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DORA MOORE;

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 XXVII. gholse ale Auntoruthy boptanse so e di es

Aunt Ruthy was bustling round the house, duster and broom in hand, and on her head a handkerchief

glibly than her hands and feet.

"I declare, Dinah, I can hardly believe that I am alive and in my senses! Who would have thought that I'd see the flay when a Catholic priest should be admitted into this house to solemnize a funeral? It's an awful idee, and I'm afeared of the judgments of Heaven. What would old Parson Williams have said if he'd a thought the baby he baptized, and that I carried to meetin myself in his long white gown and beautiful worked cap, with lots of ra'al thread lace on it, looking like a little angel right from heaven; what would he have said if he could have looked forard to this day, and seen Edward open this house to a man who worships picters, and pretends to forgive sins?

Why, he used to preach agin papacy with all his might, and e'enamost thumped the cushion to pieces, when he told about Babylon and the beast.

I wouldn't have cared so much if he'd only let him into the office, but he's gin orders to have the It went agin the grain with me dreadfully, and I would have talked him out of it but there was a look in his eyes that meant he'd have his own way.

Out to speak of herself, and was agreeably surprised

I wonder he dare look at them portraits; and that
to find that she had learned to trust in Christ as her kiver em up. You go strait over to Wilson's store knew where to find the fountain of peace. But alas! and buy me four yards of yellow gauze; it will be a she said, "I sorrow now, because though I know my look right at the priest all the time."

funeral yourself?" and the state of the stat

"Not I! I've too much religion for that. I shall for the priest. I am dreadful afeard it will hurt turn agin him, any how." "There comes the parson, Miss Ruthy; shall I

ask him into the middle room?"

"Yes, girl; now quick, don't keep him waiting."

and putting on her "company manners," went in to see the minister." "I'm mighty glad to see you, this morning, sir,"

she said. "I've really had a sore struggle in my mind whether I ought to raise my finger to help along this funeral; it's awful, sir, to think of a Catholic priest a coming here to take your place. and Aunt Ruthy took a pinch of snuff, as was her custom in trouble. The transfer the state of the state of

"I do not consider that he takes my place, Miss Ruthy. I believe the mother of the deceased was a i If thou art wise, instead of grieving and murmursolations of her own form of worship at this time."

spoken of in the Bible, and don't you think they're thee not-" a persecuting sect, and that the blood of the martyrs rests on them?"

Catholics have had power they have persecuted those who would not yield assent to their doctrine. (Alas! would I could say that Protestants had not done the like.) But my religion teaches me toleration and thirsted for these drops of spiritual comfort. Her forbearance. I would not deny to them the privileges which I ask for myself; but I would, by a holy Jack would gladly have given all he possessed or

better way." But, sir, don't you think we'd be better off if the

Irish were out of the country?" and the property of the country of

"That question would be useless for us to discuss, Miss Ruthy; they are here, and we cannot make it and I can't repeat scripter, but I jest now recalled to and are not, perhaps, well fitted to appreciate our shaver, playing at my mother's knee. "Jesus wept," be their excuse for the present; but I trust the sec- lost a brother when he was on earth, I reckon he's ond generation will prove good and trustworthy citi- just as good now." zens. Let us be patient and forbearing, and thank | Aunt Ruthy hadn't much to say-" If they were God that our broad land is a home for the oppressed, only Congregationalists, or Methodists, or Baptists, and an asylum where all can worship God as their said she, "I could talk, but dear me! I'm quite shut

own consciences dictate." And the whole village will be secure the martyrs."

Then you don't think the whole village will be secure the martyrs."

But where was Dr. Edward? Busy and kind in worried me most to death; but there and use in my doing everything to relieve Dora from all dare and saying one word when he's, set on a thing you anxiety as to the funeral, selecting a spot for the

Holyoke. He's just like his grandfather Kenney." "Give yourself no uneasiness about the Doctor, Miss Ruthy. I can assure you his popularity will not suffer. How is Miss Dora this morning?

"Oh, sir, she's gentle as a lamb, it makes my to protect her cap from the dust, while her tongue, heart ache to see her. She aint set upon having a that as yet felt no touch of rheumatism, moved more priest at all, but she reads an old Bible that her mother kept, because her husband owned it; it's a Roman Catholic Bible, but I don't see much difference arter all. She's got some queer notions from an old man that was kind to her in Ireland; she says there are good people among all sects. Wouldn't you like to see her, sir? I think it would be a comfort to her. Poor thing! she's just like a flower I've seen struck down by a hail storm. She couldn't be made to believe but Edward could bring the boy round right; and when he was really dead and the Doctor said he could do no more, she sank down in a sort of stupor, and you'll see she aint the same gal abe was a week ago."

Dora was glad to see the minister; his kind words, and more than all, his prayer gave her consolation, for her spirit seemed borne, as on wings, to that world where weeping and sorrow are unknown. Without referring to difference of sects, he took her own worn Bible and read to her from the Gospel of St. John, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye bebest parlor open and the whole house set to rights. lieve in God, believe also in me. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Gradually he drew herreminds me what I thought on in the night—I'll Redeemer, that taught some by the word of God, she comfort to me to know that they won't be obliged to heavenly Father has sent this affliction, I cannot yet say, 'Thy will be done.' I feel like a child left alone "Why, Miss Ruthy, don't ye mean to come to the in storm and darkness, and can see no way open before me." and the said a discharge of the see

The minister took from his pocket a small volume. go to my own room and read the book of Revelations; It was the "Imitation of Christ," by that great and funeral, mind you tell 'em it was Mr. Warren sent good man, Thomas a Kempis, the Holy sub prior of St. Agnes Monastery, written many, many hundred Edward's practice; the minister and deacons will years ago, but dear to every spiritual Christian. "Hear, Miss Dora, what the disciple in sorrow says to Jesus."

"I am in deep distress, and my heart faints and sinks under the burthen of its sorrows. Poor and helpless as I am; what can'I do, and whither can I head, laid aside her apron, drew down her sleeves go? Be thou my strength and my support; and whatever be its weight, whatever its continuance, I will not fear."

Thus Christ answers-

"I am the Lord, a strong help in the day of trouble; when, therefore, trouble rises within thee, take sanctuary with me. When I have calmed the violence of the tempest and restored thy fainting spirit, then thou shalt rise with new strength and confidence in the light of my mercy. Wait for me; and if I come not-wait; for I will at length come, and heal

Catholic, and I would be sorry to deny her the coning at the adversities which befall thee, thou wouldst rejoice and give thanks; nay, thou wouldst count it "Why, sir, don't you believe Papacy is the Beast all joy that I visit thee with affliction, and spare

"As the Father hath loved, so have I loved you. When, therefore, I visit thee with adversity, murmur "Yes, I do, Miss Ruthy, most sincerely I do believe not neither let thy heart be troubled, for I can re-Popery is the man of sin, and where the Roman store thee to light and peace, and change thy heaviness to joy."

Like manna to the wanderer in the desert, was this visit of the minister to poor Dors. Her soul had mother, in her rude, noisy grief was unapproachable. life and gentle precepts, show them, if possible, a gone on a pilgrimage, to have brought back the smiles to the face of the young girl, but he could manage a ship in a storm with more case than administer spiritual consolation to the mourner.

"I aint much of a scholar, he would say, Doras otherwise they have their national peculiarities, mind the verse I learned when I was a little bit of a free institutions. Their ignorance and poverty must and if he had so much sympathy for those who had

sen's turn him any more than you can move Mount | burial, dear to her for the beauty of the scenery and

he could go no further, without unloceing the tide needle, yet." of deeper feeling, which became stronger each hour. . "Couldn't I do something now, Aunty?" said

what the minister had said, ventured to lindulge her to talk with you about. I want to do something to curiosity by being present; and though it did make help mother, and if possible earn a support for myher ache "from the crown of her head to the soles of self; can't you tell me any way, that I can do it?" Edward's popularity increased instead of waned.

"It is astonishing," she said, some six weeks afterwards, when she got up in the night to bolt the door after Edward, who had been called away in haste. how many Irish babies are born into the world! The whole country will be overrun with them if we don't do something to stop their emigrating."

Jack Warren had now arrived at the height of his ambition. He was to take command of the ship on his next voyage, and no little incident had given tinction upon him.

She looked at the well knit, stout figure, at the curling with the least moisture, in little short curls, making a sort of crown around the head, and said. laughingly, "Captain Warren, I give your joy, -your title has been nobly won."

How pleasant to the sailor sounded those words from that dainty little mouth.

It was a mild spring evening, and he proposed a walk. It was, of course, to Jemmy's grave, for Captain Warren must leave in the morning, and this would be his only opportunity to visit the last home of his protege.

It was late when they returned, and at the sailor left before light in the morning, and had his rooms at the village hotel, Dora did not meet him again, before his departure.

The afternoon of the next day, when he is Ruthy, was seated in her little room, with her break of buttonless shirts and holy stockings, there was a light tap at her door, and in a moment the fair face of Dora appeared, in answer to the summons "Come

Her eyes were swollen from weeping, and though she smiled when the old lady welcomed her, and invited her to a seat, it was a constrained smile, a sudden ray of sunlight on a cloud, and then all dark again. Aunt Ruthy, attributing it naturally, to her late trouble, and in part, perhaps, to the departure of Jack, tried her own homely way of consolation.

"Why, dear child, you must try not to cry so; its very bad for your eyes-there's old Mrs. Hilton, cried so much when her son was drownded, that she's give. been almost stone blind ever since; she hain't done no sowin, to speak on, and spends her time a knitting. You must try to feel that God sends trouble upon us for our good, and not repine at his might she not yet?

"I think I am learning to do so, Aunt Ruthy. The minister opened a little door of peace to me, and away, ready to fling his captainship to the winds, he gave me this book, taking the little volume of and forget his sorrow in some of the old haunts, so Kempis from her pocket, that is a great comfort to me. I do try, Aunt Ruthy, all the time, to say 'Thy will, oh God, be done."

"That's right, my child, I'm glad I sent the minister in to see you. What time did Mr. Warren

"He left before light, this morning, I suppose. He is Captain, now, Aunt Ruthy."

"Well, I'm amazing glad on't, he's a real nice man, and has improved astonishingly since I first knew him; her as spruce and slick now as a par-son, though he don't look much like a minister nether, with his jaunty cap and brass buttons. I don't think I shall want for snuff, if he don't come back these two years. I never saw nicer than that last jar he bought me," and Aunt Ruthy could not avoid testing the quality, on the spot. "By the way, Dora, how old is he? I never could guess at a

sailor's age."
"Aunty Bolt told me, when I lived with her, that he was twenty-eight, that would make him about thirty-six now."

"You don't say now! it don't seem possible that he can be six years older than Edward. I shouldn't have thought it. I most wonder he hasn't married mothers work at the wash-tub. I'm afraid vou've and had a home of his own, though sailors are apt turned her head upside down, Edward, and that to be sort of reckless bodies, but he's so steady, I she'll never take to work as an Irish girl ought, who should e'enamost have thought he'd have been a family man. Now, there's Eunice Keyes, she'd be jest dainty and white as 'Squire Wilson's gals, and move the one for him; let me see, she's turned of thirty, over the keys of the plane as prettily as theirs, and and has a snug little house of her own, that her father left her; she aint mighty harnsome, to be sure. but then, she's cute and savin', and neat as waxwork. I declare, I wish I'd introduced 'em."

"You can, when he comes again, Aunt Ruthy." "I sartinly will, but what in the world are you doing with that shirt, Dora?"

"Only making a button-hole, Aunty. I see there is one needed." "Thank you, child, it's quite a help, for my eyes

are getting most too old to make button-holes, and you do them well. I wonder how it came about, for plain seam decently."

ed to these flings upon her countrymen, to heed it six years old, and she's only sixteen, and he's got to much. 1 am some indebted to you, Aunty; do you be so spruce and smart, and called Captain, now. little Irish girls, that find such kind friends to teach and thank ye," too, I know, for she said he was the

the music of a singing brook, with its fripge of wild taken a great deal of pains with you, and you have flowers. He said no word of consolation, but every lived with us so long, that folks hardly take you for action betrayed a brotherly tenderness and care- Irish. It may be you'll earn your living by your

The priest came, and Aunt Ruthy, encouraged by Dora, eagerly; "it's earning money that I came in

her feet, to see them low Irish in the best parlor," Aunt Ruthy looked at the beautiful girl before yet she survived it; especially, when she found that her, fair as a lily, with delicate little hands that seemed unused to toil, and wondered how she should answer the question.

"Your mother haint never let you wash any, has

"Not any; she says I am more hindrance than help, and that I am not strong enough."

"And then, Edward never would let you work in the kitchen, on this side of the house; he always said 'better let her have time for study.' So I don't see as you know much about housework, any way. more pleasure to Dora, since Jemmy's death, than Now girls allers get good wages here, to go out, but the reading of the letter which conferred this dis- you don't look strong enough any how, to take the heft of the work, and it don't seem just as if you were born to it, after all. I suppose you could teach, manly face, bronzed by many a storm, at the hair, as well as 'Squire Wilson's girls, but I guess you couldn't get a school here, there's so many of our Yankee girls have turned teachers. There, now! I have it," said Aunt Ruthy, brightening up-"if you could learn millinery and dress making, you'd earn money fast enough. There's Miss Osgood, that lined and trimmed my bonnet, last week, who said she wanted a young girl, and I guess you'd suit her. I'll ask the Doctor about it, and if he approves I'll run right over, after tea."

Dora would have preferred teaching, but, just now, anything that would give her a bare support was gladly seized upon. She went to her own room, and sat down to wonder how she would like to spend her time making caps and bonnets, but her thoughts would wander away, and sadder subjects brought the tears again. Poor Dora! the walk with Jack had destroyed a beautiful illusion for herself, and shattered the cherished hopes of years for the poor

When he saw how lonely and sad she was at the grave of Jemmy, and how she wept that he must go away, the poor fellow, encouraged, perhaps, by his new title, ventured to pour into her ear the hope that had lain hidden in his big, warm heart so long. He did it in so much humility, he who had picked up the little wanderer on the wharf, and saved her from wretchedness, and perhaps death, plead his suit now, as one kneeling at the feet of a princess, and Dora, when she remembered all he had done for her, felt how cruel would seem the answer her heart must

There was no bitterness in Jack's heart, when Dora, weeping, begged him not to be offended with her, she loved him as a brother, she always had,

He took her offered hand, he ventured even to press kiss upon her cheek at parting, and then hurried long since descried. But now those last words rung in his ear, and helped him to retain his manliness. Please, dear Jack, don't be angry with me, call me sister still, and let me give you a sister's love."

Hitherto Dora had been in a great measure dependent upon him for clothes, books, &c., and freely received what had been so freely given. She now suddenly became possessed with a sense of the delicacy of her position, and wished, if possible, to depend upon her own exertions, as she saw many of the bright, active Yankee girls doing. How she sped in this matter, we will reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII. A CONVERSATION INTERBUPTED. "There is often a slip Between the cup and the lip."

Dr. Edward sat in his library, smoking a cigar, as was his custom after dinner, and meditating upon the request which Aunt Ruthy had made at their mid-day meal, to aid her in finding some employment

for Dora.
"I like her spirit," said Ruthy, "it's too bad for young girls to sit poring over books, while their has her living to carn—there's her little fingers as she has as much learning, I venture to say; but their father is worth a hundred thousand, and she, poor gal, haint got no father, nor a friend in the world, outside this house, but Jack Warren."

· Edward's nerves were strong, but the words of the housekeeper were as harsh as the grating of a file, but he drank his coffee, and swallowed his ill humor with it as well as he could.

"One such friend as that is worth a host of common friends, as the world goes, Aunty."

"I know that, Edward, and the good sailor will never see them starve, but, like as not, he'll get mar-I never saw an Irish girl before that could sew a ried one of these days, and then how will Dora fare? I've thought sometimes he loved her so well that he Dora smiled she had become too much accustom- never could marry any one else, but then he's thirtyremember when I used to sit in a little chair, at your that he'll be for looking higher that a little allu of side, and sew patch-work? There are not many poor, an Irish gal. There's Violet Wilson would have him them. The west in the first that flowing will said a good handsomest man in the meeting us cave one that "That is true, Dora." Doctor/Edward and I have was the minister, I suppose, Wilmili and it is

Edward glanced at the mirror, (which reflected ; back his own head and face, and full, broad chest, and wondered whether Miss Violet did mean the pale, delicate looking minister, or some one else. (Men have a little vanity sometimes.) Aunt Ruthy

"Well, then, if Captain Warren knew that he could have Violet, with all her money, and she's a more suitable age too, why he won't be likely to take little Dora."

"You don't think much of love, Aunty, without golden charms."

"La, child, you know I don't believe much in what folks call love—such matches are almost always unfortunate, and you, who are over thirty, know it as well as I do."

"Then, Aunty, when I bring a bride home, shemust have some other dowry than beauty and goodness."

"Well, there, Edward, I'm so glad you've introduced the subject, for I've been longing to talk with you about it. You must remember that your mother and I set our hearts on your having Dr. Reynolds's niece, the beautiful Miss Winslow."

"And heiress to a rich old grandfather!" said

"She's none the worse for that, I'm sure." "But, supposing she is not of your opinion. Aunty?"

"That's jest the pint I'm coming to," said the old lady, "ye see, I've almost sartin evidence that she thinks very much of you. Don't you know what : beautiful presents she used to send your mother, and didn't she work you a pair of slippers and a smoking cap—and when she spent the summer here, I heard you a speaking poetry one day, and telling her how much you ailmired a book-seems to me it was Bryad, or Bryant, or some such name, and you said something about some lines to a-a goose, was it, or water-fowl, or something of that sort, and another piece called 'Them topses,' or some such word. Well. the next day, when you were gone away, she went down to the bookstore and bought an alegant book, with them same pieces in, and kept it sort of hid away in her room. And Mrs. Wilson says," continued the old lady, most out of breath, in her engerness to make the most of the opportunity; "that when she was down to Boston this winter, and called to see Miss Winslow, she found a medical review on the table, and a beautiful book-mark right in the place where your piece was printed, and she asked after me so kindly, and talked so beautifully about your mother, with the tears in her eyes; and then she had heard of your kindness, to the poor Irish woman and her children, and she said how noble it was, and just like your mother. And when Mrs. Wilson told her how you, were getting all the practice in the place, and had to ride all day and night too, sometime, she said she was very sorry, on her Uncle's account, for he had set his heart on your coming to Boston. Now, Edward, I wish you'd take an old woman's advice, and strike while the iron is hot-'taint likely a pretty girl, with a big fortune, will wait many years for an old bachelor."

"An old bachelor, Aunty!" said Edward, rising from the table, and standing erect, in all the full proportion of his fine figure, "I didn't know I had attained that dignity yet."

"Well, they call ladies old maids when they pass that boundary, and it's a poor rule that wont work both ways. But aren't you going to Boston soon Edward?"

"Can't leave my patients, Author, they'll suffer.
I'm afraid," and laughing merrify he made his escape into the library, where he found an opiate for his nerves in his friendly cigar.

Still, as he mused, two fair faces seemed to peer at him from the fragrant cloud, one a polished graceful woman of twenty-five, the beloved friend of his mother, and the favorite niece of one whom he loved as a father. She was the idol of a large circle and had many worshipers, some perhaps for the golden halo that surrounded her, and some no doubt who did homage to her real worth. Aunt Ruthy was not so much more acute than others, for certain friends of the Doctor had given him hints upon the subject, and even Dr. R. himself had written him to come to Boston and try his luck in more ways than

one.

But while the Doctor was trying to define the boundary between respect and admiration, and that warmer feeling which Aunt Ruthy had ignored, but poets believe in, another face peoped over the shoulder of the first, a round, fair girlish face with dimpled cheeks, and gentle blue eyes and sunny curls, and it seemed to say,

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

"And I never should," he thought, "with the sunlight of that face in my home," and he threw aside his cigar and strode across the room with the decision of a man determined to have his own way. "I won't marry a rich wife-I always said I would'ntalmost always turn out bad. I'll work my own way through the world and toil for a wife, and not receive from her. If this brain don't work me independence, this strong arm shall hew a path for myself, and her for whom. I will brave sneers, and disdain, to call wife. Wife! my sweet, gentle Dora, how well the word sounds coupled with thy name!

"Edward," said Aunt Ruthy putting her head into the door, her becapped and shrivelled face, quite different from the picture in his mind's eye, come quick, Patrick Murphy's baby has poked two beans up its nose, and they're afraid 'twill die afore ? you get there; it does beat all nater how careless these Irish folks are, they don't take no more care.

of their babies than if they were so many pigs! Do hurry, Peggy has gone already." "I'll be there soon," said Edward, taking his

instrument case. · That evening at tea Aunt Ruthy informed Edward that she had been down to see Miss Smith, the milliner, about taking Dora as an apprentice in her shop, but she said that she had more offers of girls than she could accept, and that she had always heard that Irish girls were poor sewers. "But when I told her that I had taught the child myself, and that she could stitch and hem very neatly, Miss Smith concluded to take her when the busy season came on in the fall."

"She would do it," she said, "to oblige our family, though she must disappoint some others who were waiting."

"Is it, indeed, such a privilege for a young girl to be permitted to earn her living by the needle, that she must have the patronage of some family, and are we under obligations to Miss Smith for this great favor?"

"La! Edward how queer you talk!-its a nice place for the girl, and she can make a deal of money when she has learned to cut dresses and make bonnets."

"What wages will Miss Smith give?"

. "Wages! why of course she don't give any wages till Dora has learned the trade,-that will be in three months, but after that, she will give her two

dollars a week to begin with." "And board?"

"No, of course not."

"How many hours must she work?"

"The girls go at seven in the morning and stay till eight in the evening, but whou they are very much hurried they stay till nine or ten, and she pays them higher wages."

"So many hours of sewing will spoil Dora's complexion, and make a little old woman of her before she is twenty."

"Lawful sake! Edward you don't know nothing about gals; there's a dozen now that would jump at Dora's chance. Girls that have to earn their living can't be very nice about their complexion."

"Dora has a very fine one though," said Edward, as he passed his cup for more coffee.

"That's true. Dinah says she looks as if the lilywas a blushing."

"Dinah is very poetical."

"I don't know anything about that, but she thinks a heap of Dora; she says she's an oncommon Irish gal, not a bit like the rest on 'em she has seem and if she didn't know that Jack picked her up in the street, she should think she was a born lady."

"There are no better judges of good birth and breeding than the blacks," said Edward, "they seem to know by instinct a true gentleman."

"Of course Dinah knows that Dora has learned almost all she knows since she came here. You did the handsome thing by the family, Edward; 'taint many folks that would have let an Irish family into the house so, not that I've any complaint to make, for we hav'nt needed the office part at all, but in case you should make any changes here, you know-" and the old lady fidgetted about and fixed her cap a little, as if she would like to speak plainer. Edward observed it, and helped her on a little.

"Bring a wife home, you mean," he said, smiling. "Yes," said Aunt Ruthy, quite pelieved, "if you should bring a wife home, you'd want the office just as it was in your father's day. Now, if Dora can learn a good trade, she'll be a great help to her mother, and they might hire some rooms in the village, because, you know, she couldn't do anything so far from the street as this house." ...

"Of course not," said Edward, rather abstractedly, the figure of Dora, spending years of ill requited toil in a little room in the rather close village street, appearing in his mind's eye as no very pleasing

He rose from table and stepped out into the broad, mple yard before the door. The house which Edward loved so well, and which he delighted to call his home, was built by his great grandfather before the Revolutionary war. It was a fine house in its

day, and its stout oaken frame still bid defiance to summer suns, and winter storms: while the wainscoated rooms, with the heavy beams and curiously carved woodwork, told the story of its antiquity. It was two stories high with a gable roof, in which was a large, spacious garret, where the children of three generations had gamboled, and where now reposed in dusty obscurity the relics of a past century-there was the cradle in which Edward's grandfather was rocked, close to the old-fashioned flag bottom chair, in which his grandmother sat when she sung her luliabys to the young doctor's father. There was an old spinet brought from England in the reign of George III. from which some fair dame, in high heeled shoes, and brocade dress and ample train, with hair powdered and cushioned. had daintily drawn sweet music. But alas! the music had followed the spirit of the ancient lady to some unknown region, for none could be wooed now from its shattered keys. The playthings of past generations too were there, from the old-fashioned straw rattle to the rocking-horse of the present owner's boyhood, which it seemed but yesterday to Aunt Ruthy when she carried it up and placed it beside the rusty old sword worn by some ancestor in Queen Anne's war. But we are lingering long in the garret; on the second story are two large square chambers in front, one of them always sacred to hospitality, from the time to which the memory of no living man ran contrary. Its high posted and carved mahogany bedstead, with its heavy drapery, the round, high backed chairs, the small patterned Brussels carpet, the old fashioned set of drawers, the massive, antique china toilet set, were all more :than twice as old as the present owner of the mancalon. His mother, who was the pattern housekeeper, of the neighborhood, had guarded them from dust and sunlight, and Aunt Ruthy was as vigilant as if the lady herself were there to make her weekly inspection. Indeed, one would have supposed the good woman firmly believed in the periodical return of the departed to the scenes dear to them on earth, for everything about the house was kept in the same order, and even her favorite dishes prepared as when she superintended kitchen and parlor. The latter. Aunt Ruthy has described to Dora, and we have frequently taken the reader to the sitting-room .into which opened a small porch, shaded with a grape vine, more luxuriant in foliage than fruit. The heavy double front door opened upon an avenue of large, shadowy elms, and smooth bold beeches, set out before Washington fought at Du Quesne, or

George III thundered his anothemas upon the deroted colonies The sevenue was nearly three rods in length, exstending to the gate, opening upon the high road

and pleasant scenery.

As Edward stood in the doorway enjoying the mild | ing of plants." air and the spring verdure of the fresh grass, and the emerald garments of the old trees, Dora came out ing genius.". of the little office door, on the right equipped for a

"I'll scal my fate," was the thought that sprung | red lips, up in Edward's heart, as he looked at her neat, trim figure and fair face peeping from the cottage, and seizing his hat, he was at her side in a moment.

"Where now, Dora, this fine evening?" "I am going down to the Factory village, sir, to Pat Ryan's. He told me yesterday that the people there would like to have me teach their children this summer, and I was going to see how many scholars

could have, and procure a room? "But it is not very pleasant there; Dora, some eight or ten Irish families, I believe?"

"Yes, sir. Aunt Ruthy has other plans for me in the fall, but I thought this would give me employment for the summer. I am glad they are Irish, sir, I have so long wished to do something for my own countrywomen. Oh, Dr. Edward, Ireland would be a different country if all her poor children could find to America. I sometimes wish I had a great deal of money and could go back to Ireland and spend it in suffering children there."

"Would you rather live in Ireland than in America, Dora?"

"I think, sir, if I could only go back and see Iroland once more, and Uncle Mick, if he's living, and my father's grave, and the old ivy-covered church; and the little house where I was born, and the green spring, and the old sun-dial, and O'Neil castle, that seems more beautiful to me than anything I have seen in America, that I would come back here and be very happy.'

"Don't you think Beechwood is very pleasant," said Edward, as they arrived at the gate, and he stood a moment leaning over the fence, and gazing bially clannish. If. Doctor, you had your patience at the house, now partly hidden by the foliage of the

"Yes, indeed, sir, and it will be a great trial to leave it: I think no other place will seem like home to me in Beechwood."

"Leave it?" said the Doctor, "pray, what is te trouble, haven't you room enough? You can have the room back of the parlor, if you'd like, it is easy of access to the office."

The look of bewilderment in the young girl's face was quite amusing, but her usual frankness ex-

"I don't understand, sir;" Aunt Ruthy said "you would want the rooms this fall, and it would be better for us to leave before, as she thought it likely you would wish to make some repairs."

"Well, really, Aunt Ruthy has been allowed to have her own way so long, that she forgets that she hasn't the title deeds of the estate. Your mother is my tenant, and at liberty to stay here as long as she chooses, and, Dora," he added, in a low voice, coming nearer to her, as she stood under the shadow of a branching elm, "if you like Beechwood," ---Just then a carriage_stopped at the gate, and a familiar voice exclaimed,-" Holloa, Doctor! glad to find you at home!"

Reynolds, who was seated in a chaise, with his niece, Irish." the beautiful heiress, Miss Winslow, by his side.

He received them cordially, and, opening the large gate of the carriageway, invited them to enter.

"We are on our way to the Springs, and I thought would stop over one night at Beechwood, and take peep at your bachelor establishment."

"You will find it a sort of Ravenswood, I fear," said Edward to the lady, "but it will be honored by the presence of such guests."

"If Aunt Ruthy is within, I have no fears for the entertainment," said Miss Winslow. "Ah! there she is," as the good housekeeper, hearing the carriage. shewed her face at the door, and the cordial greeting she gave the guests augered well for the coming

CHAPTER XXIX:

VISITORS AT BEECHWOOD. "Our name and line are not forgot."

"It never rains but it pours," is a homely saying, which the good housekeeper at Beechwood repeated that evening to Dinah, in the kitchen, as she was superintending the sending in of a third supper to some guests that had arrived in the last train of

Mr. Hall, the traveler, whom we met at the openng of our story, and who had visited Edward but a a few weeks before, called with a friend, on special business, he said, but as Aunt Ruthy's hot cakes, and fragrant tea would suffer more by the waiting than the information which they had to communiate, Mr. Hall said he would discuss these first.

Meanwhile, Edward, whom his visitors would not permit to leave the garden, where he was walking with Miss Winslow, to play host at the table, was indulging in pleasant reminiscences of his mother with his companion.

"Ah! see," said the lady, "your mother's favorite plants and flowers in the same spots, and tended by some careful hand; how fresh, and green, and free from weeds that camomile. I remember her saying to me once, 'I love the plant, not only for the beauty of its graceful foliage, but for its emblem of courage in adversity, and she repeated the lines .--

"Like the sweet camomile it grew."
Luxuriant from the bruise anew."

Then there are her favorite pansies. But what is this?" and the lady stooped to pluck a white violet from its nest of green leaves-"how beautiful! Did you transplant this from the woods. Doctor?"

" No. I have had little time for gardening this summer." And the gentleman hesitated a moment, somehow the name that lay so close to his heart refused to pake the lips.

"But somebody has had time," said the lady, for I ice, at a glance, that a person with a keen sense of the beautiful, and a knowledge of grouping, has been at work here; you say you have no gardener, and, bless me! Aunt Ruthy understands patchwork better than the arrangement of those verbenas, or the graceful trimming of those cypress vines; how bean another pounding." "Pound away. Me and Dr. tifully they have clustred around that trellis, and, in Franklin agrees. Dr. Franklin says, . Take care of their wealth of drapery, fling their drooping tresses the pence, and the pounds will take care of themfrom the circle above. Then the talip bed it has selves." all been reset since I was here the old fashioned . A LADY up town cleared her house of flies by put-

which led to the village, about half a mile distant, to me why I have taken pleasure in the garden this It (the road) was little frequented since the railway summer. As I have sat in the porch, clear in hand, was completed, save by farmers going to the village, tired of my round of duties, I have felt soothed and and by the few pedestrians who loved a quiet path refreshed, as if reading a poem. I understand it now; there is harmony of color, and a pretty group-

"Yes, that is it; some fairy has been the presid-

At this moment, Dinah appeared with a shawl in her hand, her white ivories glistening between her

"Miss Ruthy sent the shawl, for she is afeard you'll catch cold, now the dew is falling," and seeing how interested the guest seemed in the flowers, she asked, "Have you seen Miss Dora's plants in the arbor. They're a heap nicer than these."

"And who is Miss Dora?"

"Oh, she's the little Irish gal what lives in the office there—she works a heap in the garden, and I believe the flowers love to grow for her to look at 'em. She makes me laugh 'till I ache, telling about the little fairies that live in blue bells, and ride in lily carriages, with butterflies for horses. She says she learned all about 'em when she lived in a little cabin in Ireland."

"Miss Winslow," said Edward, "let me throw the shawl over your shoulders, I am thankful to Aunt Ruthy for her thoughtful care of you. She knows I such good friends as God has given me since I came am too reckless of clouds and sunshine to be very

"And so I have found out your fairy," said the feeding and clothing and teaching the poor little lady, as she moved towards the arbor; "Is it one of those Irish children that I have heard Uncle Reynolds speak of, one a little blind boy?"

"Yes, the same," said Edward. "Well, she's a prodigy for a Paddy child, I wish I might pick up a match to her, but I should as soon think of hunting for pearls in a potato patch, as for such a child among the mass of filthy, disgusting Irish that crowd the narrow streets of Boston."

"Are you prejudiced against the race?" "Prejudiced-no, I don't call it prejudice, but you know the Celtic race is, and probably always will be, inferior to the Anglo Saxons, and I have little faith in their ever uniting, for the Irish are proyertried as my own has been with them, you would not wonder at the warmth with which I speak. Only last month, our servant girl, Bridget, who had lived with us a year, and who had been so faithful, that we had placed great confidence in her, went to the priest and got married privately to a poor, worthless creature. A friend informed us of the fact, and I took occasion to say to the girl, Bridget, I hope you wouldn't marry without informing us of it.'

'Faix ma'am ye don't think Bridget Early is the one that would do such a mane trick? Sorra a bit do I want to bring throuble upon meself in that wav.

And when, the next day, after abundant proof of the fact, we accused her of it, she stoutly denied it. Indade, ma'am, would ye ruin the character of a poor girl that's nothing else to depind on?

But when an hour afterwards her lawful husband came to claim her and the wages due, she said, I'm sorry to lave you, ma'am, you've been kind

to me, bull "ill set up for meself now. There that the least particle of shame or sense of degradation at the falsehood, and there she is, poor girl, living with a brute of a husband, who gets drunk and abuses her. This is only one instance out of many, so that we think ourselves fortunate Edward turned and met the pleasant face of Dr. now, if we can procure any other servants than

> "Yes." said the Doctor, "I believe it is so, generally, for it is common to see advertisements for servants printed with the closing sentence, 'No Irish person need apply,' or 'No Catholic Irish are desired.' I fear they are becoming a proscribed race, but it seems to me that, with all their faults, they have redeeming traits. The educated Irish of the higher classes will compare favorably with any others of the centuries the scholars of Ireland were among-the most distinguished at the courts of the Saxon kings and of Charlemagne, and in our own age Curran, Grattan, Emmet, O'Connell and others have given evidence of what Ireland might produce, if she had not been kept down by a mistaken policy, or crushed by starvation. I have great hope for the future of Ireland at home, and the Irish here. ...

The present generation here are dying by thousands in our cities and on our public works. Our railways are laid above their graves, and the low, muddy, plague-stricken districts of our Western towns and cities, where for cheapness they build their miserable shanties, are so many hot-beds of disease and vice. The average age to which Irish emigrants live, in this country, is but ten years, but another generation is springing up, abundantly supplied with food for body and mind, and if we can forbear with them and subdue our own prejudice to their religion and their race, it will be good for them and happier for ourselves. They are clannish. I acknowledge; let us not increase this spirit by drawing too closely the lines between our own more favored selves, and these poor, ignorant exiles who have sought our shores for the mere privilege of existence. But excuse my-homily. I am keeping you in the evening air too long. Shall we seek our friends? I see they have assembled in the library."

"Yes; but, Doctor, if you lived in Boston or Buffato. I am not certain but your philanthropy would cool to zero. Blessed with such household help as Aunt Ruthy and Dinah, you know little of an Irish brigade in the kitchen."

"I am highly favored, to be sure, and often wish that Aunt Ruthy could bathe in the fabled fountain that restores youth."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FUN.

"Julius, what's a coroner?" "A coroner, Mr. Snow, is a man what sets on people to see wedder dey killed demselves or committed suicide." "And what does he do when he finds out?" "Brings in a wardiet?" "And what's a wardiet, Julius?" What's a wardict! Why, a long black pole, painted white on de end-now hold yer hush, and don't bodder any more." WILL you give me them pennies now?" said a big

newsboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping. "No I won't." "Then I'll give you read the read of the self of t

brilliant mosaic." and the colors grouped in a ting honey on her husband's whiskers when he was ess, that she had apparently as little configuration as have the denigns of those explained of the little vessel, and her phastomities happy earths. In fact, she was missing the wiftness of his little vessel, and her phastomities happy earths. In fact, she was missing the same ting honey on her husband's whishers when he was ess, that she had apparently as little configuration.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. SUMMER'S INVITATION.

BY CORA WILBURN.

"Come away!

From the daily toil and care, From the city's dust and strife; To the fragrant mountain air, To a beautiful dream-life. Come away."

From the forest's depths to me, Is a loving greeting sent; And a memory of the sea, With the evening breezes blent,

Whispers softly, "Come away From the artificial glare; From the intercepted ray Of Godie sunshine falling there. Come away!"

"Come where Nature smiling sits On her green and sunny throne; Where the happy songster flits With a freedom song its own. Come away !"

"Come where untrain'd roses bloom; Where the hand of beauty twines, With a sweet and wild perfume. Starry flowers 'mid leafy shrines."

Come away!

With a joyous burst of song, Flow the sun-kissed wavelets fair; And a bright ideal throng. Of sweet fancles cluster there.

"Angel-forms amid the flowers Of that heaven-blessed retreat: Fold their sliver wings in bowers. Where the loved and seeking meet. 'Come away !"

"Come away! From the bustle and the glare, From the weariness and strife; From the visions of despair, The sad spectacle of life

> "That so darkly thrills thy heart, With a sorrow deep and vain, . For the tollers in the mart. Woful slaves in Mammon's chain i

Tears alone, and prayers are thine-Power dwells in sordid hands, But a prophecy divine Has been broadcast o'er the lands. That the iron rule shall cease, And onnression he no more: Songs of liberty and peace

Tell of earth's blest store.

" Come away! In the forest's densest shade, By the sparkling river's side-By sweet Contemplation's aid, We will want thee o'er the tide

> Of the darkened present; past All its gloomy scenes, and strife. To a glowing future, vast, To a coming higher life.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY B. LEAVITT.

The musical ripple of the ever-moving waters gave but a faint pleasure to Alfred Anderson, as he stood on the beautiful shore of Lake Champlain, near large village. He was one of that innumerable company of unfortunate mortals, who have come pretty near being geniuses, and yet only near enough to tantalize them. He, for instance, had all the sensitiveness and love of the beautiful which invariably belongs to great poets, and yet, because of one or two loose screws in his mental machinery, he was destined, as he by this time very well knew, never to accomplish anything great. The afternoon on which Hitherto he had entertained a glimmering hope that he might yet accomplish much for that his fate was decided:

cover from this blow-there will I sit, ' like patience on a monument,' and drag out my weary existence." But we must explain. This very day, "The Won--, the young postess, had come to take respect, confide in and lean upon. Clara up her abode in the village; and her coming had been of the Veni, Vidi, Vioi! sort, so far as Alfred was concerned. Behold him, then, the Monday following, quietly seated behind the counter of the duties, day after day, month after month, apparently

and children, as through the sunlit hours he hammered and carved and sewed. And Alfred was indeed content with his lot. He ad looked with searching and heaven-cleared eye into the arcana of the Universe, and knew that no one would suppose from appearances. man, whatever be his condition, has cause for despair. soul's unconquerable restlessness, by suffering it to monotone that seemed like one continuous groan, stray unceasingly over the richest fields of literature, and by maintaining constant communion with

gems, who are so ethereal, so lifted above earth, seemingly so much better fitted for an abode in the spiritual world that they are seldom suffered by the higher powers to spend more than their childhood in this gross sphere.

Bitterly, bitterly, did Alfred contrast his lot with here. And yet, although he knew that he never could accomplish anything of much importance; although he felt that he must ever remain the plain, unnoticeable country clerk, while she went on unto perfection of distinction and usefulness sometimes his soul rose in defiance of circumstances, and claimed a place by her side, as his rightful position among mortals. And he was right; there was that in him-little as he himself was able to realize it, and little hope as there was that the world ever wouldwhich made him her equal. Ah, God and his angels see not as we see; if the doctrine of the eternity of the marriage relation be a true one, there will be matings in the other world that will astonish those

who had credit for wisdom while here. . Of course, the literary taste of the young bluestocking would lead her to call occasionally at the book-store, especially since the assortment of books displayed there, had been chosen with more tasta: than even small city book-stores often give evidence.

Clara had not, at first, taken particular notice of the clerk; indeed, she dwelt in such a lofty ideal world, that such sublunary things as young men had never yet, especially, occupied her mind, if we except those unsubstantial Apollos and Adonises, which inevitably haunt the imagination of even the most spirituelle damsels. But, in after times, she recollected that from the first, there was a something stirred within her, on meeting him, different from all her usual feelings, on meeting comparative stran-

From time to time, however, as her tastes led herto the store, she more and more noticed uncommon traits in him. Still this notice was, after all, very much like that we give to things of ordinary interest, when-walking the streets of a city-we allow them, as it were, to occupy the outer court of pur mind's sanctuary, while dearer things engross our "inmosts." Behold her on one of these occasions. She stands looking over a lot of new works which have just arrived. With cool dignity he points out to her the most noticeable books, and descants briefly upon their merits.

At length he says, "Your own book seems to sell well; I congratulate you." There was no fawning .: on his part-no "Miss"-ing; the mode of address; rather pleased her.

" You have a great reputation for learning in the "Mr. Anderson," she answered, "I an surprised

that you have never favored us with any of your lucubrations." "I read some to pass time," he quietly returned-

"I make no pretence to literary talent; it is pleasant, is it not, to be a writer?" "Well, yes, rather," said she, smiling. "Are your.

never weary of your quiet life?" she then continued, naturally desirous of changing the subject; "the people say you don't stir about much."

"In common with the race, I have my hours of weariness. But my case is not so very pitiable," he added, a little piqued, supposing, as he did, that she was merely looking down from her lofty position upon him, with a passing emotion of compassion. In fact, the false idea so commonly entertained, that ladies of literary celebrity cannot be satisfied to wed men not equally celebrated with themselves, was fast becoming a sun-obscuring cloud to him—threatening to leave him in darkness through all his days. This idea it was that had caused him to cease all manly effort for worldly advancement; for, as before said, knowing as he did that his affections were irrecoverably fixed upon the young poetess; and supposing that no one but an equally popular literateur could we find him by the lake, however, is a peculiarly sad ever win her, he had busied himself in the bookstore. And his being possessed of this same ideawas the cause of not seeing, when so kindly address. the cheering of humanity, but this afternoon he felt ed by Clara, that it was the heartfelt interest she took in him-as a lover of books, and at the same times rather melancholy man—that made her so "At last," he mutters, "I will take that situation in the book-store, for I know that I never shall re-

He knew not then, that every true woman devoted to literature, needs not so much a business partner. fitted to perform an equal share of literary laborderful," whom he had heard of with trembling, even as a strong and manly mate, that she can love and

But let us look into his soul and behind the curtains of his privacy more scrutinizingly.

It has been often, and with some reason said that theatre-goers and newspaper readers are too fond of small, but select book-store, looking as if "life's fever highly-wrought scenes, and that this is a morbid o'er," he had settled himself for the rest of his days, taste, since every-day life-which actors and writers Faithfully he went through the performance of his generally claim that they depict does not abound in such scenes. But are not the objectors somewhat as content with his lot as was the old shoemaker misled by reason of their looking at men's outside over the way, who whistled and fretted with his wife life, instead of at their soul's life. If we would see into the latter, we would be led to confess every dayreat life is about as full of tragedies as "the vellowcovered literature of the day." For instance, Alfred Anderson's soul led a very different life from what

Look upon him in his own little room in his good so long as he can so plainly see, if he will, that the aunt's house, and you see, often, a very different man Creation is prospering around him. That the state from the thoughtful, studious clerk. There, often, called by a certain wise man, "Chaos come again," you might see him writhing in anguish upon the is contrary to that wise man's fears, still infinitely floor. Religion, to be sure, had come to his aid, so far off. Thirst for knowledge, too, clime to his assist- that his state was not so much one of despair, as of ance; and it was, indeed, because he knew that it Christian sadness. Thus, sometimes he would spend would enable him to bury himself " to the hilt in whole hours striving to lighten his burden by giving venerable tomes," that he had chosen the book-store | vent to his sorows in the pitcously lamenting utterclerkship. So there he sat, through both day and ances of Job, David and Jeremiah. It would, for inevening, with his good natured bachelor employer stance, "just about set him on his feet" to dash" who was himself an antiquary and book-worm through Job, reading sometimes in a low, smothered poring over the literature of all times; for idle he whisper, which, from its vehemence sounded like the could not be, and could only keep within bounds his spasmodic hissing of a snake, and again in a low

The only thing in the way of amusement which he went into was sailing. Not long after he had turned the Father of Spirits. Meantime, the favorite of the clerk, he had purchased, at a considerable, though as Muses, who had so speedily enchanted our so sus- he felt justifiable expense, one of the best sail boats ceptible villagor, dwelt-amid a ceaseless round of that had ever been seen on the lake. It did not at joys. The pride of her family, and of the village all interfere with his plans in this respect, that he conscious of her power as a writer-with a soul so had to attend at the store until eight in the evening! thoroughly tuned, as not to be easily rendered dis- He had become "a bird of the night," and lived but cordant—she scarcely knew of sorrow, as far as per- to flit around over the bosom of the waters when sonal experience of it was concerned. Most people darkness was brooding over them. Again he liked have to go through a sort of fire-baptism, otherwise but stormy weather for his excursions. He was, in called the furnace of affliction, before they can attain fact, a sort of stormy petrel; so that the navigators to the highest condition they are capable of. Not so of these waters, fishermen and others, began to look? with Clara. If we may believe that there are unfallen upon him somewhat in that light. Indeed what with worlds, whose inhabitants never know of sin, except his invariably sailing in the night and so frequently through hearsay; then may we say of our young foet in stormy weather, when other amateur sallors would happy earths. In fact, she was one of that rard aver appearance; (she was painted white) the areas of the lake-with the proverblal superstitiousness of ought to drive all pride from our hearts. Are we sailors—began to regard this strange turn out as a not very little, insignificant creatures, all we morminiature edition of the "Flying Dutchman," espe- tals?" and here the tear drops fell apace. "How cially when they saw, on approaching her, that there foolish it is for us to raise imaginary barriers

mind more than "dangerous" sailing. Some of his misery in the earth, without that which this unouistest moments were those which he passed on the necessarily causes." lake during summer evening thunder-storms. When A grosser mind would have misunderstood this the thunder made the earth quake, the lightning language, but Alfred did not. He knew that this almost blinded him, the furious blast threatened was not the language of one enamored; but he gathevery moment to overset his boat, and the rain de-ered such good omens from it, that he answered more scended as a water-spout; at such a time he seemed cheerily, when she continued; "Come, Mr. Ander-"to breath free." The excitement of the scene made son, it wont do for you to seclude yourself so; visit him for a moment forget his woes, and he would sit more: visit us. I have often heard my father speak as far up on the windward side of his boat, as far as of you; and I know he often longs for more intelhe could without letting go of the tiller, to which | lectual company than that he usually obtains." side he had also dragged all his ballast; and a faint smile would be the only evidence of emotion visible that I am not proud, I will gladly avail myself of in his face, as the docile little craft leaped like an your invitation." antelope from wave to wave, with her gunwale continually kissing them and threatening to plunge dropping in upon several of his compagnone du voyage, under them; while "water, water, (was) every- greatly to their surprise; though, when the followwhere "in the form of rain, spray and hissing bil-

But while Alfred Anderson was leading this strange life, Clara was not an unmoved spectator some later ones, we skip it, and come to one that of his course. She never dreamed that she had any influence upon his mode of life; indeed it had from that time. . the beginning of their acquaintance been quite an affliction to her, that he always treated her, on occasion of their casually meeting, with rather more and the setting sun. A Claude Lorraine could not indifference and hauteur than any one of the villa- have talked of love in view of such a sunset; but gers. Her literary success had not in any way Alfred, being no painter, found it necessary only to marred her sweet disposition, and her only ambition now, as ever, was, to be beloved. Of too guileless a still more. A small table was between them, on nature to suppose that this coolness on the part of which they had been playing chess; but the chessso estimable an acquaintance was a cloak to warmth, men were in confusion. Their owner was a little: it really grieved her to be so treated by him. He became a sort of Mordecai to her-the only person holding it captive on the table. She was checkin the neighborhood who refused to do her the only mated. honor she asked, that of esteeming her.

So light was her estimation of her own producbe told that he looked upon those productions as the upon hers. intervening mountain which was forever to keep them in different regions. On the contrary she regarded him, with his learning, his helanchely and his dignified thoughtful demeanor, as albeing of quite a superior order to that to which "such foolish, 'life's fever o'er -quietly drifting in his weathergiddy rattlebrains," as herself belonged.

Now it fell upon an Indian Summer day, that a pic-nic upon a neighboring island was proposed in the village, and of course Alfred's boat was in demand. With no great hope of an affirmative response, some of the young men asked him if he would make one of the party, -trusting that at least he would offer them his boat, for although he had arrived in the village but a short time before Clara. and had held himself so aloof from them, they allespecially the children, who would flock around him as he sat of any evening on the bluff that overhung on his breast. the lake-had found out how kind and obliging

He replied, however, to their interrogatory, that he would like to visit the island with them, although he would not promise to stay by the rest of the party when he got there.

Miss Clara, also, had been induced to make one of the party; although on account of her superior station among them as a literary lady, and the daughter of the richest man in town, it was not expected of her to take a very active part in the exercises.

The leaders of the party, several of whom had previously manifested a mischievous desire to try the effect upon the imperturbable bookseller of the bright eyes and intellect of their village queen,placed her in his boat and alongside of him. So now he was in the very jaws of —— he knew not began to converse with her on ordinary topics. Her presence, however, acting as an inspiration on him, he could not long dwell amid commonplaces.

"The hair, mysterious Indian Summer is upon us again, Miss Clara," he began, after a short pause in the conversation; "no doubt it keeps you much in dream-land?"

"It does indeed: I ever stand in awe, then as though more immediately in God's presence, than at any other season. We read in the history Moses gives us of our first parents, that 'God walked in the garden in the cool of the evening;' and so would it seem that he came ever now to walk the earth in this pleasant eventide of the year,-bringing a genial, heavenly air with him,-to see that his children here are well prepared for the cold dark night of winter. 'From earth and her waters and the depths of air,' seems to come a voice saying. 'be still and know that I am God, commune with your own heart and be still' Do you take the same view of it, Mr. Anderson? or is your view a-more sombre one?"

Just here they reached their destination, and the colloquy was broken off. With great glee the company disembarked from the boats as they came up, and engaged in the various amusements that belong to such occasions. After awhile Alfred finding himself alone with the "destroying angel"—the rest of the party having wandered off, leaving her sketching the view,-resumed, thus, the conversation:-

"You spoke doubtfully with regard to the effect of the Indian Summer upon me, Miss Clara."

"Yes, excuse my frankness, but the people tell strange stories about your midnight excursions and various other odd ways: I feared you were not happy. I would not attempt to advise; but would it not be better for you to mingle more in society?" and here a dewy glistening was in her eye. Let it riot be supposed, however, that there was, as yet. anything more than a sisterly feeling in her heart toward him. She spoke thus because she was at once exceedingly kind-hearted and exceedingly frank. ... It was pretty hard for Alfred to subdue his rising emotion: these words and that tearful look of sympathy almost unmanued him.

"Perhaps you are right," he replied. But then turning nervously he continued, "I hardly think it would be worth while, though."

"For," said he to himself, "even if she does mean that for an invitation, what but misery will it bring to me to call there. I shall but have to stand by and see aristocrats and men of genius from town and city, producing effects that I can never pro-

But the good-hearted one before him would not be thus put off. With the beautiful simplicity and modesty of true genius, she supposed that he disdained her company. Viewing his conduct in this light, the thus continued?" I am agraid you are Toodinas before greatness; virtue before wealth.

those vessels which plied up and down that part of proud, Mr. Anderson. This soul subduing season was but one person on board. around ourselves, to set ourselves in any way apart
Nothing in the external world seemed to calm his from our kind, when there is so much inevitable

"Well," he returned, "if it will prove to any one

So the next week found our furious navigator ing week they learned that he had called also on their queen, some of the deeper ones saw through the ruse.

The call upon Clara not being so memorable as fell upon another Indian summer day, a year from

He sat with her now in a spacious vine-clad portico that looked from an eminence toward the lake look that way occasionally-other orbs attracted him for an unwonted loving pressure was on her hand,

"So I am really to allow myself to believe, Clara, that we may go the rest of this pilgrimage hand in tions, that she would have been perfectly amazed, to hand," said Alfred, turning his great serious eyes

"Yes, Alfred," was the low response.

"And you are content to mate with a man in whom the fire of ambition is burnt out, who sits like the old man in Cole's 'Voyage of Life' picturebeaten boat out toward the silent shore of that boundless ocean—Evermore." "I am, Alfred."

"And the love-light of that seraph's eye," was a goodly sight to see. . . it is hore a see.

"And you will not weary of your prosy husband, when the fiery dazzling lights of the age, comet-like,

go by?"

The last of the Heap of Parties of the second "No, Alfred," and, unconsciously, she drew nearer to him on the settee; so that a corresponding movement on his part very naturally pillowed her head

But both were now looking at the enchanting scene before them.

"The earth looks very peaceful, Clara; it smiles like a sleeping infant. The water is like a sea of glass, mingled with fire, under this glorious shining." "Is there any more peace within, Alfred, than when at night you used so madly to plough those waters, while I looked on so sadly?"

"Even so, Clara. But when I think what an old sort of a man I'm getting to be," (he was just twenty,) and how, since I am to have no business to do but to take care of your father's property, I shall sit here so much, as some people would say, moping-I sometimes fear your younger heart will not find itself fully met."

"Oh, but I am very old, too; then what is this bustle and uproar that men call activity, but a morbid excitement. I often think," she went on, with what. But seeing that it was useless for him to kindling eyes, "that in less corrupt worlds there is much less of it. Men say, 'Oh, we must have some excitement-life would be tame without these sharp contrasts of quietness and uproar, disease and health, cold and heat, hunger and satiety.' But, to my thinking, this need not be. Good God! this is so sublime a world, with tremendous God-facts of life, death and eternity, it is excitement enough for me. and would be, methinks, through the eternities, to sit in rapt contemplation of these facts. Think you not, love, that in many worlds the inhabitants find all imaginable happiness in a quiet routine of simple life, while angels minister unto them, and talk with them day by day, as Milton's Raphæl talked with the first father, concerning all the deeper and diviner mysteries?"

"I think not any otherwise than thou," came from Alfred's lips, as, bending down, he, with them, caused her to cease her eloquence.

THE MAGICAL ISLE IN THE RIVER OF TIME.

BY MARY E. BATCHELER.

There's a magic isle in the river of time, Where softest of echoes are straying, And the air is as sweet as a musical chime-Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime. When June, with its roses, is straying.

and music forever is flowing; While the low-murmur'd tones that come tremblingly through Radly trouble the heart-and yet sweeten it too-As south winds o'er waters when blowing.

'Tis there memory dwells with her pale golden hue

There are shadowy halls in this fairy-like isle, Where pictures of beauty are gleaming; Yet the light of their eyes and their sweat sunny smile Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile, And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of the fale is the Beautiful Past. And we bury our treasures all there : . i .. There are beings of beauty, too lovely to last, There are bosoms of snow, with dust o'er them cast, There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only memory sings. And the words of a dear mother's prayer: There's a harp long unswept, and a lute without strings: There are flowers all withered, and letters, and rings, Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead, the bright, beautiful dead, there arise, With their soft-flowing ringlets of gold;
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes The unbroken signet of silence now lies, They are with us again as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckening us there, And with joy that is almost a pain, we dolight to turn back, and in wandering there-Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair-" We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show, Is a viste unfedingly bright; and the river of time, in its turbulent flow, Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago, When the years were a dream of delight.

was the Written for the Banner of Light.

MARCY'S MISSION.

BY, COBA WILBURN.

. Hast thou stood spell-bound beneath the glowing skies of Italy, and felt thy spirits' inmost depths responding to its enchanting scenes? Hast thou beheld the vine-clad hills that guard the blue Rhine's beauty, where the forget-me-nots cluster, loving and timidly at the water's edge? Or, has thy beauty seeking spirit dwelt enraptured beneath the evening glory of the tropic sky, when the sudden and glorious night drew her starry mantle e'er the yet rosy gleaming heavens? where crested cocoas bowed their kingly heads, and the commingling odors of the sweetest flowers were wafted far across the slumbering waters: where the moon is dazzingly bright, the stars gleam with a tenfold lustre, the heavens enfold the tranquil ocean, so musically answering the voices of the night? And there, enrapt in beauty, entranced by delirious dreams, has thy soul responded to nature's whispered utterances, filling thy being with a tide of heavenly rapture, uplifting thee far beyond all clouds of earthly sense and care, unto an ideal world of love and light and fragrance?

Then, if thy soul admits the harmonizing influ ences of Nature, the beauty spell of night, of flowers and moonlight and mrial music-then can thy soul portray unto the seeking vision, the fulfilled glories of that unfading realm, where earth-tried spirits become angels in love and wisdom. Mortal pen may not describe the glories of the spirit worlds; human language fails, and expression is powerless from exceeding joy and glad surprise.

The flowery gates leading into a fairy region, the mellow skies, the heavenly light illumining the celestial landscape with a mingled reseate and golden hue; the far off silver gleaming temples, the paradiscan vales, studded with innumerable gem-like flowers; the eternally verdant mountains, the woodencircled homes, the spirit bowers; the messenger roses, the emblem buds, the music-whispering vineswhat earthly language can portray the supernal loveliness of that spirit realm; what earth-framed words describe its glories; so far transcending the

artist's power, and the poet's loftiest dream!

It is the spirit land; one of the many worlds on which the progressed human spirit finds love and happiness; and there, seated upon the emerald green sward, appears a radiant group, their silver and azure vestments enrobing them with majesty and grace. They are pure, and they are happy; heartamiles dwell upon their lips, truth beams in their hind the green trees of Hindostan. It was the hour suh-bright eyes; faith is in their love-warm clasp, and immortal joy crowns radiantly their neble brows with wreaths' of jeweled flowers, that change their forms and shift their rainbow gleams, with the varying emotions of the celestial wearer; brightening and expanding as their pure affections unfold, their From every casement, and fairy lattice were lavished knowledge widens, their inspirations deepen, or their forth showers of lotus blossoms, with glossy green holy efforts bloom. They are no longer called by earth-worn names. Some attribute of their nature, some loving trait, some ennobling affection has bestowed upon them their "angel name." The violet eyed, golden haired Lyra is so called for her love of harmony; her white hands rest upon her golden harp, her starry wreath flashes brilliantly beneath the music inspirations that deepen the rose-tint lowed by a train of baggage boats, shot out from the upon her check, that swell her joyful heart with a shadow of a grove of banian trees, and with its silkperpetual hymn of glorying praise! Gazing upon en pennants streaming to the morning air, made its her with looks of holiest love, stands her spirit mate. the dark-browed, gloriously beautiful gold-star; a It was a princely sight—that long, slender boat spirit renowned for deep research and untiring ef- as it flashed out into the broad sunshine- its gilded fort for the good of all. The sweet-voiced Eolia is answering the poetic messages of the whispering form of a peacock with burnished wings, jeweled flowers. With approving smile, her beloved one crest and neck of scaly gold, the sides swelling gentwatches her. All are lovingly employed, happy, un- ly out at the bows and sloping away to the stern, selfish and loving. But, apart somewhat from the till they met in two gilded horns of exquisite workgroup sits one, a dark-haired maiden, upon whose manship, the smaller ends twisted together and whose dark eyes fill with tears of the tenderest pity hoard of fruit, colored and carved to a perfect semfor the darkened misdirected souls of earth. Lov- blance of nature, seemed bursting away over the ingly attracted towards that world, once her dwelling foaming waters as she cut her path gracefully place, her life is devoted to the alleviation of its suf- through them, leaving a long wreath of foam, curlleading unto the realms of light the erring souls of of the deck stood a small pavilion, its dome paved

She beholds a little child, a fragile, light-haired girl, whose blue eyes are dimmed with tears, sitting rich dies of Persia, half sat, half reclined, an elderly

that leave a lasting impression upon her grateful soul.

soul-blossom of choicest fragrance is added to fair Mercy's wreath; and, with a tenfold lustre gleam her return, and the smile of approving love adds proud and as wealthy as her own haughty sire-had glory to her happiness, the longly child, Mercy, the person of a slave? Those who had looked upon

bowers for the darkened atmosphere of earth, strength ening the solitary heart with visions of the future, telling her of hope and faith's reward, and of the songs of joy in heaven, over the victory achieved on earth by a pure heart's efforts against temptation and wrong.

Mercy sought the poor child's mother, and found her, a darkened dweller of a lower sphere. Lovingly, untiringly, she labored to bring light, and truth, and hope unto that misdirected soul. Years, as we count time, passed on, and the heavenly power of benevolence was manifest. The once despairing dweller of the lower sphere became a radiant spirit; the lonely child a blooming woman; oft communing with the spirit mother, still lovingly guided by Mercy's hallowing influence. From the allurements of vice, from the debasing influence and hollow artificialities of the world, the spirit's influence guarded the lone and oft weary wanderer. Often was Alicia poor and destitute, yet never tempted to barter her soul's serenity for earthly glitter. A few true hearts were near her, smoothing, with friendship's hand, life's thorny pathway; but within her soul dwelt peace, untroubled, undoubting faith. Over the fertile, blooming valleys of the spirit land; over its even. tranquil seas, over its mountain heights, passed Mercy's feet, love and happiness her ever-attending angels. Her starry wreath is thickly clustered with the soul-gems of thought and feeling; her robes gleam sun bright; new flames upspring where'er her footsteps fall, and music voices greet her with a burst of welcoming joy. And hand in hand, the reunited meet and follow her beckening hand, the mother and the child, now also rescued from the cold earth's toils; they follow where she leads; imitating her glorious example; seeking to rescue from wrong and ignorance the culpably neglected, uncared-for children of the poor.

THE EASTERN SLAVE

THE DAUGHTER OF THE RAJAH.

A cloud of gorgeous light flushed over the sky, spread upward and abroad, and for a moment, the rich colors of an Eastern sunrise pictured themselves upon the horizon like an arch of fretted gold and powdered gems, broken and irregular-now standing out in abutments of fiery light, or sinking back to the depths of the sky in caves of crimson, purple and pale violet, then flinging up the turrets of amber, and soft rose color, to the zenith, and last, melting away in a sea of sheet gold, as the sup fose from beof worship; the dawn had scarcely broken over the Ganges, when the snowy temples and picturesque mosques which stood bedded in the foliage, and crowned the rocks which shot over the stream, with their drapery of creeping vines were flung open. leaves, and buds full of odor, the Brahmins' tribute. to the holy waters, till the river, from shore to shore, seemed bursting into blossoms, beneath the warm sunshine. While the crested waves were trooping forward like crowds of bright winged spirits sporting and rejoicing together among the blossoms thus lavished upon them, a budgere, or state barge, folway up the stream.

prow curving gracefully up from the water in the heavenly countenance is cast a softening shade; forming the extreme point of the boat. The rose whose clear cheek flushes and pales with thought; colored mouths curved gently outward, from which a ferings; to the softening of its harshness, to the ing and flashing in her track. In the broadest part earth's children. Whith cheek leaning upon a small, with mother of pearl and studded with precious white hand, she gazes far across the intervening stones; its pillars of fluted ivory, half hidden by a space, and to her pitying eyes, penetrating the rich drapery of orange and azure silk, fringed and earthly gloom, is revealed one of its sorrowing festooned to the fretwork of the dome, with ropes of heavy silk, twisted and tasseled with silver.

Within a pavilion, on a carpet glowing with the

alone in a darkened chamber. There is gloom and native, robed in all the splendor of an oriental prince, care and fear within that childish heart; she has with his eyes half closed, and apparently drooping never beheld her mother, and cruelty, and neglect, into a quiet slumber. The mouth piece of his hooka and hardship have cast their darkening influence lay idly between his thin lips, its jeweled lengths upon the fair, solitary child. Thrown among cold glittered against his silken vest, and then burst and uncongenial hearts, no fond maternal accents away, coil after coil, like a serpent writhing in a bed greet her ear; no gentle caresses, no words of en- of flowers, till it ended in a bowl of burning opal couragement are given to the little orphan drudge; stone, from which a wreath of perfumed smoke stole and hatred and bitterness, and envy, rank weeds of languidly upward, and floated among the azure dramost luxuriant growth, spring up within the uncared for breast. Childish, indefinite plans of ven- sky. Directly opposite, on a pile of orange colored geance, find their concealment; her earthly keepers cushions, lay a female, young and beautiful as an feel not the responsibility, the retribution awarded houri. Her robe of India muslin, starred and spotfor the broken trust; the terror and the darkness ted with gold, was open in front, betraying a neck enveloping the unfeeling soul, that coldly planned of perfect beauty, and but half concealing the graceanother's misdirection. Oh, no! who cares for the ful outline of her person; her bright hair was bandneglected pauper child? But a pitying spirit has ed back from her forchead with a string of orient seen the need, and hastens with the balm of consola- pearls, and fell over the silken cushions in a multitude of long black braids, so long as almost to reach There is a vacant place on the emerald green her feet while she retained her reclining position. sward; the spirit's wreath is lying there, its gemmed | She had the full large eye of her fiery clime, long cut, flowers reflecting the sunset gleams. Powerfully at and full of brightness, but shaded with heavy, silken tracted by the sorrow of that neglected child, the lashes, which lent them a languishing and almost spirit, Mercy, has descended to earth, even to the sleepy softness. A smile was continually melting darkened chamber, where the orphan weeps alone, over her full, red lips, and the whole expression of A softening influence falls upon the spirit of the re- her face was one of mingled softness and energy. belling child; the gloom clouds of bitterness are dis- Behind her cushions stood a youth of slender, active persed; the plans of vengeance forgotten. A holy form, with a high, finely moulded forchead, and eyes calm pervades her troubled soul; she kneels down kindling with the fire of a proud but restrained spirin prayer, and, amid the silence and the darkness, a it. Yet, though his port was almost regal, and his music voice utters her name. She stretches out her bearing princely, he was in the humble costume of a arms with yearning love, and fearlessly responds to Hindoo slave. The hand which should have been the heavenly visitant. Cruelty and neglect have familiar with the sabre hilt, was occupied in waving darkened the child's pure vision; she cannot see her a fau of gorgeous feathers above the reclining prinangel guide, but she feels a soft hand laid upon her cess. Occasionally, when the fair girl would close brow, and drinks in hely draughts of love and faith, her eyes, as if lulled to sleep by the musical dipping of the cars, he would fix those expressive eyes upon her, as the devotee dwells upon the form of his idol. Beneath the twilight glory of the spirit sky, a new The bold menial had dared to look upon the levellest maiden, and the loftlest princess in all Hindostan. with eyes of love. And she, the brightest star of her the jeweled flowers. Sweet strains of music greet father's court, the affianced bride of a prince as

fulfilled her holy mission, often leaving the spirit | the expression of those soft eyes, unclosing beneath his passionate gaze, as the starry blossoms open to the sunbeams, might have read an answer which spoke much for the warm-hearted woman, but little for the dignity of regal birth.

The old Rajah, as he reclined, apparently half asleep, marked the mingled glances of the youthful pair, and a wicked, crafty expression stole over his face; a light gleamed out from his half open eyes, which told how dark and subtle were his secret thoughts-he lay like a serpent nursing its venom for a sudden spring.

The day was becoming sultry, and the train of boats made its way slowly up the shadowy side of the stream. The oarsmen bent wearily over their oars, for the atmosphere, which slumbered about them, had become oppressive with the perfume which rose in clouds from the oleander thickets, and the thousand budding vines that flung their garlands over the water, and chained the tree-tops into one sea of blossoming vegetation. A short distance up, the high bank curved inward, and a little cove lay glittering in the sunlight, hedged in by a sloping hill, which was covered with rich herbage, and crowned by a thick grove, heavy with ripe bananas, and other Eastern fruits. On the lower swell of the bank, two lofty palm trees shot up into the air, branching out at the top in a cloud of thick green foliage, impervious almost to the hot sunshine, which fell broadly on that side of the river. The old Rajah fixed his eyes on the stately palms,

as the boat gradually neared them; while he gazed, the glittering branches which had hitherto remained motionless, began to tremble, and wave to and fro-The leaves shivered; a low rustling sound was heard, as if a current of wind had suddenly burst over them; and then the head and half the body of a huge serpent shot up from the mass of leaves. swayed itself back and forth in the sunshine for a moment, and then darted back with the same rustling sound into his huge nest of leaves. The old Rajah's eyes kindled with a subtle fire; and he commanded his attendants to enter a baggage boat, and proceed to the banana grove for a supply of fresh fruit. "Moor the boat in the inlet beneath the two palms, and let Taje remain with her." he commanded, pointing to the handsome slave who stood behind his daughter. The slave made his salaam, and was about to step into the boat, when the princess called to him: "Thou shalt not remain iule," she said, with a smile; "let thy task be to gather some of those lilies which spring up from that bed of white sand, just within the e, and scatter them over my cushions; should I of asleep when the boat returns, their perfume will bring me pleasant dreams."

the boat. The princess half rose from her cushions and watched the party as they drew towards the shore. The slave, Taje, moored the boat, and brought an armful of the beautiful white filles she had desired, and laid them carefully in the prow. where he seated himself to wait for his companions. Her eyes were fixed with a kind of dreamy abstractedness on the cove, when she saw the tops of the palm trees in commotion; the heavy leaves began to shiver again, and the slender branches crashed, as with the force of a hurricane. As she looked, that huge serpent began to coll itself like the stem of a great-vine downward, around the palm; his neck glistening, his head thrust out a little from the trunk, and his hungry eyes fixed on the slave who had dropped asleep in the boat. The princess sprang) to her feet with a cry of horror, and then stood mo. tionless, and white as death: her fingers locked, and her pale lips moving, but speechless. She was striving to cry out, but her voice was choked in her throat. She saw the monster thrust his head far out from the trunk of the palm, and then the horrid glitter of his back as he unfolded coil after coil, and flung half his length into the boat, gleamed before her distended eyes. With a cry that rang over the waters like the shrick of a maniac, she fell upon the deck, and, with her face buried in her hands, law quivering in every limb, like a dying creature.

The slave bent his turbaned head, and sprang into

"Peace!" thundered the old Rajah, lifting her form from the deck and flinging it on the cushions, Peace, ingrate! What is the dog of a slave to thee? Look up and witness his just punishment!"

As if nothing could appease his thirst for ven-

geance, he tore the hands from the shuddering creature's face, and again half lifting her from the pile of cushions, forced her to look upon the appalling scene. The serpent had coiled itself around its victim, while yet one part of its huge length was twisted about the palms. She gazed with a dizzy brain on the mottled folds as they writhed glistening and swelling eagerly around their struggling victim. She saw the glossy neck, flung upward with a curve that brought the head, with its fierce gloating eyes, and its forked tongue quivering like a fiery arrow from the open jaws, over the crouching slave. A low, smothered cry of mortal agony arose from the boatthen a shout and a rush of men from the grove. She saw the gleam of their hatchets and pikes as they fell upon the monster. She saw the horrid folds. that begirt her lover relax, and then with a faint gasp she fell back in her father's arms sick and entirely senseless.

"Dog!" cried the fierce old man, seizing the rescued slave as he ascended the side of the barge, pale and haggard as a corpse, yet bearing the lilies which his mistress had ordered, in his arms-Dog! crocodile!! Thou hast escaped the serpent. but who shall save thee from the vengeance of a disgraced father?"

The old man's seimitar flashed upward as he spoke. The slave drew his fine form proudly to its height, and fixed his stern, calm eyes, full on the

"Rash old man," he said, "what would you of me? True, I have won the love of your daughter, but if you seek vengeance for the wrong, claim it not of Taje, the slave, but of the Prince Arungzebe, her affianced husband, for, by the holy stream which hears us, I am that man!"

The Rajah's eye qualled beneath that stern glance. and the scimitar fell to the deck with a ringing sound. The youth calmly put away the hand which the fierce old man had fixed on his arm, and taking a sealed parchment from the folds of his turban, gave It to him. The Rajah took it with a shaking handglanced at the signature, and then opened his arms to receive his son-in-law. The youth leaned for a moment on his bosom, and then they went into the pavilion together. When the princess awoke from her swoon, her father was sitting on his carpet smoking his hooka as quietly as if nothing had happened. The scent of freshly gathered lilies hung about her cushions, and her rescued lover was bending over her,

"Oh! I have had a terrible dream," she said,

passing her slender hand over her eyes. "Ah-but you are very pale : was it real?"

She started up and looked towards the cove. The two palm trees stood towering in the sunshine, the bark here and there torn from their trunks, and the .thick branches broken and dangling in the air, like rent banners streaming over a battle field, the heavy grass was trampled and soiled with blood, and a huge boa constrictor lay stretched upon the white sand, mutilated and dead.

Communication.

IDEA AND FORM OF PRAYER.

NUMBER ONE.

MR. Eprron-Will you permit the columns of your paper to publish some thoughts-few and simple but needed-by tens of thousands needed more than gold or any other object-a few plain direct selfevident truths of the Idea and Form of Prayer? I would say a few words on this subject, not to gratify anything individual, personal, or partisan, but because I know innumerable people not only greatly need but most carnestly desire them. The immense importance of the subject is sufficiently evinced from the vast extent of the sermons, essays, leaders, tracts and numerous volumes, large and small, in which great men of the church have treated it for centuries. It is a satisfaction to know that prayer is a constituent element of man's nature-not temporary-not liable to fail, but inevitable and eternal -unavoidable with every man as the circulation of the blood and the digestion of food-by laws as old and certain as God's first idea of a human being. It is not only the duty and the privilege of every one to pray, but a necessity. Constant, ceaseless, unintermitted, fervent prayer, is our theme. "Pray without ceasing. Pray always. Be instant in prayer. Give thyself unto prayer. The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." The sublimity of the thought spoils language. Prayer is the power that moves the world. It is the pinion on which the soul mounts to visions and fruitions otherwise unattainable. It is the portal of truth in spiritual development—the only avenue by which the earnest mind gains access to communes with and receives benedictions from, the God of Wisdom and Goodness. Like all exercises of the mind, this may be indefinitely intensified, purified and enhanced. Culture and habit are powers without limitation. The finest triumphs of human effort on every plane have been the direct result of fervent, confiding, devout prayer. But candor, freedom, courage, are indispensable to the truth of this subject. No command ever penetrated mortal ear and moved the reverence of the human heart more sublime and vital than the apostolic, "Prove all things. Believe not, but try the spirits. Judge ye of yourselves what is right. I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."

Has the wide distinction between a sentiment and its vocal expression ever been fairly and fully stated? Do people generally see and appreciate this broad difference? It is profound and deeply essential to the truth. The bare knowledge of it is revolutionary to an extent not dreamed of by minds accustomed to accept opinions and institutions from tradition and authority. Feeling and its outward expression! Manifestly these are two, and not one thing. Nor are outward expressions of inward emotion confined exclusively to the tongue and lips. Far otherwise. The signs, motions, looks, actions, symbols, insignia by which the interior perceptions are manifested and communicated, are quite innumerable. An irradiation of the eye, a flush or paleness of the cheek, a wave of the hand, a bow of the head, a curve of the finger, silent, inarticulate, yet eloquent motions, as forcibly and thoroughly publish an emotion of the soul, as deeds that shake the very elements of the social fabric.

Nor are words the only vehicle of communication, even when the vocal organs are employed. Almost imperceptible cadences and intonations, as well as the groan of anguish and despair, will apprize us of the pent fires whose scorching flames are concealed by the screens and drapery of an iron and imperial will. Ay, the pent fires may burn, and rend, and consume, and the outward eye of the keenest observer shall look in vain for the slightest sign of the hidden volcano. So disconnected, separate, foreign are these two things, one may exist without the otherin millions of instances, and for indefinite time does exist without the other. If this is a plain, undeniable proof-if it is revolutionary, threatening destruction to many things now deemed sacred, on whom falls the responsibility? Must we shut our eyes? Have we no courage? Does a fact frighten us? Truth should be sought-truth should be revered, cherished, advocated, defended, even though what is highly esteemed among men be found an bomination in the sight of God. Put this down. then, as an initial-that feeling and thought are a different and distinct thing from their enunciation. Thought is one thing, its expression another.

Sentiment, feeling, opinion, desire is one thingthe utterance or statement of it a distinct and different matter. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire uttered or unexpressed. Prayer is "sincere" desire, i. e., benevolent, friendly, kindly, humane desire. It may exist unexpressed, or while unuttered by words may publish itself by other methods. A philanthropic wish may pervade the soul and not move the lips. Pure, humane emotions and the truest desires of love may excite and sanctify the heart without moving the tongue to words. The strongest and holiest yearnings of a generous spirit do not necesmarily and inevitably avail themselves of the organs of speech. They may, and generally do, but not of necessity. Prayer is one thing-its vocal utterance is a different thing. One is substance—the other form. One is the vehicle or medium-the other the feeling or desire conveyed and delivered. This distinction prevents confusion and injustice. What profanation to call the words-mere lip expressionthe oral utterance-prayer, when not prompted by kind desire! What loathsome hypocrisy, the most chaste and beautiful form of words uninspired by emotions of benevolence. The "sincore" desire of the dustb, who have no words, no vocal utterance, is genuine, as if it had words. Without the possibility of lip expression they cherish the kind wish and enjoy the benevolent emotions, and often find more effectual expression than any form of words is capable of. Expressions of the lips may be hollow and counterfeit, employed for a sinister purpose when the kind desire is not present to prompt them. Prayer is possible without lip expression, and lip expression without prayer. Three things are apparent: prayer, or desire-the tehicle of utterance of it—and when the lips are employed, the possible quanterfeit 'Prayer has innumerable forms of meth-

potent or beautiful than millions of others. The feater of the language med, expressions familiar to the tures of the face pray—the motions of the head, of friends of the departed being made use of in them. the hands, of the entire body. Any deed, however silent and unseen, that embodies a beneficent wish, a friendly sympathy, a divine aspiration, a just and man-effectual, because righteous.

How constantly, devoutly, earnestly does the mother pray for the recovery of her sick child as from day to day, and from night to night she wastes ing her own potent magnetism! Every syllable and look of encouragement, every effort to beguile the tedious hours, every irradiation of her sleepless eye, tread, every arrangement for comfort and relief, knowledge that they come from spirits, as we posievery adjustment of its little, sacred bed, the preparation of food, cordials, anodynes—every deed that | honestly believe. The trouble of hunting up these undying affection can suggest, and unsleeping vigi- facts and writing these messages, must be too great lance execute, is each a separate and definite expression of the all-pervading, intense prayer of her fond soul for the salvation of that dear object

The father utters his deep, earnest, ceaseless prayer for the welfare, of his family by every deed of that life-long toil which annually plants the seed, watches its development, and gathers in the harvest for their support, education and rational enjoyment. Has any one forgotten the majesty, sincerity and power of these prayers, as their music, perfume and magical grandeur expelled his pains, cheered his weariness, restored his prostrate energies, quickened his hope and inspired the courage that blossomed into

Time and strength would fail the writer, and patience the reader, to enumerate the inconceivable variety of forms in which true prayer daily fills the earth with melody, joy, beauty, peace, and all good and great things. J. J. LOCKE.

Banner of Light.

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OHN S. ADAMS. - - Associate Editor

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NOTICE:

As some of our contemporaries seem disposed to throw doubt upon the messages we have published, we request those to whom they have been or are adlressed, to write to us in answer, stating whether they stand the test of Truth, and the probability of our knowing aught of the facts stated, where such answers will not prejudice the writers before the society in which they move.

We wish to keep a list of these letters, and have hem ready to show any honest skeptic.

Speak boldly for the Truth when it is right you

THE ORACLE AND OPPOSITION.

The Oracle of Harvard has opened its mouth once nore, and the usual quantity and quality of vitupeation has escaped. The message to Bird, of Watertown, is the subject on which it undertakes to read us a sermon, and, by way of convincing us that we are in error, it calls us "Slanderer of the dead," Liar," "Forger." And, only think of it, all these readful names are in small capitals! It is evident that the Oracle and its Professors are not Crocketts. or these hard names in small caps, as printers say, would be apt to frighten us.

The language used, and the spirit it expresses to wards us, is too infamous, too scurrilous, too much of the blackguard order, to appear in any respectable paper, or in any one claiming respectability. What lelightful language to be carried into a family—to be read by children. How it would teach them hatred, revenge, vituperation. Really, the Oracle will pardon us for writing it, such language as it has lately used, such spirit as it has lately shown, totally unfits it for being allowed in any respectable community, and after the sober thought of its patrons comes to them, they will spurn it from them as a vile sheet.

Its appeal to three of the papers of this city for aid against us betrays weakness. How many papers loes it take, pray, to give us a good blackguarding? Cannot the Oracle of Harvard, with George Lunt Professor Felton, Professor Peirce, Agassiz, and the rest of the "scientific" men attached to it, satisfy its spleen? Really, we are stronger in their estimation than we thought.

This last appeal is answered by the Journal, from which we select the following paragraph:-

The Courier has discovered an instance in which n alleged spiritual communication, published in the Banner of Light, turns out to be false in its statenent of facts, and to be a self-evident forgery.

We wish to say, in reference to this, that the message referred to was spoken by a medium for spirit communication while in a state of trance. She never knew young Bird, nor did we ever know him, or any of his family. Nothing took place on the morning it was received to call to our mind anything about him, and we had no remembrance whatever of the events he alluded to in his message. Yet what was published was spoken by the medium, and was taken down by us as spoken. No other persons were present.

The only fact which the Courier says is false, (a capital Irishism for "All the Intelligence" to make,) is the statement that Bird was a music teacher. which the Oracle devies. To speak plainly, we have reason for denying what the Oracle says, yet we will not call the author liar, for the spirit which prompts such epithets cannot surely be a happy nor a Chris- their cotemporaries, the extract we give below must

Neither the Oracle nor the Journal can disprove the statement we have made, and this being the case, where is the forgery? No where but in the corrupt called argument—to which venal editors and rapaopposition of the Oracle. At the ment

The Journal further says :----

"The communications purporting to come from the spirit world are, most of them at least, so ouvi- ready to attribute the same sordid principle of action ously vague and unreliable, that even those who be-lieve in spirit intercourse have confessed to us that they could not positively discriminate between the true and the false." and the false of the positive of personal scandal. ously vague and unreliable, that even those who be-"We have published probably 800 messages, many in the forlorn hope of rendering his larguments about them, yes, most of them, sontaining strong tests; surd by making his person offices.

ods of communication. Words are one, but not more both by statements of facts and in the very charac-

For ourselves we can truly say that we do not recollect of one we have published, where we have had any acquaintance with the friends of the party comholy desire, is an effectual prayer of a righteous municating or with him or her while on earth. We can prove this to the satisfaction of the Journal, should we be desired to do so.

They are spoken by the medium while in the trance state, and while she is unconscious. We never away her strength in anxiously watching its symp- call for any manifestation or any spirit to manifest. toms, soothing its grief, combating disease, impart- If any spirit chooses to manifest through the medium, it can do so.

Now it is a greater stretch of the imagination to suppose that these things are the result of two every expression of her controlled features, every minds ours and the medium's, supposing either of motion of her hand, every step of her soft and silent us base enough to allow this to be so, than to actively assert they do, and really and candidly and and too expensive to be thought of.

It is clear folly to suppose that Ruscals, Forgers and Impostors will devote their time to concocting such messages, for the very reason that the gain is not large enough. They are published free, and there is not half the chance for the knave to shine and gather remuneration in such an enterprise, as there would be for him to enter the ministry, the legal profession, the Broker's Board, or the mercantile profession. Even the secular pross, with all its assumed respectability, is the place where the knave, whose propensities lead him to impose upon the public, may secure a richer harvest. Advertisements and puffs of quacks and their nostrums, from Restell to vegetable pills, by publishing which the press impose upon the public daily and weekly, recommending nostrums which they either know nothing of, or know to be worse than worthless-injurious, pay better. Patronage of government or political parties buys the press, and sells the people, and we doubt whether the world ever sustained a more easily bribed and corrupted press than, generally speaking, is the Boston Press. Two-thirds of the people connected with it can be bought-some at one price, some at another, from a champagne supper to a free pass to some mountebank exhibition; from a bank check to the price of a four line puff at twentyfive cents a line. These facts are so well known by the people that the phrase "it must be true, because it's in the papers," is no longer uttered as a truism, but a joke, a species of irony. Depend upon it, there is a wider and a richer field there, than under the Banner of Spiritualism for the knave or impostor.

We are aware this state of things is more owing to the manners of the .times, than any positive love of wrong on the part of its conductors. But while we exercise charity towards them, we take the liberty of hinting that before they go abroad to dictate to their neighbors, it will be well for them if they take the beam out of their own eyes.

One good proof of the favor with which our messa ges are received, is the fact that we are constantly in receipt of letters from parties, requesting additional messages, who have been startled by the accuracy of those published, and awakened by them to an inter-

est in the subject of spirit communion.

The Journal says they are "absurd." We pity the poor spirits making them if they entertain any respect for the Journal or the Oracle. What does the Journal expect of a man, who, having no advantages of education on earth, comes back to commune, imperfect as the mode of communion now is, and the mediums through whom spirits commune are? If from such a man we should publish an elegant communication, the Journal would say "he hath a devil," and when the spirit talks just as he used to on earth, so that friends will recognize him by the manner, it would say, "beheld the friend of publicans and sinners." The absurdity and ignorance is on the side of those who expect so much more from the spirit world, than the same party communicating in the natural world could give.

We do not desire our friends of the Journal or Oracle to imagine that we harbor the slightest bitterness of feeling towards them; on the contrary, we consider ourselves under obligations to them for the opposition they display, and the friends of the cause of Spiritualism should feel rejoiced that the subject so dear to their hearts is considered worthy to receive so much persecution from those who are so dark that they cannot see, and blindly enlist under the banner of the enemies of progress. No matter how bitter the conflict, our opponents are sure of defeat, and we are equally sure of a glorious triumph. In fact, our triumph will be brilliant in proportion to the bitterness of the opposition.

All we have to do is to preserve a calm, unruffled mind—to press steadily on in our course, keeping Truth, and Love for our enemies burning brightly in our hearts, and God and the Angels will direct our battle, and give us the victory. We must remember that the battle is not ours. If we are right in our belief, it is God's, and just as we have faith in our mission, and His power to guide us and guard us, so will our strength be. If God is on our side, who shall prevail against us? We have no fears for the result of this contest. We expect it will be bitter, violent, and such as will try all Spiritualists; but with Peace, Love and Truth guiding us, God and the Hosts of Spirits fighting for us, we will not fail of

Spiritualism never stood so well as is does to-day; we never saw so much cause for congraulation as we now see.

Agitation is wanted to bring it before the people, and opposition is the agitation which will do more good than all the Lecturers we can send into the field. Let the fiery furnace burn ever so hotly, all true Spiritualists, who go through it in the Love of God and Truth, will come out not only unscathed, but purified. We should rather rejoice, than be cast down at the present aspect of our cause.

CAN IMPUDENCE GO FURTHER! To those who have noticed the gross personal attacks of the Oracle, not only upon us, but others of

be extremely refreshing. There is a coolness about it, which totally demolishes the ice-cream trude:-"There is no species of argument if such can be cious politicians are so prone to resort as that of impeaching the motives of their opponents. Too much -perhaps, too, unconsciously under the influence of mercenary considerations themselves, they are too

of their profit a tist communication !--

After a lapse of years must I return to benefit mankind? Must I come back to deal out charity to my kindred? Are all Priests and Levites passing on the other side? Is there no Samaritan among you? Near one hundred and fifty years have-rolled back into the past since I left earth. Justice demands that I return to benefit those my earthly eyes never beheld. A long line of kindred have been clustering around a little few here in the earth life, that they may benefit them, and I alone, of all the kindred, am able to speak. Near twenty days ago I was called to earth to visit my kindred, and I found those called mortals dwelling in poverty; without the comforts by which mortals are wont to make themselves happy. Seeing their condition, understanding their ouls, I draw nigh to you that I may make manifest

their situation.
I am told by kindred spirits that mortals are continually asking, why do not spirits view our necessities, and aid us withal? We now ask mortals why the heavens above are not rent in twain at their bid ding? Why does not the Almighty cast aside his laws, and become in subjection to mortals? All spirits who are laboring for the good of mankind, the redemption of the world, are seeking, by every opportunity, to benefit them in their pecuniary and spiritual means, and no door will be untried. And no matter how hard the hearts of men may be, they are not so hard but the oil of Love will soften them, and we may enter therein, making the waste to blos-

som, and the darkeness to shine.

When poverty, like a sable clad messenger of despair, enters the earthly home, behold joy is driven afar off, and mortals are lead to cry out, where is our God, that he doth not interfere to relieve us? Cease your murmurings, oh ye inhabitants of earth, and know the Lord your God is able to deliver, and, no matter how gross the surroundings, spirit power will in time penetrate it, and fill your souls with purity and love.

My name was Melchesidec Adams, and if you will permit me to carry your medium in spirit a short distance, I will give you the locality of those I have come to benefit.

After a lapse of a few seconds, the medium, in a clairvoyant state, gave the following description of the locality to which the spirit desired to carry her:-

I am now in somebody's house. There seems to be a lady and gentleman here. Everything looks neat, but I guess they are poor. They are Americans. The lady does not look well. There is trouble "The Legal Wrongs of Inventors." breathes the trans here—they can't get work to do.

But oh, there are so many spirits here. The people have been praying, and, in answer to their prayers, spirits have been sent to them.

The spirit wishes me to go outside, so that I may know the street. It is Endicott street. There are red houses near, and a store close by. You must find them, and prove him true. I should know this

With this, the medium was restored to her normal condition, and said that she remembered the whole scene. It seemed stamped upon her like a vivid dream, and she knew she should remember the room she had been in, should she see it.

the family.

from some cause. Our attention seemed to be did more subjects than mechanism. Don't you think so? rected to the part of the street towards the water very strongly. Accordingly, we went on, and looked legion,) but had no inclination to enter any of them, until we arrived at a grocery at the further extremity of the street. This seemed to us to be the place to make inquiry, and'we did so. Some would term it a strange coincidence which directed our steps that as she of her own accord remarked she had not been in that store before for some months, as she did not trade there.

We found things as represented by the spirit. The man was in the last stage of consumption, the lady worn out from tending her husband.

In the afternoon, taking with her a friend of ou who is one of the Lord's Stewards, and gladly uses in the morning vision. This was a complete test, for, fessor. when we called a few minutes after the sitting which directed our steps to the house, the invalid was not in that room, but in one which led from it.

Soon after taking a seat beside the bed, Mrs. C. was entranced, and spoke nearly as follows:--

evil thereof. We have called you here. You would some others, utter disbelievers in the doctrine, are to relieve his necessities. This is all we have to will soon be so at Cambridge. say, particularly as our brother is very much exhausted.

Now, here lay a man who was about to pass away haps often thought that God and the angels had for package of exchanges, we have a feeling akin to that gotten him. But not so; God had heard his prayer, we experience when, in passing through a crowd of and had permitted an angel band to gather around the "lords," with a familiar nod of the head, a comhim. He had sent his angels to us, who were utter mon place, "Good morning," "how d'ye do," or strangers to the sick man and his family, knowing something of that sort, we suddenly recognize a fair not of the existence of such people, and they bade us acquaintance, and the hand instinctively flies to the to seek out their earthly kindred, and do our duty.

Were this recorded in the Bible, that good book, and record of spirit manifestations, this "Thus saith a large exchange list, will know what that means." the Lord," would be pointed at by the church, as In relation to the late "investigation," the editress proof of the Power, Wisdom and Love of God for his speaks as follows:creatures; will they rob Him of the glory of this proof of his omnipresence and kindness now? Will They had no 'demonstrations' nor, did they pretend the skeptical world insult Him by crying delusion, to any detection of trick. They, however, advise peobecause this happened in 1867. Will they tell us ple to have nothing to do with it; and declare, as a

must be to him who is passing on to them, of Immortality, and of the love of God for all! Will it not give him faith to cross the stream so black and dark whom they associated are less virtuous than when

spirit, freed from earth, to its happy home, where panied with testimony to give it weight and the all is love, purity, and peace to him who has im-

IS THERE ANY GOOD IN SPIRITUALISM! also, and will not his God permit him to make one On Tuesday, July 7th, while we were at our usual of the band who shall cheer her days on earth ? sitting with Mrs. Conant, we received the following a If any of our friends see fit to aid this family, they may be furnished with their address.

Spirit of the Press.

The widely extended and continually increasing interest manifested in regard to the subject of Spiritualism, prompts us to lay before our readers extracts from the secular newsand periodicals which reach us, as exchanges and isc. In this department we shall offer very few reconclusions from the testimony laid before them.

The ORACLE feels the approach of the dog days, and each morning developes new symptoms of hydrophobia. The law requires that the canine species should be muzzled at this season. We are totally opposed to muzzling the press. Besides, the ORACLE is not full grown, so its snarling won't hurt any-

The Mechanics' Magazine, published in London, dated June 27th, under the heading of "Spiritualism in America," says :- "Of all the religious or other systems which have been propagated in the world by the agency of men who have pretended to be the recipients of supernatural revelations, there has been none so boldly advanced as the new heresy of 'Spiritualism' in America. We have before us the tenth number of the Banner of Light, a Boston paper of eight pages, beautifully got up, and containing. much really well-written matter. It appears pretty plain from the rapid spread of this American Spiritualism, that Mr. Macaulay was not far from right when he said, 'That in spiritual matters there cannot be a progress analogous to that which is constantly taking place in the sciences.' It is to be hoped that our religious communities at home will lend no countenance to any practice which can tend to justify these American impostures."

Thank you for the compliment to us, brother, and for the rest, we can only say, in the language of one of your own poets, (slightly altered for the occasion,)

"Walt, and remember, and understand." We like you well. Shere is a glimpse of the better spirit of progress. There is life, vitality and strength in it. The life, the vitality, and the strength of

You call our faith by that great bug bear word which the church has always used to crush the aspiring, heavenward promptings of man, "heresy."

Justice.

. Webster says, "In countries where there is an established church, an opinion is deemed heresy when it differs from that of the church," and let us tell you that although we have no so-called "established church," yet the definition will not the less apply to us. We agree with the opinion of Mr. Macaulay, as We started in search of the family, in order to test quoted in your article, but would add the words. our spirit friend, and to see what could be done for until the galling yoke of bigotry and intolerance is thrown off, and man learns to think for himself. In the We passed through the upper part of the street article we have alluded to, the petition to Prince without any success. We did not expect any there Albert, occur these words. They will apply to many

"No deed of greater heroism, sire, could be done in the days of modern chivalry than to do battle for the right against ancient error-against obsolete into all the little shops on our way, (and they are laws, that only turn to the profit of dishonest men-Give but the signal, and strength, and will, and in-tellect will rush to the struggle on all sides, hailing with joy the advent of the time when even-handed ustice shall be dealt out without delay. The present system is but the continuance of the deeds of the term it a strange coincidence which directed our steps robber barons of old, not now wielding swords, to the store just at the time the lady we were in but wielding laws that turn into as fatal weapons search of was there. Another strange incident is, against the peaceful workers. The time is ripe for that as she of her own accord remarked she had

> The NASHUA OASIS concludes a sensible article, headed, "Why should men be afraid to investigate?"

We have been led into making the above remarks by reading, in the Boston papers, accounts of the do-ings of the "Scientific" Cambridge committee, in noted of the dignified (?) committee could make a the talent God has given him for the relief of his great flourish of trumpets over a new discovery, in brethren, Mrs. Conant called, and was shown into a relation to the procreative organs of an insignificant lower room. She still thought she could remember fish, but will not only refuse to fairly and candidly the room, the spirit shew her, but she did not rethe room the spirit shew her, but she did not recognize this, though she did the lady. The room up stairs, in which the sick man lay, she did recognize this, though she did the lady. The room up stairs, in which the sick man lay, she did recognize the startling phenomena which relates to human immortality, but joins in superciliously proposition in the sick man lay, she did recognize the startling phenomena which relates to human immortality, but joins in superciliously proposition in the sick man lay, she did recognize the startling phenomena which relates to human immortality, but joins in superciliously proposition in the sick man lay, she did recognize the startling phenomena which relates to human immortality, but joins in superciliously proposition in the sick man lay, she did recognize the startling phenomena which relates to human immortality, but joins in superciliously proposition in the sick man lay, she did recognize the startling phenomena which relates to human immortality, but joins in superciliously proposition in the sick man lay, she did recognize the startling phenomena which relates to human immortality, but joins in superciliously proposition in the sick man lay, she did recognize the startling phenomena which relates to human immortality, but joins in superciliously proposition in the sick man lay, she did recognize the startling phenomena which relates to human immortality. nise even to the pictures. There was but one altera. Midas, who presumed to judge of the comparative tion, and that was, she did not see the sick man there merits of the musical performances of Apollo and Pan, should be affixed to the head of this great pro-

The Lowert Courier says:-

The truth seems to be, that the late investigation resulted in nothing satisfactory—for or against the truth of spiritual manifestations. But the unfairras entranced, and spoke nearly as follows:—

Priends,—sufficient for the day is the good or the and the undue and ridiculous prominence they and know for what. It is that you may administer giving to the subject, is doing more than the foolish to the wants of our brother, who is passing away vaggries and innocent nonsense of professed Spirithfrom you to us. He is your brother, and he needs alists, mediums and trance speakers could possibly. your help to render the remainder of his days among accomplish in spreading the infection. The profession you comfortable, and you have plenty, while he needs. you comfortable, and you have plenty, while he needs. sors had better keep easy. At Dartmouth and other it is your duty, and will, no doubt, be your pleasure places the faculty have had the fit, and we trust it

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE, edited, printed and published by ladies in the city of Philadelphia, is always to an undiscovered country—to him. He had, per welcome. When we see its fair face among our hat. Enough that we always look through The Woman's Advocate. Our editorial brethren, blest with

"The learned professors declare that no result He is less powerful now than in the earlier stages of the world, and takes no thought of the sparrows their experience which led them to this conclusion, ow?

What a sweet assurance this visit of the angels sumed that testimony elicited in the course of the investigation, is the foundation of this opinion. If they have had such experience as convinces them to some, without fear? Will the waters be so gloomy they commenced the investigation, they should give the world the benefit of that experience, . They have Ah, no! Death is the placid, crystal lake, over no right to assume any such position unless they whose sweet waters the angels of the Lord bear the

proved the talent given him.

And does it not show him also, that if the angels is, according to their story, killed, dead. We never can return in answer to his prayers, to smooth his passage home, that he may have no fears for her he leaves behind, for will not their kind care keep har leaves behind, for will not their kind care keep har leaves behind, for will not their kind care keep har leaves behind, for will not their kind care keep har leaves a hundred times within our re-We notice that many of the newspapers are de

which is humbur, the scalous opponents or the scal-

We attach no importance at all to this report from Cambridge; not the least. Only a day or two ago, we were looking over an old report on Mesmerism, made by certain learned professors of France, with Dr. Benjamin Franklin, from this country. They decided it to be a delusion amounting to nothing in fact. A few years after, the same body of men pronounced it an important remedial agent, and recommended its use, especially in Surgical operations.

It has been so in all ages of the world, and on al-

afirst declared the earth to move on its axis. It was theories, condemned them as delusions and required him to renounce them. So Columbus met the opposition of the learned professors of his time. These edicts of learned men in favor of their own prejudices are not entitled to much weight, as the experience of the world abundantly shows.

We have never seen anything to convince us of spiritual influences in all the 'manifestations' we have witnessed; but nothing in the world, unless it be something that every man and woman sees for facts have taken place. It is much more demonstra-ble than that the earth turns on its axis, to the great mass of people. What produces the strange coourrences is the only question to be settled. Strange to say, some learned professors who formerly condemned mesmerism now account for these things by saying it is mesmeric phenomena. What then, is mesmerism? On these questions the Cambridge savans give us no light. We see no way to solve the problem but to keep investigating, trying and learning, without depending on the report of professors who think more of maintaining their reputation than discovering new truths. They don't want to report to the world that 'common people' have been wiser than they, on any subject."

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM J. BOLLIN M. STUIRE.

Prof. Felton has condescended (!) to notice my communication to the Banner in an article published in that frank (1) and liberal (1) paper, the Courier. The Professor, with characteristic obstinancy, adheres to the imposition and jugglery theory, modestly asserting that all who do not agree with him must be either deluding or deluded. Others, scientific men, trained to habits of strict and accurate observation, although rejecting the supernatural theory, have confessed that in the manifestations of modern spiritualism there is something more than imposture-something which baffles their most patient investigations. But what of that? Prof. Felton has decided otherwise, and his ipse dixit must override and crush down every opposing theory and opinion. But to the letter. I state positively and s lemnly that on the night when I met Prof. Felton and his friends, there was no deception on my part. Whether or not there was any on theirs, they know best. The first experiment I acknowledged to be a failure; but the failure was not at all caused by "Mr. Eustis' eyes being fixed on the medium's arm." Could Mr. Eustis, think you, Professor, on that night keep his eyes STEADILY fixed on any object? Some may be uncharitable enough to doubt it. The second experiment did succeed. The cap was removed from the watch, and as you well know, under circum stances which made it utterly impossible for me to remove it. The following sentence, of Prof. Felton's, is so peculiarly worded that, had a cheating spiritualist or a deluded ignorant skeptic written it, had having been out of your head previous to the time," it been written by any other man than the frank and charitable and truth-loving Professor, I should have supposed it was intended to convey an erroneous impression. "The table which was somehow carried over Mr. Squire's head in the dark, after rocking to and fro for several minutes, was carried over Mr. Eustis' head in the light, and placed in the same position in the same spot on the bed, in about having previously learned them is neither honorable one minute." Here the "somehow" makes all the difference. How was the table thrown on the bed by my instrumentality in the dark? How was it thrown on the bed by Mr. Eustis in the light? Could N. situated as I was and surrounded as I was. by my unassisted strength and agility throw a table weighing one hundred pounds over my head on the bed?—my feet tied to the chair, my hand held by the trained and quick-detecting (!) Mr. Eustis ? Under those circumstances, I could not, unassisted, have thrown the table over my head on the bed. lines from your organ, the Courier. "The falsehood No man of common sense will for a moment believe I could. How did Mr. Eustis perform the feat? He placed the table on his knees; and then leaning entirely back upon the bed slid it over his chest and face. This difference, which is so material to a right understanding of the feat as performed by my instrumentally and as performed by Mr. Eustis, the Professor studiously keeps out of sight. Any man of ordinary strength could have thrown the table over his head in the manner in which it was done by Mr. E.; and I challenge any man unassisted by other power, be he scientific, military-trained or juggler, to perform it in the manner in which it was performed through me. True; the table was not taken away from three men, but three men with the "application of forces," man to direct them could not hold the table still, could not hold the table still against a boy, who was never submitted to military drill, and who knows nothing of the application of forces. The catching of the watch nearer my hand was, it seems, "only an incident, supports his preconceived notions and opinions. No not an essential point." It was something else than credulity is equal to the credulity of incredulity. an incident; it was a FAISEHOOD. Why was this stated? It was to convey to others the impression that I was endeavoring to get the watch nearer to my fingers to enable me to operate upon it, and thus deceive the wise (1) savans of Harvard University! And is not this an essential point? Oh! Professor, this was a dodge unworthy even of you. Your distinction looks very much like an equivocation. I do most distinctly deny "the panting and perspiring." But further, a gentleman and lady of unimpeachable veracity, who were present during all the manifestations, state through me, and are willing to stake their character for the truth of my former statement in the Banner for the week ending July 16th, that I did not pant and perspire and did not exhibit those many other symptoms of severe physical effort, and that the watch chain was not, and furthermore, could not have been caught up. I do deny most positively "that the performances with the table were results of my own muscu-

Here is denial against denial aveils the mint Now for proof. The table was thrown over my head; this is indisputable. It was done in a manner far different from that in which Mr. Eustis did it. This I have already shown. Bo far, so good. Traveller and Journal will soon be able to counteract Now the next step is that I made violent muscular by the antidote of common series were the port in

lar strength," and I deny further that Prof. F. per-

ceived and felt any violent efforts made by me.

membrance, and, what is a little curious, each man efforts. Now on whom does the onus probandi lie that explodes the "humbug" also explodes all other theories that have been put forth against it. So it has been from the commencement. We hardly know these violent manufacts the most playe it. Let him explain, if he can, how these violent manufacts the m those violent efforts manifested themselves to him. The Professor has decided that the performances of the evening were "mere tricks. That, of course, ends the matter (?). None can have the hardihood to question his statements. There re, however, in the community, some men of over-weaping presumption, who will persist that God has given them also eyes, and minds; and who will not, at no doubt they might, surrender themselves wholly to the Professors of Harvard College, and sit humble as babes most all important subjects. It was so when Galileo at their feet, and drink in, unquestioning, all that flows from their infallible (1) lips. They will use the learned men and theologians that laughed at his their own eyes, and exercise their own judgments, and adhere to their own conclusions, despite Prof. Felton and his umpires. The community must be "cleansed of that perilous stuff." Off with them to the prison, the pillory, and the stake. But pause a moment. This cannot be done. The presumptuous fools are largely in a majority, and therefore must be let alone. Here I must state again, and once for all, I will not relinquish what I believe to be the themselves, is better proved than that the alleged truth. I am not a deceiver, whatever Prof. Felton may say to the contrary. Statements unsupported by proof injurious to the character of others are easily made, and these statements may be backed by the weight of social and intellectual position; but let those casting such statements abroad in the community beware. We have heard of instances where they have rebounded with a thundering crash upon the heads of those who made them, high as they were in the social scale, and prostrating them in the very dust. Professors may plume their arrogance and self-conceit, and amuse the public with their antics; but time will try all things, and the truth must ultimately prevail. The Professor intimates that I was conversant, or at least thought I was, with his antecedents; but I knew nothing about him before I met him on the evening referred to in his

> concerning him, affoat in the public. But since then, having mentioned that I had passed an evening with him, it was remarked that his father, being unable to support him, put him to live with a farmer, who set him to work at the invigorating employment of raising asparagus and tending celery roots; but noticing an aptitude to learn, soon after sent him to college; where he has deserted the celery, for Greek and Hebrew roots, and found true the line-that

> letter, and was of course ignorant of any reports

"Hebrew roots thrive best in barren ground."

Whether or not it is fact I cannot vouch: if it is, I suppose this is what was meant in the communication. if I rightly recollect, "I left you early," &c., &c. One expression I must notice in the Professor's letter, not that it is worthy of it. He speaks of " the spirit which is handsomely lodged in Mr. Squire's body." This is fulsome and disgusting and offensive to good taste. I hate such wretched twaddle.

My education, kind (?) Professor, I am too well aware is "very superficial;" but if hereafter I fail to make it apparent to my many friends and those I may chance to meet-I will refer them to Professor Felton.

Your allusion to my lack of a knowledge of grammar, is most certainly not verified in any part of my last communication, and I brand your vain attempt to underrate; as mean and unworthy of you; but drowning men will catch at straws. You might as casily and more properly have said, "You spoke of &c., instead of " having been out of your head at the time."

For the Latin and Greek-inasmuch as there is an intelligible idea conveyed in either one of the communications, is it sufficient proof that I did not produce either, as you so willingly acknowledge my ignorance of those languages. The supposition of nor right, unsupported as the supposition is by aught of proof. The circumstance you relate of my first development, that the book moved into a neighboring room, is not correct, as I said, it moved first on the table, and fell on the floor, and moved there a little, while I passed into a "neighboring room." You are not a correct reporter; and everything, throughout your relations, has borne quite an original tint. And as in your first statement. I said there were FALSEHOODS, "I say so still," and quote a few will do its work eagerly and promptly. The truth, following too laggingly, will but partially retrieve the mischief, and never heal the laceration of private character and feelings which the libel has inflicted." Applicable to the Courier itself is the following fire of itsown. "What an instrument of evil may the public press become in the hands of persons destitute at once of the urbanity of gentlemen and the principles of virtue," for it is neither gentlemanly nor just to refuse to admit a reply to its columns, having opened them for a dastardly and false attack, both of which it has done; nor is it virtuous to still keep open those columns "at the beck and call" of those claiming authorship to such foul libels, and to shut out replies which those libels provoke, both of which it does do. I now take my leave, for the present, of Professor Felton. His letters and conduct simply confirm the old remark-that skeptics are the most credulous of men. A man of strong prejudices and conceited, will, without proof, believe anything that The incredulous are the most credulous men.

Your servant, J. BOLLIN M. SQUIRE.

THE OTHER SIDE.

In another article we have alluded to the Journal. perhaps in no complimentary manner. It suits us to be just with all, and to endeavor to do our duty towards all, and therefore while we cast aside the chaff we gratefully accept the wheat. The Journal. in its reply to the ORACLE, through which the cry of old bigotry and superstition arises. "Help, Traveller! help, Journal! help, Saturday. Evening Gazette ! help ! save, or we perish!" uses the following language-sensible-just-cogent.

"We are inclined to think that the evils of Spirit. ualism will find a palliative, when scientific men recognize the phenomena as fixed facts, and trace out the real causes of these curious mental and physical demonstrations. To assume that the mediums are impostors and the believers dupes, is a royal road to a solution of the problem upon which the dogmatic rather than those who can see and reason for themselves, will enter. It only strengthens the credulity of the believers, and makes new converts among those who see phenomena which cannot be accounted for by this 'colentific theory.' In this view of the case the Courier and its board of savans is doing indaluciable mischief-more, we fear, than the Gazette,

MUSIC ON BOSTON COMMON. - "IM-PROPER PERSONS."

The people of this city have been deprived of their usual summer evening concerts on the Common, by the action of the Board of Aldermen. It will be amusing for our friends at a distance to know that not less enthusiastically received at each representathe chief objection urged against these acceptable tion, than when first produced under the manageentertainments, by those who have denied them to us, has been that they have hitherto attracted improper persons! Who the individuals are that are thus distinguished and control our city, using the Board of Aldermen as their medium, we are not authorized to say. We presume, however, they are quiring the clap-traps and pompous show of the certain loose characters, whose honesty of heart will not allow them to act the part of hypocrites and conceal their natural inclinations, and so their inmost thoughts are made manifest in acts, while many passing them by clothed in saintly roles, are deemed very holy, whose real lives are no better than theirs. our streets as very proper persons.

The way Boston Aldermen talk of "improper persons," fairly illustrates the "church" and "respectable society. The God they profess to love and worship, consigns these "improper persons" to endless torment, and why should not they prepare them for that place by giving them a bretaste of its miseries? Therefore kick them out of sight, they're nothing but " sinners;" trample then down, they're 'improper persons."

This, if not the language, is the practice of the popular church and society of our times, and it disgraces the name of Christianity, as Christ established it. When he was upon earth he sat," with publicans and sinners." and by his example led many

whose record is on high to purer lives. But these, his pretentious followers, scorn to be seen with such lest they be thought of them. What a satire is this upon their professions and their characters. Boston must dispense with its music on the Common because improper persons are attracted there when it is given! O thou embodiment of sanctimonious hy-

pocrisy, Public Opinion!

Why, in the name of the religion of Christ, do you not place a band of music in every public square, and invite those whom you term improper persons to listen to the inspirations of Music? Such a movement would effect more good than all your Asylums and Reform Schools. It would put out a hand, as it were, to these brothers and sisters, and lead them up. It would create an atmosphere of love and kindness in which spirits of a higher grade than those now about them could approach and elevate them. Instead, therefore, of the class alluded to being "improper," they are very proper to be brought into such society, and under the good influence of music. We have something to learn yet in regard to Reform. In our opinion, no great good can result from any effort in that direction, until we come to regard these men and women as our own brothers and sisters, and instead of casting them out from us draw them to us, and permit the genial warmth of kind hearts and loving smiles to teach them they are yet human, and heirs of the same glorious immortality as ourselves.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

Warren Chase has just concluded a lecturing tour through Ohio and Western New York, and is now the recipient of Nature's blessings, among the fine regions of Vermout. Miss Sprague has recently May. Several attempts have been made to blow spoken, entranced, with much success, in New York up the ships there, one of which was nearly succity. Miss Martha Hallett, a young lady, daughter of a farmer, has astonished the people of Illinois, by taken before October, owing to to the heat of the a series of discourses, while entranced. She has appeared in public at Freeport, Rockford, Rockton and other places. Joel Tiffany is lecturing in Chicago, being engaged to continue there, for several months, telegraphic announcement of the mutiny in the In-Mrs. Hatch is making a tour through the West. She dian army. The details are somewhat less alarmhas recently attracted crowds to the Masonic Hall, ing than the bare telegraphic accounts of the move-Baltimore, meeting with no opposition except from that great obstacle to all progress and reform, the church. Miss Beebe has awakened an interest in the mutineers in the Punjaub. Meerut and Delhi Illinois and Wisconsin. Spiritualism is rapidly becoming the universal faith of the West. The Davenport Boys are in this city, giving the public an and to Meerut. The native troops had murdered opportunity to witness wonderful and convincing every officer on whom they could lay their hands at tests of spirit presence. Mrs. Ada Coan, accompanied by Mr. J. F. Coles, is holding test meetings, and astounding the people of Michigan and Ohio, with convincing proofs of the nearness of the spirit world. Dr. Dods is busily engaged in answering many calls for lectures. He recently lectured in Brooklyn- Mr. L. K. Coopley, of Portland, has spoken, entranced. in officers, attended, by special invitation, the Manchesthis city, in connection with Mr. W. H. Porter. The Universe announces J. B. Lewis as in the field, as a visit there. They were received with loud cheering reform lecturer and advocate of the Harmonial Phi- and other demonstrations of good feeling. losophy. Mrs. Britt is lecturing in Illinois, and may be addressed at Peoria.

HEROES AND HEROISM.

The Boston Ledger evinces strength of thought and comprehensiveness of intellect in its editorial departarticles will always stand the test of criticism. An editor's duties, so multifarious and arduous, rarely permit him the indulgence of his own unbiased thought, but at times it will flash out, if the gem is a true one, and illumine the dark places with its radiance. Thé following is so truthful that we cannot refrain

rom transferring it to our columns :-

The age of martyrdom has not passed, it has but just begun. A man needs as much moral courage now, in order to make his way honorably and honestly in the world, as some of the men had who walked waters and roasted in fires. The stake and the thumb-screw may not be as much in demand now as they were some little time back, but the principle of the thing is about as active as it ever was. Men do hate to permit others to believe and to act as they want to. They seek to head off one another in the church, in politics, and in business. They elbow and jostle each other in society, and drop mean hints, set strange inquiries on foot, and in every variety of way seek to bring one another into disfavor. It requires somewhat of a man to stand up against all A scheme is on foot in London for organizing an this machinery—for it is a machinery, worked in a annual exhibition of works of British Art in New regular way, for regular objects and purposes,—and o live down the gross libels that are circulated on this side and that against his character.

There are those in plenty all around us, who, under calm exteriors, endure the cross and despise the shame day after day, but make no sign of their poignant inward sufferings to the world without. Thousands are struggling heroically all the while against fate, against obstacles maliciously thrown in their way, against the wiles, and temptations, and deceits, and disappointments of life, and many of them finally sink under the trial, though true to the end-than whom no martyrs in the past ever endured affliction with greater courage and constancy.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT We have received from Hon. House. J. W. Edmonds several) communications received by The price of these tickets will be two dollars, adhim at his circles, which we shall lay before our mitting the holder to four separate exhibitions, to readers from time to time. It fathering the to an

Mramatic.

THE HOWARD ATHENAUM has lost no portion of its attraction. The play of STILL WATERS RUN DEEP, is ment of Messrs. Field and Placide. Mr. J. S. Browne's performance of Mildmay, is now, as then, one of the best, if not the very best portrayals the theatre-goers of this city have ever witnessed. So truthful and natural is it that we almost forged it is a play restage, but rather, we imagine, that we are one of the household, and that all the plots and counter-plots are being enacted in earnest.

Mr. E. L. Davenport has confirmed and strengthened the high opinion previously held of him, by his performance of Captain Hawksley. It is fully up to but whose cunning hypocrisy enables them to walk the mark of the lamented Field, and in some of the scenes vastly better. The last scene defective in its previous performance, is, owing to the excellence of Mr. Davenport particularly, made one of the most effective in the play.

Mrs. Barrows' "Mrs. Mildmay," though a performance of great excellence, lacks carnestness. It is somewhat too superficial, for a woman, moved by impulse and impulse alone. And then there is a little, just a little too much playing at the audience. Indeed this fault is the only prominent one in the company, and is not confined to Mrs. Barrow. Mrs. W: H. Smith and Mr. E. B. Williams sustain the characters of Mrs. Sternhold and Potter with the same ability which called forth the praise of all who witnessed the former production of the play.

On Friday evening Mrs. E. L. Davenport appeared as Mrs. Mildmay, and the portion of the performance we were fortunate enough to witness, left a most agreeable impression upon our mind. This lady, as we mentioned in a previous number of this paper, is so unaffected and natural, in her manner, and so clear in enunciation, that we never grow weary of witnessing her performances.

John Brougham commenced an engagement on Monday, during which will be produced the celebrated extravaganza entitled "Pocahontas." We shall have something to say of John hereafter.

THE NATIONAL, with Mr. and Mrs. Florence, has attracted good houses, and the best we can say of actors or audience is, that they are "jolly."

European Items.

At the recent election in France for members of the Assembly, the Republican ticket received 95,000 votes in Paris, while the government ticket had only 110,000 votes, wih the army. Elsewhere in France, however, the government was almost universally suc-

A dispatch from Berlin says it is affirmed there that Prussia. Russia and Sardinia have given their adhesion to the compromise on the question of the union of the Principalities drawn up by Lord Clarendon, which is, therefore, now opposed by France alone.

The crosses of the "Order of Valor," recently distributed by Queen Victoria, to the braves of the Crimea, were made of gun metal, from cannon taken at Schastonol.

-The advices from Canton River are to the 8th of cessful. No military operations could be under-

The India overland mail has arrived at London, with voluminous accounts confirmatory of the ment, which would be confined to Delhi.

Troops were marching from every side against were placed under martial law, and the native princes were sending contingences to the British forces, The shipment of the cable for the Submarine Tele-

graph between Europe and America had commenced on board the Niagara, and would be proceeded in with the utmost dispatch.

Capt. Hudson, of the Niagara, together with his ter exhibition on the occasion of the Queen's state

France, at the request of England, is to send out fourteen transports with troops to China. This will be done at the request of England, in order to prevent the withdrawing of British troops from India for the China war, as was at first contemplated, the startling news of the mutiny among the nament, equalled by few other city papers. Its leading tive troops of the former country, having made their presence there more than ever necessary. Later accounts state that a reinforcement of 14.000

troops are to be sent immediately to India. The Spanish-American difficulty is as far as ever

from adjustment. Political troubles are rife at Genoa, where party

conspirators have been arrested.

The Italians, whose arrest in Paris was announced by a previous steamer, are to be tried for an attempt to assassinate the Emperor.

In France, about 34,000,000 pounds of sulphur has been distributed among the vine-growers, and has been employed by them, apparently with complete success, in checking the vine disease. Within a period of many years the grape crop has not been so promising. So well satisfied has the government become with the success of the treatment, that it has awarded the prize of 10,000 francs to the discoverer or introducer of the remedy.

A scheme is on foot in London for organizing an York. A collection is to be in readiness by the end of August for the transit to New York.

The water employed in the christening of a new royal baby was brought from the River Jordan, and presented to Her Majesty by Captain Geoffrey Nightingale for the occasion.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS. These remarkable mediums have taken rooms at No. 8 Winter street, and will hold public circles in the afternoon, commencing at three o'clock. Private

circles will be held at eight o'clock in the evening. for which tickets can be obtained at the Fountain

take place on four successive evenings.

The Busy World.

HEALEY, the artist, is said to have made \$12,000 n six months by portrait-painting in Chicago.

THE RECEIPTS of the American Colonization Society

for the past month, amounted to \$5534. GLOUGESTER will send to Bay Chaleur this season some three hundred sail of vessels, manned by nearly

four thousand men. NAVAL-The U. S. frigate Constellation was at inchor in the Tagus, June 15.

CHOICE PIECES of the sirloin of beef sell in Paris at fifty cents a pound. A fowl brings \$1.25.

THE DUTIES levied on a barrel of flour at Hayana. and at all the ports in Cuba, amount to \$9.85.

FIFTY slaves were liberated last week by Colonel Thomas Hite and other philanthropic citizens of Jefferson County, Virginia.

MASSACHUSETTS .- The census of the State, except the small town of Tolland, shows an aggregate of 211,432 voters.

FROM 4TH MARCH, 1853, to 1st July, 1857, there have been 2692 post offices discontinued; 16,637 postmasters_resigned; 1096 postmasters died; 7086 postmasters removed. Whole number of post offices in the United States on the 80th of June, 1857,

THE ESTATE known as Montpelier, in Virginia, and distinguished as the former residence of President Madison, has just been sold to Mr. Thomas J. Carson of New York for the sum of \$37,250. The estate embraces 1165 acres.

IRON CHURCHES, 70 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 20 feet high, capable of accommodating 700 persons, and costing about \$5000 each, have been erected, recently, in the neighborhood of London.

MR. THALBERG has returned to Now York from his tour in the West. It is said that Strakosch, who managed the operation, has cleared \$20,000

MORMONS. Since the first of January last there have arrived in this country upwards of two thousand one hundred emigrants who had espoused the Mormon faith in the Old Country, and were en route to Utah Territory. They were composed mostly of Welsh and English, with some Danes and Norwegians, and a few Germans.

VERDI, the composer, is said to be at work on a new opera for Mr. Lumley, the London manager.

IT IS PROPOSED to establish a cattle market in Providence, R. I. In New Bedford, 1500 barrels of whale oil have

been sold within a few days, at 73 cents.

THE FINAL EXAMINATION of the Senior Class of Williams College took place on Wednesday. The Commencement occurs on the 5th of August.

THE FISHING BUSINESS at Hingham is about dying out, as only six or eight vessels are at present engaged in it, and yet twenty years ago there were more than sixty, all hailing from that town. MAURICE RETSCH, whose outline illustrations have

gained such a world-wide celebrity, has just died in Germany at the age of seventy seven years; leaving Darnley, the illustrator of "Margaret." without a rival in that line of art.

WM. OGDEN Niles, for many years well known as the junior editor of "Niles' Register," a periodical issued in Baltimore, whose reliable character has made it valuable as a historical record, died at the Girard House, in Philadelphia, on the 8th.

THE STATE AUDITOR OF KENTUCKY has received returns from forty-eight counties, of the number of hogs assessed; by which it appears there is an excess of one hundred and twenty-eight thousand over the previous year. This includes little less than

Wool growing in Texas is becoming very extensive. A few days since, a lot was sent from the prairies in Texas to New Orleans, which for qualityis represented to be equal to the best Saxony im-

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY OF PAINTINGS has been sold to the Cosmopolitan Art Association for \$180,-000.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has bestowed on the widow of the late Hugh Miller an annuity of \$70.

THE INVESTIGATION.

We shall publish in our next number, Dr. Gardner's report of the so-called investigation of the Spiritual Phenomena, by the learned and impartial savans

NOTICE.

We shall report the lecture of R. P. Ambler phonographically, and publish it in our next number. It will, without doubt, be highly interesting.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS AND LEC-

Our friends will confer a favor on us and upon our readers by sending us each week short reports of meetings held upon the Sabbath, or at any other time, with announcements of future gatherings. We shall also publish a list of public lecturers and mediums who are disposed to act as agents for this paper and use some exertion in their respective localities to increase its circulation. Will such please address us? Our object is not only to make the "Banner" useful to Spiritualists as a class, and the public at large, but to every individual; and for this purpose we selicit the personal co-operation of each in the work we are carrying on.

Write to us, and talk to us as freely as you would face to face. Let us form a conversational circle that shall extend from one extreme of our country, (and of the world if you say o.) to the other.

R. P. Angler, the eloquent and philosophic exponent of the Solutionlistic Theory, will locture under Spirit Influence at the Melodeon, on Bunday, July 19, at 3 and 8 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

inging by the Misses Hall. \(\forall_{ij}\)
WILLIAM H. PORTER is expected to commence a course of written lectures, on the Principles and Uses of Spiritualism. at the Music Hall, next Sabbath morning, at 101-2 o'clock. Also, social conference and spiritual communications, at 3 o'clock; to be supported by voluntary contributions.

L. K. Coonley, Trance Medium, is supplying, for the preent, the desk of Rev. Mr. Goddard, in Chelses, at the morning and evening sessions.

CHARLESTOWN,-Meetings are held regularly at Washington Hall, Sabbath afternoons. Speaking by entranced medi-

CHELSEA.—On Sundays, morning and evening, at FREMONT HALL Winnissimmet street. D. F. Goddard regular speaker. CAMBRIDGEFORT.-Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'clock. Meetings also at Walt's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire street, at the same hour as above.

BALKE.-Meetings in Sewall street Church, for Trance Speaking, every Sunday afternoon and evening. At Lyceum: Hall, regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, under the supervision of J. H. W. Tooney.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER:

H. N. Ballann, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burling-

L. K. Coonium, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1837, by WILLIAM R. HAYDEM, in the Clerk's Office in the District Court of Massachusetts.]

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS IN THE

OLD AND NEW WORLD: BRING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN

TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER BARLY EXPERIENCE AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

DR. ARRBURNER'S EXPERIENCE. - CONTINUED.

By the aid of the telegraphic signals I have endeavored to describe. I conversed for some time with the charming companion of my early years, and learned very interesting particulars relating to her happy abode in the spirit world. My curiosity had been excited by the different sounds produced by rappings that I had heard close to those made by my friend Ann. I asked for the name of the spirit that they represented. The name which came out by the letters indicated on the alphabet was Eliza-BETH MAURICE, another companion of the childhood of myself and my brother and sister-another almost angelic being while on earth, but now, with her cousin Ann, an inhabitant of the third sphere in Paradise. The authoress of the "Invalid's Book." and some other works testifying to a pure, gentle, and refined taste, conversed with me awhile; and at last a louder and more decided signal was made to me from the middle of the table. The name I obtained by the telegraphic raps was that of my father. I asked him to communicate to me the date on which he quitted this world for the spirit home, and the raps indicated "7th September, 1798." I asked where the event took place, and I obtained the answer "at Bombay." I asked his age at the time, with many other questions, the replies to which were all quite correct. I kept up mentally a long conversation with him on subjects deeply interesting, and it was productive of a communication from him, which I subjoin :-

"My dear Son—I am delighted to have this privi-lege of communicating with you hoping to dispel some of those wrong impressions which now hover around you in regard to this spiritual being. Allow a spirit who inhabits one of the higher circles to decide for you on a most important subject, to try to remove from your mind the doubts which perplex you, and to establish in their stead a firm faith in the Creator of heaven and earth. It is he who permits us to make these manifestations, through certain constituted persons, in order to impress mankind with the fact that the spirit shall live in a future state, in a more bright and blissful home. What proof can I give you of the truth of this? You have only to name it, and it shall be granted to you from your father, who has ever watched over you with the care of an angel. Do not doubt what I now sav.

"Your affectionate father, WILLIAM ASHBURNER."

I am giving you a short narrative of the first part of my course of experience of the spirit manifestations. It is important not to be too diffuse. I am desirous of showing that if the subject be investigated in a calm and bold frame of mind there is no danger of the bad tendencies which have been so fiercely deprecated. I may not be able to prove to you, and to such as yourself, that there is a sufficient amount of facts to satisfy you of the existence of intelligences absent from the immediate sphere of our own cognizances, but I have at all events been able to adduce to you a number of curious facts; and if these and more such be tied together in bundles so placed as to affect the phrenological organs of a vast number of brains with the attractive force of agreeable conviction, many of the ideas advocated by the Reasoner will have a chance of being displaced and forced into the category of nega tive existence. To take up the impossibility of future existence, is to deny that we are beings of limited capacities, and to arrogate to ourselves the power of finality. No weakness is so ridiculous as that of fancying that we are arbiters of eventsthat our will, exercised by organs that soon shall rot, is to determine the future fate of a holy truth. How ardently does the bigot fancy he is right. Sincerity may be his merit, if ignorance be the cause of pardon for a foolish sincerity. A new truth, a new event, which established into a fact is a new light, makes the antecedent idea pale, and it vanishes before the force of new conviction. I cannot express to you the influence on my mind produced by the facts rapped out by alphabetical signals that my spirit friends, Ann and Elizabeth, knew of their cousins Hannah and Isabella having called a few days before at my house at twelve o'clock, and that they knew I was going from Mr. Hoyland's house to 17, Palace Gardens, Kensington. They knew the persons I should see there; and on being asked if they were acquainted with any other persons residing in Palace Gardens, Ann replied to me that her cousin, Henry Goodeve, lived at No. 2a house he had not long before purchased. If these be not facts demonstrative of a future state of existence, in which friends of former days are now cognizant of the events occurring here, I do not know what will be sufficient to force your mind to a conviction. But these are only a small part of the numerous proofs I have had of the identity of persons with whom I had been acquainted years ago. I have, in subsequent scances, had many opportunities of holding intercourse with a score of other persons now in the upper magnetic regions of space surrounding this earth-intelligences, some of whom were friends here, and some of whom were individuals of whom I had been desired to learn facts that turn out to be marvellously true. Had I been inclined, I could have made an equally

absurd affair of this serious inquiry, as some have succeeded in doing, 'My taste does not lean in that direction. When I am convinced that I have a good grip of a bold and sacred truth, it is not an easy matter to shake me from it. I have tested the fact of the spiritual manifestations most minutely and carefully, and I grieve for those who have concluded against it from a touchy disposition not to accept a truth simply because it does not originate from self, or on account of any other weak and personal consideration. It is easy to go to simpletons and say your neighbor is a credulous fool, and the simpletons believe it; because perhaps they have never seen a masmerised somnambule, under the influence of a magnetic impulse, from the finger, on the organ of self-esteem, obliged to utter the same class of words. You, in your article on "Those Rapping Spirits," were influenced to trot in a groove on the point of dignity. Some infallible judges of dignity there are to every part of Italy, and is rapidly increasing.

ANSWERS TO AN ENQUIRER. who cannot perceive in mankind any other high qualities but those of cunning and acquisitiveness

Man is a strange compound, and to the philosopher

it is a curious subject of reflection how very trifling

in themselves are the motives which make the

wisest rush into the most foolish and illiberal

courses. It is unnecessary, after the notices of the

spirit manifestations in subsequent numbers of your

periodical, to dilate on the deficiencies of philosophi-

cal taste that have characterized some of the would-

say that when I have been impelled by the lower

them, it has happened invariably of late that I have

be guilty of the error of hurting unnecessarily the

if the tendencies of Spiritualism are to make men

more tender towards the failings of their neighbors,

and more mindful of the obligations they owe to

kindness and friendship, those tendencies cannot be

AN OPPONENT CONVINCED.

The Editor of the Review, published at Crawfords

changed his views, and he voluntarily publishes a

We have been in the habit of decrying that most

mysterious of all sciences, or rather phenomena, called Spiritualism. A profound skeptic ourself, it

been attended with such serious consequences to in-

master; Mr. Wallace, Senator; Mr. Watson, Major

man. Deceit he is incapable of practising. Of easy

circumstances, he cannot be supposed actuated by

All he performed, or that we saw, we have not

space to detail. We content ourself with a few of

In company with a select party, by invitation, we

took a chair in Mr. Wallace's office, last Thursday

evening, skeptically waiting to see what we should

in a mesmeric state. Usually this is done for the

medium by outside influence; the Doctor's power is

it off at pleasure. He selects a position in the cen

The gentlemanly appearance of the man, we con

fess, inclined us at length to credulity, which pre

possession was further strengthened by the total absence of every thing like trickery and hocus pocus.

begin a rather dignified chasses across the floor, and

stop directly in front of our worthy friend, Mr. Wat-

son, who looked the picture of terror and astonish-

The company had barely time to observe that Dr.

Sloan was not touching the table during its hegira,

when another performance ensued that would have

been sublimely ridiculous, but for the mysterious

agency that achieved it. Majors Winn and Easton,

two as sedate, quiet men as ever dignified a commu-

nity, were sitting together, rapt observers of the eccentricities of the table. Suddenly an unseen

power lifted them up chairs and all, and in mid-air

the two still sitting, though by no means sitting still,

were trundled up and down facing each other, as

nurses sometimes toss cross children to quiet them.

They would both have gladly escaped from their un-

easy seat; they looked appealingly to the company; but the invisible hands that danced them in the air,

also held them fast. Though we now lock back and

smile at thinking of the two grey-heads thus hob-

nobing to each other, yet we were too much terrified

at the time to think of lending them assistance.
Ask them about that "witches' ride," and they smile

in the sickly manner of one who has seen a ghost

While this was going on, we were further startled by a peculiar cry, and looking to the quarter it come

from Mr. Snyder was discovered sitting on the cen-

tre table, where he had been lifted in his chair by the

spirits, who probably knew that he had been many

years a justice of the peace, and was therefore capable of worthily presiding over their orgies. We are sor-

ry to say that for once his gravity was seriously dis-

turbed; and if we may be pardoned a joke about a matter to serious, we think he couldn't have got into

meditates becoming a medium.

There were other incidents, such as rappings, &c.

which we will not trouble ourself to describe. The one that most strongly impressed all who beheld it,

we feel incompetent to do justice to. Dr. Sloane set

the candle in the centre of the room, and blew it out

Retiring then to another quarter, we saw the light

by unseen agency gradually revive, and when it was

fully restored, we were thrilled at seeing a hand di rectly above it. We might well be excused for

doubting our senses tryet there was no mistake; the wrist, the whole hand indeed, pale as a corpse's and

delicate as a woman's, was distinctly defined. Its

position was horizontal; one finger was extended

pointing, as we have since been solemnly assured

directly at our worthy friend, Col. Manson. In the

same manner, and the same threatening meaning,

for aught we know, the ghost of Banquo is made to point its skeleton finger at the guilty Macbeth. It

may be the spirit was seeking to make the Col. asham-

ed of himself; if so, we have only to say, it was not

Dr. Sloan left early next morning. A public exhibition of his powers would be profitable, and we so

represented to him, but he declined the expose as in-

At some other time we may write more fully upon

the exciting incidents of that evening. We will

ITALY,

so well acquainted with him as we happen to be.

onsistent with his feelings and character.

them.

worse box. He also is now a believer, and seriously

They are firm believers in Spiritualism.

the most striking and inexplicable points.

Winn, and Colonel Manson,

any mercenary motive.

no damage was done.

My dear Mr. Holyoake,

· Yours truly.

very dangerous, or evil, or pernicious.

With every good wish, I remain,

40 York Place, May 26, 1853.

upon all minds.

NUMBER ONE.

We commence with this number a series of letters from a gentleman in one of the Western States to a friend in this city. About four years ago the two had a conversation concerning Spiritualism. Sometime afterward the gentleman in this city lost a near relative, and informed his friend of his loss, be considered investigators of the subject. I may and in that friend's reply, the subject of Spiritualism was again introduced, and the gentleman again feelings of our nature to feel desirous of attacking wrote to his friend to know if he was impressed to write upon that subject. The letter which follows is a rejoinder :-had affectionate warnings from the Spheres not to

_, May 6, 1857. I very recently had some conversation with an old feelings of my friends. You will acknowledge, that friend of mind who, by the way, in former days, was one of the most skeptical men in matters of "faith" I ever knew. He had been in Illinois. While there, he was induced to visit a lady, (one of his daughter's near neighbors, who possessed remarkable powers as a medium for the spiritual manifestations. The medium was one of that class known to those versed in such matters, as an imperionating medium-i.e., the supposed departed persons who manifested themselves through her, exhibited the characteristic personal phenomina of gesture, motion and speech, peculiar to their mundane appearance and life. I will not attempt to detail to you all he told me of what he witnessed; but he was satisfied. Among the ville, Ind., has been one of the most bitter opposers various persons who were personated by the medium, of the claims of Spiritualism, and has availed himwas an only son a person of peculiar physical forself of every opportunity to ridicule it. But recent events, which he has witnessed, have materially mation, having a defect in his spine, which gave a very awkward, Imping, shuffling gait in his walk. These, and all the mental, as well as physical charrecantation of them, in connection with an interesting report of the occurrences leading to his new po. acteristics, were nanifested perfectly, and facts were sition. We transfer the article to our columns. It stated by the spires, which my friend supposed were will prove of deep interest to our readers, as indicavery different, but on inquiry, were verified.

I have led you thus far, through a kind of general tive of the change that is gradually being wrought statement of the thing, to present to you, at this point, a new feature. My friend says, with the convictions he brough home with him, he has brought a feeling of contentment and resignation. He no lonhas occasioned us sincere sorrow to mark the extrager deplores his loss; but now looks forward with a ordinary spread of the delusion, particularly as it has feeling of satisfaction to the final termination of his dividuals in all parts of the Union. But we are now duties here, so that he shall join those friends, of prepared to take back all we said and thought about whose continued existence he is now most positively We have seen the spirits at last, and beg to asassured, by evidence, that he, nor the most skeptical sure our readers, at the risk of our good fame, that to whom he has related his experience, have not been there is something in Spiritualism-too deep for our able to controvert. To you these assurances, and For the veracity of our story, we beg leave to re-fer to some of the most respectable citizens of our come. But human nature has a peculiar pride that village-to Major Elston, Banker; Mr. Snyder, Postrevolts at the adoption of anything that is not quite the thing " in aristocratic circles. Traditional births in a manger are very fine things to embody We may be pardoned for one word relative to the medium on the occasion we allude to. Dr. Sloan is a in the history and theory of a religion; but a modern citizen of Covington, in our neighboring county, with manger, a manger of 1845 or 1857, is a little too near character above suspicion. He is indeed a gentlehome. We can smell the stable. Well, what if we do smell the stable. No false pride ever withheld sne from deriving any advantages a new truth affords; if I am not able to appreciate a truth, no matter whether it comes to me over the tick-tick-tick-atick of the telegraph register, or through the rattling of invisible forces on a piece of board, surrounded by a dozen men and women or any other source. see. Within ten minutes Dr. Sloan had put himself My friend, Truth does not always clothe itself in broadcloth and silks. It does not glide slick and the more incomprehensible, however, from the fact smooth down a man's throat like a glass of iced that he himself produces the condition, and throws champagne, at a sacrament held in upper-tendom church. Speers and sarcasms are always thrown at ter of the room, avoiding tables and persons; sits new truths, because they generally rub the noses of awhile with his head drooped upon his breast; makes old theories in a very unhandsome manner, and I a few passes over his head and breast with his am just enough imbibed with the spirit of Young hands; then is ready to bid spirits from the vasty America, to indulge the notion that old theories are old fogies, and the easier they give place to the light of truth, the better for mankind. You have lost a relative, a dearly beloved relative. I know it is a loss to you, but to him it is much gain. But we were not prepared to see a large circular office table, weighed down by law books, deliberately

Earth is but the birth-place of man. It is not his grave. Man has no grave. The worn-out garment we cast aside. It is not the man we bury. ,

You believe I am almost tempted to tell you you shall know, ere you join him, that he yet lives. If you will, you may. I hope you will. You have regarded me as visionary on this subject. But. I can claim the privilege of reasoning for myself on all subjects. I have no belief that you might call faith, a blind credence of something taught me in early life, and fed to me from the pulpit. I have no such faith. I have only the convictions of natural evidence; and if science and religion cannot stand on the same footing, so far as the laws of evidence go, then I dismiss from my investigations that one of them, in which I cannot cross examine the witnesses.

I know pretty nearly what your views have been respecting modern spiritual manifestations. What they are now, I do not know. Unfortunately, most of our great men, our learned men, have taken the cue from Festus, and they fear our modern Pauls' like the Paul of other days, are "mad from much learning," and they shun this source of madness, lest they too be mad!

You are not very likely to indulge the same ideas on the subject as I do-so long as you will not permit the subject to be fairly developed and demonstrated to you. I am not going to urge you to investigate it, but this thing I will tell you, with a firm conviction of its truth; you will, at some future time, acknowledge to yourself your regrets for not having satisfied yourself, if your present or past con. victions rule you through this life. You do not feel satisfied of the accuracy of your present convictions. No one does who holds aloof, at least that is the evidence of all persons whom I have conversed with before and after their acquaintance with reliable and indisputable facts.

That I should be pleased to have you examine this thing, you do not need to be assured. If you do so, it does not follow of course that you are to give yourself up to it, and become insane, as some less stableminded persons than yourself might do; there are unreasonable limits in all things, and I think I ought to put limits to these remarks.

RESULT OF OPPOSITION. A correspondent of the New England Spiritualist, writing from Sandwich, Mass., says :-- Some three or four weeks since, John G. Glesson, of Plymouth, offered to speak from spirit impression, in the Town Hall. The Selectmen, who have the control of it, refused to let it be used for that purpose. Whereupon some of the inhabitants, feeling aggrieved, resolved that the matter should be laid before the merely add that our statements are strictly reliable, people at some future town meeting, and a votetaken on the same." and the second

IN OTHER TONGUES.

Professor Eustis states that in his presence, communications were written in Greek, and Latin, the Correspondence.

AMESBURY, June, 1857. MESSES. EDITORS: The doctrine of Spiritualism, which you advocate appears mysterious to me as yet; but it is not strange that it does. In fact, it would be strange if it did not, for all discoveries have seemed so at fist. Gallileo said the earth revolved, and it did, with natural laws to govern it, though denied. Franklin drew lightning from the clouds, and Morse thught it to speak the English language. Newton discovered the law of gravitation, and Ful ton asked for a building in which to explain his theory of steam power, but it was denied him. There were natural causes for all these; may there not be, therefore, a possibility that Spiritualism, so called, can be explained on philosophical principles?

I will give you a word in relation to a manifestation I received. I called on the spirit of a ship builder, and on his announcing his presence, asked him to imitate the launch of a ship. Thirty or more distinct raps were heard, resembling the sound at a distance of carpenters setting up a ship. Shortly all the rappings ceased except two, and they represented men splitting out the blocks. After these the table shook, as a ship does just before she starts from the ways, then it moved six feet or more, without any person touching it, resembling the motion of a ship as it is launched into the water, I am convinced that nothing by mere human agency could thus, in every particular, imitate so perfectly the

NATHAN NUTTER: Yours.

Our friend's experience is a good proof of the reality of spirit manifestations, and a perfect argument against the position of those who maintain that they are all produced by jugglery, wires, pulleys, or mechanical appliances of any name or nature. Though a "medium" himself, and having such manifestations as he above narrates occur in his of debarkation, and that at only two-thirds the usual presence, he does not accept the spiritual theory in explanation of the phenomena. He is fully conscious that these things do take place, and equally so that he does not produce them, for the very good reason that it would be impossible for him to do so. Certainly there can be no trickery here; no imitation of the sounds of ship carpenters at a launch, made with a foot—the great Cambridge solution—or by any unconscious pressure of the hands, the equally astounding scientific theory of Farady, for neither hand or foot was within six feet of the moving table.

In reply to the inquiry whether Spiritualism may, not be explained on philosophical principles, we would say, it can. The same general laws that govern Franklin's lightning, Newton's gravitation, and Fulton's application of steam power, govern the events of Spiritualism. At the time of these discoveries these governing qualities were not known. at least not laid down in the books, and the discovered blessings were near being lost on that account And so it is with Spiritualism now. There is no law, no rule of science, known at Cambridge, that would evolve such facts, and so they seek to destroy the facts. But their efforts are as impotent as their brethren of the past, and Spiritualism will live through all their efforts to put it out of existence, and the philosophy that governs it will ere long be make known.

Ровтемочти, July 7, 1857. MESSRS. EDITORS:-Having received some powerful demonstrations of spirit truths recently, I have a desire to communicate to you what has been received. Some things have been given which would puzzle many a scientific mind.

I have had papers from spirit friends dropped in my presence, lights of the most startling brilliancy in many ways, but always gently, thus reminding us of their positive nearness to each one.

I send you a copy of a communication which was dropped by a spirit in my room a few days ago:

THE BPIRIT OF JOHN EVELETH. "Here lies buried the body of the Rev'd John

Eveleth, who departed this life August, 1st day, Anno Dom., 1734, aged 65 years." This stone, with the above, is in Eliot, Maine, un

der two beautiful elm trees; I think you can get a communication there if you will go up on some fine day: it is a beautiful spot.

Another from the same Spirit.

"Where I communicated to you, the place is in the Portsmouth bridge, on the old post road, where I have heard the war-hoop of the red men."

me by the spirit itself. Not having ever heard of mind. the above named person, I sent over to Eliot to ascertain the facts, and the trath of the above obituary notice was ascertained. The stone is well known, as existing in that neighborhood. It was a most excellent test. Several persons have verified the above.

I send you the following, which I copy from a paper received from another spirit, in the same way as the other. It was written beautifully by a female

An echo. Hush! 'tis from the spirit land!
How full the note! and like to that loved band
That plumed their wings, and took their upward flight,
When life was waning fast, and gloomy night
Sat brooding o'er my soul with visage dark.
Then through the gloom they soared as doth the lark.
Above earth's storms, high in the clear blue sky.
And winged their way to blissful worlds on high, Another,—

Like a pure water lily, thou'lt rise from the storm, Like a spirit inhaling the breath of the morn, Like the eagle, when soaring above his cloud nest, Thou'lt be waited on shore to the realms of the blest.

PROVIDENCE, R. L. June, 1857. MESSES. EDITORS :- I have been intending for some time to give you a word of congratulation, for the wonderful success of your beautiful paper. It has taken a very important place in our Literature, and is maintaining its character nobly, while at the same time it appears to have some spell of attraction, for it diffuses itself, as if it were endowed with some secret charm. It is a happy omen to the world, as legs for a similar purpose. well as to you; for as the Brazen Serpent was lifted up in the Wilderness, that; all who were bitten of serpents might look upon it and live, so shall the type of a truer intellectual power, be an antidote to false stimuli, and moral poisons, and thus inaugurate a more truthful National Literature. Regarded in that light, your work is a great and real benefacon a recent passage from New York, in the

power of mind over matter, and felt an exultation in

we were so resistlessly sweeping forward against wind and tide, seemed to stand before me, as an embodied spirit. I wished then for power to make the idle, the voluptuous, the sensual, comprehend the dignity and grandeur of a true work. By knowing this, many a merely physical operator would unfold a higher degree of intelligence, and many a dainty aristocrat or white-fingered dandy, would become a MAN. In fact, this consciousness must be one of the great forces of mental and moral regeneration; for when men can appreciate the honor of work, and the degradation of idleness, however highly wrought and finely gilded may be its cage, even the poorest laborer will begin to respect himself, as a member of the great public Benefaction, to which he is admitted, through the Diploma of his Work. Thus, there will be a continual approximation toward those truer relations, that shall secure to every man his own WORK. There will then be no such anomaly as that of a human being condemned to uselessness, or left open to mischief in the world, because he is bound to be genteel; for the finest gentleman, or lady, must then be recognized as the happiest and most intelligent worker. I see that this must come, though I am sometimes impatient of the slow progress. 1 stretch out my arms toward the happy time-the Good Day of the Future-I invoke it with all my

power of heart and soul. I cannot close without saying a word for the benefit of other travelers, of the new line of steamers between New York and Providence, connecting also with your Boston railway trains; for I consider it a

work of great public good.

The accommodations are excellent; the stewardess and other attendants ready and respectful—the Captain courteous and regardful of the least interest of those that come under his care, and the pilot, Capt. Child, himself an accomplished and long tried seaman. This line, which is now represented by the steamer Governor, soon to be joined by the Eastern City, has also the additional good features of making the whole trip by water, without the inconvenience

WHOM AND WHAT SHALL WE BE-LIEVE

If a man cannot believe his own senses and trust the reasons which God has implanted within him for his guidance, what shall he believe and whom shall he trust? It has never appeared to us of much importance whether this "Dr." and that "Prof.," and the other man, whom a few fellows of his have called "President," believe that God's laws are unchangeable, and, consequently, that what occurred eighteen centuries ago can likewise occur to-

day. Each individual must judge for himself, and if the foolishness of Harvard in relation to Spiritual. ism effects no greater good than to convince mankind of the folly of putting trust in princes, and looking up to, or down to, other people's views in order to shape their own, it will have accomplished a great mission.

Within ten years, millions of individuals have had internal and external evidence of the fact of spirit intercourse, and all the decisions of all the colleges in the universe cannot alter that fact or injure the truth which that evidence establishes in their minds.

Mesers. Peirce, Agassiz, Gould and Horsford may call them "dupes." and declare them the victims of a "stupendous delusion," but the God-given reason within is proof against all such attacks. It is invulnerable, because it ever suggests the inquiry, if we cannot trust our own eyes to see for us, our own ears to hear for us, and our own reason to judge for us, to whom and what shall we appeal? And again, are we any better off in trusting the eyes, ears and reason of others than we car be in trusting our own?

"BECAUSE OF UNBELIEF."

The failure to produce manifestations of spirit have been seen, the hand formed, so that its shape power in the presence of the Cambridge committee, could be ascertained, writing on the slate without the is an additional proof that these events are of the use of the hand of the medium, and music was heard same class, and produced by the same agencies as at a distance, sounding very much like the airs those in the times of Christ. On a certain occasion. played by a music box, but more sweet. Many times Christ failed to do mighty works, because of unbelief. it has been heard by several friends, who knew that (Math. 13, 58.) Are mediums of this age expected no such instrumental music had ever been heard to do what he, whom christendom worships as God, there before. Raps are heard in a room adjoining, could not do? All the powers in the universe could with no one in it, loud enough to awaken a house not have produced a different result than was had from its slumbers. The spirits have also touched us before the "men of science," for the reason that natural laws cannot be subverted. Christ would have been branded as a:"forger." and an "impostor," and a belief in the events of his life a "stupendous delusion," under such modes of "investigation" as were adopted by the Renowned Four.

"PROCEEDING ON A PRESUMPTION." The Courier, half apologising for its care of the people's morals, and exposition of a "stupendous delusion," says that it has "proceeded on the presumption that the intelligent portion of the public in general coincided in the views and arguments" it has presented. The "intelligent portion" will not consider this as any attempt to cajole it with flatter ing words, for the mere supposition that any one who Eliot, on the line of Kittery and Eliot, near the farm of Major Mark Dennett, about two miles from has arrived at years of discretion, and can rightfully claim the title of "intelligent," is so ignorant of facts as those "views and arguments" show the The above are copies from the original papers, sent writer to be, is not to be admitted by any sane

> UNIVERSALITY OF SPIRITUALISM. The Age of Progress furnishes translations of com-.

munications from spirits, and contained in the French Journal of Spiritualism, published at New Orleans. We select the following. Indications of the truth of the statement reaches us from all directions. Letters from all parts of the world con-

"The work of redemption is going on in all parts of the Globe. We have more mediums in Asia than you have in America. I present the faith to these still under a veil; like the violet hidden by the leaves; like beauty under the gauze. In this form, they accept it. At the proper time, we will remove the leaves, we will lift the veil, and the truth shall shine in all its noble brightness. MAHOMET."

UNDERSTANDING OF A TABLE. Dr. J. P. Greves, of Milwaukie, writes to the Age of Progress, that in the town of Manistee, Mich, on the opposite side of the lake, there is a young girl, a medium, who was recently directed by the Spirits to have a hole bored in the bottom of one leg of a table, and a pencil firmly inserted. This being done, the Spirits used the table leg-whenever she placed her hands on the top-to write with great rapidity, perfeetly legible communications for the persons present. It is not a little remarkable that mediums and other people can do such things through the legs of a table, when they could by no means use their own

123 1101

THE SPIRITS MOVING. The Rock River Democrat, (Ill.) says: We prosume most of our readers will be as surprised as were we to learn the number of converts to this new faith, in our midst. We are informed upon good authority. that the Spiritualists of our city number over a thousand. Among them are many of our most substan tial citizens, men and women of worth, standing and recamer Governor, I could not but reflect upon the candor. Some of them have related to us spiritual mannestations which the manity, which it would be roof, in their own presence, which were of the most impossible for me to adequately express. The Mind that was manifest in the Iron—the great Thought them to us bear a character among us for childen manifestations which have occurred under their own which, after so many struggles, had at length come good: sense, and versely decond to home in our out free, and achieved this miragle of Art by which midst."

The Tablet, the leading Roman Catholic Journal of Europe, states that a belief in Spiritualism extends modium having no knowledge of the former, and but slightly acquainted with the latter.

and will be vouched for by the gentlemen above named. We take pleasure in referring our readers to

The Messenger.

me that more of you Northern people do not find their way thing but Finitz beings, liable to errilke ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirits," and not do any thing against their Reason, because they have been savised by them to do it.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Julius D. S.—Blessings on him who asks for his disembodied friends through this sheet. They who are asked for are often with you, and will, in good time, avail themselves of your kind call.

You have good medium powers, which will not be material sphere. Yes, yes, we will come to you at them all, and I am sure he will, if they only do right. your own home, if we can, and will manifest. Much is in store for you not yet thought of by you.

George P. Tewksbury.

To EPHRAIN STEVENS .- Mercy and Truth have met together, and who shall say they shall not succeed? Many thanks are due to the writer of that we have on earth! it is all over. I will give you much soon. just perused. We will do all we are able to do to My name was George P. Tewksbury. convince our unbelieving ones on earth.

EPHRAIM STEVENS.

O'Neail, State Surveyor, Maryland, Who Died in Washington.

new to me, being the first time I ever tried to do so; he was able to do so. and it seems strange to me that on my first advent to earth life, I should be called to a stranger. But your circle of spirits were desirous I should manifest. and called me to you.

I have dear friends in the earth life, and if it were possible I should like to commune with them and to them. There is a strange mystery enveloping these things, which I do not fully understand. I do not know exactly what to give you to identify

I have been in the spirit life near two years, as nigh as I can estimate time. I left on earth a wife and one child. My disease was consumption. I was sick a long time, and if I were permitted to tell the wonders I beheld during my sickness, or if I could do so, many might say I was then insane. Spirits have the power to embody in any form or But I was in possession of all my faculties, and I saw these things. I recognized many who had been a long time in the spirit life; they told me the exact time of my departure; they took me through some of the spirit spheres, and then returned me to earth, telling me that my work was not yet done, that I was not then ready to be an inhabitant of spirit life. I know not, sir, why I came to you at this time; I am here, and have a great desire to commune with

was State Surveyor. Can you inform me how far I am from that place? I do not know any more than, if you were at this moment transported to the spirit land, you would are but few righteous men. Fourteen years ago my know what sphere you were in, were you not told. I might take this form, which seems to be given me for a time, and by going through your streets ascertain where I was, but how can I shut up in this room, do so?

Oh, if I could commune with my parents, my wife! What a source of inexpressible pleasure it there, so I chose to live as suited me, and pass on my would be to me! Oh, tell them I live; tell them if they wish for proof of Spiritualism, go back to the When I was nearing the fortals of Heaven, many they wish for proof of Spiritualism, go back to the time when I lay perfectly motionless, not communing with mortals, when I was talking to those in the that would distress them, therefore I kept my own der as I behold it. counsel. If they desire proof of Spiritualism, let them recur to that time when Flay upon my bed of

I wish to tender thanks to the Order who were so

ness to all personal enemies.

It seems mysterious to me: I cannot really comprehend the meaning of all this. says he passed away from earth years ago, who bears the name of John O'Neail, tells me he was the commune with them. instrument of bringing me here. He doubtless was one of my connections, although I never knew him. Now you will understand that I lived in Frederick, My occupation was surveyor; my name was O'Neail. This is the correct way of spelling the name. It is of old Irish pedigree. I know there are a variety of ways of spelling the name, all meaning the same; but the correct way is that I have given you. And you ask for material proof. Do you mean that I shall refer you to any one who knew me on earth? If you have any friend in Baltimore you can ascertain of the truth of my

statement to a great extent. I should have told you I died at Washington, at

the Capitol of our country.
Oh, how happy I should be could I know I could commune with my friends. I was a medium, so many friends in the spirit life tell me. I died at eight in the morning. I know this well, because I was told before my departure by spirits that I should die at that time. It was thus so strongly impressed upon my mind, that I retain the recol-

We received this June 3d, and took the usual method of satisfying ourselves in regard to its truth. Heaven. Up to this time, July 8th, we have not received an answer from letters written, but accidentally met me; open their sealed visions, take away the fear of with a gentleman from Washington, who assures us death; clothe them, oh, Father, spiritually, //with with a gentleman from Washington, who assures us Divine Love. Lead those who are in sorrow, to the it is true. These are no circumstances which were Fountain of Peace, and learn them, oh Father, to reknown either to the medium or to ourself, or ever ceive the Angels as they come to bestow gifts upon could have been known. To us it is a complete the weary ones of earth. Draw them nearer thee, proof that spirits communicate. The time he thinks and thus nearer us and may Hope, Wisdom and of the departure of this spirit is a little over one Faith ever be their watchwords in this life. year—the spirit does not seem to remember distinctly the exact time, which is often the case. It is only when coming in contact with earthly matters that time is at all recognized by spirits. It seems to be no part of spirit life.

- Baker, to his brother and sister, in Boston.

the ear to communicate.

I heard their wish, and was disposed to answer it, place (the Spirit world) one year since. I go to New and had the power to do so. I find a great many spirits here this morning, all striving to perform ken, where frow lives now. I had money, had silks, their several parts in this great drama, for such it cheese and much other things, and wasn't in want, seems to me.

I have only been in the spirit life about three come and take sick.

One and take sick.

Dis your frow? Wants to tell my frow about two years, and have learned much during that time, and I have also seen much to regret in my past. I wish papers in the old chest, next to the bed, what's not all my friends to pattern after my good deeds, and found; do you see? Much money will come by that.

Daniel, that I. often visit. He has good medium powers, and I often wish to commune through him, but his occupation prevents our accomplishing what we would do.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, 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 leave the earth sphere very suddenly; five minutes before I became a disembodied spirit, I was well their friends and relatives on earth.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we sak for. Our questions are not noted only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry, the characteristics of their earth life to that be mediated. The communication of these messages, we hope to show that the mediate of the carry, the characteristics of their earth life to that be mediated. utes before I became a disembodied spirit, I was well

It is well to do as nigh right as you can, so that you will be ready to change spheres at any time, and have nothing to regret.

Pardon me for delaying you so long. I think I have given you enough to succeed in identifying myself; if not, I will again visit you. My name was Baker—the first name I don't desire to give, for reasons sufficient to me. I have a sister living scarcely amiss. Some years have passed since I dwelt in the twenty rods from where you now sit. God bless

I am happy, yet it was hard. More than two years ago I sat with this medium. I am fully aware of my position. I was in the habit of visiting medi-She will not be likely to remember me. Life

After this was written, while the medium was in the trance state, she was influenced as a clairvoyant, and gave the following description of two spirits who were standing within her range of vision. This I would like to commune with you, provided I visit was probably made for the purpose of learning can hold control over your medium. This is quite how to manifest, as well as to let his friends know

> I see a man, tall, rather slim, black hair, small black eyes, pleasant looking, but sharp and carnest. He has a forehead which projects at the eyelids, and retreats. He wants to know if I recognize him, but I do not. He keeps passing his hand over his forehead. He has on a vest of a light color, with six buttons, which have a figure in the centre. He has not been here long, looks as if he was a stranger. There is a little boy standing near him, a beautiful boy. He says, "Good day, I'll come and see you I cannot tell who he is, though sometimes I think I have seen him.

> The allusion to a "vest" requires an explanation to those who are ignorant of spirit manifestations. dress which pleases them, or to control the medium so that she sees the form, whether they take it upon them or no.

> > Melinda Field, Taunton. If this be Death, I soon shall be From every sin and sorrow free.

Oh, blessed thought! if all mortals would so live my friends, and if I can reach them I shall be ex-tremely happy. I lived in Frederick, Maryland, and The true Christian, one who has all-Faith in the kindness of our Father, knows he will be free from

sin and sorrow, when death comes.

But, as at the time of Sodom and Gomorgah, there spirit left its earthly form; fourteen years ago closed my eyes on earth, and they were opened to the beauties of heaven. I was no Christian, but I believed that God was just, and that he would deal rightly by me. I could not bring myself to the church standard, for oh, I saw too much hypocrisy

stood around my couch and shed tears on account of my departure; they feared I would not be happy, bespirit life. I could have told them this ere I left cause I had not experienced religion. And I feared earth, but I knew they would think me insane, and too. Oh, how dark that picture! Even now, I shudcause I had not experienced religion. And I feared

God, our Father, teaches us to love him; mortals teach us to fear him. There is no Christianity that is based on fear, and all the creeds of the present day are based upon that. Oh, how hard it is, to be Oh, my friends, my friends! my spirit longs to day are based upon that. Oh, how hard it is, to be commune with them. Oh, if they will only see, and passing on to a land you know nothing of. Oh, I hear, and know! a thought almost too happy to be wish all would take a view from their earthly temple into the promised land.

The minister clothes Religion in a garb of mournkind to me, and to all personal friends, and forgive ing; the child of Nature clothes it in a garb of light. I had rather worship God in Nature's Temple, than in one so dark and gloomy.

I left many friends to mou

ion, and a dear child, and oh, how my spirit yearns to Daily I go to them-but oh, the veil is thick there

yet, and I daily cry for patience. For when the Angels first go to their friends, they need to cultivate the flower of patience to its perfection.

Oh, my child, my beloved child; I would I could

take away all fear of Death from her. I would not have her enter heaven in fear, and not until she has learned to know God, and love him as he should be loved.

Many long months I lingered beneath the fickle lamp of consumption; and ofttimes I pictured Heaven to myself, and brought out many inventions, to find out what was for me hereafter. But the Spiritual Christians! how easy it must be for them to die! they know whither they are going, and that angel bands will meet them. They should have no fear of Death.

I come to you that I may approach those so dear to me, that I may take away their fear of Death, and learn them to know and love their God.

Oh, Eternal Father, thou who art from Everlasting to Everlasting, wilt thou in thy wisdom permit the Angels to descend upon the plants of earth, that they may gather new strength, put forth new blossoms, which may be charlots, to guide them to

Oh, Father, wilt thou guard those who are dear to

My earthly name was Melinda Field. I resided in Taunton, Mass.

Garl Vankendahl, Hoboken,

Vell, what may dis place be called, too? Boston? I vasn't never there. Much Spirits all to you. Where's my frow? Dey say yar come, you see her, come, you talk to her. Now dish come from 'Merican. Boston? dat be's long way from her. Got four childer—wants to tell what's to be done with I have been requested by friends to come here and them—left too quick, couldn't tell nothing. Wants commune. Now I have not much that will please my frow not teach too much 'Merican, its bad. Do you go to Rotterdam? I lived there once; come to The most I come for is to let my friends know that this country in six years time gone. I come to this York from Rotterdam, and from New York to Hobobut took sick and died. Oh God, save those that

forget my evil ones, and constantly strive to make I wants her to go home. Ise come to her when the others happy that they may be happy themselves. I last moon two days old, an I frightens her so much. I have many dear friends near you, and I would They told me no go no more, but come here. I want give all the wealth of earth, if I had it, to drive away her to take sailing vessel to go home, and be surp all doubt from their minds and make them happy. have lots of clothes for the childer—got lots of I often, with others, strive very hard to bring about friends there, all alone here, got nobody. I shall no something by which we may do so; but patience and need to come to her more, when I gets things all perseverance must be written upon every spirit who back, I rest then, rest. Don't want her to stay here

you. Now I must go.

We have no means of testing this message. It serves to show that spirits in coming to earth do not lose their individuality, but present the same characteristics they did on earth.

It seems his anxiety to set his "frow" right on some points relative to property and her future life here, caused him to manifest to her in such a manner as to alarm her. That some spirit, who knew of the means whereby they can send messages to their friends, brought him to us, and he returns with all his earth feelings, and talks as he would have done before his decease, had he been permitted to.

We give it just as he spoke it through Mrs. C. while in a trance, or under the mesmeric influence of the spirit controling. We know nothing of the truth of the message, or whether such a person ever resided in Hoboken, but if, any of our friends there see fit to test it, we should be pleased to hear from it, whether true or untrue. We are satisfied of the ntention to give the truth, but it may be erroneous keep his communications free from error in all the a decided course with the one who made the

Robert Stockell, Butcher, to his friends. Obert Stockell, Butcher, to his friends. seek to rectify it. Now go with firmness and do not Oh, my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? give way, and your chance is good. This prayer, I have been uttering ever since I came here; and I have been told the only way for me to progress and become happier is to return to earth and sow seeds of repentance for all the deeds

of evil I committed.
"Don't talk so fast," we remarked. "That's what my wife used to say to me," he re-

plied, and then continued :--When I was young I was respected by all who knew me, because I had money and a good name. I was a butcher by trade; carried on the business quite a long time. But I became addicted to drinking; rum was my greatest enemy; and as I drank, so I sunk—a little lower—a little lower, almost every moment of my life, till at last my wife and my children no longer could respect me, and I was driven from their presence like a culprit. And so I wasfor I had brought disgrace upon my family and they had turned against me. Yes, and then I wandered about, with nowhere to call home; no abiding place, and I censured my wife for what I hardly know, ex-

evil ways. Ah, Leee it all now! I have been here about six years—it seems to me as though it had been six hundred, for I have not passed my time very pleasantly. But I am happier now, and wish all my children well. And my wife— I feel disposed to ask forgiveness of her now, for she was a good woman.

cept that she could not harmonize with me in-my

There, I must go now. My name used to be Rob. ert Stockell.

I suppose I have a son in law on earth by name of John Jackson. I have a doughter, Margaret. I am told she is married, but I don't know who to. She used to be in a store when I was here; I can't see well where these people are now, nor can I remember events well, but my next youngest child was there.

Frank was the youngest.

I was drowned. When I was young it was Robert; but when I was poor and looked down upon, it was Bob. I owned a house in Portsmouth, N. H. God knows whether my folks own it now or not. Perhaps they have gone there to live. I cannot see now; all is in the dark to me, in consequence of my evil deeds on earth.

But I have given you truth as near as I know it; did not come here to tell an untruth.

Chas. Bent, of California:

We have no means of verifying this manifestation: therefore we cannot put it before the public as truth. All we can say is, that it was not the result of any action of our mind upon the medium, for it imparts this person is concerned. If any of our California friends can give us light upon the subject, we shall other communications—but figs do not grow on thistles, and truth is not always to be found in the communications of those who do not come with purity marked upon the spirit.

I'm dead_I'm a ghost. I felt I should die from the first of it. It was right there he bit me, (touching here, he will show proof of rapid progression. We the arm below the elbow.) I told them I should die. If they had given me what I asked for, I should have been saved. I told them to give me vinegar to drink, but they would not. Do you know where I died? belonged in the State of Maine, and died in California. Cuss that snake! I tell you what it is, I never fought harder in my life; I thought I had him once, but he made a grab at me, and bit me. It was in the morning, and I died about night.

I was brought here to learn me how to get along and be happy. I went to a spirit circle once, and got frightened most out of my senses. My sister is sick, and I want her to have my money—that's what I came here for. I was twenty-four. I tried hard to save Jim and Charley—they were hung out there. They did not do right, I know; I mean Casey and coming to you are required to give proof of their Cora. My name was Charles Bent. I never had identity. But suppose a spirit can give proof of their much learning. I had some money out there, but to refer to, to corroborate his message. they took it. Did you ever see Belle, Cora's wife? Six years ago I lived in Boston; my name was She got me into an awful scrape once, but it was fixed up She thought I was green, and she never told me why she did it, but only laughed at me.

years. I used to mine and then go to San Francisco ated—lived apart some years, when I ended my life and gamble. One night I went down with fifty dol-by quick consumption. She is married again, and lars, and went back with five hundred. Next time I is living in East Boston. Her husband is a sail-maktook down a hundred dollars, and hadn't a cent to go | cr by trade. Now I was unjust to that woman, and back with, and those chaps wouldn't give me a cent. I come back to do justice if I can. I wish the world

Well, I got about two thousand dollars ahead, gate Spiritualism, for I have much to give her that when a lot of us camped out, and I got bit by that will be of value to her, which I cannot give to a

I told you I went to a circle once. Well, my mothr came to me, and it was just like her, and it wife received at her hands.

rightened me so, I never went there again. I saw I was a printer by trade, but rarely ever worked frightened me so, I never went there again. I saw her when I came to the spirit world, though I did not at it, and never in Boston. You saw me at your want to, for when a fellow gets down, he don't want

when I got the hardest of the battle. I thought I had been here longer.

been here, and he wanted me to come back. I must Mary Taylor, to her husband, of Dan-

vers. My beloved companion,-I have heard your request, and will hasten to comply, as far as conditions out me sorely, I assure you, since I have been here,

will permit.
Dear husband, you did not, in reality, suppose that if you uttered a wish that I would sond you a com-munication, that I really would hear that wish and would answer the same. You were not alone, as you

My name Garl Vankendahl; Bess is my frows show you. I was not dead when you asked me if I name, and remember I got four childer—two born knew you, and begged of me to speak once again to since here. I was 49 years—don't forget about the you, but I could not answer, because I had not suffipapers. I am there all the time—going right there clert power to do so. When my spirit first entered now. I hid them myself—forget to tell her. She's the celestial world, I was bewildered by the beauty the collectial world, I was bewildered by the beauty too good to stay here. God bless the old fellow, who brought me here. He says no do so more, you frighten frow, come with me and I show you how to do; so he brought me here, where I see this frow and my body I was at your side, and vainly attempted to speak to you and whisper peace be still. Since that time I have learned of the purer spirits how to return to earth and commune with my friends. Oh

what a holy belief, and a still more holy realization. I am now called to attend to other duties, but will send you again in a short time. Call often, my dear husband. I shall hear and will answer, if possible. July 6.

11

Money Returned to its Owner by Spirit Direction.

A poor man went to Woburn from Portsmouth, N. H., and at the office of the railroad in Woburn, gave the ticket-master a bill for a ticket. Subsequently he found himself short ten dollars, and could conceive of no way in which he could have lost it, but thought he might have passed it to the ticket-master instead of a one dollar bill. This. however, the ticket-master utterly denied.

He came to Boston, and desired a sitting with Mrs. Conant, but was told he could not have one. While we were at our usual circle, the following communication was given :---

Dear William-I and my sister, your wife, were in some part, as it is hardly to be expected that such with you when you met with that loss. Now, if you spirit could perfectly control's medium, so as to will go to that place to-day and demand your own, mistake. He who received the money does not as yet see the error, but, he soon will, and will then

> Acting upon faith in this suggestion, the poor man sent to Woburn, and received his money. As was said, the ticket-master was honest in his belief that he did not receive it. But it was returned to him by a man to whom he had also passed it as a one dollar bill.

John Tucker.

I say, old fellow, it's hard driving against windand tide; can't you give us a little help. (He wished us to assist him in mesmerizing the medium.)
All right, now, I have got anchored. I want to tell

something about myself, and if you haven't got any thing better to do, you may listen. I was drowned in 1856, on Piscatiqua River; I can't do well here. My name was John Tucker, I was 34 years old. Oh, my God, wasn't that a hard

time? We'pulled away for the boat hard, but it was no use. I didn't know what became of the rest of them, but I went to Davy Jones's locker. I saw a star here a little while ago, and I followed it, and, after a while, I saw it was a woman, but I could not get near her, for she moved off; I could

not come near her. There were three of us in the boat, and we were all drunk—at least I was. We went out about six in the morning, and that was the last of us. I used to go fishing occasionally. I wish to God every drop of rum was in hell, for if that had been in hell, I should not have been here, perhaps. I was going to the Shoals; we were in sight of land, but pretty well out; the sea ran high, and the sea inside ran higher, and we could not manage the boat.

Look here, is there any hell of fire and brimstone here? I have been making up my mind to go there with a stiff upper lip—putting the best foot forward, as we used to say. I have thought the Catholic religion was the true one since I came here, for it seemed to me I was in a sort of Purgatory, waiting to be judged.

Here followed several questions and answers, which it is not necessary to detail, inasmuch as they interested only ourselves and the spirit communicating.

This manifestation is that of an unprogressed spirit, who, having left the earth in the ways of sin. and having no knowledge of life after that of earth has passed, was in constant fear of a judgment which would consign him to an endless hell, of which he had heard so much. It was this bugbear which hindered him from progression in the spirit life. Many statements which we know nothing about, so far as people who have equally erroneous ideas of the world to come, will, no doubt, think this rough talk for a spirit, but man has got to be taught that, as a tree be pleased to have it. These are often as true as falleth, so it lieth, and as man leaves this life, so the life to come finds him.

When next this spirit manifests, having cast off the fear of hell, and learned that a man may work out his salvation in the next world, as well as in this, and that the door of mercy is open there as well as have not tested this, as from the nature of the manifestation, we may infer that it is probable he may be mistaken in the circumstances detailed. If he died intoxicated, it can hardly be expected that his memory of earthly events would be good.

We shall probably hear from him again, and then, no doubt, we may rely upon what he says, as well as any other spirit, so far as his knowledge extends.

Charles Johnson, Printer.

Charles Johnson; I was rather a wild, hard boy. About nine years ago I married and lived very unwhy she did it, but only laughed at me.

The last time I was with my sister, she lived in Augusta, but I have been in California about six had one child, a boy, and after his birth we separ-Served me right. I tell you what it is, cards, to know that I was unfaithful instead of her. Her wine and women, are the only devils that walk the name was Angeline—pardon me if I withhold the other, calling her Johnson. I wish her to investistranger. I return thanks to her and bless her. also my child, also her mother for the kindness my

office some seven years ago; do you not remember to see those above him.

What's the month? The year? The day? Well, with you this morning, but did not see fit to speak the day we started out, was the 29th of April, 1857, of it until after I had given what I wanted to.

I now return to you as a friend asking a favor, and you doubtless will grant it I have learned, I have seen Charley Cora, and he told me he had, since I came to the spirit world, that he or she who would be happy must do right. If I see fit to return to give you something in reference to myself, I shall do so. But if I see fit to give you only a part, that I may not injure those who are still on earth, I shall do so, for conscience is a part of the spirit, and will speak if we do wrong. I have sinned, and that has

From a Spirit Mother, to her Daughter. while in Trouble. My dear child, dry your tears, the angels will care

perseverance must be yearly spirit want per want ner wasty ner or later. I have a brother, understand me? Then I am satisfied too.

My dear onind, my dear o

ling child, let Truth ever find a resting place within your soul; then your feet will be well shod, and your enemies shall fall in the pit of their own digging. Oh, let every sand in your hour glass be a germ of Truth, running Into Immortality. I know the battle will be hard, yet be strong, be firm, constantly trusting in the God who is able to redeem you. And when your nature rises in rebellion, oh, pray for strength to overcome Evil with Good, and your prayer shall be answered by the coming of the heavenly hosts to defend you.

Pray on, my child, pray on, that holy angeld may be your constant attendants, and no longer suffer us to behold you sitting in the shadow of doubt. Let holy thoughts be the channels that shall bring you nearer and nearer in communion with the angels, that evil may not draw nigh by reason of sorrow. Н. н. с.

Wallace Hurldburt.

This communication was given us after we had been visited by a lady whose notions of life after the grave are of the brimstone church stamp. She showed the usual temper which that kind of Christians do, for which she is entirely excusable, as no doubt our message opens a new field to her, which cannot harmonize with her old plane of thought.

Friend, sometimes good comes out of evil; a little fire will do you no harm, and may result in benefit to me and mine.

I never anticipated any such from my companion, but I have many friends that interest themselves more about me now than when I was on earth. Truth must stand, and error must fall. I sought to give you truth. I was not a saint on earth, and hey cannot expect me to give you anything so much better. I am Wallace Hurldburt now, as I was on earth. I have not grown much better, though I have some. If I was as I used to be I should swear a bit, and as regards my giving anything they do not want the world to see, I shall not do it. My companion, had she been left to herself, would have been rejoiced to have received it, but these other individuals that are so much interested now, must

have a finger in the matter.

The name of my child is Mary Wallace, as I named it myself, unless they changed it afterwards. They may try to bluff you off, but not me; I have not been here so long as to forget a great deal.

Tell my wife she is just as near and dear to me as ever. If I have been crased from memory's page, she has not from mine. Tell her not to be influenced by her people or mine-to seek for herself, nor take any other person's feet to seek for truth. Borrowed ideas are not staple articles. I shall not borrow others ideas if I do come back from the spirit life.

It was hard for me to go; I confess I never was ready. Perhaps I was a little cowardly. Remember, I charge this upon myself. I was taken good care of when I was sick. I have no regret I am here now. If my friends come round show them this, and if they belong to the Christian church they must be Christlike. He never got mad. Happy is he or she who carries Peace within.

Abigail Carpenter.

Many years ago I lived on earth, and died in Massichusetts; my name was Abigail Carpenter; my disease was consumption. Previous to my death I was ofttimes blessed with the coming of angels, and was told by them the exact time of my departure from earth. Could this be imagination? could I, who never was an imaginary being, think I saw and talked with angels when I did not? I am now sure it was no imagination, but real, as far as mortals can enjoy reality. I was the daughter of poor, but respectable parents. I was often called a strange shild, because I differed in my views from the general people.

Spiritualism, at the present day, comes to elevate mankind, as it did in the days of Jesus; but there are quite as many Scribes and Pharisees in your day as in his day; and you mortals should remember that all Truth, when first presented to mankind, has been rejected. Man cannot prove that Spiritualism is true, and it is vain for him to attempt it—the work is God's, and in his own good time He will prove it to the people. A few may come forth from the halls of science, and call upon you for proof of what you believe. Is it yours to prove it? We think

Your Father has promised He will give you all things expedient; and if they size up against you, and call you to prove your theory, you must call upon your father to aid you, else the mighty arm of opposition is laid upon you and you fail. But the arm of the Almighty is strong, and who shall pre-Not even the hosts of h gates of hell.

Mediums are too apt to forget from whence these gifts emanate; if God did not permit us to return and commune, how could we come? Therefore they should not rely upon themselves or their spirit friends—their faith should be placed in God, and if He is not able to carry them through, who is able? Not we, His subjects, surely. By Him all Nature moves, and without Him all is void; it is vain for mortals to set their will in defiance with the will of the Father. Let them say, "Our Father, give me all the light that it is meet in thy good wisdom I should have;" let their will be in subjection to the will of God, and they shall receive that they never have received:

God is Good.

The tiny stream murmurs in silver tones, God is good. The twinkling stars, with a thousand rays of light echo, God is good. The warring elements cry in thunder tones, God is good. The little winged ones of the forest, chirp praises to God for his good-

ness.

And shall not man with his higher realization of goodness, send forth the cry, God is good! Yes, He doeth all things well; he filleth all your desert places with fruit; he giveth unto all the bread of life; he sendeth his showers of goodness through many channels to the thirsty sons and daughters of earth. The angels in one harmonious sound sing of the goodness of the Superior Power. He taketh away your darkness, for lo! he is good, and he

establisheth a Temple of Light,
The sphere wherein you mortals dwell is being surrounded by a chain of brilliants taken from the crown of angels. The brilliants are destined to shed a lustre over all the earth; and regardless of man's inventions, will fill the world with LIGHT.

A QUARER MEDIUM TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO .-In Mr. Glanvil's " Saducismus Triumphatus,". published in 1682, there is, among other spiritual relations equally remarkable, and account of a neophito in Quakerism, who appears to have been exercised in a manner quite similar to that in which some mediums are at this day. At times his speech would be entirely taken away from him, and at others he would be forced to speak in a manner quite independent of, and even contrary to, his own volition, while his muscular system, would be controlled in a variety of ways as by a power foreign to himself. For the purpose of reclaiming him to the Church of England, from which he had seeded, the minister prayed with him, and at the conclusion of the peti tion he (the Quaker) was forced to exclaim, " Thine is the kingdom!" which he repeated over a hundred times. "Sometimes," says the narrator, "he was forced into extreme laughter, sometimes into singing, while his hands were usually employed in beating his breast. All of us who stood by could, discern unusual heavings in his body. This distemper in him did continue till toward the morning of the next day, and then the volce within him signified that it would leave him, bidding him to get up upon his knees in order to that end, which he did, and then presently he had a perfect command of himself."
The identity of this case, in all essential features. with many that are now occurring, will be seen at a glance; and the repetition of these phenomena in different ages of the world, proves that they are all. referable to an established law, and not the result of the ever-varying caprices of man.

Pearls.

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

Take heart! the' sown in tears and blood, No seed that's quick-with love, bath perishs The dropt in barren byeways-God Some glorious flower of life hath cherisht

Take heart; the rude dust dark To-day, Soars a new-lighted sphere To-morrow!

And wings of splender bursts the clay

That-clasps us in Death's fruitful furrow Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

And from the liquid warblings of the birds Learned they their first rude notes: ere music yet To the rapt car had tuned the measured verse; And Zephyr, singing thro' the hollow reeds, Taught the first swains the reeds to sound; Whence woke they soon those tender, trembling notes, Which the awest pipe, when by the fingers pressed, Flings o'er the bills, the vales, and woodlands wild, Haunts of lone shepherds and the moral Gods.

Each day some pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship-some lyre to which we have been wont to listen-has been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music dost, for life with him shall pass away gently as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph

I tell you God is good, as well as just, And some few flowers in every heart are sown, Their black and crumpled leaves show but as dust; Sometimes in the hard soll, sometimes o'ergrown With wild, unfriendly weeds they hidden lie, Unfouched of sunshine, but they do not die.

Kept from a natural quickening by the might . Of sin or circumstance, through evil days They find their way at last into the light. Weakly and faint, giving their little praise Of modest beauty, and with grace most sweet Making the garden of the Lord complete.

It is easier to declaim against a thousand sins in others, than to mortify one in ourselves,

> Cupid, near a cradic creeping, Saw an infant gently alcoping: The rose that blushed upon its cheek, Scemed a birth divine to speak. To asceriain if earth or heaven, To mortals this fair form had given,

Touched its check and left a dimple. The man who is proud of his money has rarely anything

He, the little urchin simple,

Written for the Banner of Light.

ELLA PERCIVAL, THE BLOSSOM OF VIOLET DELL.

BY HENRI H. FENTON.

"One sole desire, one passion now remains To keep life's fever still within his veins. Vengeance !--dire vengeance on the wretch who cast O'er him and all he lov'd that rulnous blast. For this he still lives on, careless of all The wreath's that Glory on his path lets fall: For this alone exists-like lightning fire -To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!"

In one of the most beautiful and luxuriant districts of the great State of New York, a small transparent lake lies nestling amid the thickly wooded hills. When the summer folinge clothes the trees, the sparkling sheet of water seems, like a huge diamond in a setting of emeralds. Over it the eagle circles in a fearless flight. From amid the shadowy leaves the birds unceasingly trill their notes of exultant freedom. Nature's harmonious echoes are seldom startled by the sound of the axe or the fowling piece. Morning after morning the sun arises, looking with smiles upon a scene of Sabbath-like stillness, and pursues its course until it sinks below the trees which border the western shore, having witnessed no scene of wrong or suffering, heard no sound of crime or heart-anguish to mar the peaceful enity of this earthfy Eden.

Yet even here, where the face of nature wears the primal beauty of unsullied purity, the dark and stormy passions have sprung from bud to blossom, and from the blossom ripened into the Dead Sea fruit of remorse, hatred and revenge.

On the eastern shore, almost entirely hidden by the luxuriant growth of forest trees, underbrush and trailing grape vines, stands a little cottage. It stands a picture of ruin and desolation. The stranger would turn musingly and sadly away from its decaying doorstep, wondering as to what manner of people it belonged, and whether the gloom and the sadness which rests so like a black cloud over its neglected loneliness, were typical of the fate of those who once trod its floors.

Even so it was. Years ago, that now blackened ruin was such a dwelling place as the poet artist pictures and sighs for. In the summer, "flowers of all hues, and lovelier than their names," clambered up the white walls, and nodded pleasantly in at the windows. Paths, diverging in various directions, to the sandy beaches up which the light waves rippled with a musical sound, seemed like arches decorated to greet a conqueror, the tall hollyhocks standing like files of soldiers, in bright uniforms. Imagination in its wildest dream of beauty could picture no soene more lovely.

- And Ella ! To what bright creation of fancy shall she be likened. The pen of the poet, the pencil of the painter, the chisel of the sculptor, would alike fail to portray the soul-lines which seemed to spread about and envelop her with a halo of spirit-

As she moved through those blooming gardens, the flowers seemed to feel her presence, the hollyhooks nodded gracefully as she passed, and the pure white rose-leaves showered a benediction upon her from the porch. ...

"I doubt not the flowers of that garden aweet ·Rejolced in the sound of her gentle feet; I doubt not they felt the spirit that came From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

The fairest creature from earliest spring.
Thus moved through the garden ministering, All the sweet season of summer tide,

But e'er the first leaf looked brown-she died!" "Violet Dell" was indeed an earthly Paradise. Its two occupants, father and daughter, age and youth, passing over the waves of life, ruffled by no stormy passions, as a stately ship and a graceful yacht, navigating a summer sea side by side. The mother of Ella had passed so peacefully away from earth, with such gentle words, such hopeful, trustful goundence, such deep reverence, holiness and humility pervading the atmosphere about her, that her presence seemed never withdrawn from those she loved with an affection pure as that of the angels.

George Percival was a scholar and an enthusiast. Impulsive and ardent in his attachments, he was generous and open-hearted to his friends and those

he deemed such, and indifferent to his enemies. In beside that couch of death. Ella lay as if in a trance, his younger days, he had mixed much with society, her spirit hovering between the visible world and the had whirled through all the mazes of city life, yet unseen. Occasionally she would open her eyes, always above the surface. With all its phases he stretch a shadowy white hand towards her father, was familiar, but familiar only from observation. Its wild excitements and its reckless aims, possessed no charms for him. The natural sensitiveness and delicacy of his mind prevented intimacy of association with the mass, while with the hollow fushion worshippers, with whom his wealth and position brought him more immediately in contact, he had stilless congeniality. When, therefore, the dream of his life was realized in his early manhood, he re- flash of fire. nounced the city, and retired with his bride, whose heart was in perfect sympathy with his, to the shores of this sylvan lake. The ambition of his clouds, and still silent and motionless sat the father heart was satisfied. Surrounded by the books he loved, and a few choice works of art, he looked upon an emperor as merely a decorated slave. His nature was of that gentle, poetic kind, which harmonizes with all of God's creation, in its pure and primal state. The rabbits and the squirrels would run fearlessly up to his feet, and the birds would sing and twitter to him as to one another. He loved freedom for its own, innate beauty, and could not bear to see its slightest form encroached upon. Once, and once only did a difference occur between him and his gentle wife; that was, when one of her school-mates sent as a present from the city, a canary bird, in a gaily painted cage. The instant his eye fell upon it, from its enthralling clay. the impulse of his heart prompted him to release it, and opening the door, the freed, bird soared forth to freedom, with a gush of thankful melody, pouring wards her, one glance told him that it was but the from its tiny throat. There were a few tears upon struggling effort of the spirit which leaped forth to one side, and a few serious words upon the other, but too much in unison were those two hearts, to allow a shadow to rest upon them. Indeed, Clara Percival felt that he was right, and her admiration of his pe-

culiar nature was strengthened. Two children had gladdened the hearts of those peaceful, contented lovers. The eldest, Edward, was twelve years of age when the pure-hearted mother died. Ella was but six. The boy inherited the delicate sensibility of his father, but with a sterner determination of character. An element which the world would call force. 'After finishing a course of studies in the city, he was, at his own earnest desire, enterell as a cadet in the Military School at West Point | Graduating with high honor, he visited the several capitals and military stations of Europe rejoicingly in its smile. From the groves around to perfect himself in the profession he had chosen.

Ella, meanwhile, dwelt with her father in the quietness of Violet Dell. Their visitors were few. and their lives flowed on serenely and placidly, until one day the father, in an early morning ride, met and was pleased with a stranger, and invited him to his cottage home. From that hour the blighting suspended, was a parting gift from Edward, and to frost of sin began to shrivel up the perfect purity of the blossoms in that Eden.

Hubert Leroy was what the world styles an ele gant, accomplished gentleman. He was skilled in all the arts of society, with a fine face and form, a winning, musical voice, and a mind stored with that superficial knowledge which is so much more powerful in the drawing room and the boudoir, than the deeper and wiser knowledge which is of the soul. With these accomplishments he won first, the heart of the father, who looked upon the sparkling surface only as an index to the deeper and better, enshrined within its bosom. The calm, thinking scholar soon geance!" His brain reeled, and he fell heavily fordiscovered his error, but alas, he discovered it too late. To that fair, innocent child, the loathsome, reeping reptile seemed as a being of another sphere, purer, wiser, and more exalted than the residents of this world. He wove about her a chain, forged in the flames of hell, and tempered by the coldness of his own icy heart. When the father awoke from his to witness the solemn ceremonial could perceive, exdelusion, the links had been completed, and as well might the lamb struggle to free itself from the encircling folds of the deadly anaconda, as he from the bitter self-reproach and the desolation which had hissed from his lips, "Vengeance!" come upon him, resistless as the blast of the simoon.

In one of the hotels of Paris sat a noble-looking steamer Sultana was bravely battling its way. Its man of four or five and twenty. He was writing, and as his pen flew rapidly over the paper, a bright clime and nation. It was late in the month of smile would chase the lines of thought from off his broad brow, his eyes would sparkle, and the curves of his lip quiver with pleasure. The olden memories of home were crowding pleasantly over the heart of the stranger, in a strange land. The letter ran

"At last—at last dear Ella—my wandering footsteps are turned towards the home I have never forgotten. I shall soon see you, and our noble father—God bless film. In our happy home I shall rust for a few weeks before joining my regiment, and shall weary your little ears with stories of 'moving accidents by flood and field.' But that I have matched myself for a race to 'Violet Dell' against this epistic, I should write more, but ten to one I clasp you in my arms before your hand clasps this—and so, dear Ells,

Adleu. EDWARD."

The waiter was summoned and the letter despatch ed. But a brief time clapsed before the man returned and placed in Edward's hands a letter in his father's handwriting, which contained only these few

"Edward-Our house is desolate, for Ella is dying."

·Edward had looked upon battle-fields, and smiled as the roll of the musketry and the boom of the cannon came upon his ears. He had seen disease and death in many forms, and his pulse had always beat with the same serenity. But he dreamed not that the destroyer could blight the blossom of his home, that sister, so pure and holy to him, that he turned away from others, thinking that in her alone existed perfection. Ella dying! For a few moments he gasped for breath like a sleeper struggling with some terrible dream; then his heart, so schooled to conceal its weakness, asserted its sway, and tears, in the centre of the party. All save one, stared at passionate tears, not of relief, but searing and with- him in silent surprise. That one tottered forward, ering in their effects, burst forth in a flood of sorrow.

"Open the window, father," said the dying girl let me look once more over the quiet lake and his treacherous soul. The silence lasted but for an breath again the fragrance of the pure flowers I have instant. One of the party, too much under the influso loved, when"-her voice faltered, and a gush ence of the wine to realize the deadly revenge on of tears finished the sentence.

Ah! what a change had come upon George Perci: cried out,val. The clear, strong intellect, the eye quick to appreciate, the brain ready to solve, had grown dim were yet ringing on his lips, when like the avenging and heavy. As he arose from the easy chair beside bolt of Heaven, a bullet crashed through the skull the bed, it was evident, at a glance, that the mind, of Hubert Leroy, and without a word or a groan which was so far-reaching in its grasp, was passing he fell-to the floor, and his bride was, Death. forth from its rapidly decaying temple, fading out | For the space of a minute, no one stirred within into that dim and mysterious hereafter. Silently he that little circle, but from all parts of the boat the moved to the window, drew aside the curtains, and passengers rushed around them. As Hubert Leroy allowed the softened light of an early summer morn- fell, the pistol was dropped by Edward Percival, and ing to pour in over the floor and on the couch where with folded arms he awaited the result. It came lagilike a statue of Parian marble, the so lately quickly. The magical cry, "Judge Lynch!" rang joyous, light-hearted Ella. It was a scene upon through the crowd, and the boot was headed for the which the eyes cannot look for the tears which dim shore. There, under the forest trees, a tribunal more them, one which makes the heart swell almost to solemn and more just then the extra civilized tri-

who sat motionless with one arm resting upon the bed, then she would close her eyes, and seem to have passed into another existence. Only one sentence had fallen from the lips of George Percival for hours, and that was repeated many times. "When Edward shall hear of it; when Edward shall hear of it," he would mutter in a low tone, and then a strange gleam would shoot out from his eyes like a "The day was drawing towards its close, the sun

was passing to his rest among the gold and crimson beside the bed of the shattered idel of his home. Suddenly a quick step sounded on the gravel walk, the door was gently opened, as the hand of affection lifts the coffin lid to look upon the dust of the beloved, and Edward, pale and white as a visitant from another world, stood within the room. He assayed to speak, but his tongue refused its office. The father sprang to his feet with a wild, sudden bound. gazed an instant in the face of his son, more haggard and ghastly than his own, and with the words, "Edward, Ed-" on his lips, fell to the floor, his life blood gushing in a rapid stream over the carpet. When Edward raised him his spirit was freed

Ella had, as moved by the same impulse, started up from her pillow, and when Edward turned tojoin its companion. He was alone with the dead.

For more than an hour he stood with his arms folded across his breast, rigid as a statue of iron, the occasional quiver of his nostril alone telling that he lived. At last he awoke from his trance with a deep sigh, which thrilled through every nerve of his frame. Silently he laid the bodies of the loved ones side by side, and sat down to await the morning And the long, weary hours of the night rolled on, and still he sat silent and motionless in the darkness and the gloom.

Brightly over the beautiful lake dawned the first rays of morning. The sun came up and crimsoned the waters, and danced upon the fluttering leaves. and the rosebuds and the morning glories unfolded burst forth the matin song of the birds, and the world seemed as if new born with a brighter and a fresher beauty. The first ray of sunlight which penetrated into the window of that now lonely cottage, was reflected back from a miniature which lay upon the bosom of Ella. The chain to which it was it had been attached his own likeness. But as his eyes fell upon it now, he started back as if recoiling from the fangs of a venomous serpent. Only too well did he read in that instant the whole of the melancholy story. As he gazed, a terrible shadow passed over his noble features. The eyes from which had looked out such an enthusiastic, generous soul, glared with a deadly fire. The veins of his forehead swelled out in great knots, and the chords of his hands contracted as though they were transformed into steel. Slowly through his clenched teeth hissed, in uncaribly tone, the single word, "Venward in a state of insensibility. When he recovered his reason, the sun was high above the horizon. Calmly, as a man would perform the most trivial acts. of civility to the living, did he perform the last offices of affection; there was no tremor, no sign of feeling, which the few neighbors who had gathered cept when the first sound of the gravel striking upon the coffin met his cars, and then the same terrible shadow swept over his face, and the same word

0 0 0 0 0 Up the swift current of the Mississippi, decks were crowded with passengers, from every October, and the atmosphere and the foliage were of that dreamy magnificence, unknown save along the Golden Coast of Louisiant.

Among the many passengers walking the deck. was one conspicuous above the rest from the quick glance he gave to each of the male passengers as they passed him. He were the undress uniform of an officer of the United States army, and his whole bearing displayed that it was not a disguise; his tread was firm and martial, but the most remarkable of all was the set firm lines about the mouth. and the singular paleness of his face. No statue of pure marble could be freer from color of blood, though it was evident that the stranger's was coursing wildly through his veins.

The Sultana ploughed her way upwards, and late in the afternoon rounded to at the wharf at Vicksburg. Here among the additions to the passenger list, a gay company of young men came on board. They were laughing and chatting with the wildest hilarity. As the boat once more rounded upwards, they collected together in the saloon, and their jests and laughter rang through the steamer.

"Well, Hubert," cried one, "to-morrow you are really to be married. A health to the fair heiress!" And they clashed their glasses together in the most boisterous delight.

At the sound of the name, the strange officer, who had been reclining upon one of the settees, started to his feet, and with two or three strides, he stood supporting himself against the bar, becoming in an instant paler than the stern marble form which stood motionless, glaring down into the depths of the one side, and the abject fear upon the other.

"Yes! bumpers to the fair bride!" The words

bursting with its flery indignation. Hour after hour sat that broken hearted father homloide was openly acknowledged, and had it not

been, there were far too many witnesses to permit any hope of escape. The judge, elected for the occasion, simply asked the prisoner what he had to say eyes which scanned the eager faces grouped around him, and with a voice untremulous and clear, Edward related the story of his wrongs, and the long thirst for vengeance. Like a pilgrim bound upon some holy duty, he had tracked the footstep of the destroyer, and his mission performed, he was ready to meet the sentence of the court.

When his voice ceased, a momentary consultation was held, a slight murmur of applause ran through the crowd, and then the one who had acted as judge walked forward, extended his hand to the prisoner, and said: " the retribution was terrible, but it was just. You are free."

of Paris. The people chafing under the golling chains of despotism met in clusters upon the squares, and in the lanes of the city. Resolution shot out in flery glances from their eyes. There was quick nervous determination in the tones of their voices. At length the thunder, which had so long rumbled in the distant horizon, burst forth with startling energy. The bells rang out a wild peal of alarm. The streets bristled with the bayonets of the soldiers. But the hour had arrived, and the people arose in their giant might. Barricades sprang up as if they arose by magic from the centre of the earth. Young and fiery leaders distinguished from the mass by the tri-colored scarf wound about their waists, urged on the eager multitude. Through all the streets arose the magic song of Liberty,

"Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos battallions; Marchez! marchez! qu'un sang impur Abreuve nos sillons."

At one of the barricades, urging on the workers with voice and hands, was an officer who wore a simple undress military suit of blue, and as they obeyed his orders with alacrity, the cry would often break, forth "Vive le Americaine! Vive le Americaino!" His orders were quick and decisive, and it was easy to perceive that military engineering was no strange, science to him. Suddenly, a troop of royalist cavalry galloped up to the barricade, and a wild conflict ensued. Ever in the front the form of the young officer stood out a mark for the pistols of the horsemen. It seemed as if he courted death and it avoided him, and still in the pauses of the conflict would ring out the cheer of the insurgents, " Vive le brave Americaine!" The moment came at last. A youth, evidently a cherished companion, dropped down at his side. Waving his sword the officer cried out with a strange unearthly tone, the one word, "Vengeance!" leaped forward, and fell back shot through the brain, dead even before he struck Anams containing unwards of five hundred choice selections.

In the cemetry of Montmarte is a simple slab bearing the inscription, "Le brave Americaine;" under it moulders the dust which contained the high enthusiastic spirit of Edward Percival.

"Peace to the broken-hearted dead."

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Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small, that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among than three years in Portland and vicinity, in restoring many that were given up by physicians, now feels encouraged to offer her services to those who may want. Mrs. Danforth will give special attention to femate complaints—Examinations private and strictly confidential.

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