

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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DORA MOORE;

OR

THE LIGHT OF THE CASTLE.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

"A race, whose history is at once sad, beautiful and eloquent—sad and touching from its mournful and tragic interest, beautiful in its traditions, and eloquent in its glorious inspiration and teaching to mankind."

CHAPTER XV.

SCENE ON THE WHARF—IRISH EMIGRANTS—GOING TO AMERICA.

"And doubt is ever by, until the hour." Uncle Mick and the children sat by the river side at Killaloe, waiting for the boat that should take them to Limerick.

"No, no, avourneen, I wouldn't go to Ameriky; no, not for a power of money. I love my own country best. I know it's a weary world to live in, any where, and if it wan't for my fiddle, the read through it would be unbearable; but old Daddy Nogher has many friends, so you needn't cry, darlint, at leaving me. They'll see my bones buried decently, with a cross at my head, and ye must always keep a little spot in your heart warm with thoughts of the old man that loved ye so well. Don't forget the little Greek and Latin I've taught ye, and mind ye write to me as ye promised. I'll spend my first shilling to pay Father McSweeney for praying for ye. And now, Dora, avourneen, I'll jist whisper a little dis-course in your ear. When you get to Ameriky, don't let as if you thought the Protestants were all damned and going to Purgatory intirely. I've seen foreign countries, you know, and Daddy Nogher han't lived seventy years without learning a little wisdom. It may be the priest is right, and that St. Peter keeps the keys of heaven away from all the Protestants—but it aint policy, darlint, to say much about the matter. I've seen some men out of the Holy Church so good that I've no doubt St. Peter will let 'em in sideways; and I've known some who observe all the fasts and pay a power of money to the priests, but lie and steal and swear. Bedad if the Holy Apostle lets 'em in to the good gate, sorra a bit will he want to kape 'em there. Dora, my jewel, don't ye disgrace yer country and the blood of the O'Neils by doing like some of the low, dawshy girls that think there's niver a bit of harm in lying to a Protestant. Be honest and good. I needn't tell ye be modest, that's in a counshin, and what's bred in the bone ye know."

"But I'll weary ye with my dis-course; be patient and I'll tell ye one thing more. I've told ye before, but 'twill be a repeating, 'Never despair.' When trouble comes, and we're all born to it, more or less,—hould up your head, darlint, and open yer heart, like the little flowers when the rain cloud comes. May be the shower will do you good, and you'll look all the brighter, when the sun comes out again, shining like the flower with its watery diamonds in sunlight."

"I needn't ask ye to be careful of Jemmy; you are eyes and feet to the dark child; but when ye're on the ship, ye must be wary and never lose sight of him. Ah, Dora, avourneen, ye lead the poor little one here, and God in Heaven will lead you to the New Jerusalem. There, the boat has come; wear this till ye need it sorely, and remember ye once saved us from starving," and the old man hung a silver crown, suspended from a green ribbon, around Dora's neck.

The child could not speak, but clung round the old man's neck, weeping much to part with him. Poor Mick felt as he were losing something very near and dear, his own face was wet with tears.

"Sh, Dora, I'll be lonely widout ye, in the winter home, but ye'll be better off; and may the tear of sorrow never dim yer eye, nor the blush of shame red-don yer cheek, and may be poor old Uncle Mick, the fiddler, will be permitted to see you a 'bright angel in glory.'"

"Och, and I wish I hadn't come," said a querulous voice near. "We can niver get to Limerick in such a crowd. What shall I do with my chist?"

"Be aisy, Biddy," said Uncle Mick, "there's room for ye, and I'll give ye a lift."

"How can a poor crater like me, be aisy, Uncle Mick? There, Katy, hould on to my gown, and shlop yer nose. What will become of us on the big s'a? I'm afear'd to go now," and Biddy drew back as they approached the pier.

"How'd yer tongue, woman," said Mick, "and go on board—and now as ye hope for a seat in heaven, be kind to these children. Have ye got all the directions safe?"

"Yes, I sewed 'em into my gown, as ye tould me. Och, and it's hard! To think that I should iver have to go to Ameriky widout poor Patrick!"

"Patrick is in glory; don't be for wishing him back—if he's a mind to come, I'd advise him to oork his ears first. There, Dora, ye're nicely seated now, don't forget to notice the Shannon and its banks. Ye'll never see the like again. I love it as if it were a living thing and loved me too. Good

bye, my child. Good bye, Jemmy, and remember to mind Dodo, and be a good boy."

Jemmy raised his face to kiss the old man, and laid his hand on his long beard, and then on the hair that hung so long and white on his shoulders, stroking it softly, then let his hand rest a moment on the old, plaid Josey and the red vest, as if he wished to see with the sense of feeling the friend who had been so dear to him. Many years did the child retain a vivid remembrance of Uncle Mick.

The passengers were all on board. The long, rusty looking steamboat sent up its puffs of black smoke, and the engine throbbed away like the heart of a toiling giant; but above the noise of the machinery and the bustle of the men, was heard the cries and farewells of the crowd on the shore. Mothers bidding their daughters adieu, sisters sobbing as they parted, while like all their race, never still, even in sorrow, there was a Babel of tongues.

"And ye'll send the money on the quick, to kape us from starving."

"God bless Ameriky. If I had the goold, I wouldn't stay here."

"Now, Bridget, don't forget yer poor old mother—send us the pondo, and we'll come over."

"God bless ye. God bless ye. Don't forget poor, swate Ireland."

And thus it continued until the steamer was lost to sight by a bend in the river. From Limerick to Dublin our little party were soon carried by railroad. As they sailed out of Dublin harbor Dora did not forget what Uncle Mick had told her, to take one long, last look of her native country.

It was a picture never to be forgotten. The granite buildings and green, sloping hills of Kingstown; the tall spires of the churches, the gray old castle on the verge of the hill, while towering above all was the lofty obelisk in Phoenix Park, and Nelson's Pillar in the distance. Child, as she was, she felt that she was leaving a fair and beautiful island, dear to her heart. "Yes, nature has done much for that little green spot in the ocean, defended from its surging waves by bold, defying rocks. Over this fair isle are sprinkled mountains where sparkle the diamonds; and where sleeps the precious stone; glens, where the rich foliage and the rare flowers mingled their perfume with the morning song of the bird, and the music of the playful rill; in its hill-sides are imbedded the gladdening fuel and the rich mine; over its lawns and wooded parks skip the light footed fawn and bounding deer; in its fat pastures graze the proud steed and noble ox; on its heathy slopes feed the nimble goat and timid sheep. Proud castles and mountains, palaces and towers tell the traveler that kings and chieftains once struggled for dominion, and priests and prelates contended for religion; while the towering steeples and more lowly crosses still say that the instinct of worship yet lives—that the incense of prayer and the song of praise continue to go up. In this fair isle no venomous serpent, lies in the path of the weary traveler, while the breezes of heaven give health and vigor to the life blood, and cause the inhabitants of the rock to sing. But, alas, over this fair landscape hangs a curtain of desolation and death; the harp of Erin is untouched, save by the finger of sorrow, to tell what music was once in her strings; the tear is on her cheek—she sits desolate, and no good Samaritan passes that way to pour in the oil and wine of consolation."

"Lover and friend are put far from her, and she is a hissing and bye-word to those who should lift her up. She has long reaped the fields of the rich, while she has tasted none of their pleasant bread." Alas, for Ireland—the unread riddle, the modern Sphinx whose enigmas the nations fail to read. With a rich soil, and a hardy race on hill-top and valley, yet poverty dwells in her streets, and misery is the companion of her children. Thousands like those who now stand on the deck with Dora and watch the green hills as they recede from view, leave this fair spot of their birth for the distant home, of the stranger, not of their race and lineage, for the privilege of toiling for bread for themselves and their starving children. America has long been the Cannan of the Irish—may it ever prove the home of the exile, and the shadow of the weary sons of toil.

Our little party of emigrants were detained more than a week at Liverpool. The close air of the low Irish boarding house provided for them, and perhaps the change which they had experienced from the free wandering life they had led in Ireland, to the crowded and ill ventilated vessel, made Jemmy sick, so that Dora was confined to the house and the bed-side. As he became better, the little girl was anxious to go out and see something of the city.

"No, ye can't, ye'll get lost intirely," said Biddy, "and it's me will be blamed. I'm most crazy now, and wish meself back to my own country. The nasty coal, and the noise, and the bad p'cees, and the swashing of the sea, make my heart sick. Oh, my grief! I'm in the height of trouble. Come in here Katy, you little dirty grawl, be playing in the streets—you plague my life out of me," and pulling her from the door, gave her a hearty slap upon the shoulder, to which the child responded by loud crying.

"Shlop yer roaring, or I'll bate ye in earnest." Biddy was not very agreeable company for the little ones; and Dora was not sorry when word came that they must all be on board, for the ship would sail in a few hours. It was a long way, the streets were crowded, and Jemmy was still very weak. Biddy had thought only for herself and her own troubles.

"I'm so wake I can't walk at all," said the little fellow, after going a few steps.

There was but one way left—his sister must carry him; so, taking him on her back, Dora trudged on with her burden along the streets leading to the river side.

"We shall be late intirely, and lose all our money," was the complaint of Biddy, as now and then the weary child stopped to rest.

Thus passed Dora through the great commercial city of England; foot-sore and weary herself, but sustained with the thought that the way led to a mother's love and care. "Yes, Jemmy, darlint, we're going to see mother, and then we'll not be tired any more." Poor, weary child! an emblem of all pilgrims on the rough journey of life—going home, where we'll tire no more!

There was hurrying to and fro, and much bustle and commotion upon the wharf. The Irish, in great confusion about their "chists" and their bundles, many of them loaded with provisions, and no lack of babies.

"Hold these biscuit," said Biddy to Dora, as they came near to the vessel, "while I look for our luggage," handing her, as she spoke, some biscuit tied in a cloth. With one hand holding Jemmy, and with the other the biscuit, while Katy kept a tight grasp of her gown, Dora stood amid the crowd, waiting the return of her aunt.

A carriage drove up, the horses were restive, and not under the control of the driver. The children came near being trampled under their feet; Jemmy was frightened, and clung to Dora, who, in trying to seek a place of safety, dropped her bundle, and scattered her crabs upon the ground. "There goes your supper!" cried a rude boy; "give her a potato," said another, "that will suit her country!"

"You're a careless grawl," said Biddy, giving the child a push which made her stumble and fall to the ground. In the confusion, some one came between the little girl and Jemmy, and the latter, groping about, lost his sister, and got mingled in the crowd; not seeing the danger, he came directly in front of the excited and fiery horses attached to the carriage, and would inevitably have been killed, had not a young gentleman who had watched the fray from the window of the carriage, sprung out and held the horses' heads.

He had been amusing himself with the spectacle around the wharf, and smiling to hear the Babel of tongues, and the curious mixture of French and English, mingled with the Irish brogue which usually salutes the ear at such times. Among others, Dora's sweet face, and motherly care of the little boy, had attracted his attention, and something in the face and manner of Jemmy had led him to conjecture his misfortune.

The child was crying bitterly as he was lifted up in the strong arms of the stranger, "Dodo, where's Dodo? I've lost Dodo! he moaned most plaintively. "Dodo is here; I will find Dodo," was kindly said, "but wait a minute, little one," he added, as he detained the struggling child to examine his eyes.

"My stars!" he exclaimed, "here's a case for Professor Reynolds—wouldn't mind trying the operation myself, a nice one, but it can be done. Let me see," he continued, pushing up the eyelid; but Jemmy struggled and kicked like a little lusty Hibernian, as he was; "I want Dodo! I want Dodo!" "In a minute, child, in a minute. Decided case, young an Irish boy, well, it's a pity, I couldn't do it right off, might make him see like a lynx." "Edward, Edward," called a lady's voice from the carriage.

"Yes, madame, be there in one moment. Now, my little fellow, there's Dodo!" The little girl had spied Jemmy, and came eagerly towards him; her pretty face was full of thanks for the protection which the young man had given, and her brow sounded very sweetly as she said—

"God bless ye sir, may ye niver know darkness nor sorrow."

"How long has your little brother been blind?" "It is most two years, yer honor, since the light went out of his eyes."

"Edward, Edward," again called the voice from the carriage, while, at the same instant, a bell was rung on deck, and a stentorian voice cried out, "All hands aboard!" The gentleman had only time to see that the children were safe with Biddy, and in company with the other emigrants who were rushing on board, but the gentle manners and fair face of Dora lingered long in his mind, like the memory of a pleasant picture.

He saw no more of the children that morning, for the emigrants on board our packet ships are barricaded from the cabin passengers by boundaries more impenetrable than the deep gulf which separates upper-tendency, in New York, from the vulgar herd. The

young gentleman was not, however, a passenger himself, but came to see his mother safely on board, and under the special care of Capt. Caswell. The latter, a large, portly man, his features bronzed by the sea air, but expressive of good nature, mingled with firmness.

"Good morning! good morning, Dr. Kenney," he said, extending his hand cordially, "glad to see you on board the Dorchester."

"I wish I could stay on board, Captain, but I came with my mother, to place her under your care."

At this moment a lady who had been giving some directions to the servant who accompanied her, came forward. She was a matronly looking woman of fifty, but in feeble health.

The captain and Mrs. Kenney were old friends, and mutually happy to meet.

"Now, Captain," said the lady, "don't you think I shall be just as safe without Edward as with him. He is very unwilling for me to go home without him, but his lectures are only half through at Paris, and I'm determined he shall not leave them. As for myself, I am homesick, Captain; homesick for the old place. I wouldn't stay in London three months longer, if they'd give me the crown to wear, and Buckingham palace to live in."

"I'll promise to take good care of you, Mrs. Kenney. I've crossed the Atlantic more than fifty times, and have never been wrecked yet. The Dorchester is new and sound, well rigged, and as noble a set of sailors for crew as ever furled a sail. I'm proud of my floating home, and feel quite as safe here as in my house at Ipswich."

"I've no doubt of it, Captain, and I shall feel safe with you. The truth is, I've made up my mind to go, and go I shall, though Edward here acts like a baby about it. I should think a young gentleman who had received a medical diploma, ought to let the world see that he is weaned."

"I cannot disguise, Captain," said Dr. Kenney, "that I feel an unaccountable reluctance to my mother's going at this time, and without me. Nothing but your presence on board reconciles me to it, and I shall wait with anxiety for tidings from you."

"In three weeks from to-day, I will write you from my room at the Astor House, Doctor. Go back to your lectures, and feel easy. When you have finished there, I shall be happy to have you take one voyage with me, as surgeon of the new ship McKay is now building for my special use. Ay, Doctor, the little Dorchester is a small craft beside her."

Dr. Kenney took leave of his mother with as much cheerfulness as he could command, feeling, meantime, half ashamed of his reluctance to part from her.

"There, now, don't trouble yourself, Ned. I feel that it is my duty to go, and if my time has come to die, I must yield to God's will. But I hope to have a pleasant and quick passage. How I long to see the old house, and busy myself in getting it ready for your reception. Aunt Ruthy, you know, has neither taste nor conscience for much outside the kitchen."

"That reminds me," said Edward, "that, according to her request, I have sent her my portrait; the whiskers and moustache may excite her indignation, but pray tell her that I find a great deal in the Bible to countenance long beards, and I'm afraid we've all been great sinners in shaving so much. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob never used razors, I'm sure. The plain, snuff-colored silk in the package with the miniature, is for her, too. I hope she may like the color; tell her that I do."

"There, you talk more like yourself than you have for two days. They're taking up the plank, and you'll be left on board. Study hard, my son, and determine to excel in your profession. There is so much in Paris to lead the young astray, that my heart is constantly anxious for you."

"Then, mother, would it not have been wise to have remained with me?"

"No, Edward; a young man that needs such restraint has not the firmness of principle that my son should possess. Promise me that you will read often the seventh chapter of Proverbs."

"I will do so," said the young doctor, embracing his mother, and looking earnestly at her, as if to print each feature indelibly on some yet pure, unsullied page of memory. Another moment and he stood on the wharf, watching the vessel as she glided out of the broad mouth of the Mersey, into the channel.

"Strange," he said to himself, as he entered the carriage and closed the blinds, "that I should allow this parting to overcome me so; it was never thus before." The tears, hitherto checked, flowed freely as a child's.

Edward Kenney was the only child of his parents, and loved by them with an affection equaling in intensity the love usually borne towards an only child. In his case it was tempered with judgment. His father had been dead some years, and his mother, a strong-minded woman, conscious of the talents and mainly beauty of her son, had been constantly fearful that she should be too indulgent. To avoid one extreme, she came near falling into the opposite; and, as in the present case, manifested a sternness and lack of feeling which was more assumed than real. She preferred that he should be in Paris awhile, with no restraints but such as his own reason and judgment afforded him.

"I have perfect confidence in you, my son," she would often say; and that very confidence was his safeguard, for his nature, noble and generous, would not betray it. But he was impulsive as a child, and often led away by the warmth of his feelings and the natural gaiety of his heart. His love for his mother amounted almost to worship, and when he

learned her decision to go home without him, with no one to wait on her but the raw German girl he procured, he was deeply pained. Superstition came to aid this feeling, for he dreamed that the Dorchester was wrecked, and every person on board lost. But Mrs. Kenney was firm as a rock; she had no faith in dreams, and she told the doctor that when she once made up her mind to do a thing, no dream could turn her from her purpose. "I am going home, Edward; my duty is plain. You are to stay here, for your duty to your profession requires it. Next summer I hope to see you at Beechwood, where we will enjoy life together in the old homestead." There was no more to be said. Edward knew his mother too well to urge her to remain, but, nevertheless, he could not shake off the feeling of depression which overcame him.

We are none of us free from superstition; the most sensitive and delicately wrought organizations are most subject to its influence. We smile at the second sight of the Scotch; we ridicule the pretensions of Mesmerism, and wonder at the revelations of Swedenborg. But are we certain,—where at least is the proof that Ho who talked with Abraham of the far distant future; who whispered of coming events to the infant Samuel; who bade Daniel, in a vision, see the rise and fall of mighty nations; who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire, and led Joseph and Mary by a dream to fly from the cruel Tetrarch; who taught the gentle wife of Pilate, in her troubled sleep, the character of Jesus, and caused the glorious panorama of heaven itself to pass before the rapt vision of the loved apostle on the height of Patmos;—who, we ask, can dare affirm that the map of the great future will never be unrolled again till the heavens and the earth have passed away; or that he who knoweth the end from the beginning, may not sometime permit his creatures a glance into the volume of his decrees? "Ye have Moses and the prophets," exclaims the phlegmatic and positive reader. Yea, and loving Moses and the prophets, we long not only for the written word, but for the angels' food on which their giant souls were permitted to feed, and by which they waxed strong in spirit.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORM.—DEATH AT SEA.—JACK.—LANDING.

"The wall of the storm murmurs deep on the ear: More dread and more dread grows suspense in the year."

The good ship sailed smoothly out of the channel, as if she knew the way, and spread her snowy sails, as a caged bird, set free, expands its wings, rejoicing in its native element. In sixty hours from port they cleared land; the hum of the busy city had long since died away; its spires and the gray turrets of St. Marys faded in the distance; then on the heights of Cardiff gleamed the revolving light; on the opposite shore the low fixed light, steadfast as a planet's beam, and all through the channel, on every island and headland, glimmered the lights from the light-houses, like stars in the blue ocean above. Soon these were all passed, and midnight came on; the tired passengers sought their berths, and the weary emigrants of the steerage with little ceremony found rest on harder beds, but no less sweet sleep. Dora, with her little blind brother by her side, counted her beads, said her evening prayer, and lay down to dream of mother. The ship sped on, her wings unfolded, and her strong frame heedless of repose. For twelve days the Dorchester kept on her way as if a conscious thing of life herself, her sails swelling with thoughts of home, in unison with the beating hearts she bore on board.

At noon on the twelfth day out, the captain found his barometer 29.50. In four hours after it had fallen three-fourths of an inch. The wary captain, foreboding a storm, called all hands to take in sail. The topsails were close-reefed, courses, jib, spanker, &c., well furled. At half-past six the barometer had fallen to 28.50; and the storm had commenced; every thing was furled but the close-reefed fore and main topsails, and fore topmast staysail. At eight in the evening the rain poured in torrents, the lightning flashed incessantly and the wind blew a gale. At ten the fore topmast and fore topmast stay sail were taken in, and soon after the wind changed to westward, and the gale was so terrific that the captain did not dare to loose any canvas to wear ship.

The captain was looking at the barometer, when Mrs. Kenney, in her dressing-gown and shawl, entered the cabin. The deck was noisy with sailors, securing the sails, to the yards, and putting on extra gaskets; the wind tossed the ship like a plaything, the rain poured, and the darkness was intense, save when a flash of lightning lit up the awful scene.

"Captain," said the lady, laying her hand on his arm, "we are in danger!"

He looked at her an instant, as the cabin lamp cast its light on her large, well-cut features, pale, but not with womanly terror; for she was not of that class of nervous, delicate ladies who scream at a spider, or hide their heads when it lightens. Captain Caswell had known her for many years, and knew she was a woman to whom the truth was acceptable, and whose courage in emergency equalled that of any sailor on board. "It is a fearful storm," he said, "but the Dorchester is an excellent sea boat, and as strong a vessel as ever was built. I have faith in her; but the gale is terrible; the barometer has fallen to 28.25, a quarter of an inch lower than I have ever seen it before; for fifty years, in England, it has but once been known to fall as low as 27.87. The wind blows so hard that I would advise you, if possible, to remain in your berth. If the danger becomes imminent, I will let you know."

"Do so, Captain. I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that I have been a little nervous to-night; a disease I'm not much troubled with. But I have done what I thought was right. God's will be done."

It was a terrible night. The screams of the frightened emigrants, the noise of beating waves, the tread of busy sailors, the driving wind and the sharp lightning, all conspired to make it a night long to be remembered by those on board.

Morning at last dawned, and the ocean presented one of the most grand and awful spectacles that the eye of man ever beheld. Lashed into fury by the tremendous force of the wind, it was one clear, broad sheet of angry foam, as far as the eye could reach. At one moment they were walled in between two immense heaps of water, which seemed ready to engulf them in the bowels of the great deep—at the next were upborne to the very summit of one of these watery mountains, and looking down into the valleys on either side.

Everything was done which good seamanship and experience could suggest; extra lashings were put upon spars, boats, &c., and the men were cautioned to be upon deck only when duty called them there. About noon of that day the clew of the main topsail gave way, and the sail blew into ribbons. But the noble ship continued tight and strong, and made no complaint, and scarcely a bucket of water had been shipped on deck that day.

At half-past three in the afternoon, as the captain was standing in the companion-way, the man at the wheel sang out, "look out! look out there!" A moment more and the sea was upon them, dashing in the companion door, and carrying the captain into the cabin below. The crash on deck was loud and long—tremendous beyond conception; and the water poured down so that it seemed as if the ship must be sinking. Above the noise of dashing waters and the growling tempest, came the screams of the poor emigrants in the steerage; but pale, calm, with her hands grasping the nearest support, sat Mrs. Kenney in her state-room. She remembered now the last look of Edward, and though for the darkness, she could not see it, felt for the miniature which rested in her bosom. "Deep down in that stern mother's heart lay the love which was life to her."

When the captain could come on deck again, a sad sight met his eye—masts all gone, bulwarks on one side nearly gone, boats stove, houses stove and gone, and the whole surface of the water around covered with things from the ship and fragments of the wreck. The second officer, a noble young fellow, fearless amid the storm, had been washed overboard; the carpenter had met a similar fate. One sailor only was found on deck, and he had secured himself to the wheel by a bowline. In one corner were the Irish emigrants, some on their knees, the women screaming and children crying with terror.

"Och! Dora, I told ye so," said Biddy; "we'll never see Ameriky now. I wish I'd stayed in the old country. The Lord save us, poor crathurs." And then, as the water again dashed over the deck, Biddy sent up a scream that was heard all over the ship, and sat only in the wail of the wind.

Dora sat upon the floor, with her arm around Jimmy. They were wet, weary and hungry, and she remembered now how she had once prayed to die, and Uncle Mick had told her that was wrong. Now she must die, when she wanted so much to live.

"Shall we drown, Dodo?" said the poor little shivering blind boy.

"Be easy, darling," keep close to Dodo, and if we drown, we'll die together; don't cry."

The little fellow gathered himself still closer to his protector, and amid the whole frightened group, those two children alone were quiet.

There was a great leak in the ship, for she had been carried over her spars, and broken by striking against them. The Captain, whose energy and courage rose with the occasion, gave orders to clear the wreck, and cheered by him, the crew worked resolutely and earnestly. Two feet of water were also in the pumps, and they were set to work.

At daylight on the third day of the storm there was eight feet of water in the hold, and the shattered wreck could barely swim. There she was, 700 miles from land, 100 miles north of the usual track of vessels crossing the Atlantic, the spars all gone by the board, boats both stove, the ship broken amidships, and leaking so fast that it seemed impossible to keep her afloat many hours, the angry ocean, eager as a beast of prey to devour the dismantled vessel and its trembling freight—the blackness of darkness all around, the wind roaring and howling, mingling its hoarse voice with the groans and shrieks of the frightened passengers. If there is ever an occasion that calls forth the nobler qualities of man, it is such a storm as this. The lives of forty-five human beings hung upon the courage and skill of Captain Caswell. He was a bold sailor, and experienced; he was also a man of prayer, nor did he in this hour of peril forget Him "who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hands," and who "stayeth the tumult of the waves."

On examination, it was found that twelve chain bolts were drawn from the lee side of the ship, and the only way to stop these, was from the outside, but at every roll of the ship, they were deep under water, and the men were unwilling to risk themselves over the side; but, finally, a rope was made fast round one man, and with plug and hammer he was let down, where he would watch his opportunity, put in the plug, strike it, if possible, and look out for himself, till another roll of the ship allowed him to drive it tighter.

The fourth day came, weary and worn, the sailors themselves, having had no sleep for two days and nights, were almost exhausted. With great difficulty, they succeeded in making a fire, and boiling some tea. This, with beef and a little brandy, revived them. That afternoon a sail was seen. Eager eyes watched her course, and aching hearts turned to watch her with a sickened pleading which the dying, half-dying sailor suffered alone can understand. She was six or seven miles from them, and with heavy hearts they saw her pass on, not seeing, or not heeding their signals of distress. She sped on her way, safe, and taut and trim, seeking, with swift her distant port, while the poor shattered wreck she left behind was battling, even in her death struggle, with wind and wave. Such is life.

The sailors were gaining on the wreck, and when the hull was within a little distance, the kind-hearted Captain, on examining the pumps, found that there were no more water for the present. The pumps were worked, and the ship must be lightened. The Captain watched a moment from his deck, to see how the boys were. "Are there boys?" he asked, her large calm eyes looking straight into the broad, open face of the Captain.

"If we can keep afloat until some vessel will take us from the wreck."

"But one has passed us already."

"Yes, and another may," said the Captain; "but trust is in God."

"Captain, do you remember a little girl with a blind boy among the steerage passengers?"

"I heard the mate speak of it the very morning of the storm, and to-day I saw Jack Warren, the brave fellow who consented to go over the side to plug the holes, carry his allowance of tea to the children. They are, no doubt, cold and wet, but at present nothing can be done. There is one poor creature keeps up such a caterwauling, that the sailors have threatened to throw her overboard. I am going now to set them all to work lightening the ship. The freight must be thrown overboard."

"That's a good idea, Captain, the work will make them forget danger. I'll lead the women."

A few minutes afterwards, and the women and girls were busy at work passing goods up through the cabin, and so merry did they become, that they joked each other about selecting dresses from the muslins and fancy goods they were throwing overboard. On opening a box of Highland shawls, the Captain allowed the women and girls to take one apiece, as they, poor creatures, were wet to the skin, and had no dry clothes. Mrs. Kenney had not forgotten the blind boy and his sister; but though Dora wished very much to work with the rest, she could not leave Jimmy, and the kind lady had taken her to her own berth. When the shawls were divided, she carried one to Dora, and wrapped another round Jimmy.

"There, do you remember Uncle Mick said 'Never despair.' I've been thinking of it all day, and we'll trust God, Jimmy. Uncle Mick said too that the sunlight was brighter after the storm."

All hands were kept busy at work, the men at the pumps, the women and children unlightening the ship. But, though employment diverted their minds, the Captain felt that their danger grew more imminent every moment. His heart sunk within him as he remembered that he was out of the usual track of the vessels at that season of the year.

But about three o'clock in the afternoon, one of the men on watch cried out, "Sail, ho!" It ran like an electric shock, to which every heart vibrated. The Captain seized his spy-glass, and hastened on deck—every eye was turned in the same direction. The distant sail was but a speck in the horizon, but as she bore east of the Dorchester, the Captain felt confident that she was bound westerly, and would, of course, pass near enough to see them, if night did not come on too soon.

All hands were kept at work, while the Captain watched with intense anxiety the approaching vessel. The speed increased, and the white sails, as they heave in sight, seemed like wings of some guardian angel. "They are coming to save us!" said Dora. "I knew Uncle Mick was right—never despair." We shall see Ameriky, and mother, yet." Three-quarters of an hour passed, and the keen eye of the Captain discerned the hull of the vessel as she rose at the top of the sea. Just then Jack Warren came to him; "Captain, if she's a small vessel, and can't take us all, who shall go first?"

"The women and children, of course," was the quiet answer.

"That's it, Captain, that's my mind, *precisely*—the sailors have talked it over, and we'll stick together, all or none."

Onward came the stranger, and the captain could now see that she was a large vessel. Every eye was fixed upon her, every heart bounding with hope.

As she was steering, she would have gone about four miles from the Dorchester. Alas! she turned not, but kept on her way, and it was evident that she had not seen the signals of distress. Every thing had been done that was possible, to attract her notice, but unheeding she sailed on, and the poor wreck had a heavier burden, for all hearts were sad with hope deferred. The captain laid down his glass—once thought of home and loved ones there, one sad glance around on the forty-five human beings looking earnestly to him for aid, and then the manly thought, "we will work to the last."

"Never despair, never despair," whispered Dora, Jimmy the tears ran down her cheeks, and she drew Jenny closer to her side.

"Ay, ay. I've seen such things afore," said an old sailor. "My old master, Captain Todd, passed a wreck at sea just so. We all saw her, and could hear the shrieks of the trembling wretches clinging to her sides, but he would not turn to relieve her, or send a boat, though the sailors offered to do it."

Again the captain raised his glass. Ah! they have seen! and the noble ship, following the impulse given her by the rudder, swung boldly round, turning her head directly towards the Dorchester; her yards were braced round, light sails taken in, and no doubt left that she was coming to the rescue. It was now very dark, and a lantern was hung up as high as possible, that they might not be lost sight of. The stranger came near and hove-to with main topsail to the mast. The darkness was such that they could not see what she was doing, but after what seemed a long suspense, a boat came to them. Captain Caswell hailed her, and asked,

"Can you take us off?"

"Yes, we will try to save all lives; we can do no more."

This was all he could expect, for it was midnight darkness, the barometer low enough for a hurricane that very moment, the weather squally, black, angry clouds hanging over them, and so much sea running that it was almost impossible for a boat to live in it. The ship rolled so much that a boat would be stove and swamped in a moment if she came alongside. It was no light task to save the passengers. A rope was prepared, some twenty yards long, with a bowline long enough to put over the person's head and down under the arms, around the waist. One man being stationed in each end of the boat, a rope was thrown to either, to enable them to hold her parallel with the ship's side, while two others with their oars kept her from coming too near. One end of the bowline was given to another man in the boat. When all was prepared, and the women and children brought on deck, they, so eager a few moments before, to leave the wreck, sank back with dread from the dangers of the transit. The darkness, the heavy sea, the little, tossing boat, one moment close to the ship, the next ten or twelve feet off, so frightened them that they clung to each other in despair and terror. Mrs. Kenney came forward, "I had hoped, Captain, to have said by you till every passenger but myself was safe, thinking I might aid you in saving them. But I see my example is needed." Taking the bowline she fastened it about herself and gave the order to lower. "A mo-

ment more, and she was safe on board the boat. Now all pressed forward to follow."

"I'm a poor widow, please let me go now," said Biddy Murphy. Her child clung to her.

"No, no, one at a time," said a sailor, and proceeded to fasten the line around her.

"Oh, I can't go, no, I can't go without Katy," and pushing the sailor she clung to her child, dragging her in her excitement to the edge of the vessel—the ship rolled, she fell, her child still clinging to her—one plunge and all was over. It was impossible to rescue her in the darkness and the high sea."

"Now, my little curly head," said Jack Warren to Dora, "you must go first, so as to be there to see to your poor little brother. I'll hand him next."

"Please let me go with her," said the plaintive voice of Jimmy.

"No, darling, wait a minute," and kissing him, she turned to Jack as her only friend.

"Will ye please hold him, sir, he'll be good wid ye?"

Jack took the little boy in his arms and crooned over him like an old nurse, while Dora, patient as a lamb, permitted them to fasten the rope around her, and they soon heard the word "safe; send another."

Jack Warren himself fastened the bowline around Jimmy; but once, as the child, trembling like an aspen leaf, moaned piteously, "Don't drown me, please, sir," the kind hearted sailor rubbed his red flannel shirt sleeve across his own eyes, as he said, "No, no, child, ye're safe. I'll risk it; haul away there!" but eagerly watching the swaying rope, as if his own life depended upon it, Jack never moved till he heard the words, "all right," and then rolling his cud over in his mouth, he moved away, satisfied.

Captain Caswell stood alone on the wreck. He had seen every one transferred, and with one hearty "Thank God," he prepared to lower himself. This was not so easy a task as when assisted by others; the boat, too, was overloaded, and the ship had drifted a quarter of a mile, but he was soon safely alongside, and was heartily welcomed on board the good ship Rochester, by Captain Britton.

The Captain's first thought after finding all safe, was to visit Mrs. Kenney. He found her feeble and exhausted; during those long days of suspense and anxiety, her courage had never wavered. But the weak, frail body showed the effects of this unusual strain upon its forces. Day after day passed, but she did not rally; she was most kindly cared for, and nothing that the ship afforded was denied, nor any attention omitted.

The evening called Captain Caswell to her bedside.

"My friend," said she, "I can no longer delay a confession which it now seems my duty to make. I have long been wasting by a slow, but fatal disease, which I have hitherto concealed from Edward, for I had hoped by care to ward off its final termination for some years. But the sad effects of the last week have hastened my death. I cannot live many days, perhaps not many hours, and must leave my last directions with you." She then spent an hour in explaining to the Captain her wishes, and leaving with him her last words for Edward. He listened attentively, and occupied the rest of the night in writing, it down for her son. About morning an attendant came to tell him that she feared the lady was dead, for she could not rouse her to take medicine. Captain Caswell was by her side instantly. It was too true, she slept the sleep that knows no waking, and that calm face, with its regular features, looked more than ever as if wrought in marble.

Captain Caswell would have been glad to have preserved the body for burial on the soil of her birth place, but it could not be. They were still many weeks from port, with contrary winds, and with a heavy, reluctant heart he consented that her sepulchre should be the mighty deep.

He had suffered much on this voyage, but the saddest hour of all was when he read the burial service over the sleeping dust of his friend, and with folded arms stood by the sailors as slowly and with uncovered heads, they committed it to its watery grave. The waves murmured her requiem and the wild winds uttered a response.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRANNY BOLT'S SHOP—A FRIEND IN NEED.—"JONAS."

THE NEW HOME.

"And she gold apples, and she sold pies; And she the old woman that never told lies."

The Rochester was bound for New York, but on arriving there, Captain Caswell made arrangements with Harnden & Co. to send his passengers, and as many of his crew as desired, to Boston.

Dora felt sad and lonely without Biddy, for though she was fretful, and sometimes unkind, yet there was protection in the presence of an older person; then, too, Biddy had some money, and the directions where to find Peggy, all layed into her dress, as Uncle Mick had directed. These were gone; but Dora, having no idea of the size of Boston, gave herself no trouble on this account, for she supposed, in her simplicity, that the first person she should see on landing, would be her mother. Only once at Boston, the goal of all her hopes, and she would be safe. Her little heart beat very fast, as she heard those on board the steamer say, "We shall be at the wharf in ten minutes." The sight of the city, and the first view of the land, brought the tears, and holding Jimmy's hand very tight, she said, "Jimmy, darling, we're most here. This is Ameriky, dear—we shall see mother now!"

"Dodo will see mother," said the child; "Jimmy can't see." And then stopping a moment, as if a new thought had struck him—"Will mother make Jimmy see?"

Poor Dora could only kiss him and cry. Jimmy, as usual, laid his hand on her face. "Don't cry; Dodo will find mother soon."

Now came the bustle of landing. A crowd stood on Russia wharf; friend welcomed friend; carriages came, took up their passengers and rolled away; men of business came, with eager faces, to learn the news; clerks, with an air of busy importance, to look after their employers' freight; truckmen waited with imperturbable good humor; a few men, with battered hats and time-worn coats, loitered round for a job; and a crowd of children, mostly Irish, ragged and dirty, played round, some with thread and bent pin, trying to fish, sitting on the pier as fearless of water as the fishes they were vainly trying to hook. Two or three news boys, little old men as they seemed, offered the morning papers, and some old women, criered their oranges. Amid the crowd Dora and her little brother stood looking eagerly into every woman's face for mother. "Alas! poor child; the Dorchester, which had long before this been expected at Long wharf, now sleeps at the bottom of the ocean. On that wharf Peggy watched for many

days, that she might get the first glimpse of her little ones when the ship should arrive. But now the telegraph from New York has long since told the sad tale of the shipwreck, and, with its usual exaggeration, added the loss of nearly all the emigrants on board. Peggy has heard of it, and sits moaning in the attic of the great house where, hitherto, her cheerful temper and faithful toil have made her a valued servant.

Dora and Jimmy still wait in eager expectation; they have no baggage to look after, for their little chest, which contained the gifts of Maud, has shared the fate of the wreck. Slowly there comes upon the mind of Dora an idea, that the papers in Biddy's dress are needed now; that without them "mother" cannot be found. More eagerly now she peers round into the faces of the few women that are to be seen, but they are all strange to Dora, and their language seems almost as strange as their faces. Little Jimmy is patient, very patient; for there is something in Dora's voice, and in the tight grasp of her hand, that makes him fear she is in trouble. There is a bustle behind them, a gathering together of the children, a scream—"Pat Ryan is drowned!" and Dora sees a little boy struggling in the water; he has risen the second time, but not one among the group dares attempt his rescue. A tall, fine looking young fellow, standing on the deck of the steamer, hears the noise, sees the struggle for life, and plunges gravely in and brings the little half-drowned Irish boy safe in his arms. "Hurra! hurra! hurra!" cry all the little Pats and Michaels on the wharf, and the greasy caps and top hats make wondrous circles in the air, and the bare feet and half-covered legs keep time with the harsh music.

"Bah!" says a young man to his friend, the hero of the scene; "nothing but an Irish boy—not worth wetting those new pantaloons for; a greater mercy to let him drown. They are getting to be as numerous as the frogs and flies of Egypt, and quite as great a plague; for my part I wish they were all where they came from."

"I can't stop to argue the question, I must run for dry clothes," was the reply; and the young man, who was a clerk in Pearl Street, walked rapidly away, but not so fast but he was surrounded by a troop of Irish, all crying, "God's blessing on ye, ye saved his life! Hurra! here's the jittleman pulled Pat Ryan out of the water!"

"Long life to ye, sir!" Some even pulled at his coat, some ran before, and others behind; their noise attracting all the salesmen in the street to their doors. Provoked, at last, beyond endurance, the young man began using his arms to some purpose, pushing one this way, another that, and finding they stuck like burrs, he gave a few lusty kicks, seasoned with the exclamation, "Hang it all! I wish every mother's son of ye were in the bottom of the ocean," he took to his heels, and was soon out of sight.

Dora had heard and seen, and strange thoughts crept into her heart. She had left Ireland full of love to America, believing that it was her country's best friend, but this was the welcome! The place was being deserted, and the child's heart sunk within her, for she felt homeless and a stranger. Uncle Mick's words came to her, but they seemed like an echo of something she had said long, long ago, they didn't bring comfort.

"Holloa there! what's in the wind?" said the cheerful voice of Jack Warren, who, being this time only a passenger, had no duties on board, and had remained only from the force of habit, and to vent his indignation upon all "lubberly, snorting steam-boats, no more to be compared to a sailing vessel, than an eagle to a blubbering whale."

"Holloa, I say, my hearty!" tapping Dora gently on the shoulder, "where's your friends, haint you got none?"

The first word of kindness, rough spoken as it was, unsealed the full fountain in Dora's heart, and she burst into tears.

"Hush up little one, don't cry, cause ye see Jack Warren is a feller can stand a snow-enster; but when a gal's tears run, I'm just like now, I melt away, and there aint nothing left on me. Tell yer story, now, and Jack Warren's the feller can make a bow-line, ye remember."

Dora obeyed, and told her simple tale, and how she could not find "Biddy," because the papers were all soaked up in Mother Murphy's gown.

Jack heard the story, keeping his eyes fixed, meanwhile, not on the pretty face of Dora, but on the poor, weak blind child, who seemed so troubled, because Dora cried.

The sight carried Jack Warren far away from the foot of Pearl Street, from the busy wharf to a village among the New Hampshire hills, and to a little brown house, rude and plain, but there sits within a pale, gentle widow, and at her feet, a little blind girl.

Jack sees this picture as plain as if Jimmy were a daguerreotype of it, and he sees, too, those slight eyes of the little girl turn to the side door as it opens to admit a rough, barefooted boy; but the pale face of the little girl lights up as he enters, and her hands are stretched out for the strawberries and wild flowers he has brought her. The picture changes—the old house is there still, and the widow is there, and the little girl, too, but this time she lies in a coffin. The great rough boy opens the door—again, too, he brings flowers, but no arms are outstretched for them, no sweet voice welcomes him, but he carries them and lays them gently in the coffin, on the breast, and beside the folded white hands. He speaks no word, but the flowers are watered with his tears. Yes, Jack Warren, the sailor, in his red woolen shirt, tarpaulin hat, and duck trousers, is looking at that picture now, as the two Irish children stand before him. He forgets all the hardships of his sailor life, and lives once more with his little blind sister, the only child he ever loved. For her sake he was kind to Jimmy—for her sake he cannot forsake a friendless child.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PRAYER.

Newton, stretching his thread of calculation from star to star, and holding the thread firmament in the grasp of his thought, is not so sublime a sight as Newton, kneeling upon the earth, and through that awful veil of glittering worlds, apprehending and adoring Him who made them all. And the most miserable and insignificant of men—the beggar, in the rind of his poverty, and the penitent thief, and the little child in the wake of the dying soldier, trampled in the bloody mire of the battle field, and the unconsidered unit, clinging like a barnacle to the drifting hull of civilization, when they pray, the fashion of their countenance is altered; the husk of their mortality cleaves open, and they put on an expression of illimitable grandeur.

Poetry.

THE CRISIS.

BY JAMES EVERETT LOWELL.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people! on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enable her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages, and the beacon moments see,
Like peaks of some sunken continent, jut through oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low, foreboding cry
Of those crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet
earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne;
Yet the scaffold aways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Stands God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

MINNIE;

OR THE DISCOVERY.

The period of our story is just after the Restoration. The Stuarts are back upon the throne of England. Cromwell is no more. The roundheads are disappearing, with their solemn suits and stern visages. The whole country is awakening from its long trance of puritanical asceticism. Mirth, pleasure, gaiety, hilarity, have burst the bonds under which bigotry and intolerance had so long restrained them, and are plunging into extravagance and license. London is beside itself with its new freedom. Like boys from school, the people rush into absurd demonstrations of pleasure. Antics and buffoonery are the fashion. Theatres spring up everywhere. Music and the dance are in every house. Jest and song awake the echoes of the night. Mad mirth is the rage. The whole nation appears to have gone into motley manners, and shakes its cap and bells with abandoned glee.

Among many of the gentry who came up to London after the Restoration, was Sir Philip Ardent, and his daughter Minnie.

It is not in my power to describe Minnie Ardent. I only say that she had two eyes, dark and flashing, which danced a perpetual merry jig, and shot incessant glances of wit and mirth; brown masses of curls, which fell down over her white shoulders, and with every curl a barbed arrow from Cupid's own bow; her cheeks were rosy, and her lips were red, and upon those lips there came and went smiles, radiant as sunlight; her form, tall and finely moulded, was crowned by a delicate grace. She was all this, and I can enumerate her charms in mathematical order—but still she will remain undescribed.

Can I paint the bloom upon the peach? Can pen or pencil pourtray the fragrance of the rose?

I will call her beautiful. Let that word suffice for her charms, her buoyant spirits, her merry wit, and the sly mischief that lurked in the corner of her glorious eyes, I have no power to depict.

Minnie was a sharp, shrewd, or hoydenish maid. Her wit and her mirth were delicate and sparkling, not noisy and demonstrative, while veins of tenderness and passion underlay the laughing surface. A large soul was hers, with wide sympathies, far-reaching, and strange depths.

Do not believe that your serious natures have the richest soils and the sunniest fruits. Wit is the sharp edge which intellect gives to sentiment.

Did Minnie love? Love is the touch which gives the complete fullness and last ripeness to the charms of woman. Without love they are fine porcelain, hollow, cold, pretty, and superficial.

But did Minnie love? There was one who asked that question daily—who dreamed of it at night—who lay for hours devising schemes which should bring an answer to the momentous question—who hung upon Minnie's lips daily, with earnest hope, for such chances words of comfort as he could gather up; who rallied her, beseeched her, pleaded with her—did everything that lovers do, who pertinaciously torment each other—and yet could not solve the problem.

Remotely allied to her by kindred—Minnie's playmate in her childhood, her companion in youth, her lover now—Edward Willoughby, was a handsome, agreeable, sensible fellow, who had wit for her wit, banter for her banter—and love for her love, whenever she would make the exchange.

But Edward could neither coax nor force her into a confession. Forty times a day would he declare that he loved her, and forty times a day would she shoot a mocking dart from her black eyes into his heart, and run away from him laughing but blushing.

A poet has said that a woman might do a more foolish thing than to fall in love with a man—and a wiser one than to tell him of it. Minnie Ardent, very possibly may have felt some such principle, though I do protest that she could not have been indebted to the aforesaid poet for the idea, inasmuch as she flourished a hundred years or so after our heroine.

Edward and Minnie rode out together, walked together, read together; and if ever under the inspiration of the love star there was a youth fascinated, enchanted, bewildered, intoxicated, enraptured—nesting on roses in one breath, and upon thorns the next—playing a perpetual see-saw of hopes and hopes down—soaring upon the wings of ecstasy only to be suddenly clipped and hurled back to earth again—such a man was Edward Willoughby.

But Edward was shrewd enough not to show all he felt. He could affect indifference, and turn the point of the keen taunt with polished retort, and adroitly vex Minnie almost into a betrayal of her real feelings, but never quite. Scheme and device, and never the actor, as at times he would, Minnie was never enough off her guard to betray the secret, she possessed.

They had had adventures together, too—the happy, set pleasures that love can know. He even served

her life once—plucked her from the boiling eddies of a torrent, and dragged her to the shore insensible, himself exhausted and fainting. There upon the green bank, with her white still face upon his knee, and no eye upon them, he snatched passionate kisses until a glow began to tinge the palor of her cheek. She awoke, stared, staggered up, shot a quick, inquiring, penetrating glance at him and burst into laughter.

"You were nigh unto death," exclaimed he angrily.

"Are you 'he'?" was the quick retort.

"Your danger was desperate, Minnie. You owe thanks."

"To my valorous preserver. What thanks shall I bestow? He is a brave knight and a modest. He is the herald to his own glory."

Edward flushed and bit his lip.

"You mistake."

"It was not you that saved me, then? You are here to claim somebody else's honor?"

"It was no honor."

"No?"

"Duty, madam, only. I would have saved a beggar."

"A great deal quicker. I've no doubt."

"Yes; for a beggar would have thanked me."

"Ay, but with a beggar you would not have taken a reward unbidden."

Edward flushed again.

"You were sensible, then?"

"I knew nothing."

"Then—"

"Oh, Master Edward, I've a quick eye, and can make conclusions."

"You are offended?"

"At saving my life? possibly—that is, if you think it an offense."

"No; at the stolen sweets."

"Now you rave. Don't you see I'm wet through, and shall die yet with a cold? Let us hasten forward."

Edward tore off his cloak, and flung it around her shoulders. He wound his arms around her waist to hold it on, and so guided her steps. She permitted it, and he was happy.

He detected, or fancied it, something more hopeful in her manner after this, and many were the air castles that straightway he built.

But soon there appeared a rival—an own cousin—a splendid town fellow; gay, flippant, of as many colors as the rainbow, with ribbons enough to stock a mercer's. finical, pretty, conceited, and a fool!

It was a biped of the sort that women like. With his coming Edward saw all hope vanish. The fellow kept Minnie's ear continually—appeared to fascinate her. Edward at first pouted, then raved, then scorned; and many a hot battle of words passed between him and Minnie.

One day he walked up to her abruptly, and said—

"Minnie, you must tell me—do you love me or not? I want an answer—yes, or no?"

"Dear me, Edward, how determined you look. Of course I love you—and all mankind, I hope."

"There! there! you are playing with me again."

"Why do you nibble, then, at my hook?"

"Minnie, you are driving me mad. You are making me desperate. I shall leave England—flee to the wilds of America, where, amid the terrible forests, the ferocious beasts, the cannibals—"

"Will they eat you?"

"That's right; mock me, Minnie! But farewell—your shall never see me again!" And off he rushed.

He stayed away a whole day, and Minnie became alarmed. She flew in a rage at her cousin, Edward's rival, drove him away with angry words, and went to bed that night positively weeping.

The next morning at breakfast there was no Edward. Minnie was sad, and did not eat. An hour later she went to his apartment. His desolate look struck her to the heart. She began to weep again, her merriment and her wit were all gone.

In an open drawer lay a miniature. It was his own. Minnie seized it with avidity, kissed it, cried over it, as what woman would not, and ended by putting it in her bosom. She felt more relieved after this, and began to hope that he was not going to America after all.

Still the hours passed without his return, and she grew more troubled. She even thought of going to her father, and confessing all—and urge him to prevent Edward's rash purpose.

Almost resolved on this, to her, desperate step, she was entering the drawing room, in an abstracted manner, when suddenly she became aware of Edward's presence. He was seated in a cool indifferent manner, toying with his cap. For a moment Minnie flushed, and an exclamation of pleasure almost escaped her lips; but in less than a second's duration she had assumed her usual manner.

"Dear me, you here? I thought we were rid of you. I was contemplating the pleasant feast the cannibals had in store; and congratulating the world that at last you were likely to prove of some use to mankind."

"I have concluded that the best way I can be of use to the world, is to stay and torment you into a consumption."

"You do torment me into a good appetite."

"And mean yet to torment you into love—!"

"Into marriage possibly, so that I can be rid of you?"

"Do you know what brought me back?"

"No; and am quite indifferent."

"Because you sent away your cousin, Sir Charles."

"Then I'll have him back in ten minutes."

"No, you won't!"

"Won't?"

"No, for in less than ten minutes I shall have a confession from those lips."

"Are you mad?"

"Madly in love, once; now mad with joy, for I see victory."

He was reclining carelessly on a divan, and Minnie was standing near.

"You are a fool, Edward! What do you mean?"

"Mean! That you love me, and I know it."

"Love you? I love nobody. What's love to me? I am happy as I am! I ask for nothing more."

"You refuse to confess?"

"Yes."

Edward seized her hand.

"And do not love me?"

"When I have lost my wit, and am hopelessly a fool, then I'll think of it."

"And will not marry?"

"Not the king himself, if he were marriageable, and at my feet."

"I believe you, for your choice would be nearer home."

"I have no choice. Have done with this absurd talk, Edward. I love no one—"

"Then what does this mean?"

He snatched the miniature from her bosom, the cord of which he had detected almost the moment she entered the room, and held it up exultingly before her face.

Minnie was all confusion. Her usual coolness and ready wit forsook her. She turned her head and tried to break from him, while blush upon blush, in rosy waves, rushed up over her cheek and brow.

"Look! look!" exclaimed the elated Edward, leaping to his feet, and clasping her waist. "Look! am I not victorious? You love no one, eh? Look! look!"

He forced the miniature before her gaze; then, with a loud laugh, caught her, struggling in his arms, and snatched a kiss from her blazing cheek.

Minnie was fairly conquered. She could do nothing but yield. Edward did not release her, until she confessed her passion; nor did they part before they solemnly pledged their loves, and were betrothed.

"It was those American cannibals that did it," exclaimed Edward, when all was settled.

"You never intended to go, you provoking wretch," said Minnie.

"It was a plot, I confess," replied he.

"What, the miniature left exposed and all?"

"Yes."

"Oh, if I had but suspected it! To think I have been outwitted? I could hate you for it, Edward."

"Not hating me—what then?"

"Why, the next thing to it—I'll marry you for it!"

EVELYN HOPE.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!

Sit and watch by her side an hour.

That is her body-shelf, this her bed;

She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,

Beginning to die too, in the glass.

Little has yet been changed, I think;

The shutters are shut—no light may pass.

Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—

It was not her time to love; beside,

Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough and little cares;

And now was quiet, now astir—

Till God's hand beckoned unawares,

And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?

What! your soul was pure and true;

The good stars met in your horoscope,

Made you of spirit, fire and dew;

And just because I was thrice as old,

And our paths in the world diverged so wide,

Each was taught to each, must I be told?

We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above

Is great to grant, as mighty to make,

And creates the love to reward the love.

I claim you still, for my own love's sake!

Delayed it may be for more lives yet;

Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few;

Much is to learn and much to forget.

Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will—

When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,

In the lower earth—in the years long still—

That body and soul so pure and gay?

Why your hair was amber I shall divine,

And your mouth of your own geranium's red—

And what you would do with me, in fine,

In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,

Given up myself so many times,

Gained me the gains of various men,

Ransacked the ages, spelt the climes;

Yet one thing—only in my soul's full scope,

Either I missed or I myself missed me—

And I want and find you Evelyn Hope!

What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;

My heart seemed full as it could hold—

There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,

And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.

So, hush! I will give you this last to keep;

See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.

There, that is our secret! to sleep;

You will wake, and remember, and understand.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"NELLIE'S TRUST."

A REMINISCENCE OF LONG AGO.

BY ALCARE RITCHIE.

It was just at twilight, one beautiful summer's day, years ago, that a bevy of young school girls stood at the gate of the seminary at W., laughing and chatting merrily. I was there, too, for I had been a pupil there some two years. Our principal was a very stern man, and the assistant was "enough like him, to be his sister," and we were seldom allowed to stand there, or even to take a walk without Miss A.—was with us. I don't know how it happened, that she was not there then, but I know we were full of hilarity and mirth, at the idea of not being checked in our conversation by her. Two young girls were coming up the walk, and we ceased our chatting as they drew near.

"Are you going to our picnic to-morrow girls?" we asked, as they stopped at the gate.

"Yes, indeed! I am," was the answer of the tallest of the two, a sprightly, black-eyed girl, "and I'll vouch for Nellie. You'll go, won't you, Nell?" she added, turning to her friend.

"I don't know—where are you going?"

"Oh, most everywhere," was the laughing answer.

"You must know," she continued, "that Emma's father," and here she looked at Emma Freeman very gratefully, "has tendered us a picnic (and between you and I, girls, I consider it a perfect God-send, to get us out of Miss A.—'s clutches, for one day at least) and so, our most gracious master, after a long deliberation, has consented. I don't know," she continued, looking up with a saucy air, "but that I'll study all the day after the picnic, just to prove my eternal gratitude. Well, I didn't tell you where we were going, did I? We are going down Willow Glen, in a hay cart—That's the fun of it, you know; and we shall spend the morning there, then we are going over to the fort."

"To the fort! Why, we didn't understand that," chimed in several voices.

"Yes, to the fort," answered Emma Freeman.

"Col. Armstead, who is an old friend of my father's, hearing that we were going to have an excursion, has sent us an invitation to visit the fort, and a grand good time we'll have, too."

"Well, well," laughed black-eyed Edna, "come down to the spring, girls, and let's drink to the health of our benefactor," and Edna's gipsy hat went up into air like a flash.

It was but a short way to the spring, and a mo-

ment or two brought us there. Edna dipped her white hands in and brought up the sparkling water, with "Here's to the health of the school girl's friend, Franklin J. Freeman, Esq." With what a hearty good will we did the same. Then again, "Our military friend, Col. Armstead—May he walk in peace." Once more, and the hands came up dripping again, "Our prim school ma'am, Miss A.—In life's journey, we may go farther, and fare worse." We turned to leave, but Edna stopped us with "only once more. Let us drink to the one that may go with us, but not to return."

What did she mean? But we drank to it. Then she laughingly told us that if we went to the fort, she should expect some of us would not return *whole*, at least; and we let it pass at that. We retraced our steps, and after Nellie had consented to accompany us, we bade each other good night, those who lived near, returning to their homes, and the rest of us, who boarded there, going back into the seminary again. That night we were too busy, dreaming of the anticipated pleasure of the morrow, to keep quiet when the matron went through the hall; and then, when the door closed upon her retreating form, to light the candle, and write letters, or study lessons that *ought* to have been learned hours ago. We had too many thoughts of the coming picnic; and so we settled ourselves to rest, that we might rise with the earliest song of the birds. Well, morning came, as it always will, after the longest night, but it seemed a long time to us, from our rising till the hour of nine. But at that hour, the hay cart drew up in front of the seminary gate, and we all rushed into it pell-mell. We were about two hours reaching Willow Glen, and when we arrived, found there a goodly company from the neighboring town awaiting us. The morning passed away in rambling and wandering through the wood, and at noontime, some of the older ones spread a repast, to which we did ample justice. Then we had speeches, and toasts were given in joyousness; and then Edna made a speech, thanking Mr. Freeman in our behalf, and pledging herself never to forget him, if he would prefer us another at the close of the next spring term; when we should leave the school. How her black eyes sparkled, as he promised. And Mr. Freeman—how he laughed when Edna had finished. And Nellie sang to us—pure Nellie, with passing away written on her brow. But we did not know she was going so soon. After that, the time passed quickly, with dancing, singing, sailing, and playing games, and late in the afternoon, the boats were filled for the fort. As we came in sight of it, the band stationed there struck up our national melody, Yaxee Doodle. How our childish voices caught up the sound and echoed it back again. How proud we felt, too, when with Edna's pleading, they raised the flag, and the stars and stripes floated out from our little schooner. We landed, and Col. Armstead met us with a welcoming smile. Then Mr. Freeman introduced us to the gallant Colonel, first Edna, then Nellie, then as we were changed to come. We went up to the fort, passing the noble looking being, who stood as sentinel, and smiled so sweetly as we entered. We went all through the fort, gazing upon the bristling cannon in silent awe, our footstep falling with a dull, heavy sound upon the stone floor, as we passed through the corridors. In the central hall, we sat down to a sumptuous feast kindly provided by the Colonel. After that was brought, four of us sang Hail Columbia, and then Nellie sang the Soldier's Farewell, in her sweet voice, and the cheers went up from those brave hearts again and again, floating far out upon the still waters. Oh, Nellie! Asked you for warmer, truer praise than that? For a long while we lingered there, and just at sunset, Nellie and I sat down on the stone steps to hear the band play. The sentinel at the gateway, kept his gaze fixed on Nellie, and she seemed to be equally attracted towards him.

She then told me she thought it must be Edgar. This Edgar Whittier she had often spoken to me of, having met with him in the city. Then I proposed that we should walk down towards the gateway, and if it were Edgar, she would not be long in ascertaining. It was Edgar, as I soon found. She introduced us to each other, and we had a pleasant little chat; then I left them together. I saw Nellie give him a little frown from her bouquet, and I felt that her heart was his keeping. As the company began making preparations for departure, Nellie beckoned me to her and placed my hand in his.

"In a short timely father will come for me, and I shall leave school. Where I shall go, I am, as yet, uncertain; but, my friend Edgar, you can trust her, she is true to me."

He looked at me with his large, cheerful eyes, gazing down as if he would read my soul, saying nothing, yet seeming to ask if I would be true. And I looked up at him, fearlessly, and answered, "God helping me, Edgar, I will keep the trust!" And we went away. Edgar rallied us on our partiality for "a bold sinner," but I said nothing. I was "keeping the trust!" Answering the gay calls of some of my merry companions, I seated myself in the schooner, but Nellie staid in the small boat. Beside Nellie, and the boy who was rowing, there was but one other in it, and she was a class-mate of Nellie's. The wind laid sprang up, and there were signs of an approaching storm, so we hurried on our way. We, all of us, suddenly ceased our mirth—something was brooding over us, and weighing down our spirits! On it comes—that threatening storm! Will it strike us ere we reach "Willow Glen?" A shriek, which sounds in my ear even now, as I write; so plainly it stamped itself on my soul then, startled us. One of the boats had capsized! I looked anxiously around—two human beings were struggling in the water. One of the boats started for them, but a pale face floated up twice—then sank!

Nellie was gone! The other two were saved; but we would not go and leave her there, so cold and still, under the dark waters. So after a long while Nellie was brought up, all dripping, and we started for the seminary with saddened and lonely hearts. Afar off, I could see a sentinel, in uniform, pacing his rounds upon the battlement of the fort, and a white handkerchief waving in the air. It seemed to say, "is all, yell?" and I buried my face in my hands. I could not return the signal to him—would not his heart die within him? Oh, Edgar! Edgar! was I "keeping the trust?" then? We got home at last, and in answer to a telegraphic dispatch, Nellie's father came to carry her away. I thought of him, and severed a bright ringlet from the head, so still in the coffin! Here's to the one that may go with us, but not to return! We knew what that meant now! So we six girls went down to "the spring" again. "To the memory of Nellie, who has gone before!" We did not drink the sparkling water then.

No—we knelt down, each one of us, around the spring, and wept bitterly! Our Nellie!

I went away from school after that, for with "Nellie's trust" on my soul, I could not stay there! I had not seen Edgar since that day, but I took the golden ringlet and placed it in a locket, which held her miniature, and wore it around my neck always, for I believed it would bring him to me some day!

Two years passed away; and, amidst festivity and mirth, I met Edgar once more. He looked upon me, but he did not know me. His eyes were as mournful as ever, and the olden look was in them, saying, "will you be true?" I took the locket from my neck, and laid it in his hand, saying, "God helping me, Edgar, I will keep the trust!" He started, grasped my hand fervently, and said, "God bless you, Aclare! I'm a lonely man; now she is gone, but this is with me yet!"—and he showed me the little blue wild-flower she had given him that day—"and I've not forgotten her, of whom Nellie said, 'she is true to me!' Good bye!" That was all, and we parted—neither of us forgotten, Nellie!

And where are you, Edgar? Of earth life yet? Have you grown old, and are the gray hairs scattered thickly amongst your raven locks? Is your soul steeped in sin, or has Nellie guided you and kept it pure and noble as then? Or, have you gone to meet Nellie? I am growing old, and I've seen dark days since then, but—God helping me, Edgar, I'll keep the trust!" yet!

Yea! Now and forevermore!

SPIRITS.

All over doth this outer earth
An inner earth unfold,
And sounds may reach us of its mirth,
Over its pale of gold.
There spirits dwell—unwooded all
From the shapes and hues they wore;
Though still their printless footsteps fall
By the hearths they loved before.
We mark them not, nor hear the sound
They make in circling all around
Their bidding sweet and voiceless prayer
Float without echo on the air;
Yet often in unworthy places,
Soft sorrow's twilight values;
We meet them with uncovered faces,
Outside their golden pales.

From Putnam's Monthly.

RHOCUS.

A STORY OF TOO LATE.

In the lovely Age of Gold, when the rich rivers rolled milk and honey, and the mountains drew rainbows about their shoulders as a lady draws her scarf when ivory and rubies and the tails of peacocks grew on trees, and all the face of Earth was dimpled with the smiles of happy people—in the lovely Age of Gold, the melodious Age of Gold, there lived a god named Pan, who reigned in the name of Nature. For Pan, in the old Greek tongue, means All; and Pan, the god, stood for all that nature is, that nature makes—all in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth—the stars in the sky, and diamonds in the mine, and coral and shells in clanking caves or mermaids' bowers down deep under the many-sounding sea.

But the chosen haunts of Pan were in among the profound shadows of forests, and beneath the Gothic arches of brown boughs. Away from the high heats of noon, he slept in twilight grottoes; or lolled among dripping stones, while pranksome waterfalls sprinkled him with spray. But when Jack o' lantern, and the fire-flies, were up and about, he sang to the constellations jound songs of good-fellowship, and danced with the hamadryads under the moon; for Pan was king of the greenwood, and ruled over all that was wild.

The hamadryads, the sweet-hearts of Pan, were wood-nymphs. At night they tripped with him in the meadows, in the likeness of lovely maidens with eyes like the blue sky with stars, and hair of yellow moonlight. But no sooner did the first fiery streak in the East show that Phoebus was driving up the chariot of the sun, than they took root as they stood in their places, and their fair soft skin was changed into russet bark, and their slender waists stretched upward in tall trunks, and their pliant arms were extended and divided in many boughs, and their silver hair became as tender leaflets and the tendrils of wild vines.

For the lives of the hamadryads, if still they live, are as the lives of the oak, and the elm, and the sycamore; their veins run sap instead of red blood; their hearts are one with the hearts of the trees; like them, they spring from nut and slip; like them, they fall before the storm or the axe; like them, are scathed by the lightning. It is they who sigh and moan to the sighing wind that comes over the graves of shepherds; it is they who groan and shriek when the storm fiend rends their graceful limbs and tears their beautiful hair.

In those days, the golden days of Pan, dwelt Rhocus, the handsome shepherd, among the silver fountains of Hyllis, where he and his merry comrades ran races for wild honey, or chased the chattering spotted squirrel to his hole in the topmost boughs. A light-hearted, thoughtless fellow, Rhocus, to whom a sad face or a sighing heart were as strange a sight as a snow-ball to a Hindoo, or a butterfly to a shivering Laplander.

Once Rhocus found a falling oak in the forest—a venerable and majestic tree, that in a few weeks, or so soon as the first blustering gale should come to shake it by the shoulders, would be laid prostrate in the dust, and all the pride of its leafy crown be brought to shame. So he was touched with a freak of pity, to call his idle, romping mates; and, all together, and with all their hearts, they helped the poor, old forest king, bringing stout beams to prop him up, and tough vines to bind him to his younger and more sturdy attendants.

And when the work was done, and night was falling, and the rest had gone to bathe their tired and dusky limbs in the cool springs, Rhocus stretched his length on the dewy grass at the feet of his fine old tree, and with fingers interlocked under his head, made the woods ring again, startling the owls and the night country-sons of old Greece. And presently there stood, between him and the moon, a maiden, lovelier than a dream of going to heaven on wings, whose look was like a kiss, and her voice more pleasant than the comfortablest home-sons of crickets. And she said: "Rhocus, good Rhocus, beautiful Rhocus, I am a hamadryad, daughter of the greenwood; from the gray forest king whose life your pity has prolonged I had my life at first, and all of good or beautiful that pertains to it. Therefore, whatsoever is in my gift to give you, ask and take. The birds, full of songs, are yours, if you will have them; and the spotted snakes, and the quick, cunning squirrels

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PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Those desirous of receiving this paper by mail, are informed that money sent in registered letters will be at our risk. For terms, see advertisement on the eighth page.

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
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ROYALTY.

Most Americans respect the lady who occupies the throne of Great Britain, not for the diadem she wears, but for the gentle womanly qualities she possesses. Her excellence in the sanctuary of home, endears her to their hearts far more than the gilded bauble and the purple robe. Yet, looking at the destitution and grudgingly paid toll which exists and spreads over the mining and factory districts of England; thinking of the little children, whose bodies and souls are crushed in the dungeons, where the sun never enters; it is sad, very sad, to hear of titled or treasury-fed rulers imposing such weary burdens upon the people. Nine children! The bells of London ring out joyously, the flags flutter triumphantly from the forest of masts floating upon the Thames, as each infant born of that mother enters upon life; but down that dismal alley another mother clutches her infant—an infant with an immortal soul as perfect as the other—to her breast, and moans—moans for want of food to appease the hunger of her little one. Ah! who can say to that mother, as she sits there, rocking to and fro in her agony, while those bells, so merry as they chime over the turrets of Westminster, sound in her ears, like a dirge over the babe she loves devotedly and steadfastly, with as perfect an affection as can exist in the heart of that other mother, whose child is christened "princess"; who can say to that sad woman, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods?" Ah! how despairingly come the words she has learned, and keeps ever repeating, for fear her heart shall become stony and refuse to utter them—"Father, thy will be done!"

Each "prince" or "princess" born in that palace snatches at the crust of bread the furnishing little one holds in its bony fingers; binds down to sterner, more unrelenting toil, the worn and weary-hearted laborer, crushes out of the wretched dwelling of poverty the little happiness it possesses, and forges another fetter for the aspiring mind.

The latest news from England tells of the coming marriage of the eldest "princess," and of the gross outrage committed by the rulers upon the people, in giving to that "princess"—whose Prussian "heir apparent" is amply able, with the money stolen by his family from the poor and the down-trodden, to support said "princess,"—two hundred thousand dollars in cash, and an annuity of forty thousand dollars during her life. Is it not monstrous? The nobles and nabobs who voted this largess to a young lady, own large parks, extending over miles of the most luxuriant land in England and Ireland. The soil intended by God to bring forth fruit for the sustenance of the life of his creatures, is fenced round with impenetrable walls and hedges, shut out even from their gaze, while gaunt, pitiless hounds, and pompous and more pitiless men, torment the most innocent of God's creatures, the deer and the rabbit, within the enclosure.

It is time the people should arise, and feel that they are men; that they too have a right to set their feet upon the earth in freedom; that they will no more submit to coin their life's best blood into crowns and sceptres for their rulers, into manacles for themselves.

The evangel of the resurrection has arisen—a poet, powerful to sway the hearts of the people: may he remain true to the mission, for which he was raised up from that dismal factory den, and sing louder and louder the hymn of enfranchisement, until it awakes all the echoes of the land and the people put on the dignity of freedom.

"With hand to hill, and ear to earth, waits Revolution,
 To catch the resurrection sound of Liberty the deathless!"

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

Some of our readers have questioned the genuineness of the communications under the head of "The Messenger," on account of the familiarity of language employed, and the resemblance which they indicate as existing between life in the spirit world and life in this. We have received some honest inquiries on several points connected with them, and our correspondents express a great amount of wonder at some of the thoughts and circumstances narrated.

The cause of all this wonderment, and of all these doubts, is to be found in the false education which we have received in our early life respecting the future existence. Very little has been taught on the subject, but that little has been a great obstacle in the way of many in their efforts to arrive at a truthful decision as regards the mode and matter of modern spirit manifestations.

The spirit world has been to mankind, for centuries past, a fog island in the great ocean of Form, on which beings without bodies, or form, or anything in fact, were supposed to live, doing nothing, and expected to do nothing throughout—"the never ending ages of eternity," but praising God in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, with no companions on golden harps. But whether this existence was, or was to be; whether the body was laid beneath the sod, the spirit lay down in blissful ignorance beside it, or at once passed to the city of golden streets, no one could determine from what he was told; for with one breath an expression of joy was given over the dreamless sleep of one who was to rest from his labors until the end of

the world, and with the next came songs of praise for the happy transition of the spirit from a world of conflict and sorrow to one of victory and gladness.

Spiritualism comes like a teacher from Heaven, and speaks as one having authority. It tells us that there is no cessation to the action of the Mind; that we pass from this to the spirit world as we go from one house to another; and that we are the same identical individuals a moment after our transition that we were a moment before the change. What difference there may be is only in the circumstances that surround us,—the conditions in which we are placed. We are the same.

We have been asked "how it is that this and that spirit is described as having all the peculiar appearances, be they beautiful, or otherwise, which it had when on earth. Many seem to look for such miraculous changes in their friends, that were they really to occur, those friends would not know themselves, and might fairly conclude that a general resurrection of bodies, according to the Calvinistic idea, had actually taken place, and that, in the hurry of so much work having to be done in one day, and that too in time to meet "the judgment," they had been thrust into the wrong bodies. These persons who expect such great changes in their friends, do not seem to realize that it is these very peculiarities that constitute their individuality, and cause John Smith to be a different person from John Jones.

Our idea of the matter is this: Our spirit bodies correspond in every particular to those we call our earthly forms; the former permeating and dwelling in every atom of the latter, and imparting to this flesh and these bones that which we call "life." This being so, it is evident that when this husk, as it were, falls off, or when the spirit makes its exit from this form, the spiritual body thus eliminated retains the form and feature of that which we call the material body, for the same reason that a casting retains the form of the mould from which it is taken. If, consequently, our friend who last week passed from his earthly body should be seen in his spirit form, he would appear precisely as he did to us when in his earthly form, ten days ago. Do you object to this? and say, "He was deformed, and, though loving and warm-hearted, had features that belied his true character, making him appear the reverse of what he was." We reply, the spiritual body is of a nature more subjective to the spirit than was the material body; and, under the harmonizing and beautifying influences of the circumstances there surrounding it, will rapidly disenthral itself of the disfigurements which marked it on earth.

Nothing is more clearly proved by the revelations of Spiritualism than the fact that the change which we call "death" does not affect the identity of the individual. He that passes from this earthly temple with noble aspirations, pure and holy thoughts, and all those traits of life that constitute our highest conceptions of manhood, will enter the world of spirits clothed with them as with a garment; on the other hand, he who in this state of existence grovels amid thoughts and scenes below his legitimate plane,—whose animal passions govern his spiritual, rendering in two natures, the material and spiritual, or, in other words, the human and divine, inharmoniously combined, will pass to his new stage of action under the control of the lower conditions of earth, and all his words and acts will prove it. In both cases a change awaits. He who is pure will advance to higher planes of thought and action, and he whom man calls "evil" may oscillate for a time between the high and low, but will eventually move towards the former, and remain steadfast to an advancing condition. All change will be progressive, nothing sudden, and no event can occur to destroy man's individuality.

For this reason, we accept the peculiarities of the communications we publish as the strongest evidence of their genuineness, and that they are not the productions of one mind, but originate in the various minds from whom they purport to come. Those to whom they are addressed recognize them, and often say to us, "it sounds like him," "it is just as she talked on earth." Even skeptics, or those who know nothing of Spiritualism, recognize, in the expressions used, and the form their communications are dressed in, the identity of their friends.

THEOLOGICALS AND CIVILIANS.

There has lately been issued from the press an ostentatious work, entitled, "The American Biographical Dictionary," in which the author, "William Allen, D.D., late President of Bowdoin College, &c., &c., &c.," presumes to look from his narrow stand point of bigotry, intolerance and fanaticism, and judge the intellects, the thoughts and the actions of men, to whom his light is as the expiring wick of a farthing candle to the brightness of the sun at noonday.

Hear what this critical divine says of men who will live in the hearts of the human race long after the title of "D.D." shall have passed into oblivion. Of Andrew Jackson, he says:—

It deserves the consideration of a people entrusted with the power of choosing their own rulers, whether they can be justified by any principle of duty, or by a wise regard to their own security, in elevating a murderer to the highest rank in the community. Whether, if they do this, they must not make a poor claim to be regarded as an intelligent and virtuous people, worthy of God's gift of freedom.

Poor demented creature, did you ever read in that bible you quote so often the account of the Pharisee who blasphemed against his Maker, by thanking him that he was not as other men?

Of DANIEL WEBSTER, he speaks thus:—

He aimed to be President of the United States; but failed. Had he held that station for the last four years, it is not supposable that his strong arm would have failed to shield the new settlers and citizens of the far West from the outrage of border-ruffianism.

This vain man presumes to judge his fellows according to his own shallow ideas; and in his notice of ROBERT RANTOUL JR., defames him because he did not believe in capital punishment, and says it is a "Divine injunction to punish the murderer with death," and glories, with fiendish exultation, over the death of an unhappy man who was executed in this city some years ago. This Reverend Doctor of Divinity forgets the Christ that nullified the old Levitical law, cast aside its gloomy judgments of bitterness and revenge, and inaugurated in its stead a law of mercy, forgiveness of injuries, and love to man. Where in the teachings of Christ can be found the "Divine injunction to punish the murderer with death?"

Of ROBERT TRIST PAINÉ, a man, the latechete of whose shoes this D.D. is unworthy to unloose, he writes:—

There is nothing of simple, natural beauty in any of the writings of Mr. Paine. His prose is in bad taste, and his poetry is entirely unworthy of the commendation bestowed upon it, by his contemporaries. But, had he written the most beautiful poetry, it would have been worthless, associated with his own

immoral character. No poet has power over the heart, if, known to be a gamster, and intemperate, and a profligate lover of pleasure.

Poetry, forsooth! Poetry does not grow up among such rank weeds as exists in this priest's heart, and yet he presumes to judge! What can he know of poetry, who hugs hatred and revenge and superstition to his bosom, as idols of worship.

Ah Sir! Poet!

Holds no communion with such thoughts as these.
 In her enchanted garden, 'mid the flowers,
 Grows no base thing, but in the lalmy air,
 Walking as angels walked in Paradise,
 Hope, and her sister, white-robed Charity,
 Move onward, circled by the arms of Love.

We have not patience to follow his slanderous attacks upon the living and the dead; the work is a loathsome one, and should be avoided like the leprosy.

A TRIP TO NAHANT.

The "Nelly Baker," one morning after the destruction of the world—was to be; numbered among its passengers two of "ours." The polite attentions of Captain Covill and his gentlemanly Clerk Mr. William E. Melvin are not readily forgotten. With a fresh breeze from the north, we sped swiftly over the waters; passing by stately ships, graceful yachts and miniature sail boats. The "Nelly," never looked so charming or acted so well. The trip to the ocean girl peninsula was a short one.

Our first visit was to the stately hotel, surpassed in extent and perfect arrangement by no seaside house in the world. Even thus early in the season, its attractions are appreciated.

But escaping from the busy hum of the town so rarely, it was not our desire to linger long in the crowd, so slowly, with eyes wide open to perceive, the broad deep blue expanse of ocean, the luxuriant fields of red clover, variegated with the buttercup and the daisy, we walked on, on, over roads, and over fields, over rocks and over beaches, until we found ourselves within the bounds of "Bass Point."

Have you in your excursions to Nahant ever visited "Bass Point?" No! Then you have a pleasure in store, and let us advise you when you have a few hours to spare, to leave the splendid drawing rooms and fashion of the great hotel and ramble off in that direction. Arrived there, do not fail to call upon "mine host," Clifford—that is, if you are fond of "fish dinners." The great Daniel, down among the swamps of Marshfield, knew nothing of "Chowder" unless he was in the habit of visiting "Bass Point."

Our intentions were to remain but a few hours, but the air of Nahant was so pure, that the day wore by and the last bill of the "Nelly" was sounding, ere we could be induced to bury ourselves once more in the city.

Nahant, Bass Point and the Nelly Baker, are institutions. "Long may they wave!"

THE LAST OF THE COMET.

Pleasantly, like the dawn of a new world, rose the dreaded "morp of prophecy." The first gray streaks of day heard the rattle of the market wagons, laden with the produce, with which the glorious earth teems. The comfortable looking farmers sat at ease upon their seats, and called merrily to their horses. The day wore on, the glorious sun rose up, flooding the town; the fields, the woods with golden light. The rich denizen of the city awoke, sipped his coffee with a languid appetite, and sauntered slowly off to his counting house; the laborer, plodded wearily to his task, and busy, active life.

"Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of morning."

And overhead, spread one of those peculiar deep blue skies, so rare in this climate.

"So cloudless, clear and purely beautiful,
 That God alone was to be seen in heaven."

To us, as we enjoyed our early walk upon the Common, and down where the starry flowers of His creation brighten the paths of the Public Garden, and looked upon everything so hallowed with beauty and love, a thought came over us, that God was smiling pleasantly upon the follies and the delusions of His creatures, who, not content with reading the lessons in His great book, telling of His wondrous love and boundless wisdom, seek after dark superstition and blind bigotry, and are led captive out of His great free school, where the little child is as near to him as the giant, where the teachers are pleasant ones, singing birds, gorgeous flowers and majestic forests, into dark dens where only fear, hatred and revenge are taught.

As for the comet, it kept a safe distance, probably having heard the story of the British cruiser overhauling a Yankee fishing vessel, on board of which was an old man and his two sons.

"Strike!" cried the pompous officer of the deck.
 "I shan't do anything of the sort," replies the Yankee, "there's nobody here to strike but Dad and Brother Jonathan, and I s'pose I shan't strike Dad, and if I strike Brother Jonathan he'll strike back again!"

So the comet thought perhaps that it wouldn't have the striking all its own way, and, in its "sober second thought," acting upon the principle that "discretion is the better part of valor," curbed down its pugnacious propensities, and concluded to let the universe move on in harmony.

THE INDEPENDENT EXAMINER.

Welcome, for the name it bears, welcome, for the memories of that glorious river, upon whose banks our boyhood's hours flew by so swiftly, and still more welcome for the candid words written after its request to exchange, "Want Light?" comes to us for the first time. It is a paper in every way worthy the beautiful village of Poughkeepsie, in which it is printed, and the two simple words prove that its editor is competent to his position, that, guided by no old dogmas, he is determined to do that which is the paramount duty of all teachers, "to free all things, and hold fast that which is good."

SPIRITUAL PIC-NIC AT ABINGTON GROVE.—On Wednesday, June 24th, a pleasant gathering will be held at the beautiful grove in Abington. Cars will leave the depot of the Old Colony Railroad at half past eight o'clock, and returning, leave the grove at a quarter past six. Passengers will be received and left at Harrison Square, Dorchester, Quincy, and at South Braintree. The fare from Boston and return, will be fifty cents, and tickets can be procured at the depot on the morning of the excursion.

To accommodate the friends, tickets will be for sale at Plymouth and at Kingston for the regular trains, at one-half the usual rates.
 Mrs. Henderson and other celebrated mediums will be present and speak, and the place promises to be a most agreeable one.

SUPPLIES OF BREADSTUFFS.

As the season goes on, the accounts from all portions of the country come in more and more favorably. Prices must come down. The speculators cannot control the action of Nature. From England the latest advices denote no considerable demand, and the harvest there is promising abundantly. The planters of the South are vying with the farmers of the North and West, in raising wheat and corn, and the length and breadth of the country is fat with food. Let the people combine against the speculators. Let them avoid them as they would the pestilence, and plenty and contentment will again visit the dwellings of the poor.

A letter to the New York Express says: "The receipts by teams, yesterday, at Henry, Chillicothe and Lacon, were 15,000 bushels, and much larger to-day. The Galena and Chicago River Railroad, a road which it was stated would bring no grain to market this season, is now bringing 15,000 to 18,000 bushels wheat, and 10,000 to 15,000 bushels corn per day. Our friends who are buying on that road write us that since planting has been completed, farmers are coming in, who, they supposed, had no corn whatever to dispose of, and are offering two years crops for sale. The receipt of grain in Chicago for the next sixty days, both of wheat and corn, will astonish the world."

THE LETTER OF REV. MR. HIGGINSON.

We call especial attention to the letter of the above-named gentleman, published in the present number. Spiritualism is yet in its infancy, and its facts are, as yet, established in the minds of but a small portion of our people. The church denies them; the man of the world questions them. Our first work is to bring both to admit their existence; our next to trace, in the minds of all, their origin to the source we claim for them. This field Mr. Higginson purposes to labor in.

The time for the building of theories, as the gentleman says, is not yet arrived. We have already been overburdened with them. We do not yet fully understand the philosophy of spirit communion; when the time arrives that we do, theories may be built, though we do not see much necessity for any but the simple one which Christ built—his church upon, and laid down in what we call the Golden Rule.

We wish Mr. H. every success an advocate of truth should have, in the field in which we opine Harvard's stupidity in part has called him to labor.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL SCOTT.

A general feeling of regret was felt by our citizens, when the telegraph announced that Gen. Scott would not be present at the great celebration, and one pulse of sympathy beat through the community upon learning the cause. The brave veteran's wife is dying in a foreign land.

Dying in a foreign land! How sadly the words fall upon the ear. The gallant soldier amid the carnage of battle in which he has held aloft the flag of his country, hears at the moment the people of a great Commonwealth are waiting to do him honor, that he has looked his last upon the companion who has gloried in his fame and welcomed him home from victory with smiles more precious than the joyous welcoming shouts of his countrymen. It is a stern lesson to us all.

A CURIOUS QUESTION.

The following is so artistic in its simplicity, so quaint and original in its construction, that amid the high sounding words and transcendental sentences so much in vogue at the present day, it comes like a refreshing breeze over the desert of modern poetry. It appeared originally in the Democratic Review. Who its author is we do not know, but whoever he is, he is a true poet.

A daughter!
 Well, what brought her?
 Kitty says—"How came she here?"
 Half with joy and half with fear.
 Kitty is our oldest child,
 Eight years old and rather wild—
 Wild in manner, wild in mind,
 Wishing all things well defined.
 Kitty says, "How came she here?"
 Father? Tell me. It's so queer.
 Yesterday we had no sister,
 Else I'm sure I should have missed her.
 When I went to bed last night,
 And this morning hailed her sight
 With a strange and new delight.
 For, indeed, it passes all,
 To have a sister not so tall
 As my doll; and with blue eyes;
 And I do declare—it cries!
 Last night I didn't see her, father;
 Or, I'm sure, I had much rather
 Stayed at home, as still as a mouse,
 Than played all day at grandma's house.
 She is so pretty, and so tiny?
 And what makes her face so shiny?
 Will it always be like that?
 Will she swell up, plump and fat,
 Like my little doll; or tall,
 Like my wax one? Tell me all—
 All about her, papa, dear,
 For I do so long to hear
 Where she came from, and what brought her,
 Yours and mamma's brain new daughter."

A daughter—another daughter!
 And the question is, "What brought her?"
 Spence, our boy, but three years old,
 Says the nurse did—and is bold
 In defiance of them both—
 Since to yield his place he's loth,
 And pointing, feels his nose's point,
 When I declare 'tis out of joint.
 But, though the childish explanation
 Be food enough for child's vexation,
 We older folk must better find
 To feed the hunger of the mind.
 To us, of larger issues preaching,
 This link of life eternal, reaching
 From earth to heaven, this new-born soul
 Comes fresh from where forever roll
 Life countless years through yonder heaven,
 Hath deeper cause for thinking given.

A daughter!
 And what brought her?
 No matter what; she comes to bring
 A blessing in her life's young spring.
 No matter, darlings! she is here—
 Our daughter, sister, baby dear,
 Open your hearts and let her enter,
 Open them wide, for God hath sent her.

UTAH.

It is reported that Colonel Quimby has accepted the position of Governor of Utah. He is a man of decided talent, by birth a Georgian, and for many years past has acted as an Indian Agent in the West. His firmness and decision, together with the experience he has gained among the wild tribes of red men, eminently fit him for the post.
 The policy to crush out the rebellion growing out of Mormonism must be a determined one. There should be no parley, no equivocation. The laws of the republic must be paramount.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

The Summer migration has commenced. In palaces, where luxury abounds, where, to accomplish it, but to speak—and in tradesmen and mechanics' homes, where toll sits with weary brow, the same question is asked. In the palaces, it is only a wavering between two places—which will be the most fashionable, Saratoga or Newport. In which place will we be able to issue from our little six by ten rooms and amaze the giddy throng with our voluminous crinolines, our shadowy laces and our sparkling jewels.

Leaving them to decide the momentous inquiries as best suits themselves, we will go with the less fortunate class, and will accompany them in their excursions of a few brief hours' duration. Boston possesses one advantage over most other cities—the facilities afforded for leaving it. The railroads run into its heart, and it requires no fatiguing walk through oven like streets before the first breath of fresh air can be reached. And its suburbs abound in enticing scenes of beauty. The mechanic and the working man can take his family out for a day's recreation, without incurring a great expense. The harbor and the sea shore present great attractions also. There is Nahant; to which the pretty little steamer "Nelly Baker" plies four times each day. To be sure, fashion flaunts in tinsel and feathers around the fine hotel, but by the thinker, who looks out over the broad mysterious ocean spread before his sight, the massive ledges which jut out into the waters, as forts to protect the land against their encroachment, no envy can be felt. Comparing grand old Nature, in her serene majesty to the painted artificial butterflies, who imitate but unsuccessfully the shortest lived of the insect tribe, only a harmless smile can arise upon his face, and so the "Nelly" will not lack for passengers. Bearing off to the other shore, Captain Rouell—and who doesn't know and appreciate the Captain—beckons us to his fine new steamer, the "Nantasket," and world renowned Hull—the place to which gubernatorial candidates look with such eager interest, the great town which shapes the destinies of the Commonwealth, invites us to its ocean girt precincts. Here are all varieties of scenery, and from the dashing waves a few moments' walk will lead us into one of the most charming little villages imaginable. And on this route, not only Hull, but Hingham and Cohasset, and Black Rock, and Pleasant Beach offer their attractions to the pleasure seeker.

We shall stray off occasionally, upon sultry afternoons, and the record of our observations shall be opened to our readers.

Correspondence.

A WORD FROM T. W. HIGGINSON.

Since the publication of my affidavit respecting Mr. Willis, I have received various invitations to lecture on "Spiritualism"—invitations which nothing but want of time has prevented me from accepting. Thanks to the Cambridge Faculty, we have now a great opportunity to urge upon candid minds the importance of the extraordinary phenomena which are occurring around us, and such an occasion ought not to be missed.

After eight years observation of these manifestations, I find myself constantly stronger in my own convictions, so far as they go, and less and less able to follow implicitly the convictions of any others. The times demand great care, and caution, and independence of judgment,—and that among Spiritualists more than among any other class. Undoubtedly the facts of Spiritualism are the most important yet launched upon the history of humanity, and all previous discoveries are dwarfed in comparison. But the philosophy of Spiritualism is not yet born, and the more boldly one talks about it, the less attention he usually deserves. The results of this premature speculation are to be seen already, in the follies grown out of it. It is to be hoped that we have got beyond the dangers of "Free Love," and the fanaticism of the "Mountain Cove Movement." But while one wing among the believers is stiffening into a more bigoted Swedenborgianism, and another developing into a wilder Second-Adventism, it is absurdly premature to talk of a "philosophy" of Spiritualism. No doubt the new movement is shaking all the churches, and confounding all the colleges. So far, so good.

But its positive and permanent results are to be wrought out in the slow progress of years to come. The wisest seer cannot yet predict them.

I know that these opinions differ from those of many, perhaps of the majority of Spiritualists. It is for that reason that I write them. This movement has no enemy to fear, except the hasty assumptions and premature conclusions of its own advocates. And the best service which any one can render it, next to the open advocacy of its facts, is care and deliberation in their interpretation.

I hold myself prepared to prove by the ordinary processes of reasoning, that the mass of the "manifestations" are solid and genuine facts. I also hold that the argument for the spiritual origin of a portion of them is perfectly irresistible, when the facts are once established,—since intelligence implies an intellect.—Beyond this, all is still in doubt;—laws, limitations, principles, canons of judgment are all yet to be settled,—and the most dogmatic is most likely to err.

Holding these views, it is my hope to lecture occasionally after the present summer, upon *The Rationality of Spiritualism*. My object in such lectures will be to establish every main point which can yet be established, in this difficult subject; and firmly to discriminate what is proved from what is merely probable or possible. My hope is, although I may dissatisfy some, to benefit more; and to aid the intellects, not merely of those who deny the new phenomena, but (what is more important) of those who accept them.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

Worcester, June 1, 1857.

DR. GARDNER AND THE FACULTY. Erroneous impressions having been made, by reports in several of the papers, that the proposed investigation was not to take place, Dr. Gardner stated to the audience on Sunday evening that the investigations were not abandoned, but that the trial would be made in a very short time, and would not be confined to the original proposition of Professor Felton, but would include all the various phenomena of spiritualism. Dr. Gardner disclaimed having any mercenary motives in the trial, and said he should, on no account, receive the five hundred dollars. This is mainly and honestly, and gives the right tone to the whole matter.

The New Hampshire Legislature have fixed upon the 27th inst. as the day of adjournment and the

MEETINGS AT THE MELODEON.

In the afternoon of Sunday, June 14th, the Spirit-Discourse was introduced with these words: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." The outline of interpretations was as follows: In going back to primitive Christianity, we observe Jesus often spoke in parables. They contained many mysteries, an inner sense, which could not at once and directly be understood. It was necessary to adduce the simplest correspondences of natural objects for illustrations. Each individual could see the hidden meaning according to his own plane. Jesus referred them to a future day and state in which they would better understand, and receive into life the things they could not then bear, wherein the Spirit-powers would convey the meaning. They should not look to the letter alone, but to the Spirit which giveth life. But what is the meaning of the text? Was it to have an actual fulfillment? It was. Even when the Son of Man should come in his glory. It would reveal the humanity, the perfect man. It was an ultimatum of judgment to the lower plane of nations and of individuals, hence at what is called the coming of the Son of Man. It was not at first to reveal the fulness of the God-principle, designated by the Son of God, to the higher degrees of receptivity. The time was to come when goodness was to be revealed and felt, and prove the leading criterion of human character. Then would be the coming in glory.

It is yet, however, only the dawn, but when man rises above the petty trials and chief hindrances, when prepared to maintain the work of righteousness, then the nations shall be divided to fulfill the parable of the sheep and the goats. Good, as positive, would be on the right, and evil, as negative, would be on the left. The positive and negative receptivity would be as marked as the two poles of the earth. Those under the dominion of the Good Shepherd are on the right, to whom it is said, "Well done good and faithful servants," &c. To those on the left, it shall be said, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." They shall be doomed to torment, ever, until they come forth, purified by necessary punishment and trial. Respecting goodness, if we minister unto the least of the kingdom of God's creatures we do it unto Jesus, the Christ principle. There is a difference of sense proper to particular words. Everlasting punishment is like the everlasting mountains. The punishment is required in the nature of things, until the evil is atoned for and put away. "And I if I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me." The righteous are those who have clothed the naked, visited the needy, cast out the evil, &c. But they are comparatively few. The human surroundings and corresponding evils drag us downward, when we are not strong in righteousness. It is chiefly the goodness of motive which distinguishes the righteous. The ultimatum of eternal life is given first to faith. Every day is a judgment day, determining the characters of men. The leading mind of nations and of individuals is now looking towards the new heavens and the new earth. Who is ready for the present, opening Revelations? Can we not love and live now as well as in the first coming of Christ? As a body we have the power to do better than they of old. As a body you can come out and by the present aid of superior powers trample down evil governments, institutions and customs. Do this, and He, whose right it is, will come in His glory. Then shall your brow be bedewed with those gems of radiance which the Truth shall put thereon. A great day is arising. Be faithful, be true.

Q. In the 14th of Luke, beginning at the 12th verse, is reference to the Passover, (where Jesus sendeth forth two of his disciples, who should meet a man bearing a pitcher of water, by whom they would be led to the guest chamber, or upper room,) &c. Did Christ intend a perpetual observance?

A. The Passover was originally designed as a memorial of the noted passage of the Children of Israel, of the Jewish nation, towards the promised land. Significantly, likewise, Jesus said, "Do this in remembrance of me." It was not intended to be always a stated outward observance. It was an old custom, an external condition suited to former and lower states. By the memorial of Jesus, was intended a new covenant of love. In the spiritual coming, and in the fulfillment of the law of love, it could not be required. Still, such remembrances are natural. If you were going to a foreign country, would you not say the same to your loved ones respecting some particular custom, "Do this in remembrance of me?" The principle is the same. Yet you would not insist upon any binding permanency, as absolute and unending. There is rather a call for the blendings of unity in the common principle of love. Then rest in no fixed forms. Listen to the inspirations of Nature, the last Great Temple, whose father is God. Then, if you have truth, give it forth in the just order of spontaneity.

Q. What is the nature of forgiveness?

A. It is a principle always to be exercised toward fellow man. We should ever love. The wrong doer is his own avenger. Love will heap coals of fire upon an enemy.

Q. Has one the power of self-recovery, if fallen?

A. Yes. But it is given him. Angels offer him the power, which they also receive, and which he may use. Society often treads upon the good and true, but angel hands are present to aid the needy.

Q. What is meant by the ancient confusion of tongues? Was there an interposition of Divine power?

A. It is impossible to do anything without the Divine power. They had languages corresponding to ideas. So long as they were in one purpose of charity, they may be said to be of one language. Subsequently they were in discord by the indulgence of evil passions and the presence of corresponding spirits, and hence were divided.

In the evening, the questions and answers were as follows:—

Q. Persons still living in the body sometimes become visible to other persons for thousands of miles distant, having the same appearance as if really present; yet are unconscious of the effect produced. Can this be explained so as not to invalidate the theory of Spirit intercourse?

A. It can. The Spirit produces and follows the action of mind upon mind, and gives communion between them. Through the power of magnetism and will they enable friend to commune with friend, both in the earth life. It is essential that they be on nearly the same plane, or in states of affinity. There is a spiritual telegraphing, which will prevail in the future.

Q. Judge Edmonds tells us he has had two spirits present with, and both visible to him. But neither was aware of the presence of the other, until informed of it by the Judge. What light can

this throw upon spirit perceptions, conditions and spheres?

A. They were on a different plane, and in different states. Besides, Spirits cannot see all men or all others as if omniscient. It is in proportion to the development of both the will and the understanding.

Q. Will the phenomena of dreaming throw any light upon the nature of the human spirit? We have been told that during sleep the spirit often becomes an active and conscious inhabitant of the spirit world, but that the recurrence of this is not revived till after the death of the body. Is it possible for the spirits to sleep so deeply as to entirely lose their consciousness?

A. Tired nature seeks repose. If the Spirit was highly pure and the organization healthy, it would seek more clearly and proportionately need less sleep.

Q. What is the precise idea which we are to attach to the casting out of devils by Christ, which cure was productive of so much suffering?

A. Their organizations were low and perverted. The spirit of such is dragged down and made to appear mad. It was better, however, to disturb them for a moment or temporarily, for the ultimate good. It works out for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Q. Is not insanity sometimes the work of malignant spirits, taking advantage of the disordered organization?

A. It is. There is an unbalanced condition of mind. The spirit raves the more when the organization is stirred, and often commits crime. It needs the genial, balmy influence of love. There is a remedy now revealed, provided and adapted. Harshness will not do it. The balm of consolation comes. The positive magnetism of love and will must supersede the necessity of drugs and medicines.

Q. In the times of witchcraft we hear of narcotic potions being used to favor the obsession of spirits. Is it true that the narcotic forces of alcoholic drinks bring the physical system of the drunkard into a direct condition of mediumship, so that the crimes, &c., of such occasions, are the outworkings of beings in the low spheres through him?

A. Evil or low spirits do favor such alcoholic drinks, and these only aggravate the disease and lead to crimes, &c. Hence, too, the revellings of low and sensual men. The lower spirits ever more readily take possession of those addicted to evil habits.

Q. It is affirmed that the brute creation in the spirit world are not progressive. Is it true?

A. It should not have been said strictly that animals do not progress. They progress with such natures as they have, but cannot become human without a human soul. Spirits are ever surrounded by animals corresponding to their prevailing states. There is a kind of blending of the animal and spiritual elements. There is a kind of harmonious progression.

Q. What is the perception of spirits upon the question of the interior of this earth? Is it a mass of fire?

A. The great centre of the earth is possessed of a most powerful heat that keeps it in motion. Look at volcanic eruptions. It shows motive power. It corresponds to the great spiritual centre of heat, motion, and creative power.

Q. Do spirits recognize our sciences of geometry, of mathematics, &c., and apply them in their spheres?

A. They need not these sciences of earth in the spiritual world. Material sciences are not applicable with us.

Q. Swedenborg speaks of opening of the internal memory in the spiritual world, laying open to view all its thoughts, &c. Would it not produce mortification and unhappiness?

A. If you were free, or in states of harmony with the laws of love and faith, you would not feel mortified. Though all is revealed, spirits good and true, now look down with calmness both upon former errors and the finger of scorn. It is as if you looked back from the lofty heights of any glorious victory.

Q. Is it intended that all should be influenced by the general Magnetism of the spheres? or are we influenced by the magnetism of individual spirits?

A. You are influenced by both the collective and the individual magnetisms. All are subject to the control of invisible ones. As agents they can rule the condition of surroundings.

Q. Were not Warren Colburn, Mr. Safford, and others, as untalented children, influenced by spirits through them as mediums?

A. Those individuals and others were so influenced. Causes and conditions concur, and in particular cases the influence becomes more manifest. Spirits often do the work of education.

Q. Will the spirits point out those qualifications which constitute one a medium? Also, by what means are they attained?

A. It is impossible to point out the requisites in different cases. There is difference of receptivity. —cannot tell the peculiarities that will make every one a medium.

Q. Does the age of E. Swedenborg show that advanced years are more favorable to seership?

A. Advantages are not altogether greater to advanced years—often youth are excellent mediums, and have beautiful visions, &c.

Q. Would the medium give an improvised poem?

A. Will endeavor to do so at a future meeting.

W. H. PORREN.

Cambridge, June 15th, 1857.

WONDERFUL DEMONSTRATION OF SPIRIT PRESENCE.

We have before us a letter from a gentleman of Nebraska, Ind., giving an account of some very wonderful physical manifestations at a circle in that place. The medium was a girl about fourteen years of age. While seated in her chair both chair and herself were carried by the unseen to the ceiling, a distance of nine feet, and while thus elevated, far above the reach of all the chair and girl were turned a complete somersault, half a dozen times with great rapidity, during which, the girl was not fastened to the chair by any visible means. The spirits carried the girl in her chair, to every one present. They would then float them between the ceiling and the audience. A pencil and paper being placed on the table, unseen hands wrote sentences. No one of the circle being within six feet of the table.

He who is passionate and hasty, is generally honest. It is your old dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull dog; it's only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

Dramatic.

THE ITALIAN OPERA has met with but limited success, and the music has created no enthusiasm. The usual "foreign airs," if not "native graces," have been manifested by several of the singers, and in one or two instances, they have been deservedly hissed. We should be glad to see an audience who would put an extinguisher upon some of these over-puffed Italian tenors. In a pretty woman some petulant airs can be endured, but, in a great lubberly fellow, possessed of a stout pair of lungs, and a very limited amount of brains, they are simple impudence, and it is due to the proper self-respect of the auditors to frown them down.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS have been running a successful opposition to the Italians. The MELODEON being crowded nightly to listen to the music, and laugh at the drolleries of the counterfeits dandies. Looking in upon them occasionally, and marking the appreciative delight of the spectators, and recollecting the spasmodic tapping of white kids, in comparison with these generous outbursts of feeling, we can but remember the words of Halleck—and setting aside the pretentious critics, and would-be-thought musical people—there is a world of meaning in them:—

"And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time;
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime."

THE NATIONAL has produced another monstrosity, called the NEW YORK TRAGEDY, OR THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER. There is only one point of difference between the play and its title, the murder is not at all mysterious, it is openly and boldly apparent. The HONEY MOON has been produced, and played very creditably.

THE MUSEUM has played NIMROD JACKWOOD during the week, interspersed with one or two benefits. Audiences shy.

THE MONKEYS have left the HOWARD, after having delighted the children for two weeks, and on Monday it opened for a brief season with a very talented company. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, and last, not least, Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow, form a nucleus around which could be gathered the best stock company which Boston has ever seen. The opening plays were the SERIOUS FAMILY, and the TWO QUEENS. We shall speak of the various plays produced in our next.

THE CIRCUS has been unprecedentedly successful. The elephants have been decidedly the town talk, and Sands, Nathan and Company leave the city with heavier wallets than when they entered it.

Chat.

—We notice in our exchanges a paragraph headed, "Another Suicide of a Spiritualist." Were an inquiry to be instituted it would be found that Spiritualism was no more the cause of the act than the victim's business. The gratuitous threats against "sinners" made by preachers who manifest as much ignorance of God's character as the South Sea Islanders, have driven many a sensitive mind to madness and an untimely departure from this life; but we do not remember of having seen any paragraphs headed, "Another Suicide of an Orthodox," "Another victim of Calvinism." Many suicides have been caused by a too anxious regard for dollars and cents, yet the wheels of commerce have never been retarded by such sad events, and, as far as we know, no proposal has been made to have merchants indicted as nuisances or traders put in jail.

—We trust that in our last we fully exonerated the "Banner" from the serious charge of being an "Organ," and the more sincerely do we hope so, since some of our editorial brethren of the Spiritualist Press appear a little troubled at the idea of a paper "which has been in existence but a very few weeks," holding the exalted position which it would seem the term "Organ" implies. Who wants to be an Organ? An Organ's a wind instrument.

—Spiritualism has recently made its manifestations in China, and in the Sandwich Islands, and from a letter in the New York Tribune from Bayard Taylor, dated *Munrovara, Lapland*, we learn that they have made their appearance in that country.

—One of our exchanges speaks of a well being "stoned up with stone." We presume that where such things occur they do not make brass kettles of tin.

—Effie Marton has in preparation a deeply interesting story for our columns, embodying spiritual truths and the phenomenal incidents attending them.

PLAIN TALK ABOUT SPIRITUALISM.

We clip the following from the New York Pathfinder, the editor of which, Mr. J. F. Whitney, is a bitter opponent of Spiritualism, on the ground that none but evil spirits communicate. The balance of his article, which expresses this view, we will attend to in our next.

Considerable interest is manifested in Boston and its vicinity, concerning the phenomenon of Spiritualism, pending the investigation before a committee of some of the Professors of Harvard University, of the power of the spirits to move material matter—the sum of five hundred dollars to be paid to the Spiritualists, provided the feat is done.

Our experience in Spiritual manifestations, which continued upwards of three years, repeatedly proved to us the fact that spirits have such power, and demonstrated in our presence time and time again, beyond the possibility of a doubt of any trickery or deception of the medium, or accomplices. We have seen the table move without contact, we have seen a piano forte walk all over the room with the hands of the medium simply placed flat upon it; we have seen the combination letter lock, which gave one chance in 100,000 to guess correctly in opening it, repeatedly opened by the spirits; we have seen such lock, locked a thousand miles distant, forwarded to New York, with an offer of \$500 to any medium who would open it—we saw this lock opened, with the medium's eyes bandaged, and he in a trance. The \$500 was forfeited, and the money ready to be paid, but was refused by the medium, under the direction of the spirits, in the following communication:—

"Friend—We have consented this time to comply with your wish, but we have not done it for money. Decline to receive the amount offered."

We have seen these locks again and again opened by the same power, and in the presence of a large number of witnesses. We have heard conversations carried on with the spirits in Greek, Latin, German, Spanish and the French languages, while the medium understood neither, and invariably giving correct and satisfactory answers. We have seen the contents of sealed letters written out by the spirits, and questions answered, which would often require time to corroborate the truth, and thus we might go on and fill a column of the things we have repeatedly witnessed, establishing beyond the question of a doubt in our mind, that disembodied spirits do communicate.

European Items.

Some excitement has been created here by an attack made upon an English merchant vessel, the Roadstead Belle Isle, by a French war brig. The English vessel was bound from Bordeaux to Liverpool, and was compelled to come to anchor by contrary winds, when, neglecting to hoist her colors, the French vessel fired two blank cartridges, and then a ball cartridge, killing one of the English seamen. The case is under consideration by the authorities.

In the House of Commons, Mr. D'Irrell gave notice that on that day (30th) week he should put a question to the Ministry, with reference to the non-ratification of the treaty with America, in regard to Honduras.

Lord Palmerston mentioned that the treaty proposed for the settlement of the Neuchâtel difficulties, having been duly signed a few days ago, the dispute might be considered to be satisfactorily terminated.

At Canton great distress is said to have prevailed, on account of the high price of rice.

It is said that an Imperial duty upon opium had been imposed at Shanghai.

The export of teas for the season is estimated at about 57,000,000 pounds against 73,000,000 last year.

The death of Marshal Radetzky is momentarily expected.

There are rumors of coolness between the Emperor of Russia and Count Morny, which is likely to interfere with the settlement of the commercial treaty between Russia and France.

The Paris *Moniteur de la Flotte* announces that the British East India Company have taken possession of the Island of Perim, in the Straits of Babelmandel, and completely commanding the entrance to the Red Sea. The British flag was hoisted there on the 14th of February by the Company's troops, and the occupation is definite. The ostensible cause is, that two years since, an English ship which was wrecked on the coast of Barbara was pillaged by the natives. The East India Company summoned the chiefs of the Saumalis to Aden to make reparation, and a treaty was concluded, by which the Company was to occupy the island. An artillery garrison from India is already placed on the island.

The government of the Netherlands has signified its intention to send a ship of observation to join the Anglo-French squadron in the Chinese waters.

On the occasion of his birthday, the Emperor of Russia issued a further amnesty in favor of political and other offenders.

There have been serious political outbreaks in Brussels, Antwerp, and other Belgian towns, growing out of the anti-catholic feeling of the citizens. Several convents, monasteries, and Jesuit Colleges, were attacked, as was also the Bishop's palace at Liege. The troops interfered, and, at last accounts, order was nearly restored, but at Brussels the Civic Guard was kept under arms, and the troops were in readiness for any emergency. The mob commenced the outbreak with cries of "Down with the Catholics! Down with the Catholics!—Down with the Catholics!"

The U. S. steamer *Susquehanna* was the first vessel to salute the yacht conveying the Grand Duke Constantine. Her yards were manned, the Russian flag run up at the main, and a salute of 21 guns fired in splendid style.

On Sunday the Grand Duke, accompanied by the Queen, visited the squadron off Spithead, and was received with a royal salute. On the following day he left for Calais.

The London Times, in an article on Mormon atrocities, says that the federal government should send a military force to Utah, and suppress the territorial government.

A conflagration at Constantinople had destroyed 1,300 houses.

The Federal Assembly of Berne has been convoked for the month of June, to ratify the Russian treaty.

The Pacific Coast.

Steamship George Law, from Aspinwall, has arrived. She brings the California mail of May 20th, and has nearly \$2,000,000 in specie on board.

The following are the principal recipients of the gold by the George Law: Drexel & Co., \$344,000; Howland & Aspinwall, \$175,000; Wells, Fargo & Co., \$100,000; Magoun & Son, \$20,000; Duncan, Sherman & Co., \$200,000; Robb, Hallett & Co., \$200,000; Henry S. Hallett, \$10,000; A. E. Tilton, \$100.

The U. S. ship's Independence, St. Mary's and Decatur were off Panama, and the Wabash and Cyane off Aspinwall.

Intelligence from San Juan del Norte states that over one hundred of Walker's men are still at that place, destitute and sick.

The Panama Star expresses strong fears that Gen. Walker, in conformity with threats made by him after his capitulation, will return with another army of filibusters to the Isthmus, and regrets that Gen. Mora did not bind him and his officers, in the terms of capitulation, never again to put their feet in Central America.

The California papers give the details of the massacre, by the Mexicans, of Col. Crabbe and party in Sonora, which seems to have been attended by incidents of unusual cruelty. Crabbe himself was led out alone, tied, with his arms above his head, to a post, and then riddled with one hundred bullets.

The excitement in California over this execution seems to be intense, and it is feared that some general plan of revenge against the Mexicans will be adopted.

The mines were yielding largely. Business has not much improved, and but little change in prices of articles is noticeable. The money market is easier; stocks quiet.

The Oregon papers are altogether uninteresting. In Washington Territory, the Indians are menacing hostilities, but as yet have committed few overt acts.

Dates at Panama, from Lima, are to May 12. The revolution in Peru is ended. Vivanco is at Arequipa, with a small force, but no means. The Peruvian fleet, at the Chincha Islands, surrendered to the Government on the 19th of April, and was anchored at Callao.

The British frigate *Satellite* had sailed from Callao for Vancouver's Island, her commander having been commissioned to settle, in conjunction with the United States Commissioner, the Oregon boundary.

Business at Lima was improving rapidly. Affairs in the South American States are generally tranquil.

The Busy World.

IGNORIOUS.—A young man of 18, in prison at Paris for theft, has made a watch of straw. This little masterpiece is two and a half inches in diameter, about half an inch thick, and will go for three hours without winding up. The dial plate is of paper, and a pretty straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments and materials the prisoner had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw, and thread. Several persons of distinction, moved by this surprising genius for mechanics, are now endeavoring to obtain his liberation.

THE CROPS.—The Cincinnati Gazette says:—"We continue to hear the most encouraging accounts of the prospects of the crops, from all quarters. A friend from Walnut Hills, brought us a parcel of rye stalks yesterday, seven and a half feet high, and well filled with grain—a glorious foreshadowing of the grain crops."

LOWELL pays a tax of \$187,660 this year, against \$181,735 last year; of which \$140,860 is city tax, against \$147,721 city last year. While the taxes are going up, the marriages are going down, there having been so far this year but 242, against 261 last year, 321 in 1855, and 328 in 1854.

MADAME DA PRÉFÈRE, the celebrated traveller was at last accounts at Mauritius, where she was the guest of a merchant named Lambert, with whom she contemplated visiting Madagascar about the beginning of April. Some two years ago Mr. Lambert paid a visit to Queen Ravantio in Madagascar, and was well received by her dusky majesty.

BEARS.—Two of the largest bears ever seen in Vermont were killed in Manchester lately, by Solomon Beatty and brother: the skin of the larger one measuring 7 by 8 feet. In Sutherland also two have been killed, weighing respectively 401 and 320 pounds.

DON'T LIKE HIS NAME.—A descendant of the infamous Marat, having recently attained his majority in Paris, and having read the history of the Reign of Terror, has made an application to the Minister of State to have his name changed to Maratti.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.—A poor sailor wrecked on an unknown coast, wandered about in momentary apprehension of being seized by savages, when he suddenly came in sight of a galleon. "Ah," said he, "thank God I'm in a Christian Country."

AMERICANS ABROAD.—Prior to 1850 the number of Americans that indulged in a "tour of Europe" did not exceed 7500 in any one year. Now, the number who cross the water annually, for an airing, has swelled to 35,000.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE INDIANS.—Major Sedgwick, with two squadrons of cavalry, left Fort Leavenworth on the 18th ult, and Colonel Sumner, with one squadron, left on the 20th.

AT LATEST DATES, there were over six hundred vessels in the Bosphorus, bound for ports in the Black Sea, the Danube, and the sea of Azoff, chiefly to load grain.

PICKEREL.—Several years since, no pickerel were to be found in the waters of Canandaigua Lake. Some gentlemen transplanted a number from other streams, and now they are quite abundant.

A SLAVE WOMAN is advertised to be sold at auction at St. Louis. She is said to be so beautiful that \$5000 has been offered for her and refused at private sale.

COL. TITUS, of unsavory memory both in Kansas and Nicaragua, has published a letter, in which he calls Walker a tyrant, and Lockridge a coward.

LUCKY EDITOR.—The New York Mirror says: "One of our brother editors has purchased a country seat at Fort Washington, for which he pays ninety-five thousand dollars."

A SEA-TURTLE weighing upwards of fifty pounds, was caught in a seine on the Merrimack River, opposite Newburyport, by some fishermen, on Friday last.

BROTHAM YOUNG, in a recent sermon to his Mormon disciples, remarked:—"I really think I have a great deal more influence here than Moses had among the children of Israel."

PAID OFF.—The crew of the sloop-of-war James-town were paid off at Philadelphia on Wednesday. They received about \$15,000.

ATLANTIC STEAMERS.—Of forty steamers plying between Europe and the United States, only eight or ten, it is said are American.

DR. ALEXANDER VINTON of this city has been chosen Bishop of Texas by the Episcopal Diocese of that State.

A LETTER from Havana says that coolies have advanced to \$100 per head, and that the slave trade is flourishing beyond any previous knowledge.

BATTLES IN JUNE.—The important battles of Naseby, Bunker Hill, Monmouth and Waterloo were fought in June.

A NEW YORK physician has a child under his care in Williamsburg, who swallowed one of the new cents about a week since.

AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., seventy two trains of cars arrive and depart on the New York Central Railroad, daily.

THE SCHOONER MADEIRA, Capt. Peteraig, of about 120 tons, arrived at Montreal last week, on her way to Chicago direct from Liverpool.

THE NEW GATE, at the entrance to the Common, facing West street, is to be completed, by the terms of the contract, before the Fourth of July next.

MR. DELAVAN sent five hundred dollars' worth of temperance tracts to Kansas, where they were so little appreciated that they were sold at auction to pay the freight on them.

THE STATE CENSUS.—Returns from a few towns indicate that the number of legal voters in the State is about 192,000. If so, the number required to elect a representative will be 800.

CATHARINE (FORREST) SINGLARI, who is now in England, is about to give to the world a work on America and the Americans.

Geo. M. HUMPHREY, of Tiverton, R. I., it is said, has a turkey that laid three eggs in one day.

BROTHAM YOUNG's body guard, on his northern tour, consists of 800 picked Mormons.

SIR GEO. GORDON and suite have returned to St. Louis from a year's hunting expedition at the head waters of the Missouri.

TROUT FISHING IN VERMONT.—On Tuesday last, nine gentlemen of Newbury "camped out" and secured six hundred and forty-seven trout.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
WILLIAM R. HAYDEN, in the Clerk's Office in the District
Court of Massachusetts.]

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS

IN THE

OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN
TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF
ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY EXPERIENCE AS A
MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS
IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

[Continued.]

The medium made no reply, and there was a succession of raps on the table.

For a few moments he sat and listened, in silence, and then asked:

"Well, how am I to interpret this jargon of sounds?"

"They are calling for the alphabet, and desire that you will pass your pencil over the letters, stopping only at those which they shall designate by raps."

"Indeed! What questions shall I ask?"

"Any that you please, so long as they are proper and respectful," responded Mrs. Hayden.

Thus the proceedings went on, the spirits answering his questions as fast as he put them. At length the gentleman stopped, and said to the medium:

"This is exceedingly curious—wonderfully clever."

"Have they answered your questions correctly?" asked Mrs. Hayden.

"Perfectly, Madam, perfectly; but the answers were all in my own mind."

"Does that alter the case?"

"It may be thought reading," he replied.

"Then ask some question, the answer to which is not in your own mind."

"Do I understand you, that they will answer or tell me something that is not in my own mind?"

"I have no doubt they will. Ask them."

He again passed his pencil over the alphabet, when the following startling question was propounded to him by the invisibles.

"Have you forgotten the murder you committed in the West Indies?"

At first he did not comprehend the tenor of the words, the letters being run together without regard to sentences, but on separating them, the above was the result. On discovering the import of which, he said with great agitation,

"There is some mistake here. Who are you?"

"Agatha."

"My God! but this is strange. There is some mistake. Of what murder do you accuse me?"

"The young Creole girl."

"Pshaw," said he with a forced and incoherent laugh. "I murder you? Ah, my good Madam, there is some wag here who wishes to impose his jokes upon me."

The only response to this evasion, was one loud rap, which is understood as a negative.

"If I murdered you, as you insist, will you tell me for what?"

"To prevent an exposure," was the prompt reply.

The hand of the questioner became tremulous, and his face ashy pale. There was a smothered yell within his bosom, which he was vainly striving to quench. Assuming a careless and indifferent tone, he continued his interrogatories.

"Since you seem inclined to make out so plausible a story, will you tell me with what you were murdered?"

"The little silver poniard which I gave to you as a keepsake, and which you at this moment wear concealed upon your person."

The thunderbolt had fallen, and the terrible blow was more than the guilty man could bear; and while trembling with fear and excitement, he confessed to the truth of the revelation, and implored Mrs. Hayden, for the sake of his family, not to mention the facts in connection with his name, which promise she gave, and has most religiously kept.

He called several times while we remained in London, and it was evident, from the tone of his conversation, that he was a changed man. One day he said to Mrs. Hayden:

"I have nothing more to live for, and shall be happy to go hence whenever the summons shall come."

The last time we saw him, it was visible in his pale and haggard face that he was suffering all the pangs of a guilty conscience. The injured spirit who communicated with him, was most loving and forgiving, which greatly alleviated his mental sufferings.

Although the above is not verbatim, yet it is correct in all the leading and important features of the case, and it would be quite impossible to invest a written account of this remarkable seance with anything like the thrilling interest which was attendant upon it.

This was not a solitary case. Many more of a similar nature, which came within our own personal experience, might be narrated in this sketch, were not this one deemed sufficient to illustrate spirit power, and some of the good Spiritualism will do the world.

For no man will commit murder, if for one moment he entertains the thought that his victim will confront him with the foul deed in the open day, after the lifeless body is mouldering in the dust.

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intention; but rather, on the contrary, in the glory of their self-esteem and egotism, to annihilate the unfortunate instrument of the rappings, without judge or jury; to consign them at once, without a hearing, to public odium; to drive them out into the wilderness of contempt. But let us do them no injustice; for we firmly believe that they were but instruments to forward the great work of progress and love, although no credit may be due them for the part they acted. They little thought, at the time when they wrote the article on the "Ghost of the Cock-lane Ghost," that some of their own friends and immediate relatives were about to move into glass houses, and that their paper bullets would break the windows and wound the harmless inmates. But thus it proved; for, a few weeks after the appearance of the article already alluded to, a brother-in-law of one of the writers, (an eminent Scotch journalist,) informed the author of this, that four of his daughters had become mediums for the mysterious phenomena.

What, think you, was the learned (?) explanation given of the rappings, by those cunning little fellows, Brown and Thompson, who came, like pickpockets to a police station, under fictitious names, being themselves guilty of what they were charging others with: imposition and humbug. But now for the explanation, which amounted to nothing more than a poor penny-a-liner, and the other a strolling dentist. We will not give their names, out of pity, as we bear them no malice. What would be said of any man of ordinary intellect, who should be guilty of giving so stupid and silly an explanation of any other phenomena than that of spirit manifestations. Yet, so anxious were our opponents to impede the progress of light and truth, that they were willing to accept of any solution of the "rappings" but the right one. However, we have no doubt that even Brown and Thompson are, long ere this, heartily sick and ashamed of the silly part they played in their attempt to expose the spirit manifestations, and their wild goose chase after the "Ghost of the Cock-lane Ghost."

We will here give the following brief extract from the article alluded to in Household Words, that the reader may have the extraordinary solution as they gave it:—

"We were two—Brown and Thompson. We rapped at the door of the house in which the knockers lived, on a cloudy and warm evening in the beginning of this present month of November, which month began, as all the country knows, with days unusually dull and close. We don't idly talk about the weather, for it has a definite connection with our story. . . . The door into the back drawing-room being opened, we were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, the medium's husband, and the medium. Introduction having been promptly made, we were left—we, Messrs. Brown and Thompson—in the lady's hands. She sat opposite to us, on one side of a round table, firm as a rock.

"The medium sat not only opposite to us, but opposite to the fire. It had first occurred to us when we went into that back drawing-room that the kitchen had come up stairs, there was such an enormous fire in the grate. Though as it was remarked, 'We didn't like to light the fire' in the front drawing-room, in the back room the glowing coals were heaped into a red hot mountain, and the whole atmosphere was feverish. What did Catherine Fox tell Mrs. Culver?" "Catherine told me to warm my feet, or put them into warm water, and it would then be easier work to rap. She said she had sometimes to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening."

And such was the stupid explanation that poor Brown and Thompson adopted and reiterated to the British public. If any explanation were required to know why such a "mountain of coals" were in a state of combustion, we can only say that we were not used to the climate, and that the damp, wet and chill of a London atmosphere was any thing but comfortable; besides, Mrs. Hayden was in feeble health, suffering from the effects of thirty-four days' sea-sickness, from which she had not, and did not fully recover, for some months.

Before bidding a final adieu to Brown and Thompson, it may be well to improve the present opportunity to say that Charles Dickens is not the proprietor or editor of the Journal which bears his name, he only selling his name to that paper for a valuable consideration.

The Household Words was the first journal in England to attack us, and so far as we can learn, it is the general impression that Charles Dickens actually paid the "rappers" a visit and then wrote the amusing and silly article before mentioned. Charles Dickens never visited Mrs. Hayden, nor was he present at any of her seances at any time or place; and the reason actually given for his not doing so, by two of his professed friends in a private conversation, was, "that he was too soft and credulous, and would believe in the rappings."

If we are to judge from some of Dickens' works, we shall be strongly led to the conclusion that he is not only a believer in Spiritualism, but also a medium through whom spirits sometimes breathe their beautiful thoughts to the world, for in a late work of his occurs the following touching and sweet illustration.

Little Paul, whose mother died in giving him birth, is on his death bed, supported by his sister Florence, and he imagines himself floating off to sea in a boat upon a river. The author says:—

"Now then the boat is out to sea and gliding smoothly on. And now there is a shore before him. Who stood upon the bank? He puts his little hands together as he used to at his prayers.

"Mamma" he says, "is like you, Floy, I know her by the face; the light about her head is shining upon us as I go."

And when little Paul has gone on his celestial journey, when his little heart has ceased to throb, the author says:—

"Thank God, for immortality. And look upon us angels, of little children with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean."

At this period of our stay in the great city, we republished an edition of five hundred copies of Adin Ballou's work, entitled, "An exposition of the views respecting the principal facts, causes and peculiarities involved in Spirit Manifestations."

This excellent book (for the time) was the instrument of doing much good, and was well received by those few who were interested in the spiritual phenomena.

The next book in the spiritual catalogue which

was born from the London press was christened "Sights and Sounds, the Mystery of the Day; comprising an entire history of the American Spirit Manifestations. By Henry Spicer, Esq. 480 pages. Thomas Bosworth, Publisher, 216 Regent Street."

This work, in some respects, might be called well written, giving ample evidence that the author possessed some little talent at "book making." Sights and Sounds did not reflect much credit on his "name and house" on account of a vein of frivolity and supercilious egotism, which, like a turbid stream, flowed through nearly every page, marring the beauty it otherwise contained. Mr. Spicer, who is a very amiable man, lacked the moral courage to come out manfully and acknowledge his belief in the truth and genuineness of the phenomena; and for the want of this virtue his reviewers did not spare his mental back with their pen and ink lashes, greatly to his annoyance.

Mr. Spicer desired that everybody should believe the facts narrated in his book, but not for a moment to indulge in the thought that the author was a believer. This was so very apparent that the reader could not help seeing it if he would.

In the year 1851, if our memory serves us right, Henry Spicer, Esq., Barrister at law, from Temple Bar, manager of a London theatre, of small dimensions and less pretensions, poet, author and lover, paid the United States of America the honor of a flying visit, and by some it was said—but with how much of truth we will not vouch—that Henry came a wooing—came in pursuit of the heart of a fair and lovely actress, well and justly known to fame on both sides of the Atlantic, with whose superior charms he had become smitten (as any man who possessed a heart might justly be) during her visit to his native shores; but alas for human love! "Her heart it was another's." And after a brief sojourn in the land of the Yankees, Henry returned to his mother without the coveted prize. If perchance Henry's eye should ever, like a stray sunbeam, fall upon this page, he may indulge in the wayward thought that we are inclined to be revengeful, and to retaliate upon him. Well, if so, we do not object, but assure him if we had

"Set down aught in malice"

on his account we should have been more pointed and severe than we have, for we possess ample materials.

We have only indulged in this playful strain, to remind our friend, Mr. Spicer, of the old adage, "that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." "Of what do we complain, Henry?" That you did Mrs. Hayden great injustice, which you knew at the time, and which you acknowledged to us on a subsequent occasion. You knew that we had a right to expect better things of you. Now then for the cause of this little paper *melee*.

Some months previous to our departure for Europe, Miss Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Green Street, Boston, called at our house in Lowell Street to ask if Mrs. Hayden would oblige her by giving a seance at her house that evening to a party of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was the celebrated Mrs. Moore and an English gentleman, that Mrs. M. was most anxious to convince of the truth of the spirit manifestations. Miss Hunt said that she had selected Mrs. Hayden as being "the most respectable and reliable medium in Boston or vicinity," at that time, and that she had so informed her party or words to that effect. Accordingly, we consented to attend, and Miss Hunt was so kind as to send a carriage for us at the appointed hour. On our arrival, we were introduced to the company and the distinguished foreigner and poet. An account of that seance we will allow Henry to give in his own words, although it is not strictly correct, but sufficiently so to answer our purpose, and we extract from his work "Sights and Sounds," and leave the reader to judge if we have not good and sufficient reasons to denounce at the flippant and ungentelemanly manner in which he treated us.

(To be continued.)

CONFERENCE AND SPIRIT-DISCOURSE AT THE MELODEON.

The morning conference at the Melodeon was attended with increased interest. Dr. Gardner first alluded to the interest in spiritualism in Portland and to the discussions and statements of opposition by Dr. Dwight. In the Portsmouth Journal an extract from his discourse states that Spiritualism has given nothing new to the world, and specifies the doctrine of the seven spheres as taken from the writings of Swedenborg.

Now my perusal of all the works of Swedenborg will inform the D. D. that Swedenborg has never so much as mentioned the seven spheres which have been described by hundreds of more modern mediums. So much for the opposition when they begin to particularize things they know nothing of. Spiritualism is a further development of the spiritual sense of the Scriptures and of the general revelations and expositions of Swedenborg, as well as of the laws of progressive nature. Another point at our conference was the fact of false communications by lying spirits. But it seemed to be agreed this was the exception and not the general rule, and most generally the lying spirits sooner or later had made confession of their falsity, supporting the principle that it is neither the interest nor happiness of any in the body or out of it to maintain a falsehood. It is uttered by those on the lower planes of development, where no human mind can long rest contented according to the sure law of progression.

Dr. Gardner stated that arrangements were made at their preparatory meeting at Prof. Agassiz' house for a fair trial of the new phenomena at Cambridge, but irrespective of pecuniary considerations. This seems right.

In the afternoon Mrs. Henderson's organism gave us the usual flow of angelic inspirations, following upon the beautiful harmony of the singing sisters and the most appropriate Spirit-prayer. The subject of discourse was, the truth of nature as given according to the laws of genuine science. Her light broke forth like the beautiful sunshine after the shower of rain. The fetters of gormination were thereby burst asunder, and the needful productions are given us at the instance of her light and heat.

The world needs truth, and the principle is sent forth in adaptation to every variety of requirement. The religious cannot give the scientific, nor any distinct branch do the work and perform the use of another branch. No member nor particular denomination of the church can say, "all truth is with us."

There is truth in every object. How do you know there is a God?

Through the interior senses and also from every object of nature. The fact of a God is demonstrated throughout the realms of creation. It is especially given through influx from superior intelligence, as

the causative power, giving instruction religion and philosophy, and establishing science and general laws.

Within your Institutions the children are instructed to look too limitedly. They become slaves to others opinions. They must begin with the alphabet, but not be confined to set books as a guide. No one can be authority for another. Discard not the New Dispensation. No one nor sect nor party can stay the progress. Some may be good. Professional men in their department, but confinement makes us partial and one-sided. All truth will prevail. Every knee shall bow in the declaration, not of the Bible alone but of all nature. If necessary let the battle rage high but truth will rise higher and reign.

The concentrated power of Deity is brought home to each individual. The so-called *Vain and deluded Spiritualist* stands out against millions. But God is with us. Look to the good of your neighbor. Think not too highly of mere self. The God-principle will guide you. Remember the great free principle, *love your enemies*. Deal fairly, justly, with all.

Such was the leading and eloquent strain of ideas, presented in a manner of tender earnestness which neither pen nor type can altogether convey. Some phrases I take the liberty to italicize as nearly as possible according to the emphasis given in the delivery.

Q. Are the planets and the sun inhabited?

A. It is impossible to say respecting all the planets. We know that some are from the influences coming from them. We must first pass through and above the spheres nearest to earth to know. In the higher or supernal spheres spirits range from orb to orb and have converse with the spirits of their concentric spheres. The sun is the grand centre and not inhabited to our knowledge. The moon is a cold planet possessing not that magnetism requisite to human life. There must be a proper combination of magnetism and electricity with their opposite polarities.

Q. Is the Deity still employed in the work of progression?

A. Yes. It is a law of his Being and of the Universe.

Q. Will this planet ever be destroyed?

A. By no perception of ours; yet there will be changes, and it may pass away as do our bodies of the earth life, and so appear in new forms.

Q. What are your views of comets?

A. Here we can only give an opinion. Some are undeveloped bodies in the process of formation. They are not developed to a fixed form. But this is no authority for any man.

Q. What causes the eccentricity of orbits and can there be any collision?

A. There can be no danger of collision perceptible. All have their places and degree of equilibrium.

Q. What impels them in their revolution?

A. The same power that operates in all nature. It is by the power of will, of fixed law, amid the blending of the magnetic and electric powers, or the positive and negative influence of the harmonizing and particular fluids.

Q. Is there a centripetal and centrifugal force?

A. Yes, as already answered, the one from within and the other from without, constantly passing and repassing to and fro each other.

Q. Are tides produced by the moon?

A. Not only by the moon but by the revolution of the planets and of the earth itself.

Q. How does the spirit power act through a series of different media and does it ever act without media?

A. It does not. The different degrees of magnetism correct the poles of each media. God is the prime magnet. Others have the same power, as derived in the ratio of their proximity to Him. We are dependent upon higher minds as they are upon the Highest and so all receive from Him who is all in all.

Q. Why does the needle turn to the north pole?

A. The positive attraction to that pole. The magnetic is positive and the electric negative. These influences are constantly passing and repassing each other.

Q. Respecting the miracle of loaves, was it by that spirit power that produces to our view and touch the spirit hand?

A. It was nothing imaginary. It was brought to them as articles are now removed from place to place by spirit power.

Q. Were the three men, cast into the fiery furnace saved by being charged with the positive magnetism?

A. There was another in their presence whose electricity saved them. It was the electric power of spirit. This is our view. The higher agents of Deity act on others. The highest seraph, once from similar darkness returns to help the unfolded. The joy realized by these missions of love has not entered the heart of man to conceive.

In the lecture given at the Music Hall, the most practical ultimatum of Spiritualism, in the union of all that is signified by church and state, was proposed. If the Inspirations of Modern Revelation have any value, they must be orderly applied to the actual arrangements of society and of daily life. Church and state have no significance unless it be in the ultimatum of goodness and truth in external application to the industry, affairs and uses of life according to the laws of nature and not of human legislation. Cambridge June 8th. 1857.

W. H. PORTER.

LITTLE CELIA.

"I cannot play to-day, I feel so sad and lonely," said little Celia, "my playthings I cannot touch, for dear Harry is gone; he came to me last night; I saw him; he looked like an angel, he was so bright and beautiful; but when I told him how much I missed him, he disappeared so quickly I saw not the way he went. They tell me angels came and bore him from earth, to dwell with them, and yet I think he sleeps in the dark deep bed where I saw him lowly laid, and where his name is on the stone, and where I plant the precious flowers that grew in our little garden. I have taken them up and planted them on his breast. I know not if they will flourish, the turf is so drear; but I love to weep around it. I am so sad and lonely, and try to nourish the flowers that shone so bright and beautiful when dear Harry was with me. My mother passed away when I was too young to feel great grief, or miss her love or care. My father, ere I learned to lip his name, went to a foreign clime, and there breathed his last. O, 'tis deep woe to lose an only brother, when father, mother, and sister have never been known, and if they have all gone to God, I pray he would take poor Celia too, for I feel so sad and lonely."

PORTRAIT DRAWING BY SPIRITS.

Since the announcement made a few Sabbath since that Mr. Walcutt of Columbus was being used by disembodied spirits for the painting of portraits of departed friends, there has been much enquiry upon the subject here.

We in order to receive some tangible proof of the matter under consideration, requested a spirit friend to present himself to the medium Walcutt, and arranged the time.

On the morning of the day after the time appointed, a spirit with whom we frequently converse told us that the sitting was a failure and no picture would be forwarded.

Thus things remained until in course of mail we received a letter corroborating the statement. The medium writes:—

"For three years past there has been taken several hundred likenesses, considered perfect. At present failures frequently occur. Previously my spirit friends only attempted the pictures of such spirits as were able to embody themselves perfectly with the elements of my nature, which may have been one cause of their success in such drawing in former times."

"Another cause of their frequent failure now is doubtless my ill health, for I am and have been for some time back sick and suffering much. Many spirits cannot embody with my elements."

"I have no control over the matter, as when I sit for an aged person. I find after the bandage is removed from my eyes that a child has been drawn, and *vice versa*. I am at present passing through one of those transitions to which mediums are subject, and it unites me for everything. I wish the friends would give me a few weeks respite from my labors, and if any more requests are sent for pictures that they will give me as much time as possible whether successful or not.

My terms are one dollar per sitting, which fee about keeps me in material as much paper is frequently spoiled during the sitting.

Every applicant appointing time and enclosing fee shall be promptly and honorably attended to, and whatever is drawn will be forwarded. When good likenesses are taken and well drawn I charge from three to five dollars at the option of the party receiving them.

Please send name, age, and length of time that the person has been in the spirit world, as these will aid us in recognizing the spirit; and when not wanted as a test, a general description should be sent.

Geo. E. WALCUTT.

THE INVESTIGATION AT HARVARD.

Our readers are doubtless aware that a very animated and thorough discussion of the claims of Spiritualism has been carried on during the past month by several of the prominent papers of this city, chief among which have been the *Courier*, *Traveller* and *Journal*. The former has battled against all the thousands and tens of thousands of facts, declaring that they never existed and the latter admitting that they have occurred and rather favoring the theory of the Spiritualist. The result was that the writer in the *Courier*, Professor Felton of Cambridge, was challenged by Dr. Gardner of this city to a public discussion of "the whole subject of spiritualism, whether scientifically, philosophically or theologically considered, the discussion on the part of the spiritualists to be conducted through Mrs. R. M. Henderson, and on the part of the opponents of the spiritual theory by the writer of the articles in the *Courier*, with permission to call to his aid any or all the Professors of Harvard University. The discussion was to take place before a committee, which was to decide who had the best of the argument, and the worsted party to forfeit one hundred dollars, to be distributed to the poor if paid to the spiritualists. The *Courier* refused to accept this challenge, but offered to "pay five hundred dollars to Mr. Gardner to Mrs. Henderson, to Mrs. Hatch, to Mr. or Mrs. Anybody else, to any medium, or medium, who will do one or all of the things we have mentioned; who will communicate a single word imparted to the spirits by us in an adjoining room, who will read a single word in English, written inside a book or sheet of paper folded in such a manner as we may choose; who will, answer, with the aid of all the higher intelligences he or she can invoke from the other world, three questions which the superior intelligences must be able to answer, if what they said in the Melodeon was true: who will tilt a piano without touching it, or cause a chair to move a foot, placed as we will place it, and with a committee of scientific gentlemen to arrange the experiment."

Dr. Gardner accepted this challenge in a letter to the *Courier* under date of May 27. The whole matter being thus brought to a focus, and facts and argument in prospect of being brought into juxta position with each other, the *Courier* somewhat modified the tone of its articles on the subject, and, omitting its former fire and fury, weaved into the thread of its discourse a little more common sense and reason. We congratulate it on its happy change. Its remarks in connection with the letter of Dr. Gardner were fair and honorable, and all that any lover of truth could demand.

Dr. G., accompanied by Allen Putnam, Esq., of Roxbury, called upon gentlemen professing to constitute a committee, at the house of Professor Agassiz in Cambridge, on Monday, June 1st. A few preliminary steps were taken in relation to the investigation, which, we are informed, is to be made during twelve sessions; but not much could be done at that time, on account of Dr. Gardner's engagement to be at Portland that evening. Dr. G. returned on the 6th, and on the Monday following again met the party. The result of this last interview was an agreement "in writing, embracing all the essential particulars and regulations" to be observed in the coming thorough scientific investigation of the whole subject of the spiritual phenomena, not confining the committee in their investigations to the particular phases of manifestation mentioned in the proposition of Prof. Felton, but extending through all the multifarious phenomena of modern times, usually denominated spiritual. The investigation is to commence as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, and is to be continued from day to day until the whole subject has been thoroughly tested. The investigation will be conducted in private, and the result will not be announced to the public until the termination of the sittings."

Recent Events in Spiritualism.

REMARKABLE IMPRESSION AND CURE. At the recent Conference of Spiritualists, held in New York, Dr. Wellington related the following, in illustration of the uses of Spiritualism:

"Dr. Wellington, who also argued in favor of the proposed system, in illustration of his theory that there was a spirit directing the movements of every man, told the story of a rustic couple who, about a year ago, came to this city from the West, and by direction of the spirits, who had never seen a spiritual paper. The woman, some years previous, by divine or spiritual inspiration, when told to travel about one hundred miles distant through the wilderness, where she would find an individual who had been an invalid for years, whom she was to rub with her hands until he should be healed, started on her journey, and having reached the place described, found the man as she had been foretold, who was an unbeliever in Spiritualism. She told him of her errand, and after some persuasion, he was induced to permit her to perform the office for which she had been sent, and accordingly commenced rubbing him with the palm of her hand, which she continued until he was able to leave his bed, and walk upright, and attend to his business. This act soon became so public that her name and fame spread far and wide, until she had more than she could attend to, and until she herself became an invalid and was obliged to seek for health in the East."—*Spiritual Age*.

SPIRIT PAINTINGS.

L. S. Everett, editor of the *Cleveland Spiritual Universe*, exhibited at the Universalist church, two paintings, claimed by him to have been executed by the spirit of Benjamin West, through the mediumship of E. Rogers, of Columbus. One was a beautiful oil painting of a lady in Cleveland, whose relations still reside there, and in whose possession the picture now is. The other was a crayon sketch of a little girl, whose friends reside in Cleveland. We have seen many celebrated paintings in our short life, and although not claiming to be a connoisseur, we give it as our opinion that these were evidently done by a master hand, and vastly superior to many now shown as *chefs d'œuvre*. There was an exquisiteness and refinement of taste about them, which it is impossible for us to describe. We have always been skeptical in regard to many of the manifestations of modern Spiritualism; but, from the candid and apparently truthful manner in which Mr. E. stated the claims of this new discovery, we were rather put "on the fence."—*Evening Sentinel*.

A CURIOUS PHASE OF MEDIUM POWER. We have in our possession a series of pencil portraits nearly as large as life of persons who have passed from the earth-life which were drawn under peculiar conditions. Mr. Wolcott, of Columbus, Ohio, the medium in this case had his eyes blindfolded, was then placed in a darkened room, with naught but a drawing pencil and several sheets of blank paper. In a few minutes his hand was seized by the spiritual artist, and in an exceedingly short time the portraits were executed. These portraits have been examined by connoisseurs, and have been pronounced masterpieces. Considering the circumstances under which they were made, we are at liberty to look upon them as really wonderful productions.—*Principle*.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Covert, whose services are engaged exclusively for the *Banner of Light*. The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth. These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted, only the answers given to them. They are published as communications, without alteration by us.

Peter Folgar, Sherburne, England.

I am very desirous of communicating. I do not come that I may set the inhabitants of earth wondering at my long delay; neither do I come to give you anything that will be dressed in eloquence, for I cannot give you such. The earth now seems ready for a mighty harvest. Sheaves of the souls of mortals are white, and bending beneath the pure grain. And why may not the angels be reapers thereof? Why may not we descend to earth, and lift off the burden that now weighs heavily upon mortal minds? "Where shall I go," says one, "after death?" "I have no sure abiding place," says another. "He that believeth in me, the same shall be saved," said Jesus; or, in other words, the same shall be made happy here and hereafter. Now, then, they who believed in Jesus would surely follow his example; they would strictly abide by his teachings. It is not the belief that would save the child, but the works springing from the belief. Therefore, if they believed in Jesus, I say again they would walk in his footsteps; and if so, they would find an eternal peace.

Spiritualists believe their friends return and manifest unto them; verily, verily, I say unto them, it is not that belief that will make them happy, but the works that will follow that belief. For if they truly believe, will they not live pure and holy lives? If they do not, then their belief is mockery, and not true belief. The churchman believes in his creed; believes, so the people of earth say. If that belief be genuine, will he not live up to the teachings of that creed? However faulty that may be, however tinged with error and superstition, if it be genuine, something like acts will spring up from it. The Christian says, I believe my God will sustain me under any and every circumstance. Places that Christian in a perilous situation, and fear prompts him to cry aloud for aid; now, if his belief were genuine, would he cry aloud for God to assist him? I tell you nay, because he would know that God would surely save him. The Christian prays because he fears, not because he loves to. Christianity does not consist in prayer, but in good works; and the true Christian, the true believer, when he finds himself in danger, will not cry to God for aid, for he knows that God will assist him without that cry, the simple outburst of fear.

The good book says, the "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Think you that passage applies to those who are encompassed by light? We tell you nay. They of ancient times were governed by fear, because they were not developed up to a standard to be ruled by love. The true follower of Jesus of Nazareth recognizes God in love, not in fear. He believes in him, not because he fears him, but because he loves him. He has perfect faith that he will sustain him, because that faith leads him to lead a pure life; and will not God sustain such? Each act of your every day life is a prayer to God, and you need have no other. I say each act of your life is a prayer to God. If you do a good act to-day, does it not bear a prayer to Almighty God, claiming a reward therefor? We tell you it does. You need not go upon the house-top to pray God to bring you a blessing; let every act of your life bring its own blessing. Who shall guide you, oh man? That never-failing guide that God hath placed in every intelligent mind. Do unto thy neighbor as you would be should do unto thee, and every act is a prayer, and blessings shall daily and hourly be bestowed upon you.

But the Christians, the great mass of churchmen, instead of having a natural religion, have a mathematical religion. I must go to church to-day, says the Christian; I must pray at such an hour this morning, says the Christian. I must gather my friends together for evening devotion, says the Christian. Perchance some poor child is knocking at the door, asking for a morsel of bread to stay the loud calls of nature. But the mathematical Christian must pray just so long, and nature and her religion is cast under foot as good for nothing. Many, doubtless, will answer that Christ prayed and taught his disciples to do likewise; very true, and again he told them, let every act of your natural lives be a prayer to God. He instituted prayer for his disciples, because it coincided with the custom of his age; because it accorded with the mathematical religion of the day. Permit us here to ask was Jesus a mathematical Christian, or was he a natural Christian? did he follow the teaching of the past, or the higher light within him? The mathematical Christian said, I must fast and pray this day, and nature must weep and bewail; but Jesus went forth healing the sick. The mathematical Christian of the present day devotes seven years for the study of theology, that he may be fit to go before the people to teach them the way to salvation. He has pursued a certain course of instruction, turning neither to the right or left, but forming a creed so hard, that the face of nature, were it to smile thereon, would be broken to atoms by it. One day in seven he comes forth to preach and pray; to exhort the people to better lives. In one sense he does, but not in the other. He whom we would call Rabbi, must set us an example. He should be one of nature's children, preaching in her own temple, not setting apart one day for the worship of God, but praying and preaching every moment of his life by his acts.

When the children of nature learn to live in accordance with the laws of nature, learn to pray by nature, to act by nature, then shall these wars, and rumors of wars cease; then God be worshiped in spirit and truth. Now he is worshiped only by and through materialism, and spirit has nothing to do with it. Man enters into high-towered domes to pray, when God says enter into thine own soul. Where does he call upon you to pray in it? Nowhere; and ten thousand times ten thousand mockeries are going up from such temples, from those who aspire no higher.

Let God in all your actions shine, then shall ye receive purer, holier, diviner light; then shall your acts bring each a rich reward in answer to each act. It was not my intention to occupy your time so long. This is the first time I have communicated with mortal in this way, and I could not at this time have done so, except by the aid of my son-in-law. I love to return to earth, and should delight to come often to you, and to those I love on earth. I cannot, perhaps give you much to raise the souls of men, but what I give, will be given with that view, and my every prayer shall be for your success.

John Wilson, Hotel Keeper.

I am a spirit. I know I am dead, but I can scarcely realize it. I have only been in the spirit life a few months, and I am a stranger to the many thousand things that present themselves to my view, and I do not know how to speak of them. I do not desire to return to earth to dwell, but I do desire to communicate to many of my friends if it be possible. It is very hard to effect that. I labor under great disadvantages. They tell me that I must present myself to you and let them know that I am in condition to communicate. If they are my friends still, they will call for me; if they do not wish to hear my voice, I want nothing to do with them now. I know I am not dead. I have cast off the old body, but I am as living and more so than ever. If they can cast off their prejudices, and come and see, I will endeavor to prove it to them. I should not have presumed, to communicate this morning, but the spirit who communicated to you just now told me I might never have such an opportunity, so I embraced it.

I have two children on earth—a son and a daughter. I am very anxious about them, and want them to be happy. They are left without father or friend, almost. I left them some property, which I hope they will settle to good advantage, and be all the happier for having it. I am very happy to come, but really I do not know what to say to you, a stranger. I could talk differently to my friends, but I only want to open the door through you for communion with them. I believe the physicians called my disease fever. My name was John Wilson. As regards my occupation, it was nothing stated. I was a hotel keeper in Brighton and in Watertown. Following this communication, and after the influence had been thrown off, the medium was entranced, and, while in that state, wrote:

I am going to communicate with George Wilson as soon as they will let me. Harry Wilson.

To Professors.

In my day it used to be customary to give honor where it was due. At the present day, it seems to be customary to withhold honor from where it is due.

Many wise Professors are standing in the way, but the cause of Spiritualism will not stop as did the beast Balaam rode upon, because these Professors have not the shield of Truth round about them; if they had, they might put a stop to these spiritual proceedings. They have set themselves up as teachers—no one else ever set them up. They have gathered all the relics of Old Theology, and they are standing upon them; but they must remember one thing—their foundation is old, and is already partially decayed, and if they do not stop upon something more new and beautiful, they will sink with the ruins.

I, as an individual spirit, would like to know why they do not understand the true position of their enemies; these random shots seldom take effect. They may use as many old volumes for wadding as they please, but at every discharge they will find the fragments scattered to the four corners of earth, and become nothing.

Now it would be far better for these Professors of the Science of the Age to understand the true position of their enemies, for the army against them is mighty, and we would like to see an even contest.

They are filled to overflowing with error, and this being the case, they must, sooner or later ground arms, and be led willing captives into Spiritualism; for the spiritual harvest is already white with grain, and the great armies of God defy the hosts of hell to overthrow his kingdom.

We love them, but we do not love their errors. We would be happy to render them service, but we cannot assist them while they walk in the path of error. We do not denounce them, but we do denounce the erroneous covering they have drawn round about their material and spiritual organisms. We do not war with them to put them down, only to put down their error. We wish them and their good deeds to stand eternally, but their vile dogmas are determined to crush. They may call to their aid all strength of will they are masters of, and if the powers of Truth are permitted to work in accordance with the laws which govern them, they will conquer; and if they do not surrender then, they are worse than cowards to the angels.

No wonder the Ancient said, "put off thy book-worm pride." No wonder he would not put on the yoke of error to please them. If they would rise, they must lose their hold on error, and rise alone, grasping at things above them, not below them. Now their grasp is on the lower elements. Shame on them, that they cling to things that have Death marked upon them, while their souls are fit temples for Wisdom to inhabit.

They must remember we move by order of the Great Eternal; they must do so, else they move in vain, and their works come to naught. Good morning. Andrew Jackson.

David Cutler, a Bostonian of the Olden Time.

May I be allowed to ask what place I am in? Boston? That is just where I want to be. It seems to me as though I have been a spirit a long time; but I suppose it is not so long as I think it is. Boston! How it has changed since I was last here. My name was David Cutler; when I lived in Boston, I lived on Queen Street, second house from the corner. No one knows me here, and I know no one. I know I am a spirit—how long have I been away from this town?

The last thing I recollect was, that I supplied the men that worked on the Governor's house, with ale. Hancock was his name. I kept a porter house, second door down Queen Street. It was on the right hand side looking towards the water.

I drank some. I had two children, David and Polly. David used to carry the ale, Polly used to put it up. I sold a good deal at that time, for the men worked hard and they wanted a good deal to drink. They tell me I have descendants here now, but I don't know where to find them. My father came from England, but I was born in Boston, on King Street. Perhaps I have got the two mixed up, but the old folks lived near the church. Ben Franklin lived close by—almost next house to where I was born. I played with him more than I did with any body else. It appears to me he did learn printing. I bought candles of his father. That's after I set up for myself. I was pretty young, only 18; got married when I was 19. Why don't I see Ben if he is dead? I used to be acquainted with all the children, particularly with him. I heard he got mighty smart; got provoked with his brother and cleared out. I'd much like to see him.

You ask how came I here to you. I was looking round, and was told this was Boston. I have descendants here, and have been to see them, but I can't do anything there. I don't know the name of your streets, so I cannot tell where. There is a little fellow here who says they live on Prince Street; but I don't know where that is. The building has a black door with a big knocker on the door. House large, with small windows. The little chap says go out of Hanover Street, take the right hand and go a little way and you'll come to the house. Now I'll tell you something on my own hook. The name on the door is my own. I was 81 when I died.

Well, where are you going to find out if I am true—I have been away too long for you to find many of those who know me.

This friend says all spirits have to progress on earth, and I have got to come back. I think this must be my resurrection. Now if I don't attend to me, when I come here again I'll stay, for I am not going to sleep any longer.

We made some inquiry as to the correctness of the above, and subsequently received the following:

I don't know whether they are relatives of mine or not; but this little fellow says they are. I did not mean to say that his name was David Cutler, but the last one was right. Well, I told you I should come to see you if you had got me safe out of difficulty, and I am satisfied, so I'll leave.

Robert Foster, of New Hampshire.

I see the great printing press is in motion, and I see thousands gathering around that press for wisdom. Many new stars have come forth into being since I left the earth life, and the stars of my time look very dim when compared with the stars of the present.

I used to think I would like to know what was going on twenty, thirty or fifty years after I had passed away, but I never expected to enjoy what I hoped for then. I hoped it might be so that we who passed away might know what should be going on in the future on earth. I can truly say, I have received substantial joy in coming to earth, even in looking on earth, seeing the progression, and the countless multitudes seeking for truth.

I have many friends in the earth life, and I dare say, should I give you my name, and should you give it forth to the world, thousands would recognize not only the name, but myself, as I was and as I am. I have a companion here with me, in the spirit life; I have another on earth, although twenty years have

passed since I left earth. One after another of my friends are beginning to receive the truth as it is given to them from on high. Ah! if I could only unseal the closed eyes of that companion of mine, I should be happy. But she is looking daily for the second coming of Christ in the clouds, and is crying "Lo here!" "Lo there!" when Christ is here already in the soul. I have a son; that son has a dear companion; she believes in the philosophy of Spiritualism. This is one more source of joy to me. I want to do something to make the people of earth know that we do indeed return and manifest. What shall I do? I want to convince the whole world. But, however, as I said, the printing press is in motion; thousands are receiving light from it, and soon the time will come when all shall know the truth.

To my dear companion I would say: Cling not longer to that which is daily dying in your grasp—to that which has proved itself to be false.

My friend, you have been listening to the voice of a spirit; that spirit once lived in a form of flesh. I am no less than a printer and publisher, and my name is Robert Foster. I lived in New Hampshire in 1856.

Seeing Spirits.—Mary Cushman—Betsey Hunneman—J. Hunt.

While in what may be called a clairvoyant state, the medium describes such spirits as present themselves to her, and repeats what they impress upon her mind, or control her to say, with some remarks of her own, relative to what surrounds her.

Oh dear, it is an awful place where I am, there are so many unhappy ones here in darkness. It seems as though I was moving in darkness, and the air is so thick and heavy I can scarcely breathe. The people seem to be at work, and the clothes are all dark looking, a fashion they say, the result of their dark thoughts. I don't see any one here I know. I am glad I am getting out a little.

Here is a spirit they call MARY CUSHMAN, who, I should think, had been here a long time. She looks to be about 40 years of age.

I seem now to see more light, and better looking people. Mary Cushman says she has got a son here with you, and she is very desirous to communicate with him.

Here's a lady on the water, and this band of spirits wish to help her, for she is sick. Her name is Jane Hunneman. A brother of hers is among the spirits approaching her. He wishes her to know he is with her, trying to make her happy, and an old lady, Betsey, her mother, is here. She is one of her guardian spirits. It is thick, foggy here, and the people are all sick. The angels are moving on missions of love, and in order to carry on their work, they take me with them. I cannot understand that.

We do not recollect anything heretofore in our investigations, which presents this point, viz.: spirits taking the spirit of a medium to a distant place, using it as a mediator, as it were, between spirit life and material life. The expression of the medium in the last sentence of her description, shows that she was at a loss to account for it.

Spirits cannot approach us for some kinds of manifestations, except there be medium powers to work through. Thus, a spirit may truthfully and perfectly describe to us the disease of a person many hundred miles away, if there be medium powers where the patient is which they can use, though these powers may not be known to the party possessing them, but if not, they cannot do it perfectly. If any friend has had experience in spirit communion, which will throw light upon this point, we should like to have the facts.

I am in a new place, where the houses are white, with green blinds, and small. Here is a house they want me to enter. I am in a small room, and one gentleman in it. He is light complexioned, about 25 years old. He is a medium, and a spirit is trying to communicate to somebody living away in South Weymouth, (his grandchild, I think,) about some money. The name of the spirit is Hunt. He wishes to communicate to his son and grandson about money that was buried years ago. The name of the medium is Straza. The spirit says he has communicated through him before on the same subject. But there are so many spirits trying to influence him, that he is not likely to get a chance.

We don't know anything about this buried money, and do not believe in such schemes, but throwing that to the wind, there is an opportunity to glean a test from the manifestation.

Charles French.

Mrs. Conant being entranced, the spirit having possession made us understand that he could not use her vocal organs. By means of the alphabet for the dumb, we received the following:

My name is Charles French. I resided in Lawrence. Lost my speech by scarlet fever, when young, and have not spoken since. I was about thirty-four when I died. I could mesmerize when on earth. I used to influence one medium, make her pray, sing or laugh, as I willed. I can mesmerize one medium now, but I do not yet know how to control her vocal powers.

The medium does not know how to use the alphabet in her normal state, and it was used with a facility which puzzled us to read, we know so little of it. Many of the letters we were obliged to get him to write, but he chose to spell his communication out by the alphabet; possibly he did so in preference to writing, the better to identify himself to his friends.

Robert Danton to his Son.

They who are dead speak, and speak to those who are in forms of clay. Ten years ago I was one of you; now the earth knows me no more. I regret many errors I committed while in the earth life. But as all time is a stage in which man can progress, I, you see, am treading upon that stage, although beyond mortal sight.

Oh that my spirit could speak in a voice of thunder to those I have in the earth life. But time must bring that to me which I so much long for; time must open the doors, and time must bid me welcome. Can it be possible that I am in a northern clime, speaking through the form of a stranger, and to a stranger?

I have a son; that son lives in my spiritual nature, as he did in my material nature, and it seems impossible for me to dwell longer in happiness without communicating to him. My name is Robert Danton. My son's name is Robert Danton, and he lived in St. Charles, Texas.

Oh, I would to God I could speak to him, but it is impossible. In time they tell me I shall. Lord God of Israel, draw him and bless my child; this is the prayer I daily offer.

Oh, how sweet must be the joy of those who can speak to their friends, and be received and recognized by them. There are many present who are very anxious to communicate; perhaps they have near and dear friends to whom they wish to communicate. I will not stand in their way, for I know how sweet is the joy they desire. We, I trust, shall meet again.

James McDonald, of Lowell.

I have been in the spirit land near five years, was sick a long time, and died of consumption. Have much to say to my friends, if I can reach them. My name was James McDonald; I died in Lowell; was a Scotchman by birth, twenty-nine years of age. I left a mother and sisters, but I cannot approach them in my present condition. Now, if you can assist me, I shall feel very grateful, and in return, will do all I can to make you happy. I was not the worst fellow that ever lived, but I wish I had been a great deal better; can't help it now. Good bye, stranger—I will see you again.

Eben Cole, formerly of Lawrence, Mass.

It is a sad thing to be sent from the mortal to the immortal life too quick.

I was born in Maine, and nearly all my friends live in that State. I have some friends living here; I worked at stone cutting awhile, about three years ago; got discontented, and left; went to Lawrence and engaged myself as assistant in the freight depot there. I had been there little over one week, when I undertook to couple one car to another, and got pretty tightly squeezed between the two myself. I was carried home, and lived a short time and then went to the spirit life.

Now I am anxious to manifest to some of my friends. Spiritualism was no new thing to me when on earth, but I was no spiritualist. I was constantly in the way of manifestations, and so got along better when I came to the spirit life.

I was near twenty-four years of age. My name was Eben Cole. I think the depot-master's name was Eaton, but I am not sure. All the people there knew of the circumstance. Eaton?—I made a mistake. Eaton was ticket-master—that's it.

The last few lines are apt in illustrating the fact that spirits are liable to make mistakes in names and other matters, as well as mortals. Why should they not, being finite, and not perfect in memory any more than in any other attribute God has given his creatures?

Had this name not been corrected, the skeptical world would have doubted the truth of the whole communication, because of an error of memory. This may teach us not to throw away all because a part happens to be wrong. It is right to select the good, which our reason pronounces such, and discard only that which the same power discards.

Sarah Bartlett, to her Father, Mother and Friends.

My Beloved Parents: It is to commune with you that I leave my duties in the higher life. I wish to inspire you with hope, and fill your interior being with patience, that you may quietly pass through scenes of sorrow, and have hope for brighter things in the future. Soon the sun will burst through the dark clouds that now hang over you, for the angels are striving to benefit you.

Dear mother, you must not weary of that weak and sickly form; soon you will be much better, for know you my darling mother, that Sarah is not dead, but often at your side in life. I have not forgotten how you stood over my mortal form ere I passed away. Now I am free and beyond all sickness. I have many blessings for one who was so dear to me. Tell him I am often with him to shield him from danger; tell him to constantly look upward, for there he will find a star to guide him.

Now, dear parents, if the cold winds of adversity blow hard to-day, they may not to-morrow; and surely you will find rest and joy unspeakable when you come to me.

Georgiana to Luther Parks, Esq., of Boston.

Years ago they laid my body in the tomb. Years ago kind parents and friends looked upon my pale face in the cold, cold coffin. But spring, the spring of earth life, was written upon my brow, and they were loth to part with the bud ere it had blown. But as the laws of nature must be obeyed, and if disobeyed judgment must follow, I passed from the earth sphere in the early spring of my life. Disease contracted, perhaps by disobeying the laws of my physical form, caused me to break asunder the bands and become a spirit. I dwell high in the spheres, and do not often return to earth. Sometimes in response to a call from a loving parent I do return, yet I cannot often manifest. But I daily scatter rare gems of love in the pathway of those I loved on earth, and one day the little daughter will meet the parents in the heavenly sphere. On earth they call me Georgiana. Would you know of me to find me true, inquire of Luther Parks, Esq., of Boston.

Blessings, stranger! I will come to you again.

Albert Borie, of Philadelphia, to Henry Wright, of Boston.—David Marston.

Dear friend: Soon the battle of earth life will be over with you, and I shall have an opportunity of shaking hands with you, face to face. Be brave, be strong; for you are sure of victory.

I am glad to see you so happy, and I know you will be still happier after your change. You destroyed your health in the service of your country; your reward is high at hand. I often come to you, with many others, sometimes for the purpose of relieving you, and sometimes to see if we cannot manifest to you. David Marston often comes with me. He says he once saw you in Mexico. He was a New Hampshire volunteer, and died in the hospital at Mexico, of wounds received in a skirmish with some of the natives. Was under General Scott. Now I must go. I will come again soon.

Borie was killed at Cherubusco. Henry Wright belonged to the same Company—Talbot's Howitzer Battery.

Peleg, to Judah Baker.

Dear Father: We will do what you wish, as soon as we can. Have patience and faith. I refer to the manifestations you wish to have at home. Give much love to my beloved mother, and all.

Lucy N. Judkins.

I wish to communicate with the dear ones I left on earth. Many years have fled into the past since I left earth for my home in the spheres above it. My disease was hemorrhage of the lungs. I left a dear mother and sisters, my father being in the spirit world. Some of these have since come to me, and they join in sending blessings to loved ones on earth.

I was called for in the midst of happy school days, yet I am far happier here, and have no wish to return to earth to dwell. My only object in coming, is to make my dear friends on earth realize that they who left them long ago are not in the silent grave, neither are they afar off, but often at the places they once called home.

Col. Foster, to his Daughter.

My dear Child: I have much to give you by way of communication, and I wish to commune through yourself. If you will sit a small portion of each day, that will do much towards developing your medium powers, and soon we shall be able to commune through you.

If you do not receive anything at your first sitting, do not let that prevent you from sitting a second time. Oh be a good child to your dear mother, and ever stand ready to make her path pleasant through the mortal sphere. If you see dark clouds in your pathway, with a smile pass through them, for they shall not harm you. Soon the clouds will all pass away, and that which oppresses you shall be driven in the distance.

Elizabeth Stevens, of Boston.

Are there no friends who will recognize me as I return to earth to commune with them? Surely, I had friends when I left my mortal form, and I cannot think they have so soon forgotten me, as only a few years have fled into the past, since I left them. Now I often come to them, but cannot manifest; but I can see them, and hear and know as well as I ever could. Now if my friends will not receive me, I shall not fail to come again. I lived in Boston, and believe they called my disease consumption. Where are the weeping friends who stood around my bed when my spirit took its flight? If they will welcome me back to earth, I will often draw nigh to them; but if they refuse to understand me, I will not do likewise when they come to me, but will meet them with open arms, and lead them away to their rest.

Pearls.

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

Oh! what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan—
It man but did his duty,
And helped his brother man!
Then angel-guests would brighten
The threshold with their wings,
And Love divine enliven
The old, forgotten springs.
Oh! what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan—
If man but did his duty,
AND HELPED HIS BROTHER MAN!

Holy and beautiful indeed is the smile of faithfulness and perfect love! Too seldom does it live; too seldom lighten heavy cares and earthly sorrows. Too seldom does it gladden burdened hearts, and give refreshing down to thirsty souls. Too seldom, indeed, does it have a birth; too often does it soon leave life's pathway even if fairly born and dearly welcomed there.

Too quickened seed o'p'wondered the thorn,
The weed, the worm, the blight;
While vigorous leaf and ripening corn,
Successful, cheered the sight.

What gave so soon the harvest pride
To life's unfolding years?
The heavenly husbandman replied,
"The seed was sown in tears!"

The violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves,
and yet of all flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant
smell. Such is humility.

About Ben Adhem—(may his tribe increase!)—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
What writest thou? The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" asked Ben. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. About spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write mine as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Thus thinking man hath wings; the acting man has only
hands.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"A pleasant title for a sketch," says the city reader, as he takes up this paper, perchance of a Sunday morning, in some small basement dining-room, where two windows look out on a narrow, brick-paved yard, from which, even the scanty spires of grass which sometimes shoot up from the soil beneath, have been driven away by the boiling sun which Bridget gives them weekly; or it may be he has gone up to the contracted parlor, the windows of which afford a little more variety to the eye, in the view of your opposite neighbors. In their basement the "fuo simile"—no, the double of your Bridget, is washing dishes; in the second story, a lady in morning wrapper sits at the window reading; in the rooms above, young men in their shirt sleeves are busy with their Sunday toilet. You strive to look still higher, and with difficulty catch a glimpse of smoky, blue sky above; high up and far away it seems, but it carries your mind back to some little green nook in the country, where you once lived when a child, or had visited in the rare intervals from city toil. Wide stretches of blue sky, green mountains, golden sunsets, violets, dandelions, buttercups, new mown hay, and sweet, fresh milk, all mingle in sweet confusion in your memory, and you turn again to your paper *Sunday in the country*, and fancy that it will aid you in living over again a precious bit of country life.

But kind reader, you may stop and think over what Sunday in the country might be, but I am going to lay aside my delicate gold pen, that often jots down the reminiscences of Fairy land, where I sometimes stray, when worn out and fretted with the hard pavement of the *Real*, and taking a stiff, steel point, firmly fitted to its wooden holder, give you a truthful description of Sunday in a country village. I will strive to set down naught in malice, but in humility of heart, as one who would lead the weary children of earth by more quiet waters, and into greener fields. Let me take a morning in spring. There have been fresh rains during the week—the grass has sprung up thick and green on hill-top and in meadow.

The cattle have long since been driven to the pasture, and are enjoying nature in their way, up to the full measure of their faculties. You would not think I exaggerate, if you could see the pleasure which they strive to manifest at being freed from a long winter's confinement to their narrow barns.

The birds, which sung in full chorus the cows went to pasture, are more quietly busy now, building nests. But that robin on yonder apple tree, has not finished his song yet, or is adding a supplement. He enjoys this delicious Sunday morning, and pours from his little throat a sweeter overture than bass viol or organ give us. This evening he will give me a doxology that will raise my heart, for a few moments at least, from the dullness of worldly cares to thoughts of sweet music in heaven. It isn't all Sunday music either, that robin and his brother singers, and the little ground birds around the porch, and the blue birds that have a nest on the old pearmain tree, and the hermit thrush that hides itself in the thick shrubbery of the buckthorns, and the more sociable robin that has laid two eggs in a nest on the arch of the front door, and the yellow bird that is rearing its young amid the perfume of the untrimmed honeysuckles, will praise their Maker just as much to-morrow morning, (washing day,) as they do to-day. But I shall forget myself if I stop to talk about the birds. They are so thick around me just now, and so musical, that my too rampant fancy believes them sent as special comforters in an hour of sorrow. I would like to stay with them all day, but I am a church-goer. Yes, a believer in the good old fashioned practice of "going to meeting" regularly and with punctuality, of having the form of worship maintained—the show bread and the altar, the candles bright and in place, the snuffers, (typical of deacons, perhaps,) on each side. In a more worldly sense, I would have the form of worship maintained. Let a whole community, bathed and dressed themselves in cleanly garments, once a week and assemble together in some house of worship, there repeat in concert the Lord's Prayer,

and listen to that glorious chant, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," and I would risk nothing in saying that this community would more virtue and more refinement, and more prosperity from perseverance in this simple act, than could be obtained by a legacy of \$10,000 spent in a community that ignored all form of worship. This matter settled, we will certainly go to church; but first let us take a peep at ourselves and our neighbors in the preparatory process. We are late at breakfast, a common custom in the village. We have lost the sunrise, we did not see the "night mists" rise from off the plains, nor mark the first sunbeam, as it gleamed upon the undulating surface of foam, till it parted and floated upwards, growing bright and luminous in the increasing light, till it vanished away, leaving to your vision, the clustered houses, the winding river, the green pastures below, and the serene blue heavens above." We have lost the best hour for communion with God; often at such a time as we have watched these mists float away, and the landscape came out from its chiaroscuro, so clear and fair to view, and listened to the birds as with one burst of melody they greeted the day-god, the mists of doubt have passed from my own heart, and exceeding peace, clear and serene as the blue vault above, has arched an inner world. What we have lost in Nature's temple, we will try to regain in one made with hands.

Breakfast and household matters are hurried a little, for there is a "grand toilet" to be made. In a village where there are no concerts, few parties, no balls, operas, reunions, few social gatherings, except sewing societies, our readers will not be severe, if they are told that Sunday is display-day for all the gayest attire we may possess. Our three or four village milliners sat up till night almost melted into down, to finish dresses and bonnets for impatient customers; but they will not stay at home on that account, not they, but in silks as costly and bonnets as gay, will be seen with the other youthful worshippers. The fair girl whose busy needle supplies all the demands of her toilet, will be arrayed in luscious silks and rich embroidery. To be sure, it takes almost all her earnings, and what is worse, most of her strength, to supply these wants, but the pretty face, and her industrious habits will gain her a husband one of these days, perhaps, and that perhaps makes Sunday life brighter. The jewelry of the place is in requisition to-day, not as formerly, in the precious breast plate of Aaron, or on the robes of the Levites, but in the ears, on the hands, and around the necks of worshippers. The plain slips of the village church are radiant this spring day as beds of tulips and hyacinths.

The black coated men (I wish black wasn't American go-to-meeting dress) and the scattered mourning dresses only serve as refreshing shadows for the brighter tints. We look round, the bell has tolled, and the minister, relieved in the intense blackness of his attire, only by the one spot of white on the bosom, and the white circle around his neck, walks gravely into the pulpit. We look round, there are, perhaps, three hundred people here, a hundred in the church opposite, three hundred at the Methodist. This includes all the worshippers. The town has a population of three thousand. Making due allowance for the sick and aged, where are the remainder?

Some of the wanderers I saw on my way hither—a group on the tavern porch, evidently enjoying a social chat—a few more were riding for pleasure—quite a number, mostly boys unbarred for parents or guardians, were roaming the fields; but far more, and these indeed a large proportion of quiet, orderly citizens, were at home with book and paper.

The house was darkened, but the glorious, all pervading light of the soft, spring day penetrated here and there through the clefts of the blinds, or some window, only partially shaded, playing about the shining ribbons on a maiden's bonnet, or silvering the soft, white hair of some aged head.

Then, too, the fragrance of the sweet, blossomed air, stole in through the open door. Nature without was full of light and joy, I had brought it with me, and my heart was dancing, to the melody of the bird choir, and full of charity to all created things. "We are all the children of the loving God," whispered some spirit voice to me. The minister rose and gave out the following hymn:—

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur and repine
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine.
But O, their end—their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery rocks I see them stand
And fiery billows roll below.

Now let them boast how tall they rise
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain."

I had a bonnet on, or believe I should have put both hands to my ears. It came upon me like a cold shower bath. No, not like that either, more like being smothered in a cloud of dust and cinders from a volcanic eruption. Had there been a driving north-east storm outside, I could have stood it better, and have said with Lear, "Blow, wind, crack your cheeks, rage! blow!" but the blessed influence of Nature in her softest mood was around me, and I am sure I envied not those wicked men who "in robes of honor shine," nor should I rejoice to see them standing on slippery rocks that overhung fiery billows. The sight would make me dizzy and sick, and I should cry for help, and hope that rescuing them from their perilous situation would work their reformation. But I did not love to think of the figure at all; it was painful.

All at once I remembered "Aunt Eunice," and my mind was at rest. In the days of my childhood, there was a good old woman, who, in her old age and poverty, was in a great measure supported by the church. She was a comical looking creature, with a face about as large and round as a good-sized apple. Her cloak was a red flannel riding-hood, (cloak and bonnet united), and her seat a corner pew in the gallery, which was always filled, in wet and dry, hot and cold. But though so faithful, she was not servile; she read and thought for herself. "I can't judge for others," she would say, "but as for myself, I want to be led by the love of God. I want them to preach to poor sinners the goodness of the great God who loves all his creatures." When the preacher uses such words as hell and damnation, and fire and brimstone, then Aunt Eunice shuts her eyes and ears, and keeps saying, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it," and "I am the Good Shepherd," &c., and she has a meeting all to herself and goes home comforted.

"Now for Aunt Eunice's philosophy," I said to myself, as the minister read the hymn with evident gusto. Surely Dr. Watts, true poet that he was, has

something more akin to this type of Heaven, this double Sunday of nature and the calendar. I needed but one turn of the leaves.

"Nature, with all her powers, shall sing
God the Creator, and the King;
Nor stir nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
The spacious earth, the spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star.
Yet mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise."

There spoke the poet and the Christian. Now it happens that Capt. W., our head singer, is a better musician than reader. He is not very correct or clear in his pronunciation, but he sings, as the birds do, because they are full of music. I like to see and hear him, for he forgets everything in the song, and the musical sounds come rolling out, full-toned, and sound in a way that makes my heart glad. So I kept my hymn of praise and married it to his music. It went well. Thanks, good Captain; may you always sing as well, and never pronounce better.

We will pass the prayer. Few public extemporaneous prayers ought to be dignified by that name. We seldom learn to pray till we know anguish and sorrow; and who can tell what our poor craving hearts need in such an hour?

But the sermon—surely to-day he will take some of the beautiful teachings from Nature, so thickly scattered through the Gospels, or some of the devout aspirations of the sweetest of Judea's poets.

I Samuel, 28: 7-25. "Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may go to her, and inquire of her."
And his servants said unto him, Behold there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at Endor."

We will not copy the narrative; the reader will please turn and examine for himself.

Shadows were around us. That mysterious narrative, over which so many commentators have stumbled, and which used to make us tremble when a child; for in the big Bible was a picture of a dismal cave, and a weird old woman, who stood near the tall, melancholy Saul, and gazed with a frightened look at the spectre of the disturbed prophet in his grave-clothes. What could our minister wish to do with this scene at such an hour? All the ancient laws against witchcraft were quoted, and the judgment of God foretold to those who in these latter days should imitate Saul, and inquire of such women as the witches of Endor. She had her followers in this day, viz: the "mediums" who professed to hold communication with departed spirits. These people were in league with the arch enemy of mankind. The devil, and not departed friends, wrote these messages, tipped the tables, played upon these musical instruments; and those who mingled in such scenes came under the condemnation pronounced by the angel of the Apocalyptic vision—"God shall take away their part out of the Book of Life, and out of the Holy City."

With a saddened heart I turned from the sanctuary. I had asked for bread: I will not say they gave me a stone, but I was hungry still.

The Sabbath School followed the morning service. The lesson for all was in Corinthians: "Paul's Thorn in the Flesh." I could not learn at the close that the little ones were fully satisfied on this knotty point, and I confess to not having gained much light myself upon the topic. Another service followed, after an intermission of ten minutes. This closed at three o'clock, and in two hours and a half from that time there was another service. From this I absented myself, for I am no Simon Stylites, and should weary of my pillar, even with his fame in perspective. I sat down, book in hand, at a west window, waiting for the song of birds and the hush of evening. Some of the wandering boys were returning from the hills, and the highway was trodden by older pedestrians, strolling listlessly along, as if neither head or hands had work. From the low basement room, that admitted little air or light, I heard the sound of a hymn, sung by the congregation that assembled there for the third service. I was wondering with myself, whether this was really the best way of worship; wiser than myself were satisfied with it, and felt better for a day so spent. Was it a matter of conscience, a necessary formula, to be laid aside with the Sunday garb, and resumed again when the six days had rolled round? or was the soul, thus brought nearer to God, purified from the world, rap as was Moses when he ascended the mount, and so filled with the vision that his countenance was radiant as an angel's when he turned away?

While I mused, Nature unrolled a picture before my eyes exceeding fair and beautiful to look upon. I must give it in the words of another, for my own powers are inadequate to do it justice. The sun was just sinking behind the mountains in the west; above these mountains clouds had gathered white and fleecy. "Now from zenith to horizon the sky was one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; the darkest clouds turned into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language, and no ideas in the mind—the intense, hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, showing here deep, and pure, and lightless; there modulated by the filmy, transparent vapor, till it was lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold." I gazed till my spirit was full of its beauty, for it was a rare sight; one of those sunsets seen only a few times during the summer, even among the Green Mountains, where the changing scenery of the sky has every day new beauties of its own. At this time heaven seemed near to earth. I felt almost as if an angel hand had drawn aside the veil, and I was gazing upon the inner sanctuary.

Slowly the vision was withdrawn. I bowed my head in worship.

"Descend from Heaven, immortal Dove,
Sweep down, and take me on thy wings,
And mount and bear me far above
The reach of these inferior things.
Beyond, beyond the lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll!"

"Good evening," said a voice near me. "So you didn't go to meeting this evening. Well, it is hard work to go four times a day. I'm all worried out. Sunday is the hardest day in the week. But our folks always go, all day. We had quite an importation of new bonnets to-day. There, I've made up my mind that Miss Gibson is the best milliner. I knew her bonnets all over the house to-day. Did you see Miss Hale's Boston bonnet?"
"No. I did not observe it."
"Strange! Well, she thought she couldn't get one nice enough here, so she sent to Boston and bought that flyaway thing."
Then followed a general discussion upon dress and individuals, till the darkness called her away.

The day was gone, and the had been a "Sunday in the Country," a day when all the voices of nature called man to worship; and perhaps, out of the three thousand within a circuit of a few miles around the church, a few had worshipped in spirit and truth. On such Sundays I think of our Saviour teaching in the fields, by the wayside, on the shores of the lake, by the banks of the Jordan, on the hill top, and in the fishing vessel. The volume of nature and the written law were both with him. How pleasant if our country ministers could so imbue themselves with a love of God's works, draw their illustrations from corn-fields and vineyards, from the flowers of the field, the birds of the air, and the every-day employments of their congregation, so that like our Saviour, the common people will hear them gladly. Give us more of Christ, and less of creeds; if they bear the name of pastors, they should lead their flocks by green meadows and living streams, and not fling to them the dry, mouldy crusts of theological dogmas. "CHARITY."

Agriculture.

Re-GRAFTING OLD TREES.—The late George Olmsted, of Hartford, Ct., was very successful in grafting new tops into old trees. His rule was always to begin at the top, and graft one-third of the tree in each year—three years being thus required to finish the entire head. By grafting at the top first, the grafts are not shaded by the remaining branches, while the necessary reduction throws the sap into the remaining side limbs, and gives them vigor for grafting the next year. A tree, seventy-five years old, was successfully treated in this way. The fourth year afterwards it bore ten bushels of apples; the fifth year eight bushels; and the sixth year twenty-eight and a half bushels.

SICKLY PLUM TREES.—The Pennsylvania Cultivator, says that salt, freely applied to the surface of the ground around the tree, and over an area as wide as the extent of its branches—strong brine applied as a wash to the trunk and limbs, and pulverized wash introduced into the trunk of the tree by boring into its centre, and then plugging it up—all, or either of them, are said to be certain means of restoring plum trees that are troubled with the curculio bug, or trees that have evidence of diseased sap or black warts, into a healthy and luxuriant condition. The plum is naturally a marine tree, and it is surprising how much salt it will assimilate and thrive upon.

The French papers contain the following statement, which may be important for agricultural countries:—

"Marshal Vaillant communicated to the Academy a paper by M. Doyere, on the curious and important fact that anesthetics (the substances, such as ether, chloroform, &c., which are used to stupefy patients previous to undergoing surgical operations,) have the power of destroying all kinds of insects injurious to the preservation of corn. Experiments on a large scale were made at Algiers by order of the Minister of War; and M. Doyere states as the result, that two grammes of chloroform per metrical quintal of wheat are sufficient to destroy every insect in the silos (corn pits hermetically closed, common both in Algeria and Italy) in the course of four or five days. Five grammes of sulphuret of carbon will effect the same in twenty-four hours. Not only the insects, but even the larvae inside the grains are completely extirpated; and the corn, after being shovelled four or five times in the open air, does not retain a trace of the operation. Cattle will eat the barley thus treated, even while still infected with the odor, and without any injurious effect. It is well known that corn, lying in heaps, produces a considerable development of calorific, to prevent the bad effects of which it must be shovelled two or three times a day. M. Doyere has remarked that corn, treated with anesthetics, does not evince the same tendency; he is nevertheless of opinion that his experiments are not sufficient to establish this as a positive fact, and, therefore, recommends that further trials be made."

A correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer* says: "I have found the cultivation of currants to be very profitable. By care and attention I greatly increase the size of the bushes, and the quantity and quality of the fruit. My bushes are now about eight feet in height, and are remarkably thrifty. The cause of this large growth I attribute in a great measure to the fact that I have been in the habit of pouring soap suds and chamber ley around their roots, during the summer season. I am satisfied, from my own experience and that of some of my neighbors, that this treatment will produce a most astonishing effect upon the growth and product of the bushes, and would advise others to give it a trial."

ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE SLAVES, belonging to the estate of the late Gen. McKay, for many years representative to Congress from North Carolina, and freed by his will, have arrived at Wilmington, on their way to Liberia, by the way of Norfolk.

THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD has just shown that it has a soul—after having deprived hundreds of passengers of theirs—by voluntarily offering to pay an annuity of \$500 to the parents of a young man killed in the recent catastrophe at Burlington.

A PRINTER PROFESSOR.—Robert D. Weeks, formerly of Whately, Mass., has received the appointment of Professor of English Literature and Farm Economy in the new Agricultural College in Michigan. Mr. Weeks is an experienced school teacher, a scientific farmer, and a first-rate printer.

THERE are twenty-three and a quarter millions of dollars in the treasury subject to draft.

A CATHOLIC CHURCH, which will cost \$220,000, is to be built in Washington, D. C.

Advertisements.

A. O. STILES, M. D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, Bridgeport Conn. Terms.—Clairvoyant Examination and prescription \$3. By a look of hand, if the most prominent symptoms are given, \$2; if not given, \$3. Answering sealed letters \$1. To ensure attention, the fee must in all cases be advanced.

Dr. Stiles—superior Clairvoyant powers, his thorough Medical and Surgical education, with his experience from an extensive practice for over sixteen years, eminently qualify him for the best Consulting Physician of the age. In all chronic diseases he stands unrivalled. May 7—4

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, RAPPING, WRITING, TEST IM-PRINTING, (Letters on the Arm) and CLAIRSYM-PATHIC MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place, Boston. May 14—4

MRS. M. MUNSON, CLAIRVOYANT, 5 Hayward Place, Boston. May 14—4

MRS. R. T. HUNT, WRITING, SPEAKING, TRANCE AND PSYCHOMETRIC MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place. May 14—4

DR. W. R. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL MES-MERIST, 5 Hayward Place. May 14—4

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Mr. Munson will also furnish all other Boston and New York Spiritual Papers, and will forward ten of the following to our readers: \$1 per annum; or, on receipt for \$30: Banner of Light, Boston; New England Spiritualist, Boston; Spiritual Telegraph, New York; Spiritual Age, New York; Age of Progress, Buffalo.

Mr. M. is agent for all other Spiritual Publications; also for THE PSALMS OF LIFE; a compilation of Psalms, Hymns, and Devotional Sentiment of the Present Age, by J. B. ADAMS, containing upwards of five hundred choice selections of poetry, in connection with appropriate Music. It has been prepared with special reference to the already large and rapidly increasing demand for a volume that should express the sentiments and views of advanced minds of the present time, and meet the requirements of every species of devotion. It is entirely free of sectarianism, all the theological dogmas of the past, and fully recognizes the Presence and Ministration of Spirits, in every condition of life on earth. 328 pp. bound in cloth. Price 75 cts.; postage 14 cts.

All orders for books and papers promptly attended to. June 18—4

MRS. J. H. CONANT, TRANCE MEDIUM, NATIONAL House, Haymarket Square, Boston. Mrs. Conant will sit for Medical Examinations only. Having given satisfaction in her examinations, she will be pleased to accept of any offers her services to her friends and the public.

Examinations \$1.00 at her rooms, or at the residence of the patient. June 11

ORNAMENTAL PRINTING. CARDS, BILLS, CHECKS, Labels, &c., handsomely illuminated, in the highest style of lithography and color, and executed on paper, upon reasonable terms, at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 17 Washington Street. June 11

THERE IS BALM IN GILEAD! MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, 12 Wilmet Street, Portland, Me., Clarysympathetic Examining and Prescriber for the Sick. Having been more than thirty years in Portland, she has seen many cases that were given up by physicians, now feel encouraged to offer her services to those who may want. Mrs. Danforth will give special attention to female complaints—Examinations private and strictly confidential.

A Danish physician, who has been practicing the Medical, gives circulation to the fluids and vitalizes the system. He cures Complaint, Dropsy, Scrofula, Herpes, Cancer, Paralysis, Scurvy, Rheumatism, Gravel, and those subject to Fits, have all yielded to his treatment. Persons from the country are requested to give their name, age, and town they live in, and they will have a description and treatment sent, and medicine if requested. The fee for examination enclosed will secure attention. Medicines all vegetable.

Terms.—Examination and prescription if present at the house, \$1.25; in the city, absent, \$1.50; out of the city, \$2. June 11, 1857.

LIFE OF A SEER. JUST PUBLISHED THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, entitled "THE MAGIC STAFF." This Greatest of the wonderful books of Mr. Davis is now ready. For sale at S. T. MUNSON'S No. 5 Great Jones Street, New York. Sent by mail, postage free, on the receipt of the price, \$1.25. June 4

GEORGE ATKINS, HEALING AND CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM, Office No. 184 Main Street, Charlestown. Heals the sick by the laying on of hands and other spiritual means. When sickness or distress usually attended by tenderness by engorgement of the blood, with the name and place of residence, the patient will receive an examination written out, with all requisite instructions. Terms, when the patient is present, \$1; when absent, \$3, payable in advance. Office hours from 9 o'clock to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. June 4

MEDICAL INSTITUTE, HAVING NO SYMPATHY with the legalized Medical Institution, made up of a combination of speculating individuals, having no higher object than money making; frequently disregarding the interests of the sufferer, and too often taking advantage of their unacquainted with their craft; practicing for their own convenience what they acknowledge as deception, I have come to the conclusion that I may, as well as some other individuals in the city, establish myself in an institution alone, with my wife and boy, to exhibit a basis of the name of the place of residence, the patient will receive an examination written out, with all requisite instructions. Terms, when the patient is present, \$1; when absent, \$3, payable in advance. Office hours from 9 o'clock to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. June 4

REMOVAL. J. V. MANSFIELD, THE TEST WRITING MEDIUM, (ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS,) gives notice to the public that he may be found on and after this date, at No. 4 Winter Street, near Washington Street, (over George Turner & Co.'s dry goods store,) the rapidly increasing interest in the phenomena of spirit communication, and the necessity for him to occupy larger rooms for the accommodation of visitors.

As Mr. M. devotes his entire time to this, it is absolutely necessary that all letters sent to him for answers should be accompanied with the smallest fee he charges. Consequently no letters will be answered unless accompanied by a fee of \$1.00, (ONE DOLLAR,) and three postage stamps. Audience hour from two to three o'clock each afternoon, Sundays excepted. June 15, 1857.

LIFE OF A SEER. JUST PUBLISHED THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, entitled "THE MAGIC STAFF." One volume royal 12mo. 628 pages. Price \$1.25. BELLA MARSH, 15 Franklin Street. May 28

SPIRITUALISM AT THE TABERNACLE. DISCUSSION of Spiritual Philosophy, by CORA L. V. HAYDEN, a Spiritual Medium, and MR. C. H. HARVEY, a Minister of the Gospel, on Thursday evening, April 16th, 1857. Photographically reported, 18 large octavo pages. Price 5 cts.; 5 for 25 cts.; 12 for 40 cts.; 25 for 60 cts.; 50 for 100 cts. Sent by mail, postage addressed STEADMAN & CO., publishers, cor. Ann and Nassau Streets, New York. May 28—3

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS. CHARLES (MAY) Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the afflicted at No. 7 Davis Street, Boston, where he is prepared to receive patients desiring to be treated under the above moderate terms. Patients desiring board, should give notice in advance, that suitable arrangements may be made before their arrival.

These sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should include \$1.00 to the examination, with a letter, stamp, &c., to pay their postage. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M. May 28

T. H. PEABODY, HEALING MEDIUM, NO. 15 FAYOY will undertake the cure of all diseases, however obstinate. He will be assisted by Mrs. Peabody, one of the most highly developed mediums of the age. Patients visited in or out of the city. April 14—4

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING MEDIUM, "ROOM" No. 16 Tremont Street, 7th Floor, (opposite the Boston Museum.) Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Ourselves he will visit the sick at their homes, or at any place. May 14—4

MRS. T. H. PEABODY, TRANCE MEDIUM, NO. 15 FAYOY, Boston. April 14—4