehead the muzzle of the pistol. Then she saw that she must die, and choosing what seemed least terrible to her—

"Give me the poison," said she, "and may God forgive you."

She raised the glass to her lips and swallowed its contents, then turning toward them—"In the name of God," said she, "since you have killed my body, seek not to slay my soul; send me a confessor."

Cruel as they were, the abbe and chevalier were doubtless touched by this scene; besides, the fatal act was over. After what she had drank, the marchioness could only live a few moments. They therefore left the room at her request, and shut the door behind them. But hardly did the marchioness find herself alone, than the possibility of flight presented itself. She ran to the window; it was only twenty-five feet from the ground; but the court was full of stones and rubbish. As she was but scantily dressed, she hastened to put on a taffety skirt; but while fastening it, she heard footsteps approaching her room; believing that her assassins were coming back, she rushed to the window. As she stepped on the window-sill the door opened; the marchioness lost all caution, and threw herself down headlong. Luckily the new comer, who was the chaplain, had time to extend his hand and grasp her skirt. The garment tore, but the resistance, slight as it was, sufficed to change the direction of her body, and the marchioness, instead of injuring her head, fell on her feet. Stunned as she was, she saw something coming after her, and jumped aside. It was an enormous jug full of water, under which the priest meant to crush her, but failing, he ran to announce to the two murderers the escape of their victim.

With admirable presence of mind the marchioness, as soon as she reached the ground, brought on vomiting by thrusting down her throat the end of one of her long tresses. The thing was easy since she had eaten heartily of the collation.

However, as we have said, the apartment looked out upon a walled court; and the marchioness leaving her room for this court, at first thought she had only changed her prison; but seeing a light through a dormer-window in one of the stables, she ran thither and finding a groom preparing for bed—

"In the name of Heaven, my friend!" said she, "save me! I am poisoned! Do not leave me—take pity on me—open the stable door and let me out!"

The groom scarcely comprehended what she said; but seeing a woman in great distress, asking help, he showed her through the stable and opened a street door. Two women were passing—to their charge he gave the marchioness, unable to explain the cause of this strange act. As to the marchioness, she seemed unable to say anything, but—

"Save me! I am poisoned! Save me!"

Suddenly she broke loose from them, and fled down the street, as if insane. She saw on the threshold of the door she had left her two assassins pursuing her.

Then they rushed after her; she crying that she was poisoned, and they that she was crazy. Terror gave unnatural strength to the marchioness, and this woman, accustomed to walk in silken shoes over velvet carpets, now ran with bare and bleeding feet over the rough and stony road, asking in vain for help; for beholding her running thus with disheveled hair, and clad only in a ragged petticoat, it was difficult not to believe that she was crazy.

At last the chevalier joined her, and dragged her in spite of her cries into the nearest house, and shut the door, whilst the abbe, on the threshold, pistol in hand, threatened to shoot whoever approached.

The house they entered belonged to a M. Desprats, who was absent on business, and with his wife were several of her acquaintances.

The marchioness and chevalier still struggling, entered the room where the company were assembled. As several of the ladies knew the marchioness, they rose in great astonishment, to give her the help for which she asked; but the chevalier prevented them, repeating that she was mad.

To this eternal accusation the marchioness replied by showing her burned neck and blackened lips, and wringing her hands, cried that she was poisoned, asking for milk or at least water.

One of the women brought her some water; but as she raised it to her lips the chevalier broke the glass. The women—were about lay hands on him, but the marchioness, fearing to irritate him—and hoping to disarm him, asked to be left alone with him. All the company then passed into the next room.

As soon as they were alone, the marchioness, clasping her hands, knelt down before the chevalier, and in the gentlest tone she could command, made touching appeal for mercy, promising to forget everything if he would save her life.

But the chevalier only took advantage of this to make further attempts upon her life, and drawing his sword, he stabbed her seven times before she could leave the room; then thinking he had killed her and hearing steps approaching, he rushed out of the house. The abbe was still on the threshold, pistol in hand. The chevalier took him by the arm, saying, "Let us go, abbe; the business is done."

They stepped into the street; but just then a window opened, and the women, who found the marchioness dying, called for help.

At this the abbe stopped, and grasping the arm of the chevalier—

"What do you say now?" he asked; "if they call for help she can't be dead."

"Go and see yourself," answered the chevalier; "I have done enough for my part; it is your turn now."

"That is just what I think," exclaimed the abbe, and entering the house, he rushed into the room just as the women had raised the marchioness from the floor. Thrusting them aside he aimed his pistol at the marchioness, but as he drew the trigger, one of the women, Madame Brunelle, raised the barrel with her hand, so that he fired in the air, and the ball, instead of wounding Madame de Ganges, pierced the ceiling. The abbe then took the pistol by the barrel, and with the butt-end dealt Madame Brunelle such a blow on the head, that she staggered, and nearly fell. He was about to repeat the blow, but all the women uniting against him, pushed him out of the house and shut the door.

The two assassins taking advantage of the night, fled to Aubenas, and thence, after a violent quarrel, in which they narrowly missed killing each other, they went to the sea coast and set sail for a foreign land.

During this time everything was done which could add to the safety and comfort of the marchioness. The public authorities placed a guard around the house, and sent armed officers on the track of the assassins. Physicians and surgeons came from Montpellier, but all was in vain; justice could not secure the murderers, and science could not save the victim.

The Marquis de Ganges was at Avignon, carrying on a criminal prosecution against one of his servants who had stolen two hundred crowns, when the news was brought to him. He turned deadly pale; then becoming furious against his brothers, he swore they should have no executioners but himself. Although the state of his wife appeared to cause him great uneasiness, he did not leave Avignon until the afternoon of the next day, and during that time saw several of his friends without even mentioning the event to them.

The marchioness received her husband as a forgiving wife and a dying Christian. She made some slight reproaches to him for deserting her; but hearing that he complained about them, she called him to her bedside when the room was full of people, and made public reparation, asking a thousand pardons, and begging him to attribute her harsh words to her sufferings, not to any want of affection.

The marquise, when alone with his wife, used every argument in his power to obtain a revocation of her declaration before the magistrates of Avignon, but in vain; on this point she was firm.

Two days after the marquise, Madame de Rossan arrived, and great was her astonishment, after hearing the reports already spread about the marquise, to find her daughter in the hands of a man whom she regarded as one of her murderers.

Instead of entertaining the same opinion, the marchioness not only endeavored to change her mother's feelings, but even wished her to embrace the marquise as a son. This blindness on the part of the marchioness was so painful to Madame de Rossan, that notwithstanding her deep affection for her daughter, she only remained with her two days.

In this state the marchioness lingered until the fifth of June, nineteen days after the poison was given to her. Two days before her death she gave to a lawyer, sent by the parliament of Toulouse, a full account of the transaction.

Immediately after her decease, the marquise and all his household, except the groom who helped the marchioness to escape, were arrested and tried for murder.

Although there was a strong presumption that the marquise was a participant in the crime, no legal proof could be brought sufficiently strong to justify a sentence of death.

Consequently a sentence was given condemning the abbe and chevalier to be broken on the wheel, and the marquise to be banished forever, and his estates confiscated, and himself degraded from his rank and rendered incapable of inheriting his children's property. As to the priest, Perrette he was condemned to the galleys for life, having been deprived of his holy title by the ecclesiastical tribunal.

This sentence produced a sensation equal to that which the assassination had made, and gave rise to long and stormy discussions. Indeed the marquise was either guilty or not guilty of complicity. If he was not, the punishment was too cruel; if he was, the sentence was too gentle.

Now since our readers may ask about the fate of the murderers, we will briefly follow them until they disappear, some in the night of death, some in the darkness of oblivion.

The cure Perrette, was the first who paid his debt to nature; he died in the chain-gang, while going from Toulouse to Brest.

The chevalier went to Venice, entered the army of the Most Serene Republic, then at war with the Turks, and was sent to Candia, where the Mahometans had besieged for twenty-two years. Hardly had he arrived there, when, as he was walking on the ramparts with two other officers, a bomb fell at their feet, and exploded, killing the chevalier without injuring his companions. This was considered a judgment of Heaven.

The Marquis de Ganges, condemned to perpetual exile, went to Savoy, where he remained two or three years, then returned to France, and lived concealed in his Castle of Ganges. The governor of Languedoc heard that the marquise had broken his ban, but at the same time was told that as a zealous Catholic he forced all his vassals to hear mass, no matter what religion they professed. At this time there was a persecution of the Protestants, and M. Baviile considered the zeal of the marquise of much more consequence than the peccadillo of which he had been ac-

cused; therefore, instead of prosecuting him, he entered into a secret correspondence with him.

Thus passed twelve years, and thus might have passed many more, had not the marquise, at the age of forty, become enamored of his son's wife, who was passing the summer at Ganges. Frightened with the very idea of living in the place where one lovely woman had perished, she was still more terrified on perceiving the designs of the marquise, who indeed did not try to conceal his plan. In desperation she wrote to her husband a full account of her situation.

Beside himself with rage and grief, the young man hastened to the king and begged Louis XIV. to send his father again into exile, pledging his word of honor that he should be well supported.

The king who was ignorant of the fact that the marquise had broken his ban, ordered that if the marquise could be found in France he should be immediately prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.

Luckily for the marquise, he learned this order in time to escape into the county of Pennissin, then belonging to the Pope, and therefore considered foreign land. There he found his daughter, but not daring to stay with her, he retired to the little village of L'Isle, where he dropped entirely out of sight, and no one has ever yet found any trace of the obscure death which ended so stormy a life.

The abbe after wandering through Piedmont, part of Switzerland, and a corner of Germany, finally entered Holland, under the name of Lamortellier, pretending to be a Frenchman, exiled for his religion. After many vicissitudes, he married a young lady of rank, and settled in Amsterdam, as a professor of languages, where he joined the Protestant consistory. At length he died, after an exemplary life, and God only knows whether it was hypocrisy or repentance.

Written for the Banner of Light. A WILD ROSE BOUQUET.

BY LITA H. BARNEY.

Do you know, cher ami, where the wild roses grow,
When the summer is spilling and gay,
And the tall spotted lilies that nodded with grace,
And you picked them for me on a day?
Do you mind of the rocks and the forests around,
Where Art with Dame Nature held sway;
When this wild old Ocean comes back to your gaze,
Do you think of that wild rose bouquet?

You plucked all the thorns off with tenderest care,
And bestowed the sweet blossoms on me;
I thought—as you gathered them, half was but fair,
And selected the nicest for thee!
I saw yours protected with exquisite skill,
As I paused in your studio, one day,
I saw a plain little vase on an uppermost shelf,
Where I've treasured my wild rose bouquet.

I asked them "Why wait ye so patient and long,
When your summer companions are fled?"
They were "lingering, complacent, expectant, and calm,
For the rest of the cluster," they said.

So I gently returned them, in serious mood,
To remain on their self, yet a day,
While I wonderingly queried, if ever he would
Bring that half of my wild rose bouquet.
Providence, Dec. 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ANNIE HATHAWAY'S STORY.

BY ENOLA.

"Listen, Annie—is not this pretty?" said a quiet, intelligent-looking lady of some forty years, looking up from her paper, and then reading aloud a short poem by Phoebe Carey, entitled "The Betrothed."

"Yes," was the reply; "she has built a perfect shrine for her own ideal."

"I think some other people might do well to shrine up their ideals in like manner," said the mother, for she evidently was.

"Oh, her betrothed is dead," answered the young girl, with forced carelessness. "She can afford to treasure his memory. He will never prove false to her now—never place her affection in one scale, and some other girl's present or prospective wealth in the other, and carefully adjust the balance."

"Oh, Annie, what an idea, especially for you, who have always been a believer in the purity and disinterestedness of love," said the lady, pleasantly. "But tell me," she added, "how and why you quarreled with your gallant, who was at one time so very attentive. I have waited for you to broach the subject, and perhaps even now you had rather not speak of it. Excuse my thoughtlessness; I did not mean to hurt your feelings."

There were tears on Annie's long lashes, and a slight quiver round her small mouth; but the merry dimples would keep coming and going, and at last she burst into a clear, musical laugh, as she said:

"Oh, it is so ridiculous that I cannot help laughing, if I am sorry. We never quarreled at all, only—here she went off into another peal of laughter, that ended in a hysterical sob and a few tears."

The mother waited patiently but wonderingly at this new phase of feeling in her careless, merry-hearted girl. And soon Annie grew calm again, and commenced her story:

"You have a right to my confidence, mother, and I should have given it you long since, but I was half afraid and half ashamed to own even to myself how cowardly and selfish human nature could be. You know it is only three years since I first saw—(she hesitated a little bit, and one could see the quick, sharp pain that quivered from her lips to her heart, and nestled there at thought of the unspoken name. But it came at last—not Harry—not my brave, noble Hal—but) 'Honory Fielding, and you know, too, that in those three years he has grown from acquaintance to friend, from friend to lover, and almost a year ago I heard his familiar voice say low and lovingly: 'Will you lay your hands in mine, and walk with me through all life's varied ways—my bride—my wife?' Calmly and trustfully I answered him, 'I will go with you.' He was in a pleasant and profitable situation then, but he lost it soon after—I never really understood how—and soon went into business for himself. I expect he became deeply embarrassed, though he never said so; for he neglected me sadly, and then tried to quarrel over the merest trifles, accusing me of deception that I never practiced, and suspecting me of evil that never entered my head. Then he pretended to relent, and be very sorry for his injustice; and in a strange, friendly, business-like way, came here—you remember when, at his very last visit—and asked me for the letters he had written me, proffering mine in exchange, but assuring me that our relation toward each other should remain the same inviolate—that I was never half so dear to him, etc., etc. Well, I did not care much for his old letters, and there were some of mine I wanted to destroy, so I made the exchange very willingly, and sat down on the rug at his feet, looked them over one by one, and

threw them into the parlor grate—all save a few that he wanted to keep. I suppose he has them now."

The next time I saw him was on the day that had been appointed for our bridal. I was away from home, but he came to me and asked if I would release him from his engagement for six months. I told him I would, for I thought his business worried and disappointed him. 'And, after that, forever, if need be?' he asked. 'If you wish it,' I answered, gaily; 'but I hardly think you will.' Oh, what a little fool I was.

I never once mistrusted that he could be nought but true, until a mutual friend (?) of ours, told me—bah—I'll not repeat her words; they have done their work, and Annie hummed with something like sarcasm, the old song—

"I really hope she sleeps to-night
Upon a thousand pillow;
Her palace dreams as half so bright
As mine beneath the willow."

"You see he is a city fellow, mother," she continued energetically, "and selfish and vain at that, while I am a country girl, with not even a pretty face or a shining fortune to keep the love I fancied needed no tether. But do not shake your head so soberly at my wild ways. I have the best of life before me, and it may be I can win a place yet where you will not blush to own me. Nay, off on another extreme, am I? But I was telling you of my broken trust. You see he was too honorable to pay particular attention to two girls at one time. But there is a pretty little lady in C—, whose hand and fortune would materially aid him just now. He thought, by tossing me the flag of truce for six months, he could settle his mind and conscience; but if he failed there, he would come back again to me."

"Kind, was he? I think so. Three weeks ago his natal day came round again. I was at Aunt May's; but if I had been two thousand miles away, I doubt not he would have found me, for a year ago he promised me a pleasure ride on that day, and he would not willingly break his word. Well, I went with him; I went because I was proud, and would not let Aunt May guess at the mortification I was suffering; and he brought back the richly chased locket and heavy chain that for almost two years had nestled at my belt, and I wore them. I did not taunt him with his falsity; but I told him distinctly that he need not think of me as his affianced wife again—never. He chose to have our engagement suspended. I chose to terminate it. Oh dear!"

And the busy tongue was still at last; but memory would go back to that sweet sunny day when they parted. She remembered leaning idly back in the carriage, and watching the hot tears gather in those dark, mournful eyes, while two thin firm lips were drawn in close to the set teeth, until only a red line, relieved by a black moustache, told where the mouth should have been. She remembered—yes—how he had scorned to plead for her lost love, and how she had laughed at his apparent misery; and how, too, a few quick, sharply spoken words had told her that he thought her heartless and unfeeling. Ah, ha! that was her triumph. A miserable triumph now.

"Small need for you to hope our 'misunderstanding' will be amicably adjusted," thought Annie bitterly. "Thank you for nothing, Mrs. Meddlesome; no misunderstanding exists. You have done it, you have."

"But have you never heard from him since that day?" said the mother, breaking in upon Annie's unruly reveries.

"Yes, once," she answered, with a dry, husky laugh, and refolding the paper her mother had just laid down, she pointed to a marked paragraph:

"Married in C—, by Rev. T. B. T., etc., etc."

"Poor Annie!" said the girl mockingly.

"No—poor Milly," answered the mother; "she knows not the thorns over which she yet must tread. Happy Annie, that she has escaped them. Know you not the old proverb—'Better a false lover than a false husband?' And though you have, as you say, neither wealth nor beauty, yet your right hand may some day be worth more than the prettiest face."

"How so?" asked Annie.

"Because," was the answer, "you can write; and all up and down the great thoroughfares of life are those waiting to read."

"Write! and be an 'old maid authoress'?" Oh, what a name for his Annie! She who has nestled for hours beside him, dreaming of no possible future that his life did not share. I had rather teach, mother."

"But you cannot teach, my child," said the mother firmly. "Lacking the essential elements, order and care, teaching would be a tedious, wearisome task, hateful to you, and unprofitable to others. But you have a busy brain, an active imagination, a fertile mind, and a ready pen. Practice and patience would improve all these; and a few failures at first must neither frighten nor discourage you. My word for it, Annie, you had better write."

And so she wrote, did Annie Hathaway.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

The New Orleans *Delta* narrates a not uncommon circumstance of semi-resurrection which occurred in that city on the Dec. 17th. It appears that a lady was taken ill, and notwithstanding the efforts of the attending physician, continued to sink until all hopes of her recovery were abandoned. On the day in question, her newly-married sister, and a young girl from one of the neighboring families, offered their services as watchers by the bedside of the dying woman, and were accepted. On the evening of the day in question, they took up their sewing, after giving the invalid her medicine, but happening to glance toward the bed, were horror-stricken on beholding her eyes grow glassy, her lips compress with agony, and her limbs slowly straighten to rigidity. On close examination, they found that her body was growing cold, and that her pulse had ceased to beat. The sister caught a looking-glass, and held it to her lips. There was no stain of the faint breath upon it. They felt that death was there.

The house was aroused. A woman was sent for to prepare the body for the ceremonies of the grave. The undertaker, too, was summoned to practice his ghastly office. He took the measure for a coffin. The neighbors stepped in an adjoining room to debate the probable cause of her sudden decease, when suddenly a loud shriek was heard issuing from the chamber of death. Rushing in, they found one of the watchers lying face down upon the floor, swooned quite away.

It subsequently appeared that she had just entered the room, when she perceived the supposed corpse sitting up in bed and staring wildly about. When the neighbors entered, they, too, fled in horror, but recovering their courage, returned and found the woman again in a recumbent position, and weakly insinuating disgust at their freedom in entering the room. She had, it seemed, fallen into a state of coma, from which she was just recovering, and had been thoroughly aroused by the screams of the watcher. The crisis of her disease is now passed, and she is slowly recovering her health.

Written for the Banner of Light.
EVER HOPEFUL AND ASPIRING.

BY SARAH.

Ever hopeful and aspiring,
Up the steep of life we'd climb,
Never with the idler tiring,
Never thwarted by the chime
Of the muttering, mournful breeze,
Sighing round each craggy base;
Though grim terror on us seizes
We would keep an onward pace.

Onward climbing, never weary
Mid the strife, the toll, the care,
Never, 'mid misfortunes dreary,
Giving thought to vain despair,
Never fostering gloom or sadness,
Faithless doubt or sad regret—
Never, while one ray of gladness
Bids the heart past woes forget.

What though oft through bitter trial,
By controlling fate we're led?
So the paths of self-denial
Thereby we're impelled to tread;
So we gain the height of vision
Of calm trust amid the storm;
Well and faithfully the mission
Here assigned us but perform.

Ah! beneath afflictions shrouding
Mercy's angels could we view,
Silently our pathway crowding—
View the blessings that accrue
From their dark-guided ministrations,
View the Hand Divine in all,
No more would dark consternation
O'er us cast a sad, nigging pall.

No more would each broken suture
With sad disappointment bleed;
No more darkness o'er the future
Fill our breasts with anxious heed;
For a heavenly peace, consoling,
Would this joyous vision bring,
Which perceives a Power controlling,
Wisely guiding everything.

Miami, Ind., 1860.

Original Essays.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.
EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.—HOW I ENTERED UPON THE INVESTIGATION—FIRST HEARD OF THE SPIRIT-MANIFESTATIONS IN MR. SUNDERLAND'S LECTURES—ATTENDED THE FIRST CIRCLE IN 1852—FIRST HEARD THE RAPS—A TEST—COMMUNICATION FROM MY FATHER, A TEST.

"Facts," it has often been said, "are stubborn things;" and on no subject are they more important than on the subject of spirit-manifestations in the nineteenth century. I do not blame men for not receiving every assumption that is put forth by this or that man or woman; I do not blame them for not crediting every tale that comes wafted on a breeze, created by a current of over-excited imagination; I do not blame them for denying the whole phenomena without well-attested facts to corroborate the truth of what is asserted in relation to the manifestation of disembodied spirits at the present day; but I do blame them for shutting their eyes against the light, when the light is all around them; and for closing their ears against the sounds which come to us, wafted on heavenly breezes, and for anathematizing all such as will investigate. But why should we fear to investigate and seek for the truth, when that truth is the very thing which the soul most ardently longs for and desires? And why should we permit the "ipse dixit" of man, or any body of men; to deter us from investigating for ourselves, when no man, or body of men, can see for us, hear for us, eat for us, sleep for us, think for us, or for us enter immortality in future life. I would as soon think of asking a man to eat and sleep for me as to permit him to do my thinking and reasoning; and therefore when I entered upon the investigation of the phenomena called modern spirit-manifestations, I did so determined not to be humbugged into a belief, nor to be deterred from investigation from any amount of ridicule or reproach that might be heaped upon me. Of the latter I have received a fair share, but nothing to complain of, as it effects only my relation here, while the inner and spiritual of my being has opened to a higher and brighter prospect in the future.

Nearly ten years ago I commenced the investigation, candidly, honestly, and I trust, prayerfully, seeking to know the truth; and the result of my investigation I propose to lay before the reader in this series of articles—not wishing you to take my word as evidence, but only hoping to awaken in your minds a desire to investigate for yourselves. And never was the assurance of the Great Teacher to the Gentiles—"Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you"—more fully realized than in the earnest and candid investigation of Spiritualism. I shall give my observation and experience as I have received it and recorded it from time to time; and the facts recorded do not rest upon my word, but may be attested to by reliable witnesses, and the names I shall give when I think the importance of the subject demands it. Many tests of spirit-presence and power have been witnessed by others, perhaps of greater importance than those I shall record; but in the connected series which I shall give, and which increased in interest with the increase of time, the reader, I think, will not fail to see why I am to day a Spiritualist. Some of the manifestations which I witnessed at first, and regarded with interest, would hardly excite my attention now; and yet, I shall record them, as they form a connecting link in the great chain of events which have led to my present development.

The manifestations witnessed at the present day I do not regard as new, or peculiar to this age; for in my investigation of the past, I find marked evidence that they have been received, in a greater or less degree, in every period of time of which we have any record. But I am now dealing with the present, and not the past, and therefore I hasten to give the evidence which I have witnessed and experienced.

In the winter of 1850, or 1851, I attended a course of lectures in the Masonic Temple, Boston, on the subject of Pathetism, delivered by La Roy Sunderland. In one of these lectures it was announced to the audience that the "raps," which were at that time heard in the Fox family, in New York State, and were exciting a general interest in other parts of the country, would soon be heard in Boston. Mr. S. stated that he had visited the mediums, and that the spirits, through them, had promised to come to Boston, (I think in about two weeks was the time stated), and manifest themselves to the citizens there, in his own family. I regarded this as a rather singular engagement, and doubted very much whether the spirits would be able to give his audience a

better entertainment than he had given us, in his experiments of mind acting on and controlling mind in the form. I must confess I was exceedingly skeptical about the spirits fulfilling their engagements; and how well they fulfilled them Mr. Sunderland can better tell than I, for I did not trouble myself any more about spirit-manifestations for more than a year after. But they did come to Boston; exactly how, or when, I am unable to say, for at that time I had not a sufficient interest in the subject to keep myself informed in what was passing around me on this subject.

In the fall of 1851, or winter of 1852, at the urgent request of a friend, who has now passed to spirit-life, for the first time I attended a circle at the south part of the city. At this circle I witnessed nothing that could be attributed to spirits out of earth bodies.

The same winter, I happened to be at Natick, Mass., and was invited to attend another circle. At this circle I heard faint raps. The medium told us it was the spirits rapping; but I thought the spirits were exceedingly accommodating, for had the medium scolded me, as he scolded them, I should have left in disgust. And here let me remark, I have, during my investigation, witnessed almost every variety of manifestation, and seen any amount of senseless jargon mixed up under the name of spirit communications; and if I am asked, if I regard every communication as reliable, I answer, distinctly and emphatically, "No!"—but that great allowance is to be made for the surrounding condition of the circle, and the imperfect development of the medium; and when I receive the most senseless jargon, purporting to be a communication from George Washington, or Daniel Webster, or Jesus Christ, I make up my mind at once that it has become terribly adulterated in its passage; or else these worthies have had nothing to do with it. The law of conditions is not sufficiently understood and regarded; and I wonder more, that intelligent spirits can come at all, through the imperfect media of earth minds and earth forms, than that they sometimes fail to communicate what they desire.

The test which I received at this sitting, and to which I should not now attach any importance, awakened in my mind a desire for further investigation.

In the Spring of 1852, I moved with my family to Natick. Private circles were being held by a few interested; but the interest had not become general. I had an opportunity of attending but few of these circles; but I am informed by those who did attend, that they received several very convincing tests.

At one of these circles, held in the winter of 1852, a spirit purporting to be the spirit of Capt. Daniel Phelps, made his presence manifest by tipping the table, and stated that he lived and died in Hebron, Conn., and that he had been dead seven months. No one at the table was ever acquainted with any such person; nor was any one aware, at the time, that there was such a town as Hebron, in Connecticut.

But they determined to test the matter; and accordingly one of the circle wrote a letter, and directed it to the Postmaster, Hebron, Conn., making inquiries concerning Capt. Daniel Phelps; and, in a short time after, received a letter from him, corroborating all the particulars, as they had been received in the communication.

At the commencement of the year 1853, the interest in the subject of spirit manifestation had become more general, and early in the Spring public meetings were held in a small hall, which the friends hired in Clark's building for that purpose. These meetings were held every Sunday through the year, and the hall was generally well filled; for at that period almost every one had a little itching to hear something of the "spirit rappings," concerning which so much was said all over the country. Besides the meetings at the hall, circles were held in private families in different parts of the town.

These meetings I attended with a determination not to receive anything and everything that might come, as spiritual in its origin; or, in other words, as a communication from departed spirits; but to reason and investigate for myself; and also, equally determined not to shut my eyes against the light, or close my ears against what might prove itself true in relation to this subject. But I was exceedingly careful what I received as evidence of spirits communicating. I was skeptical; and of this fact I was frequently reminded in the communications which came from the spirits. Many, who at that time openly avowed their entire belief in the presence and manifestation of disembodied spirits, are now skeptical; while I believe I enjoy the evidence in my own individualized being.

At one of these circles, about the last week in September of this year, one evening as our circle was about to break up, a spirit purporting to be the spirit of my father, tipped the table, and requested me to go to the house of Mr. Healy, a medium, on a given evening, where he would communicate. At the appointed time I went, as directed. We had not been seated at the table long, when a signal was given, which announced the presence of my father. I asked:

"Is the spirit of my father present?"

Answered "Yes."

The following then came through the alphabet, and was directed to me:

"If you wish to progress, you must lay by your skepticism. You require too many tests. Our object in coming is to elevate the mind above the groveling things of this earthly sphere."

Mr. Hanchett then asked:

"How old were you when you entered the spirit-world?" And the answer was given forty-four years, which was correct. He was born July 4, 1789, and died July 18, 1833, making forty-four years and fourteen days.

This may, in reality, be considered the beginning of my investigation of the spiritual phenomena; for, up to this time, I had taken no very active part; but now I commenced taking notes, and during the fall of 1853, and winter of 1854, I took down nearly a thousand manuscript pages of interesting reading matter, which came to us from what purported to be spirits.

[To be continued.]

UNBELIEF.

The primary source of unbelief is unbelief. If man had an abiding faith in his immortal destiny, he would not violate the moral and physical laws of his being.

The efforts, then, of Spiritualists should be, in convincing the world of the truth of spirit communion, with its beautiful unfoldings, and leaving each one to look higher, and become better, through the silent workings of his soul.

Reformatory lectures are but a new phase of "old theology," and have but a like tendency to harden one in wrong doing. Each must reform himself, as no one can do it for him.

PAUL PAR.

"THE NEW BIRTH AND THE DIVINE LIFE"

Professor Spence, in a lecture published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Dec. 15, 1860, on the subject of the "New Birth and the Divine Life," takes the view that during the conversation between Nicodemus and Christ, Nicodemus got no answers to the questions propounded to Christ on the subject of the new birth. It appears that Nicodemus, in approaching Christ, acknowledged him to be a divine teacher sent from God. This circumstance opened up the conversation between Nicodemus and Christ with reference to the new birth. Christ being addressed in his true character, and as a "teacher," said, "Except man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And upon this information Nicodemus asked, "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb and be born?" Jesus answered, "Except a man be born of the water, and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh, is flesh; and that which is born of the spirit, is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whether it goeth; so is every one that is born of the spirit." All this the Professor considers no answer to Nicodemus's question—"How can a man be born when he is old?" Or can he re-enter his mother's womb and be born again? Christ's answers taught Nicodemus that the new birth was a spiritual one, for unless a man be born of the "Spirit," he cannot enter into the kingdom of God; and that which is "flesh, is flesh," and that which is "spirit, is spirit," therefore the new birth is a spiritual one, instead of a fleshly one, as contemplated by Nicodemus, and the answer of Christ explicit, as to whether a man is born when he is "old," or whether or not he has to be born again by a re-entrance into his "mother's womb." But Christ used analogous language as to the manner of the new birth, referring Nicodemus to the movements of the natural elements—their effects could be seen and heard—they were fixed and natural, but their origin and movements could not be understood by man; yet, as to the truth of their existence and effects, none could dispute, though incomprehensible. So was the spiritual or new birth. Its comprehension was parallel to the elements—the mysteries of nature beyond the power of man to fully comprehend; and because the "teacher" sent "from God" made known the truth to Nicodemus in this light, therefore it was no answer to the question of Nicodemus in the estimation of the Professor.

The Professor believes the soul to be "synonymous" to the "spirit-body," and the "organic form" through which the spirit manifests itself; and like everything else that is organic, the soul must begin a germ." And like all other germs, reaches its ultimate "slowly, gradually, naturally and lawfully, by a regular process of organic development." This is philosophic; but from whence originates this germ? As the Professor states that "It is deposited in a human form as a germ within an egg, and the human form, the physical man, supplies it with conditions and elements which enable it to build up a structure—an organization—a soul, which, when severed from its connections with the physical body, shall be qualified to enter the elements of the spirit-world, and there coming into immediate and direct relation with them, appropriate them to itself and be permanently sustained by them. When the soul has attained to this degree of development, it has reached its immortal state, but until it has attained to this degree it is a mortal, perishable structure."

Now if the Professor would allow the soul germ to be inherent in the natural existence, and become developed as a germ structure during the development attained unto—emerging the physical birth, I could see a beauty and harmony in his philosophy, of the "new birth and the divine life." But this does not appear to be his view from the fact he does not believe that every human being is "endowed with a soul-germ." And yet in philosophizing upon his theory, he takes up the case of a "new-born babe" in which there is a "soul-germ." But how does the Professor know that he has got the "new-born babe" which is "endowed" with the soul-germ, unless all new-born babes are "endowed" with soul-germs? And unless the soul-structure is commensurate with the physical birth, there is no certainty of an immortality, only to those who attain to a full development of the human structure after the natural or physical birth. And this I understand to be the theory of the Professor as he considers the soul a mortal, or perishable structure until it is developed by the "physical man, with conditions and elements which enable it to build up a structure—an organization—a soul, which, when severed from its connections with the physical body, shall be qualified to enter the elements of the spirit-world." So whoever shall be fortunate enough, at or after the physical birth, or some other period of their existence to obtain a soul-germ, and shall be fortunate enough to get it developed efficiently before the severance of it from the physical body to enter upon the "elements" of the "spirit-world" shall reach an "immortal state," otherwise perish as does the physical body! Hence, if I understand the Professor aright, all human beings who do not get developed sufficiently after the physical birth to enable them at the severance of the soul from the body to enter upon the "elements of the spirit-world," perish—the "soul germ" not sufficiently developed with the body. I prefer that philosophy which makes every human being susceptible of immortality who experiences the physical birth, or who arrives at a perfect physical organization. So whenever this takes place, the being is susceptible of the "New Birth and the divine life," and in the susceptibility, a certainty of immortality—"Ye must be born again." At the physical birth, the human structure is perfect so far as organism is concerned, develop and expand it to manhood, and the organism is no more perfect than at birth. It is simply the organism expanded. Hence, then, on the hypothesis that man is born a compound being, the query is whether the compound of which he is composed is perfect at birth, so far as the material essence and organism of his existence is concerned, or not. If it is, then the compound organism is complete. And if not, and the physical organism being complete, it cannot afterwards receive another organism within itself. It may however, retain a germ that, when placed under other conditions, like the acorn, expand and produce an organism.

This being the case, man, during his physical life, has only the germ of an organism that, when being brought in connection with the elements of the "spirit-world," expands, is developed, and becomes a spiritual-organized being. This would be a spiritual birth, and a philosophical entrance into the "divine life." Otherwise, the spiritual organism must be a compound of the human form, and, when severed from it, be an organism after the human form, though of spiritual substance. And this view would carry all those experiencing the physical

birth safely through the new birth into the divine life. And the substance of the organism being of a spiritual nature, could not be subject to a failure of retaining immortality after entering the spirit-world.

Either of these views would correspond to a new birth, and carry man into another existence after the dissolution of the physical body. But the philosophy of the seed, as illustrated by the acorn, only brings back or continues the same organism and substance, whilst the latter throws off that of the compound which is not spiritual, and continues into the new life that which is spirit. Hence, in the former view, the germ must be spiritual, or a spirit-birth cannot take place. The view, however, of a combined organism seems to fall into the channel of physical progression. We see in the order of nature this philosophy manifested. The worm is a compound organism, and by a law of its nature is born again, and becomes a new organism, and enters upon a new life, having thrown off the outward casement of its former existence. Then why not man do the same? The latter would be no more mysterious than the former, only that the former is seen, and the latter is invisible to the natural eye. And this is the main reason why the "how, the why and the wherefore" is not to be fully understood, and to remain a matter of faith, it being the "evidence of things not seen;" and in this light only is the question of Nicodemus to be answered, "How can these things be?" We see the worm in its new life vastly changed by the law of progression inherent in its first stage of life. Shall man be less so in his? Or shall he not be subject to a greater and more sublime and durable change? or go as far beyond the worm in the line of progression as he stands above it in the scale of being? It seems to me that this is the destiny of the race; but the majority of the present teachers "in Israel," Nicodemus-like, exclaim, "How can these things be?" yet embrace and teach theories contrary to nature, and reason, and divine revelation.

PROGRESSIONIST.

MEDIUMSHIP.

As you invited the special attention of your readers to the question presented in the BANNER OF NOVEMBER 10th, by G. H. Davis, permit me to offer a few thoughts upon the subject. The writer of this article is not a medium, and is, per force, obliged to take a negative position; therefore he wishes to criticize, in a fraternal spirit, the first response to the question, given in the BANNER OF DECEMBER 22d, by Bro. Conoley. He says:

"I think, from what I have experienced, that trance subjects are influenced both by individual spirit-power, and by an intensified natural condition."

The query is at once suggested, is not this "intensified, natural condition" the effect of individual spirit-power? Mediums tell us that they are in a passive state when being controlled. How, then, can this "intensified natural condition" be induced by a person in a passive state, unless through the direct agency of an extraneous power? And if so, would it not be more correct to say that trance subjects are influenced by an intensified condition produced by the controlling power.

Again, Bro. Conoley says that "he knows that he is made to utter ideas in a trance state entirely new to himself." May not these ideas, although new to the mind or external consciousness, yet have been a part of the inmost spirit's possession? And may not this "intensified condition" of which he speaks have been the means of drawing out those very ideas? What is new to the mind may not be new to the indwelling spirit, for man's nature is dual. It is easy to determine what is new to the mind, but how shall we ascertain what is new to the spirit?

Again, Bro. Conoley says, "I often find that the discourses through me are but the reflection of the aggregate thought of the audience I am addressing." We think such cases clearly indicate that the "intensified condition" is induced more by embodied than disembodied intelligences—mundane influences preponderating.

Bro. Conoley affirms that he sometimes feels the effect on his body of a blow struck on a horse or other animal when he (Conoley) is many rods away. He also cites a case of sympathetic condition with a man who was being murdered, etc. Although he cannot understand that these manifestations could have been produced by extraneous spirit-power, yet he asserts that it seems to him "that some magnified condition of his own being placed him in rapport with the horse and the murdered man." It remains for Bro. Conoley to show how he can be brought into rapport with the horse or man, and not be influenced by them; and, if so influenced, were not the horse and the man an "extraneous power" sufficient to produce the sympathetic condition of which he speaks?

Man is a microcosm—an epitome of universal nature, and therefore must be influenced by every object, or force, in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms.

He asks, "Wherein is lodged the magnifying power by which our faculties interact the knowledge in mind, at a distance?" We answer, it is lodged in each of the individualized intelligences, and is the vehicle of transmission, according to the positive and negative conditions of the operatives.

He asks, "What gives intelligence to that 'od force,' which centralized thought?" We reply, that the intelligence is in the thought. Our thoughts are centralized through the will power, in connection with the law of attraction. Principles are laws of the Infinite Mind; ideas are finite conceptions of principles; thoughts are the unfoldings of ideas. Thoughts are to ideas, what the aroma is to the flower. The aroma seeks its affinity in the kingdom of imponderables; in like manner, our thoughts seek their affinities in the mental kingdom, which kingdom is composed of individualized intelligences. When a thought has found its mental affinity, the result is a new outbirth, in the same manner that the aroma from two different flowers, by commingling, produces a new odor, or, as the blending of chemicals produces a color which each chemical, when taken by itself, did not possess.

But to return. He asks, "What intensifies the faculties so as to produce these startling phenomena?" We answer, the response of Nature to the aspirations of the spirit. This response comes not only through embodied and disembodied intelligences, but also through the numberless channels of universal Nature.

Finally, we heartily endorse Brother Conoley's conclusion, namely, "that external manifestations are compounds of mental chemistry, by the union of earth and spirit spheres—no one department of life being entirely independent of all others."

Lawrence, December, 1860. F. T. LANE.

The Empress of Austria gave the commander of the English frigate, which conveyed her to Madeira, a handsome diamond ring, and left five hundred pounds in cash to be distributed among the crew.

Supernatural Premotion.

The Xenia (Ohio) News is publishing a series of reminiscences by an engineer. In No. 24 of this series the writer gives the following rather startling incident:

"I was running a night express train, and had a train of ten cars—eight passenger and two baggage cars—and all were well loaded. I was behind time, and was very anxious to make a certain point; therefore I was using every exertion, and putting the engine to the utmost speed to which she was capable. I was on a section of the road usually considered the best running ground on the line, and was endeavoring to make the most of it, when a conviction struck me that I must stop. A something seemed to tell me that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life. I looked back at my train, and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness, and could see no signal of danger, nor anything betokening danger, and there I could see five miles in the day time. I listened to the working of my engine, tried the water, looked at the gage, and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; but, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me if I did stop; but it was all of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop grew stronger, and I shut off, and blew the whistle for brakes accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off, and went ahead a little way, without saying anything to anybody what the matter was. I had my lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nerveless grasp, and sat down on the track, utterly unable to stand; for there was a switch, the thought of which had never entered my mind, as it had never been used since I had been on the road, and was known to be spiked, but which now was open to lead me off the track! This switch led into a stone quarry, from whence stone for bridge purposes had been quarried, and the switch was left there in case stone should be needed at any time; but it was always looked, and the switch-rail spiked. Yet here it was wide open, and had I not obeyed my premonition—warning—call it what you will—I should have run into it, and, at the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles per hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock, eighteen feet high. The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described; but they could, by no possibility, have been otherwise than fatally horrid. This is my experience in getting warnings from a source that I know not and cannot divine. It is a mystery to me—a mystery for which I am very thankful, however, although I dare not attempt to explain it, nor say whence it came."

QUESTIONS FOR DR. CHILD.

Below I send you a few questions suggested to my mind by reading the writings of Dr. Child in the BANNER, and in his book, "Whatever Is, Is Right," which, if he should feel disposed to answer, I would be obliged to him.

1st. Does the soul become individualized immediately on its emanation from the divine mind (or wisdom)? If not, at what time does it? and what constitutes individualization?

2d. Is the material body of man susceptible of thought, feeling or action, unconnected with the soul?

3d. Is the union of the soul with the material body of any advantage to it? If so, in what does it consist?

4th. Can the act of an individual, under the immediate compulsion of another individual, be the development of the soul of the acting individual?

5th. Is the soul in any way influenced by materiality at its union with the material form which constitutes man?

D. URSON.
Marion, Conn., Oct. 22, 1860.

DR. CHILD'S REPLY.

I am no more able to answer the first above question, than an infant baby is able to tell what individualized manhood is.

Second question. When a man dies, as we say, his soul goes out of his body; then the body is dead indeed; it does not think, feel or act. It is the soul that feels, thinks and acts through the body.

Third question. In the process of soul-development the material body is produced—and from the moment of its production the work is going on to throw it off. I cannot question that this process, with every other process in nature, has a use, and is advantageous in the great plan of existence. The human body may be to the soul what the sun's rays are to the sun. The sun's rays are not advantageous to its shining.

Fourth question. The cause of soul-development lies back of all extraneous influences. The actions of one man can have no influence upon the soul-development of another man. The "bad" actions of one man may be a means in the hands of wisdom of breaking earthly love to meet the demands of soul-development, the cause of which is hidden from our view.

Fifth question. No; its very immortality denies the assumption.

A. B. CHILD.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

That nature, in all her operations, works gradually and harmoniously, is a trite expression, and recognized as truthful by all men; but there are moments when the soul takes in, as it were, by an inner sense, a broad and far-reaching perception of her silent forces, "never hasting, never resting," but operating surely, from a beginning which no man knoweth, and to endure beyond the limitations of any finite wisdom to compass. That she thus whispered her secret purposes in the ear of Keats, is evident, when he wrote this stanza so replete with truth and poetic beauty:

"In the mid-days of autumn, on their eve

The breath of winter comes from far away.

And the sick west continually bereaves

Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay

Of death among the bushes and the leaves.

To make all bare before he dares to stray

From his north cavern."

Even so in the heart-life of man is her operation. Who that has attained even to a dim perception of the autumn days but has been chilled now and then, by an approaching frost-breath from his life's winter? Perchance it comes very gently at first; some lingering rainbow-hue of youth's desire fades imperceptibly away. Then his way-side companions, one after another, disappear from his side; some prematurely, overburdened by wrong, faint by the way; some called by destiny to other lands and scenes, until he seems thrust alone upon the tide of life to battle with the great waves now fast approaching.

Has vain pride of place alighted him on its summit, when attained, brings not that which he sought. Has gold of earth, seemed precious in his sight, how easy when acquired, by some small error, or inevitable fate, to glide down, down into the valley of poverty. Have the home-joy, sweetest draught from all life's fountain of waters, been sought in vain, or turned to bitterness, then indeed has the foliage of his life become bare and strewn far and wide by the mercurial blasts. But we stop not here, for as surely as the sweet spring-time comes again to earth, so surely shall come to thee, toil-worn and disappointed one, rich fruitage from the soil so mellowed and fertilized by the frosts and storms of life's varied seasons.

A. C. B.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit who came through Mrs. J. J. Conant, while in a condition called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and away from the erroneous idea that they are more than wisest beings.

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

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

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

OUR CIRCLES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Thursday, Dec. 11.—How can the Lord's Prayer be reconciled to the teaching of spirits? Kneeland Chase, New Hampshire; Emily M. Sargent, Michigan.

Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Are not sin and disease closely allied to each other? Charles Hovey, Boston; Harry Mendum.

The Fear of Death.

"Why is it natural for all men to fear death? and what shall we do to destroy the fear of death?"

We will first inform our questioner that it is not natural for all men to fear death—it is not natural for any to fear him. But education, superstition, dense darkness have given you the child; and now what shall you do to reform the child, beautify it, and make it pleasant to your senses?

Death is a natural result of a natural cause. If you would not fear the result, you must make yourselves acquainted with death. Instead of making yourself acquainted with her by the outside opinions of the world, look into your own soul and see if you cannot make death appear pleasant.

There is no natural cause why men have feared death; but this fear has been handed down from generation to generation. With some the fear is mighty, and makes the individual dwell in hell, because of it.

The world in the past has looked too much upon the external. As you gaze upon one who is undergoing death, you think the change is terrible, physically and spiritually. False education, false reasoning, have given you this fear, and if you do not want it, drive away the cause, and the effect will cease.

Far, far down the bill of time we gaze, and we find humanity standing in fear of death—the great monster which all now tremble before. Instead of picturing to yourselves by virtue of the past—such a monster, such an unreal thing, turn within, and read the Book of Nature the God of life hath given you, and you will find that death is not what you suppose her to be. Why, you are constantly dying—Nature is ever throwing off her old, and putting on new garments. When the spirit has no longer need of the mortal body, it casts it off. Should men fear it, then? The little child, who has taken in the false idea of external life, does not fear death. Tell the little one it is about to die, and will it fear? No. Strive with all your power to impress fear of death upon it, and you cannot, for it is not natural.

The true philosophy of death will not engender fear, but will rob you of that fear, and give you a plain understanding of death as it is.

Again: men fear death because they have no assurance of life beyond the earth. Even the believers in church religion fear death. If they had been properly educated, religiously, they would have no fear. There are exceptions to this rule; but there are few who do not fear death.

Now, then, seek for a reasonable conception of the state of the spirit after death—not a crude fancy, but a reality—a real picture of life after death. And there are many of you who will rejoice to give up the old and embrace the new.

Now, then, the only way to rid yourself of the fear of death is to understand the philosophy of death, and the real truth of what is the state of the spirit after death.

Modern Spiritualism—not its fanaticism—will do this for you.

Many styling themselves believers in the doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth taught, will tell you their religion takes away the sting of death; but we will venture to say that, in nine cases out of ten, this is false. When standing as it were on the very portal of the unknown world, can they give you any definite idea of that world? No. Somebody has told me heaven is thus and so, and I try to believe it. I place confidence in my Bible and that tells me of a heaven beyond the tomb. But that faith that springs from external things is good for nothing. It must be a natural faith, a spontaneous product of the spirit. If man had never been taught to believe in the book called the Bible, would Nature have given him such ideas as that book gives him concerning the hereafter? Not one thing in nature will give you such a belief. Oh, then, seek for truth in Nature—your Bible you cannot carry—its teachings will be a dead letter to you in that country. Oh, then, have done with it, save in that wherein it corresponds with truth as read in the Book of Nature, and then you shall have done with the fear of death, and you shall calmly give up the external when the spirit has no longer need of the form. Dec. 7.

George Cooley.

I have been dead most one year. I had some difficulty with the folks I was dealing with, and I cut my throat. I left a wife and two boys. I was black. I was most forty years old—was freed when I was eight years old. I lived in New Orleans, when I died. I took care of myself by buying things and fixing them over.

I come to tell about two papers that will bring one hundred and fifty dollars to my wife. She is poor, and needs the money. She must look in my small box, where I kept my things away from the children. If she finds the two papers, they will tell her how to get one hundred and fifty dollars. They are notes, and they are written so that they pay when you see them. They are Mr. Barker's, both of them. The notes have not been presented, and these papers will bring her the money.

I had a bad loss just before I died, and I got tired of living. Somebody stole something—most all I had, and I got sick of living, and cut my throat.

Mr. Barker is down on the Old Levee. Just print this letter in plain, and she will get it. My wife's name is Susan Cooley. My name is George. I was called three names before I was free, but I never took any but George after that. Dec. 8.

Sarah Jane Leonard.

I should n't think you would let niggers come, just as I was coming. I'm afraid my mother and father would like it that I came with niggers.

My name was Sarah Jane Leonard. I used to live in Boston once. Seven years we lived in Troy. I was ten years old. I have n't been here two years. I died at Troy. My throat and face swelled up, and I was sick three weeks. My mother called it a malignant sore throat.

My father was a turpentine distiller. Do n't you send my letter in the same mail with the others. My father do n't like niggers, and he would n't like to have me come here with them.

I have got a brother William at school—at Brown University. My father's name is William, and my mother's name Sarah. I was n't called Sarah, but Jenny.

That was the worst looking nigger I ever saw. He was large, and his wool was mixed, black and white; his eyes were crossed, and he had such horrid looking eyes and face! I'd have killed myself if I had been as homely as he. Do you let everybody come that wants to—niggers and all?

My uncle was murdered by a nigger down South—my father's youngest brother. That was when I was very small, and my father has not liked nig-

gers since. I have seen my uncle here; his name was Alexander.

I come here because everybody comes here to send their letters home. I should think everybody was here—niggers and all.

I should like to speak to my father and brother. My brother makes sport of this, and sits down at tables and chairs, and makes so much fun we cannot come. I can come if he will sit down right; but if he makes fun, I do n't want to come in that way. It is most time for him to go home, and then I want him, and father and mother, and aunt, but nobody else, to sit down, and I will come.

Do you write down all I say? I wish you would write it better than I talk, for I cannot talk so well before everybody as I wish.

One night when my brother and some of his friends were sitting, some spirit rapped, and he asked if it was me, and the spirit said yes. But it was n't me. He asked the spirit to say what was the last thing he gave me, and the spirit could n't tell; but if it was me, I could have told. He gave me a locket with his miniature. I had a chain, and he gave me the locket before I went away, and of course I could n't forget that. Dec. 7.

Richard Holmes.

Here, boy, bear a hand with your pen, for I talk fast. My name is Richard Holmes. I was born in Belfast, State of Maine. I was thirty-six years old when I died. I died of ship fever, in the ship Adriatic. By the gods, I feel weak—what's the matter? I want to tell you when my death took place—close up to three years old. I left a wife, and a little one I guess two months old.

I have just as good a right to come back as anybody. The first thing I've got on the docket is, a whole score of thanks to Billy Martin—the chap that paid so good attention to me when I was sick.

Now for the wife and little one. It's dry talk here, and I can't say much here. I have seen her father, mother, and the little one we lost before I died.

We all want to come and talk. The best way for her is to rig a little craft like this, that we can man, and we will talk as I do here.

I had a pretty rough time being sick; but it's no use—I could n't have been stopping here if I'd been worse. When you've got to go, you might as well pop-off in one place as another, only it's hard when you want to talk with your friends not to have them with you.

If Matilda do n't see fit to get rid of her old ideas, and get on the new, let me come and I'll help her, for I want that child to be brought up in the new religion, so that he will not be afraid to "kick the bucket" when it's time. Better not carry the religious twaddle you get here with you. I was in as bad a fix here, when I got here, as once I was in Calcutta. I had plenty of American coin, but not a bit of fruit could I get, for they didn't know the money. Not a penny is it worth to you here, all the religion you get on earth, and you've got to learn all over again. When you find yourself so much like you were when you went away, you don't know where you are, and you have got to learn all about that. And they tell me it is better to learn on earth, and I want Matilda to do this.

If I'm wanted this way again, shall I come? If this is published with my name, Matilda will know it is for her.

I suppose I took sick before I left Calcutta. I was able seaman.

If this article do n't get to the right port, I'll come again. Well, just put my name to it, and square it up. Maybe you'll see me again before you think of it, so I'll wish you a pleasant voyage. Dec. 7.

Elias Sprague.

I have left many friends with my body, whom I am not willing to abandon, but am desirous to open communication with from my new dwelling place. Will those friends aid me in opening converse with them, and oblige, ELIAS SPRAGUE, New York.

Life.

Louis Howard, purpose to answer the question to-day, because it concerns myself more than all others. I was with you a short time since, and then made certain statements concerning life. I gave it my opinion that man might live in the physical body through eternity, or, in other words, never taste death, if he but understood the laws of that body and the spirit.

Some one has asked this question in consequence of my remarks:

"Has not God appointed death unto all men? If so, how can the doctrine of Louis Howard be true?"

Now the self-same authority he uses I can use; it proves my theory as well as his; but I do not base my theory upon that authority. I based my foundation upon nature, and undertook to rear a structure upon it. But I made a mistake. I overlooked the spirit and its body, and therefore death was the consequence. Many bodies may be worn out in the study of this science—no doubt will be; but, if I mistake not, the time will come when this infant will be fully matured.

Yes, yes, the Bible says, "It is appointed to man once to die, and after that the judgment." In consequence of this my friend thinks I am wrong in saying that man might pass over death if he understood the philosophy of life.

Now this same book says there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, when there shall be no death, and where the inhabitants shall not need the light of the sun. Our Orthodox brother will say this has no reference to the question. I am sure if that which he offers has to do with my subject, so has the text I quote. But I will here say that I have no faith in that book. Profane history is as good a guide as the Bible.

I suppose it will be vain for me to attempt to prove to the mind of my interrogator that I am correct; for he has his opinion so rooted and grounded in that old religion that I might wear out a thousand bodies such as the one I did wear out before I could prove my theory to him.

That these bodies may be so far spiritualized and etherealized as to be able to dwell in a more pure and spiritual atmosphere, I am quite certain. Nature tells me this from every point. That which holds the spirit and the external form together for a time—one, two, three or an hundred years—is quite as capable of holding that connection perfect a thousand as well as an hundred. During this period the body shall constantly become more spiritual, and less material, until there shall be no more necessity for death. It comes because of a necessity of this demand. If you could stand, as I have, outside the physical form, and could see all the machinery, when the spirit is playing well upon the machine, keeping everything in tune, you would see that it could be kept up continually to all eternity.

Now when disease has grasped at an organism, what do you do? You apply some mineral or vegetable to the body. Instead of doing this, if you understood the nature of spirit, you would administer to that, and then it would be in a condition to ward off disease and death. Every generation the spirit is expanding hour by hour; and when that spirit shall have grown large enough and strong enough to comprehend the philosophy of death, notwithstanding the Bible declares, there shall be, I dare stand up and assert that there shall not be. And though I stand up alone and declare it to earth, yet there are millions of spirits standing ready to bring the knowledge to man. I was never content to walk through life. If I had—been more moderate in my researches, I should have been more wise, and should have lived long enough on earth to have secured some fruit from my mental labor. And that same feeling predominates now. I am not willing to stand back and wait fifty or an hundred years until the great heart of humanity shall be ready to receive me.

Now I make a mistake in standing up as I do, and though I sow the seed upon hearts of stone, yet those stones shall be soil in time, and the seed shall spring up and bear fruit, to the glory of the race.

If I were on earth, and called to administer to a body diseased, I would not administer to the body from the things of earth, but I would give of my own spirit's strength and bid it live.

It is but one hour ago since I found the form

through which I now speak, as near death's door as she ever will be. Did I administer the remedies of earth? No. But I gave of my strength, and I said to her spirit, "Return to thy form and take care of it." Here I present a living fact, and I am as ready to present a thousand as I am one.

All the old ideas of life and death are fast being done away with. There are many graves being opened to receive that which is not calculated to benefit humanity.

When those wise ones who are withholding their knowledge until you have grown wise enough to receive their wisdom shall speak, methinks the medical men shall stand aghast, and wonder that they have not thought of this beautiful science—wonder that God did not give it years ago to suffering humanity, that life eternal might not only be begun here, but perpetuated.

Say to that reverend divine, I will meet him in private, as he hath requested, and we will then discuss the question at our leisure. Dec. 8.

At ten minutes past two o'clock Mrs. Conant labored under an attack of heart disease, functional in its nature, yet was enabled to attend the sitting an hour later.

A FAMILIAR LETTER FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD—NO. 2.

FROM ARDY C. PIKE TO FANNIE A. CONANT.

MY OWN DARLING FANNIE—Once more I guide the pen that shall convey my thoughts to you—and, shall I say, to a cold and selfish world? Yes, for there is much within the narrow sphere of earth-life to make the spirit shrink from its couch, and wrap itself up in the habiliments of its own being, and cry in soul-agony, as did Jesus, the divine model of humanity—"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Since our last meeting, you have received another of life's lessons, as administered by the heavy hand of sickness, and I have been slowly drinking draught after draught from the river of life that is flowing all around me. I cannot say that all is sweet. Not though I dwell in the land where sickness never enters, and death never invades; yet the angel of sorrow often drops her wings in our midst, and sheds many bitter tears over the sufferings of humanity. And though the path be narrow and dark through which the erring ones are being led by the strong hand of the Tempter, yet the Angel of Charity finds room to walk therein also; and though unseen, these symbols of Divine love—"neither do I condemn them"—are ever written on the hand she extends in mercy.

I have just received a degree of life that is made up of those who were in the habit of using intoxicating liquors while in the body. I refer to that class who use to excess. And from what I have witnessed, I think I can give you a correct idea of their true condition.

Each spirit seems to be clothed with an atmosphere heavy, and to a certain extent, dark, which I am told is an outgrowth of habitual drunkenness; and this atmospheric condition, or surrounding, corresponds to that condition of half-imbuedly, stupor, or clouded mentality, that you so often see exhibited by the drunkard. Now that condition was taken on through the medium of the body; and if the spirit loses that body before it becomes wholly free from these unnatural fetters, then it may be years before it is able to stand up in the might and majesty of its own being, and claim the God-given blessing of freedom it had buried in the night-shade of drunkenness. And even then it can only be effected by coming in contact with a mortal body that is susceptible to spirit-influence from all degrees of spirit-life. Then that body becomes, in part, if not wholly so, what the lost body of the benighted spirit would have been—"a furnace of affliction"—into which every sin is cast, that it may lose its dross by the refining fire, and be restored to its original caste of purity and freedom; for all sin or imperfection contains a perfect germ, which awaits only the action of natural law to enable it to throw off its dark exterior, and appear in its true and most holy condition, claiming its alliance to the divine mind, and its right to worship in the highest court of heaven.

Could the poor slaves of the intoxicating cup, who have not yet passed through the change of death, but realize how much of darkness, moral death and long despair they are consigning themselves to; or could they but catch one glimpse of the condition of those who have passed over the same road on their journey to the second sphere, methinks they would make a more mighty effort to rise beyond the charm of the serpent than mortal ever made before. Yes, they would cry aloud to the angel of mercy to save them from the horrors of the "second death."

During my visit to the unhappy region I have been writing about, I chanced to meet an old man who told me he had seen seventy-two years on earth, and, as near as he could judge, he had lived eighty-nine in the spirit sphere; and a more wretched child of the Great Father I never met. He told me that he was told that he was unconscious to both spheres of life for eleyen years, and on awaking from that long sleep, he was told of his situation, and informed that he had murdered his good Christian consort during a fit of insanity occasioned by intemperance. I asked him why he did not try to change his condition and become happier? And his reply was, "Oh, blessed daughter of the sun, I have thrown away my strength, and there is none to help me back to earth!" I told him I would help him; and he seemed to doubt my power, and was firm in the belief that he had no right to expect pardon for his many sins, and above all, for the sin of murder. He begged me to go to write the children of earth, warning them not to cast their strength and their key to Heaven into the drunkard's bowl.

While talking with this poor, unhappy spirit, I could but think of one spoken of in the Bible, who had waited long for some one to put him into the pool, that he might be healed.

The above is but one of the many cases of like sorrow which are but results of man's ignorance of the, as yet, mysterious law of life. But, although that law seems to exist beyond the limits of soul-conception, yet it is not so, for man has only to understand himself, as a spirit, and a mortal, and lo! he has the key to all else in the universe.

If the real picture I have presented should chance to come before the mental vision of any in earth-life who are floating on the inebriate's ocean, oh may it serve as a beacon-light to warn them of danger, and as a star before which the midnight of ignorance shall melt away, giving place to the dawn of a more glorious and happy future.

Sunday, Dec. 30, 1860.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

LOVED ONE OF EARTH—It gives me much joy to have you willing to listen to my "still small voice." It will not mislead you, but will guide you in the path of love.

You often have doubts arise in your mind in relation to many points in Spiritualism; but soon they will be cleared away, and the bright rays of light beam in upon your soul. I often guard you by day, and when night comes bring others to protect and impress you, that you may be happy and elevate your thoughts to a higher life.

You desire for right and truth; and if mortals but knew the right as we spirits do, then how different would the constitutionalities of society become. But man is fast becoming enlightened, and made to see that God destined for all to be brothers and sisters, and that the fraternal should become mingled in the conjugal, and true friendship, instead of cold formality, exist in that state.

Do not feel that you are alone, for your dear spirit-friends guard you. CATHARINE.

LOVED EARTHLY ONE—I am delighted to again meet you. Death mars not the soul, but like the process which changes rough stone into the brilliant gem, so does the process of dissolution aid our spirits. I have been constantly near you, and have watched with eagerness and tenderness all your impulses. It will be a comfort to you in your daily walks, to know that Katy is your guiding star.

Question.—The moment the spirit leaves the form, is that the time we begin to lose our interest in earth matters and forget them?

Answer.—With some spirits it takes a long time

to throw off the shackles of materialism. For instance, a miser will so crave his gold, that he is for a time in hell, because he cannot have his money, but he feels a degree of satisfaction in coming to earth and gratifying his propensities through others on earth.

Written for the Banner of Light. A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUINN.

Shut out, shut out the dazzling day!
Oh! let me sleep and dream again!
Why drag me back to walls of clay?
To careful hours, to penance vain?
I loathe the task of human life,
I shudder in its wintry gleam;
Nought reigns on earth but care and strife—
Why did you rouse me from my dream?

"What saw'st thou in that Land of Thought?
The lost ones of thy earthly love—
The dead, the cold, now brightly wrought
In glories of the realms above!"
No! In affection's soft caress
A thousand wild emotions teem;
My soul was tranquil—passionless—
Why did you rouse me from my dream?

"Saw'st thou a world where noble hearts
Show mercy to the poor man's thrall—
A realm whose equal law imparts
Freedom and food and gold to all?"
No! In the soul's untroubled sphere
No gold defiles, no jewels gleam;
There flows no blood—there falls no tear—
Why did you rouse me from my dream?

"Saw'st thou a clime whose gorgeous sky,
Unsuited by usurping night,
Unfolds in blazing majesty,
A changeless orriforme of light?"
No! In that Heaven of miracles
No planets roll—no meteors stream;
There holy twilight hovering dwells—
Why did you rouse me from my dream?

"Saw'st thou within its lone recess
The oblivious cup with poppies wreathed,
To soothe the sense of weariness
E'en by enjoyments self-bequeathed?"
No! In that visionary world,
Unroused by pleasure's fierce extreme,
Slumber's soft wings are ever furled—
Why did you rouse me from my dream?

Far sweeter sounds came on mine ear,
Than silence of than music's strain;
Such as when Eastern pilgrims hear
The murmur of the coming rain;
While arching high, like verdant skies,
Or the green groves of Academe,
Cool laurel shades appeared to rise—
Why did you rouse me from my dream?

No vivid glare—no treacherous gold—
Was there—no burst of tuneful art—
No glowing warmth—no gold cold—
No thrill of the excited heart,
No rapturous thought of transient bliss,
Which the frail slaves of sense esteem;
Why, from entrancement pure as this—
Why did you rouse me from my dream?

As moonlight's midnight stillness calm,
Holy and soft as childhood's prayer,
Soothing as pity's healing balm,
Was every mild emotion there;
Oh! for that blessed scene again I
My hopes, my thoughts, my senses seem
Spell-wrought beyond all mortal ken—
Why did you rouse me from my dream?

Correspondence.

To Helen Mar.

My unknown Sister.—In the BANNER, of Dec. 8th, I saw your remarks on my question, "Is it Right," but you did not answer it, nor has any one else, although many exclaim with Dr. Child "Whatever is right," and so do I when I explain my meaning. But there are some conditions and actions which I am obliged to call wrong, or coin a new word to distinguish them from other conditions and actions from which they are materially different, and it would be folly to qualify both by the same adjective. Words are only signs or pictures by which we represent things—actions, or conditions and relations, and, while these vary, we must have various shades of representation. Disorder, inharmonious and wrong are apparent to me; to the Divine Mind, I suppose, all is order and harmony, all good, all right. I hope in the future to see and feel it so to me, in me, and about me; but whether I shall then be more happy I do not know, but believe I shall.

But to the question. You say you do not understand me when I say four-fifths of the poor children are forced into this world by authorized, legalized, and Christianized institutions, through the gate of marriage. It seemed plain to me—but you ask, "What particular institutions there are extant for compelling to the propagation of our race?" I reply, with the present ignorant state of society, marriage is one, at least so far as many mothers are concerned, and, so far as the children are concerned, wholly absolute, arbitrary, and imperative, forcing them into this world not only without desire or consultation, but unwelcome to all about them, and hence poorly provided for. I never knew an unmarried woman to have more than four children, and the cases of even two, are rare; and I have known many married women to be mothers of over a dozen each, at least half of them usually unwelcome. Nature, health and the human constitution would seldom require a woman to give birth to more than two or three children; and the increasing and even alarming extent of fetal destruction in married life, as well as out of it, is well known to physicians, and yet it must be revolting to the soul of every true woman. The cause is mainly to be traced to our arbitrary, unjust, even cruel laws of marriage and divorce, and to the degraded position in which these laws place woman. I know our corrupt system of morals, and the vitiated and polluted condition of the bodies and souls of men, are the cause of these laws and their effects, and women and children are the sufferers in them, and will be for a long time to come. You would also ask if Mr. Chase means to hold the marriage institution responsible for this degradation, poverty and crime? No; institutions are responsible for nothing, but those that create and sustain them; marriage is the prison wall by which we confine victims. It is not necessary to tear down the walls, but open the gates, (courts,) and let parties who go in voluntarily, go out as voluntarily; for, if capable of forming, they certainly should be of dissolving a contract. It is now worse than the churches, which coax persons to come in voluntarily, but will not let them get out except by expulsion and disgrace. Walls are sometimes necessary for gardens as well as prisons, and marriage walls should be garden walls, not prison walls. I believe in walls and marriage laws for protection, not imprisonment.

You say, were marrying abolished, children would be increased in numbers at once—in your opinion! That opinion is not founded on analogy, history, experience or observation, but on erroneous public sentiment and a false estimate of the value of marriage laws. I can speak for myself, and I think, for thousands of other families of my acquaintance, when I say that a repeal of all marriage laws would make no change in our relations or conditions; neither would a repeal of the laws against murder or theft, so far as our actions are concerned. But I do not advocate a repeal of either, and never have; but I do advocate the modification of the marriage laws, so that they shall not be, as now, the most cruel inquisitions, or prisons, to many of the most delicate, sensitive and refined females, and the gate through which thousands of unwelcome children are crowded into this life, and thrust upon society to be coined

into vagrants and paupers. I would leave each woman mistress of her own person, property and earnings after marriage as before. I would have a "personal liberty bill" for her, and allow her to "recede" when the union becomes a tyranny unbearable, and not compel her to run away with some other man to escape boylla, often to fall on Charybdis. I endorse all you say about drinking-houses and gambling-houses, and go with every movement to abolish and remove them and the other places which grow out of them as legitimately as tond-stools from a dung-hill; but remember, not one-fifth of the poor children referred to come from this source outside of marriage. Let each have its share, and bear its own burden.

No, sister, everybody does not know there is a greater amount of morality and charity in the evangelical churches than out. My experience and observation have not proved it so, but far otherwise—especially in charity; and while they are not responsible for the dissipation and attendant vices, to a great extent they are for the cruel condition of marriage and other laws, and hence of much suffering and misery in our world, where there would be enough, if all tried to make others happy. Your conclusion is right and truthful, but would hardly rise from your premises. Our systems of marriage and religion must both be unmasked.

Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 30, 1860. WARREN CHASE.

Hidden Things Revealed.

I notice that you publish communications from others than Mrs. Conant. Here is one that I received through my daughter, Mrs. J. Locke. If you think it worthy of notice, please publish it. The spirit is very anxious to have it sent to you. Here it is:

"I suppose there is liberty here to-night, so that I may speak what I have been trying to speak for the last three years. I have tried many mediums, but could not control till to-night. I used to live in Springfield, Mass. My name, it matters not now. I came to see some things to rights here, if I can. There is a man lives there who will understand this, if he sees it; he will know who I was. When I lived here I was a bachelor, and had only two relatives anywhere, that I knew of; one was a niece of mine, who lived with me, and to whom I intended to leave my property, when I had done with it; and the other was a nephew. I made a will, giving my property to Alice, and I suppose he found it out, and took a notion to have it himself.

I used to have a cup of tea every night before I went to bed, and he used to bring it to me. One night I went to sleep, and woke up somewhere else. After I came to myself, I began to look around me; I found that Henry had possession of my property by means of a forged will, and poor Alice is dependent on his charity. Now I do not want things so; he has enough of his own; if he had not, I should have divided it between them. Alice's health is delicate; she cannot work to maintain herself. Now I want him to make restoration, or I shall tell the whole particulars. Perhaps he may think that anything coming from this source will have no weight with the public; but I will tell things that will make every one believe I can do it, and I will, so sure as he does not do as I bid him.

I will go now; but if I think him, he will hear from me again." O. B. PHILLIPS, Lawrence, N. Y.

Lecturers in Lyons, Mich.

The beautiful philosophy to which your paper is devoted is finding a lodgment in the hearts of the people here. Only two years since, our matter of fact brother, E. L. Wadsworth, delivered the first spiritual lecture in Lyons. He has been followed by A. B. Whitney, Mrs. Kutz, Miss Harding, Miss Sprague, Laura DeFord, Brothers Finney, Amherst, N. Frank Whitehead, last, though not least, Miss Belle Soungall, who called out twice every Sunday very large audiences, composed of friends and opponents, to listen to her clear and conclusive arguments in favor of spirit-intercourse, and her plain and loud answers to questions propounded by the audience at the close of each lecture, carrying conviction to every mind that her organism is but used by higher intelligences to convey to uprising humanity the dawn of a brighter day for our discordant earth. We hope our friends in the Eastern States may be permitted, during the Spring, to listen to her inspirational teachings.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, of Portland, Me., the beautiful medium for musical manifestations, has been with us; her circles are full every evening, and scarcely a person leaves without convincing proof that there are intelligent invisible powers present producing the remarkable manifestations that occur in her presence. As a truthful and most convincing medium, and excellent lady, we bespeak a cordial welcome for Annie among all our friends.

Yours truly, D. M. FOX.

Lyons, Mich., Dec. 18, 1860.

Mrs. J. W. Currier in Madison, Wis.

This interesting and accomplished lecturer has just finished an engagement of four evenings in this place.

Since early autumn we have been blessed with spiritual truth from noble and inspired minds, and our hearts have been cheered by the gentle gales that have been wafted to us from the angel world. Mr. E. V. Wilson, Miss Emma Harding, Miss Laura DeFord, and last, though not least, Mrs. Currier, have each, in turn, expounded to us the glorious spiritual philosophy.

Mrs. Currier's lectures were all of the highest order; but her last, and crowning effort, upon the "Creation," thrilled every heart, breathing forth one of the most eloquent and glowing inspirations that has ever charmed our ears; and, for richness and beauty of conception, powerful delineation and deep reasoning, which appeals to the strongest and holiest feelings of our natures, Mrs. Currier stands among the first in the spiritual field. Combined with these, she possesses medium powers of the very highest order, embracing almost every phase. The clearness of her spiritual vision, even in a partially normal condition, is truly wonderful, and we can but hope that an organism so peculiarly adapted as a channel of communication with the spirit-world, may everywhere be received with that consideration and grateful affection to which her public and private worth so eminently entitle her. E. C.

Madison, Wis., Dec. 26, 1860.

Spiritualism in New Jersey.

The inhabitants of this place and its vicinity are fast awakening to the truths of Spiritualism. We have been holding circles in this place for a little over a year, and have been favored with many very strong and beautiful tests, through the organism of Samuel H. Paist, a blind medium from Philadelphia, who, in the trance state, has also delivered some of the most eloquent lectures that it has ever been our lot to listen

Pearls.

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

MIGHT AND LOVE.

When the stars are in the quiet skies,
Then must I pine for thee;
And on me, then, thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!

For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,
Are stiller where they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch on men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me then.

There is an hour when holy dreams,
Through slumbers, faintly glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

The thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel, and my dream!—[Beecher.

If there is injustice in the details of practical political economy, it is not because it belongs to the nature of those things: it is because men are yet crude, and have not eliminated the elements of their ignorance.—[Beecher.

The birds' and song, the young leaves' rustling play,
In the soft summer air, the hoarse sounds
Of loud waters as they rush away
Between their verdant flower-embellished bow,
Where, lost in Love's sweet phantasies, I lie;
All these—the murmur of bird, leaf, and stream,
Are filled with her. To my fond ear and eye
Her voice, her living form, still present seem;
And to my passionate sorrow she replies
In pitying accents from the far-off shore—
"Why dost thou shed such tears from those sad eyes?
Untimely weeping! Weep for me no more;
I died to live; and when life seemed to close,
The dawn of God's eternal day arose."—[Peterson.

In every period of the world's history, men have arisen who, in the benign influence of their lives, have proved that sincerity is the element of the greatest power.

The daisies of the golden year are dead,
Its sunsets will not touch the west again,
Its glories are removed, its blessings fled,
And only fully known when sought in vain;
The same sweet voices I shall never hear,
For the fair forms that once my pathway crossed
Are gone, with waters of the golden year
That now are mingled in the sea and lost.

Abstemiousness and frugality are the best bankers. They show a handsome interest, and never dishonor a draft drawn on them by their humblest customers.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE AT ALLSTON HALL,
Sunday Morning, Dec. 30, 1860.

The illness of Miss Davis still preventing her appearance in Boston, Mrs. Spence being engaged in Cambridgeport Sunday afternoons and evenings during the month of Dec., volunteered to occupy the desk at Allston Hall this Sunday morning. She said:

The strongest magnet that now seems to be attracting the mind, is government. This is the thought of the entire nation; and we are disposed to-day to discuss the question of human and divine government. Since you have confessed your inability to cope with the subject, and have called upon your God or gods to settle your troubles, we will direct our remarks mainly to the uses and necessities of governments.

We see in the individual the characteristics of a nation, and in the nation the characteristics of the individual. One having passed through many experiences, is in a degree qualified to solve the question of governments. Man comes in the catalogue of all imperfect and undeveloped things; and as he passes on from childhood through manhood, he is ever under the government of laws.

We see in human government, that its fruits are contention and war. Man pretends to declare that divine government is not like human government, but returns good for evil, and gives blessings for curses. What does man know about divine government? What right has he to say the gods come with a smile and a kiss? From Genesis to Revelations it is a continual smiting and chastening. But the result of that chastisement is growth—physical growth and spiritual growth. Thus you will see that all government is human, for where divinity is developed it has no government, and needs none. Government is only for the imperfect. Government is a rod—a chastening; and whoever has formed a government has taken up the rod. Poor old Job declared he had no peace; God came to him, and made him undergo punishments to test his endurance, that almost made him curse God that he might die.

Gather the autobiographies of the saints of the Catholic Church—of the reformers and lights of the world. They all declared the rod heavy, and prayed that it might be lifted. Christ prayed that the cup might pass from him, if he could fulfill his mission without quaffing its bitterness.

Government is nature's plan of decay—decay of physiological being and human affection. In this process of decay the heart agonizes; but it is better to die while in the body, for you will find it easier, though the rod will rest heavily upon you. Then government is an administration of death. External demonstrations come to your external senses, and your soul asks why the judgment has come upon you, when you have not done that which should call for it. You die daily; and as you die, you become more and more truly a living being. You lose your faith in governments, and become governments unto yourselves. As you become a sovereign, you lose sympathy with the governments that have bound you. You have got to regard your President as a mere baby—a child without any knowledge of government; and you look upon your Governor only as a man of talent—respect him for his innate ability, and not for the title he bears. Your rulers have not a conception of government suitable for the demands of the people. The people have grown above the old forms, and they have been made to grow by this heavy rod—it has been upon the master more severely than it has been upon the slave, in your nation; but you of the North have lost sight of the poor Northern operatives, laborers and mechanics, who have quarreled beneath the lash of the rod, in your cheaper philanthropy for the Southern slave.

Humanity is like a government. The little child, before it can speak plain, declares it will run away if it is whipped. American children are representatives of the race. You often hear it said that men once did not know as much as twenty-five years ago American children do now at present. The power of America, as a child, has gone far beyond that of mother Europe. Tyranny and restriction bring development, and bring on the progress of the race. How rapid must have been the growth of Christ,

and how severe his lessons of life, to elevate him above all the desires and affections of this world, and made him the master-spirit he was!

Discipline hastens progression, and dissolution elevates the man to a higher condition. Slavery is one of the means of death; war is one of the means of chastisement; dissipation is one of the means of elevation; but if they go beyond man's strength to bear, they injure his growth. Wars, famine, and all the discords of life, have had their use, though mankind has not always seen it.

The church has never seen these chastenings as a system of development, but has proclaimed man to be a totally depraved being. Changes in your government are only a progression. Then will you say the Constitution formed by your fathers shall be preserved forever? By no means, more than you would wear their old coats, because your fathers wore them. The reason your government is racked to its centre is, that its people are outgrowing it.

Secession is not in South Carolina alone, but it is in every family; husband is divided against wife, parent against child, and brother against sister. The Union did long ago, and you are now breathing its stenches, and blowing life into its nostrils to revive it. It died, as all mortal things must die. You cannot preserve the free spirit of the nineteenth century under its Constitution, more than you would put wine into old bottles, or Spiritualism into the churches. Too many have grown above government, and demand higher things. Intelligence demands a higher liberty.

The manufacturing interest, and the mechanic shop, are represented by boys, who are better fitted at an early age for their sphere of usefulness than their fathers were before them. And the little boys who cry newspapers in the streets can give to many gray-headed men from the rural district ideas they never dreamed of.

Spirits have given you the hint to be ready for the coming, crashing events. Our nation will be a Jesus without where to lay its head. The question is not whether suffering is right, but whether it is a reality. Your conditions are to be neutralized, to make death easy to you.

Do you suppose a few politicians will settle your national difficulties for you? Do you look to the Republican party for the settlement of the great question? The Republican party will not do it, because it is not the voice of the people. It must touch every heart, and every heart must give its portion of strength to the power which will be required.

There are those here who are happy at the thought of war coming in the future—not because they are so wicked, but because they know the cold storm opens the shell and lets the nut drop out. Some think the divine government is to come with a kiss and a smile; but this is a mistake. It will be inaugurated amid storms and confusion. It cannot be made practical in the natural state, but in the time to come it will be naturally done—never forced. And if you form a new government, do not think you make an immortal thing. If you make a Constitution, don't make it to last a hundred years. Fifty years is long enough. It is not well to keep governments too long on hand. To-morrow bid good-by to the institutions of to-day, and next day bid farewell to those of to-morrow, and soar away in your own individual freedom.

DR. H. F. GARDNER AT ALLSTON HALL,
Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 30.

Prefatory to his remarks, the lecturer read a portion of a Chapter of Matthew, which he said was a record of events similar to those occurring frequently at this day.

He said there was a mistake made by the Church, in separating the manifestations, and indorsing and believing in the bible miracles, and rejecting those of modern times. He narrated the early manifestations of Spiritualism as occurring in the Fox family, at Rochester. The lecturer had the first opportunity of witnessing these phenomena in 1850. He was priorly a skeptic on the immortality of the soul. Educated in the closest of churchly doctrines, the study of medicine taught him their utter absurdity. He always had a strong desire for immortality, but found no real evidence of it till the advent of modern Spiritualism. He had studied the philosophies of mesmerism, animal magnetism, and psychology, and obtained through them a glimmering of this truth. A simple experiment through the agency of psychology, was more to him than all the books and histories of the world. It raised the curtain and gave him a perception of the soul's existence outside of the body. Those who have not taken all the steps of phrenology, mesmerism, psychology or Spiritualism, cannot see this light.

At the request of certain clergymen, who had always before deemed him rather heretical, and so were not particularly friendly to him, he was first induced to investigate the subject of Spiritualism, in order to refute it. He heard the rapping, and soon saw that it was produced by a power outside of mortal agency, and like Saul of Tarsus, was turned from a persecutor to a believer and advocate.

In regard to prophecies, he said: Immediately after my investigations had convinced me of the reality of Spiritualism, there came a number of prophecies. I thought them absurd, and did not preserve them. I have since regretted it, for that which was prophecy then, is a matter of history now. They were more distinct and definite than any in the Old Testament, on which the reputations of the many prophets rest. If I had published them at the time, the public prints would not ask so often "Why do you not tell us something in advance of its occurrence?"

I was in a circle four years ago, when it was generally expected that Fremont would be elected, and I was assured that Buchanan would be elected, but would not serve out his term of office, and that he would be the last President of the United Republic. [The Doctor read a prophecy from the Herald of Progress, made last fall, much of which has already taken place; and much more is far from being probable, and yet is not impossible.]

In the summer of 1856, he said, he attended a circle, at which Mr. Wolcott, the painter, of Sudbury street, Boston, was the medium. He was assured of Buchanan's election, but was told of trouble before his term of office should expire. The medium said that in the next Republican Convention, at Chicago, the prominent candidates selected by the controlling influences of the party would be set aside, and a new nominee be brought forward, who will be elected, but not inaugurated. The Democratic party, the spirits said, will be sundered, and the medium for accomplishing this is already in the field, and will do his work well. Stephen A. Douglas, who was probably meant—though not known as a medium—has done this work, and done it thoroughly and well. I did not preserve the communication, attaching no confidence to it; but it has come literally true, so far as it can be yet tested.

Several epidemic diseases have been predicted, and it has been prophesied that the people will be much more spiritualized afterward. It has been predicted that there would be as great mediums as those spoken of in the New Testament. This is becoming rapidly verified. One of these mediums is Dr. J. L. Newton, of this city, who has performed many wonderful cures. The lecturer spoke of him, he said, not that he wished to praise him; for there were, perhaps, others as good as he, and some, even, in this audience—for perfect confidence in their own powers will develop the same healing power in them. The sick can be healed when you introduce into the diseased organism the confidence and faith that a cure is possible. The Bible says the woman with an issue of blood pressed through the crowd, impelled by her faith, to touch the hem of Christ's garment, having confidence that if she should do this she should be healed. The secret is, in coming within the radius of a firm and healthy magnetism.

Dr. Newton has a strong, robust frame, perfect physical system, fine sympathies, acute mind, and a strong desire to remove suffering and pain, and hence is especially qualified for a healing medium.

The lecturer narrated cases of healing produced by Dr. Newton, and by himself, and declared that all who could obtain and hold psychological control over another, might cultivate and use the same power.

If you will try these experiments in psychology—if you will keep from being excited—you will meet many whom you can influence; and you will see how far you can control diseased conditions, and how much of an influence you can have over them. The time is coming when the old practice of medicine shall be done away, and all healing shall be performed by the laying on of hands.

Much fault is found by those unacquainted with Spiritualism, that spirits cannot always come when they are desired. You know how unpleasant it is to remain in an ungenial atmosphere. If you cannot stand unpleasant influences, how can you expect the spirits of goodness and wisdom to? Christ and antichrist cannot exist together.

Christ said he came not to bring peace, but a sword. You will remember the persecutions the saints endured. Now in all my acquaintanceship among public mediums, I venture the opinion that there is not one who has not experienced this. You should be careful of your surroundings. If you go into a spiritual circle with your mind engrossed with some commercial speculation, or with low, sensual feelings actuating you, you will get corresponding communications, and then declaim against Spiritualism, as corrupting in its tendency. But if you go with your mind open for the truth, you will receive it. If you want moral communications, go for them and you will get them. You will always draw to yourself corresponding influences to your own. Spiritualism is a religion where one must work his passage, and not expect to go floating up into heaven on downy beds of ease.

The choir sang a beautiful song—words by John S. Adams, and music by L. O. Emerson—entitled "I hear the angels calling."

DR. F. B. RANDOLPH AT ALLSTON HALL,
Sunday Evening, Dec. 30, 1860.

The exercises commenced with the reading of a patriotic poem, written by a little girl medium, only fourteen years of age, and published in Gov. Tallmadge's "Healing of the Nations." The choir then sang an inspiring national hymn.

The lecturer said: I have no apology to make for what I am about to utter this evening. I shall speak as I deem the subject requires. I have waited for years for the opportunity presented to-night for the first time—an opportunity to express that which has long moved my soul—and I thank you for giving it to me. Now a man like me is supposed to know nothing of State-craft. To give an abolition lecture, or talk about five minutes on the temperance cause, is all I am expected to do among the Anglo-Saxons of New England. But I cannot help feeling struggling in my soul a sentiment of patriotism for the country that calls me her child, and am impelled to stand up in defence of the Constitution and the laws beneath which I was born, and to return God thanks for the freedom of speech and opinion they guaranty.

This country in which we have our birth and being is threatened with dissolution. Her liberty is threatened to be swept away by men who can see but one idea, and would carry it out, though they stood upon the ashes of that which was builded up with the blood and sweat of their fathers.

The time has come when this spirit should be subdued, and the fealty that beats in the American bosom should show itself, and men should stand up with a bold front of patriotism for the Union, and all these narrow ideas be swept away as the busy housewife sweeps away spiders and vermin.

If you will go back three or four hundred years, you will find the great fact that at that time the idea of the birth of this nation did not exist in the mind of any one; but unquestionably it did exist in the mind of Him who bringeth nations and kingdoms into existence. It was an idea beating and pulsating in the heart of Eternal God, and the Roundheads and Cavaliers of Old England were actively working but the results you see to-day. If the Cavaliers and Roundheads of England had made compromises and met on common ground, you never would have seen this broad country which spreads itself from one ocean to the other.

The Roundheads and Cavaliers were divided. The one demanded a semi-Republicanism, and the other Royalty. Then Oliver Cromwell came—a brave man who did not stand up and talk law, but worked out principles, which are producing their results to-day. There was the oppression in church of the weak by the strong, which brought Cromwell upon the stage of action, who, in turn, gave way to others, till at last Mother England grew too hot for them, and our fathers crossing the ocean, to land on Plymouth Rock, to found the greatest nation in existence.

The eternal laws which underlie all human destinies cannot be perceived by those who only skim over the surface. In the first place it is clear that the Eternal Father of all spirits had determined to rear a colossal edifice to human freedom, where disorder and chaos had reigned, and to establish liberal ideas and principles. Year after year and day after day, the Prophet of Time can perceive the operations up to the present day.

Do you suppose God make this Republic of such brittle stuff that a South Carolina or a Boston can shake it to pieces? All such efforts must fall as falsehood does, when hurled at an eternal truth! On the question of Negro Slavery, the country is threatened with dissolution; but it will not be, for patriotism will rent the unholy hands placed upon the American Union. The question of Negro Slavery must be settled on other ground than that some men seek to settle it on. The cords which bind the Union are too strongly bound to be riven asunder. Slavery

will be settled on a philanthropic basis. An American is not a citizen of North, South, East, or West, but of the whole country, and a feeling of patriotism will rise up in defence of the altar which the purple blood of our forefathers was spilled to erect.

Who is the true friend of the negro? Those who are trying to set the people of one portion of the nation against the other, in deadly strife? I say, no! The true friend of the negro is the man who will do the most to elevate him from the plane on which he moves, to one higher, and more intellectual and humane. If the policy of some men were carried out, the negro would become the common reproach of the world. He will have no home on earth. The true friend of the negro is the man who helps him to a home where he can be in truth what God intended him to be—a man! You need not fear but God will look out for the interest of the negro; for just so true as humanity is under his guardian care, so true will all his children be protected, and his fiat carried out, and that, too, without the shedding of a drop of human blood.

It is not the true friend of the African who counsels John Brown raids, and incites to bloodshed and rapine, but the one who clothes the naked, and feeds the hungry, and encourages him in all that is noble and well. Array the whites against the blacks, and who will win in the contest? You might as well array the little child just beginning life in an encounter with an athlete. May we never witness a spectacle so horrid, as the arraying of an undisciplined, powerless rabble against the intellectual soldiery of the United States, who would now then down like grass before the harvesters! The true friends of the negro never counsel insurrection, and midnight murder and rapine.

What have such men done? They have brought our country to the verge of ruin, by their unwise agitation of slavery. If a negro comes here to the Northern States, it would be well for you to help him; but it is not wise, Christian, Godlike or noble, to set the opposite races in conflict one with the other. These false philosophers say they love the African. Perhaps they do; but it is not the love of a wise man or a patriot.

John Brown was one of those very rare men who really believed what he pretended to; but wisdom never dictated such a step as his. It was the enthusiasm begotten of a warm heart. He stood like Leonidas at Thermopylae; but unlike him, had no Spartans to sustain him. Never mind, John Brown, the world will yet do you justice, even as now those who slow you believe you to have been an honest, but a deluded man. His heart was true, but his head was not what it ought to be. I like the man who hates slavery, but I don't believe any good result can be produced by rapine and murder. Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison are noble representatives of an idea that will be one day recognized; but there is a principle of expediency, and it is the duty of every true man to consult the best good of humanity as a whole. The blood of the negro is crying for justice; but we must know that unwise efforts in his behalf should be deprecated, or what will become of you as a nation, and where are the oppressed nations of the globe to look for a refuge?

The United States stands forth as the embodiment of civil and political liberty. Plunge her into chaos and discord, and all the tyrants on the thrones of the world will clap their hands, and tyranny will track its bloody footsteps all over creation, and patriotism will sink away into caverns and dens, and there, unheeded by sympathizing eye, bewail the loss of all it loved, and bitterly curse the false philanthropy which brought such terrible results.

I would not see the Union dissolved on any pretext, for if we wait for God's good time, the elevating spirit of human liberty will reach every man in bonds, and bid the slave go forth in the freedom he has been elevated to comprehend and appreciate. If the Union is to be dissolved, shall the people consent to let a few dozen men have all the say about it?

They say South Carolina has seceded. She can never leave the Union, unless she digs a ditch as deep as eternity around her borders; because their forefathers put their shoulders to the wheel of the Union, and helped move it on, both at the ballot-box and on the battle-field. The associations of the past erect the barriers but-headed Conventions never can overthrow. The people of South Carolina, believe us, have not yet spoken; but only the self-elected politicians. 'Tis not the bone and sinew of the country that will let the thing go on.

Upon the permanency of the American Union depends the eventual liberation of the negro from his bonds. Dissolve the Union, and every acre of land south of Mason and Dixon's line will be forever dedicated to slavery. Keep the Union together, and the spirit of free labor, mechanics and patriotism, will push forward, and slavery will die writhing in the dust, poisoned by its own venomous fangs. If you have any patriotism in you, look at the question in this light. Expediency is at present to be our rule. These ideas are worthy of your consideration. The perpetuity of the Union is a subject paramount to every other question.

It was said when Webster, Clay and Rantoul had gone, that the statesmen of America were all dead. It seems it is so. They were not demagogues nor politicians, but men of sterling integrity and self-deifying patriotism. This secession movement is the work of those who have been begging for office. But this crisis will develop new men, in whose hands the Union will be safe.

What shall we do, citizens of this great Republic, in a crisis like the present? Alas! I ask for a response in yain. All are silent—silent as the grave—and no kindly voice responds. Let us turn from the living, and interrogate the dead. Upon whom shall we call? Ah, Old Hickory, who in '35 crushed a more formidable rebellion than the present. Andrew Jackson, come from thy grave—come from thy home in the far off, starry heavens—and tell us poor children what to do in this tremendous hour of our destiny! Come! I bid ye by the awful power wherewith the Infinite God has charged my soul, come! Speak! 'Tis but a passing storm. Treason is doing her deadly work; but by the Eternal, she works in yain! 'Tis a fearful thing to slay a man; but this Nation's weal is worth whole hordes of human lives. Hang these traitors—hang them every one! The Union is my bride. Set but a single foot within that magic ring, and, by the Eternal God, I would hang you on a gallows higher than Haman's! Touch but one single hair, and though your head upbore a thousand crowns, I would sweep them off, and grind you into dust! The Union—she is the blessed bride of Freedom! God has joined them, and none but God shall ever put asunder! Do not cowards nor afraid in this dark hour. The responsibility is great. Act, not at once, but act firmly. Let the recreant and the traitors die, but LET YOUR COUNTRY LIVE!

Mr. Randolph's lecture was listened to by the largest audience ever in Allston Hall, and it elicited frequent applause.

Written for the Banner of Light.
A PRAYER.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss L. M. J., Lewiston, Maine,
BY MEDONA STANN.

Father! when the storms of life
Are abroad in fearful strife!
When the tempest sweepeth by,
'Mid the storm's deep revelry;
When dark clouds obscure the sun,
Father, keep the wandering one!

When the night is dark and drear,
And the soul is filled with fear—
When the waves run wild and high,
And the wild winds mournfully
Then in mercy, Father, save
From the deep and troubled wave:

Thou canst speak, and at thy will
Raging seas grow calm and still—
At thy word the tempest wild
Sinks to slumber as a child;
Power is thine—thou canst control
Sorrows which o'erwhelm the soul.

Father! when the storms of life
Are abroad in fearful strife!
When the tempest sweepeth by,
'Mid the storm's deep revelry,
Then in pity, Father, guide
Where the clear, bright "waters glide."

Litchfield, Me., Dec., 1860.

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