

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 1.

{L. COLBY & CO., PUBLISHERS,
17 WASHINGTON STREET.}

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1857.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.}

NO. 17.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1857, by LUTHERA COLBY & COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, of the District of Massachusetts.

DORA MOORE;

OR

THE LIGHT OF THE CASTLE.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

[CONCLUDED.]

As they entered the library they found the portly Doctor stretched on the sofa, his feet encased in Edward's embroidered slippers, and enjoying at his ease, the fragrant Havana, for which he had not searched in vain, on his entrance to the room. He was listening attentively to the conversation of Mr. Hall, and the following remark of the Doctor caught the ears of Edward and Miss Winslow as they entered:—

"Quite a romance for our friend Edward; it isn't often we pick up a son of nobility in the dirty hold of emigrants on board a packet."

"What now, uncle?" said Miss Winslow, as she caught the word romance.

"Ha, ha, Mary, when you have heard Mr. Hall's story, you'll be picking up every dirty Irish child in the streets. Here's a romance in real life for you, with your friend, the Doctor and his Irish protégé, for hero and heroine."

"Not quite so fast, Doctor," said the more wary lawyer, "everything depends on our having proof that the little girl is the same child that Mr. Hall saw in the hospital near Scariff. The blind brother, if he seems, is dead; were he living, it would be strong, presumptive evidence."

"I don't know about that," said Dr. Reynolds; when I last saw the boy he could see as well as any of us."

"It was sham blind, I suppose, then, to get charity," said the lawyer.

"Ha, ha, so much for our wonderful case," said the Doctor, laughing. "Why, Edward, I wrote a long article in the Medical Review on the cause and cure of such blindness; that's the fate of us men of science. We work miracles by our skill, and they give us no credit."

"The child was blind as a bat, to my certain knowledge, when he was in the hospital," said Mr. Hall.

"But the papers—we forget the papers," said the lawyer—"your friend, McSweeney, wrote that the old fiddler had a copy of them taken for the children, and sent with them to America. If the child has them still, they would go far to prove her identity with the little girl of the hospital."

"But what is all this about?" said Edward. "I am quite bewildered. Please remember that Miss Winslow and myself have not heard the romance to which you refer."

"Your pardon, sir," said Mr. Hall, "if those present have no objection, I will read the letter of my friend, the priest."

"Proceed," said Dr. Reynolds. "I can imagine how the spoken words would have rolled out of the fat priest's capacious mouth round and smooth as bullets. You say he has a most unbounded stomach, which is often with fat capon lined—fit subject for apoplexy—pop off one of these days, like a champagne bottle bursting. I should recommend depletion. But to the letter."

Mr. Hall read as follows, and all others present absorbed in the letter heeded not the troubled, anxious face of Edward, and none knew the quickened beating of the pulse and heart.

"Most Honored Sir—As my only American correspondent, I venture to trouble you with a little business of great importance to my friend, Lord O'Neill, and of deep interest to myself. You know of the sad calamity that has fallen upon his house, and left him childless. He has labored on his estate with great zeal, hoping to improve the condition of his tenantry, and I can say with truth, that no place in Ireland is more free from suffering than this; but we have lately ascertained that the next supposed heir of the estate is a gentleman who has always lived on the continent, a spendthrift and reckless, and who is already incurring debts, to be paid when our friend, who is aged and feeble, shall be called to his long home."

Yesterday the old fiddler, Mick Nogher, the original of the picture in the library, which you admired so much when here last, was stretched upon the lawn sunning his weary limbs, as O'Neill and myself were talking in the porch.

The old man was a hundred last Wednesday. He remains here most of the time now, occasionally taking a little stroll on a sunny day. He looked quite picturesque in his long gown and velvet breeches, with his long hair, silvery bright in the sunlight, falling over his shoulders. He listened attentively to our conversation, which was upon the character of the man who would, in a few years, take possession of this beautiful domain. He took advantage of a pause to ask me to help him into an

arm chair near my lord—then with his hand upon his oaken staff, his invariable companion, he turned to me and asked, "Do you remember, Father McSweeney, a family by the name of Moore, or O'Moore, as it is sometimes called? That family lived in Scariff."

I could not recall them for a while; but when he reminded me of my having seen the children in the hospital, and afterwards at this house, where the resemblance of the little girl to an ancestor of the O'Neils was remarked by us all, I then recalled the circumstance of our visiting the hospital in connection with yourself, and our mutual interest in the little girl and her blind brother. When the old man was satisfied that I remembered them, he turned to my friend and said, "Now, sir, the father of these children was Martin Moore, his mother was an O'Neil, and her father was near kin to your grandfather, who was the great grandson of the O'Neil, to whom the king of England, Henry VIII, granted this land, and the title of peer. I am sorry to say

that he died, but the way he came in possession of his title. Now if you will examine the papers which Father Dougherty gave to McSweeney, I'm thinking you'll find that Martin Moore's children, now in America, are nearer of kin than this dawsy lord, who likes a French waltz better than an Irish jig, and deserts his own country for a foreign one. He knows it, too, for he has caused a report to be circulated in Clare, that that branch of the O'Neils are all dead; but ye'll find in ain't so, if ye'll only take the pains to write to America." That evening I examined the papers, and a new hope seemed to spring up in the heart of our friend. Could these children be found and educated, it would give him great pleasure. Mick Nogher has given me the direction contained in the little girl, Dora's epistle to him, a nice letter, by the way, which shows she has found good friends.

Beechwood, town Greenville, County H., State of Massachusetts.

Please see the widow and children, find the papers and return answer as soon as possible, as we are, of course, anxious upon the subject.

Your obedient servant,
ANGUS MCSWEENEY.

"There, Mary, what that romance in real life?"

"Yes; but the interest of it depends somewhat upon the child herself; if she is as lovely as her taste for flowers would indicate, I give her joy in the accession of her title."

"But we can't expect much from a poor, little uneducated Irish emigrant," said Mr. Hall, "but she is not too old to learn, I suppose; let me see, I should think she could not be far from seventeen now. How is it, Doctor?"

"You are correct, I believe, sir," said Edward, abstractedly, and soon seized an opportunity to leave the room. He remembered that Dora had a long walk and was alone, and he set out to meet her. She was but a short distance from Factory village, where he found her, walking slowly and looking sad and weary.

"Well, Dora, what luck with your school?"

"Not quite so good as I hoped, sir; indeed, they don't appreciate an education much, for they will not pay very well. They beat me down to fourpence a week for a scholar, and charge a high price for the room. I can only secure ten scholars, at present. I'm afraid it won't pay, Dr. Edward. I was hoping to help my mother a little."

"Never mind; perhaps it will turn out better than your fears. You are fitted to teach in the Academy. I thought last spring of applying to the Trustees for the place of assistant teacher."

"Please, don't do that, Doctor; Aunt Ruthy says they prefer Americans for teachers, and I wouldn't like a refusal, you know."

"I do not think you'll have a refusal, when I apply, Dora; but let us take the lane on our way home, it is pleasant, than the high road, though it is not quite so near."

The moon was rising, and the two walked on in the quiet, green lane, the spirits of each soothed and made happy. It was a fine opportunity for Edward to have finished the sentence so unceremoniously interrupted by his friend, the Doctor, but not for worlds would he do it now.

He would gladly have prolonged the walk; with Dora's arm clasped in his, he felt that he could struggle bravely with the world; but a warning voice whispered that there was soon to be an impassable barrier between him and the gentle being at his side. "I am so selfish," he said to himself, "that I would fain keep her from her inheritance awhile longer." He did not love to think of his

little Dora, the sweet flower that had bloomed in his lonely home, as a titled lady mistress of a lordly castle. Oh, how lonely would life in Beechwood be without her sunny presence!

When they arrived home, "Dora," he said, "will you put on the same dress which you wore at the dinner table some weeks since, and come into the library, where I have a few friends assembled?"

The request surprised the young girl a little, but she readily complied, and was met at the door by Edward, who introduced her to Miss Winslow, and the gentlemen, whose politeness alone prevented an expression of the mutual surprise and pleasure which they felt, as they saw the lovely, graceful girl, already fitted to step into the inheritance waiting for her. The remainder of the evening passed in music and conversation, and it was only when Dora was about to retire, that Mr. Hall requested a few minutes' conversation.

Mr. Hubbard, the lawyer, was present. She remembered the papers distinctly, and that they were sewed into her dress, and when she found they would not aid her in finding her mother, she had handed them to Jonas, who, after reading them, offered to look them up in his desk, for safe keeping. When Dora understood the subject, she told them what her father used often to say of their descent from the great O'Neil, and she brought his old Bible, where on a blank leaf, he had written the genealogy of the family.

"Not that I ever expect to gain anything by it," he would say, "but I want ye always to behave as if ye had gentle blood in ye, darlint; never do a mean thing, or consort with low company."

It was decided that Dora and her mother should leave for Boston the next day, and Jonas, and secure the papers; and with this decision, the company separated for the night.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"All life's latest breath,
Lays shall bind us—"

It was fortunate for Dora, that one of the first persons they met at their hotel in the city, was Captain Warren, whose vessel had not been ready for sailing so soon as was expected. He was much surprised to be sure, to see Peggy and her daughter so far from Beechwood, but on hearing of the letter of the priest, from Mr. Hall, he exclaimed:—

"Well, there! I told my mate only yesterday, that it wasn't for nothing I was detained on shore, for the thing has happened but once before, and then there was a terrible gale, that disabled almost every vessel that went out of the port that day. Now, sir, I'm the man that can tell ye all about those children, from the time they left Liverpool wharf—and as for them papers, if ye'll just step out of the way a little, I can bring ye to the old man, Jonas; but may be the ladies would like to go too, for he was a good friend of theirs in former days."

The whole party were soon on their way to Broad street, where the old house, which had been painted and repaired somewhat, was recognised by Dora, but the window was now filled with red flannel shirts, trousers, and other ecceteras, of a sailor's wardrobe, and in the room where Dora used to sell yeast and gingerbread, they found Jonas, seated behind the counter, pale, thin and rheumatic; but with the same resigned, patient expression he wore in former days.

He was delighted to see Dora. "Why, my child, you've grown to be a comely lady. The Lord bless you and keep you from temptation and sorrow. Poor little Jemmy—it was hard he should be taken from the world so soon after his eyes were opened to see it; but ye mustn't mourn—perhaps the Lord took him from sin and suffering. I'm biding my time, hoping every day to be released."

Jack inquired for the papers.

"Oh yes, I remember—the child felt so sorry that she hadn't had Biddy's package instead of this, for then she could have found her mother."

With a feeble step he mounted to his little bed-room, and brought down a box, which he unlocked, and produced therefrom the identical papers.

"I do not see, after all," said Mr. Hubbard, the great necessity of these papers; they are mere copies, probably, of those in possession of the priest."

"Mick Nogher understands himself," said Mr. Hall, he probably had a design in sending for them."

"Ay, here is something," said the lawyer, "in a different hand from the rest."

Dora recognised it as that of Mick, himself. It contained a full genealogy of Dora's ancestry, and also that of the other branch, that now claimed the estate, giving names, dates and references, so that no difficulty need arise. The old man had a presentiment, some would call it second sight, perhaps, that this document would some day, be needed, but in truth, it was the mere result of his knowledge of the world, and the varied experience of his long life.

We have seen that on his first meeting Maud, he foretold her early death; and he, better than many others, knew the aberrations of handsome Harry.

He never lost knowledge of Martin Moore's family, and sometimes he fancied he saw in the dim future the little barefooted child he had met by the river-side, the lady of the castle.

When they returned to the hotel, Mr. Hall said, "Now I am permitted to read another letter, enclosed in McSweeney's, from Lord O'Neill himself, in which he desires that if the children are found, they, with their mother be brought to Ireland, soon, for the sake of his own life are ebbing fast, and he would see them before he died. He enclosed a liberal sum of money, for their expenses."

"But may I not go back to Beechwood once more?" asked Dora, anxiously.

A sad, half reproachful expression flitted across the frank, bronzed face of the sailor, for a second, as he heard the question, but it passed quickly away. "My vessel will sail one week from to-day for Liverpool. I once promised Dora that when I was Captain you should go to Ireland with me. Will you permit me to fulfil it?"

"Most willingly, Jack, if I must go."

"If you must go! Well, really, Miss O'Moore, you enter upon an unexpected inheritance with a reluctance rather unusual, considering the circumstances."

"Sir," said Dora, "you who have seen Lady Maud, cannot wonder that I should feel sorrow that her grave is the hedge over which I must pass to the castle of the O'Neils."

As for poor Peggy, she was sadly confused about the whole matter. "If Martin, poor boy, were only alive, he would explain it all; but she was no scollard herself, and didn't understand, at all."

The visit to Beechwood, was of course, hurried, as most of their preparations for the voyage must be made in Boston. There were not many leave-takings, for they had few acquaintances out of the house. The minister came with his kind words and gentle wishes, and there was a deep flush on his pale face, when Dora said, "If my future home is Ireland, I hope to see you there, when you come to Europe." The people of his parish were then talking of raising a subscription for this purpose.

Dora stood in her little bed-chamber, with two small daguerotypes in her hand, one of her brother, before Mrs. Reynolds and Edward performed the operation on his eyes, and one taken a few months afterwards.

They were taken at Edward's suggestion, and given to Dora. She looked long and earnestly at them, clinging affectionately to both, and yet resolved to part with one.

There was a clearness and beauty about the eyes of the latter which made it much the better picture, but the poor little blurred eyes were precious to her. They brought back the years of her childhood, when the blind child clung so closely to her for protection and love. The other was the only thing she possessed on earth, which she thought valuable enough to leave as a gift to Edward.

Collecting the few books which she had in her room from the library, she resolved to take them there at an hour when Edward was visiting his patients, and leave the miniature, with a little note of farewell, "for," she said to herself, "I cannot speak to tell him my gratitude for all he has done for me, since I came to America." With one arm full of books, and the miniature held tightly in her right hand, she entered the library, her cheeks still moist with the tears shed in her room, over the portraits. She supposed herself alone. It was her last visit to the room where she had spent so many hours in study and recitation, and where a kind hand had led her so pleasantly along the path of knowledge, and unconsciously to themselves, prepared her for the sphere she was about to enter. She laid the miniature down upon the study table, and then carefully arranged the books in their places, and was about to leave the room, when, as if loth to part with the picture, she took it from the wrappings, and gazed at it, with the tears falling thick and fast, blurring her vision. She sat down in the little chair, which still retained its old place, the very spot where she received her first lesson, when Edward asked her to come to him from the window seat, where she had curled herself up so cozily, one summer day, five years before.

Again she wrapped up the miniature and placed a small note upon it, and then sat, for a few moments, gazing upon each familiar object, as if it were something she was loth to part with.

In a recess of the window, unnoticed by Dora, sat Edward. He had not gone to his patients—no; how could he? Two hours more, and she was lost to him! How he longed now to go forward and draw the weeping girl to his heart! But with a strong will he restrained himself. No, she shall never know that aught warmer than a brother's love had been the feeling with which he regarded her.

She rose to leave the room, her eye fell on Edward. Blushing and hesitating she said, "I thought you were gone out."

He took her hand, "Dora, I shall miss my pupil, but I hope you will still pursue your studies; you will have able teachers, and aided by them, and your taste for study, you will make great progress." He saw she could not speak.

"The carriage will be ready to take you to the depot, in a few minutes, and I will accompany you. Squire Wilson and Violet go to Boston to-day, and have kindly offered to be your companions. Let us go now and bid Aunt Ruthy good bye." She is so bewildered by this sudden change, that she says the world seems turned topsy turvy, as she expresses it."

There was something in Edward's manner, so different from himself, so cold and restrained, that Dora wondered if the friends she left behind would miss her as she should them.

But if she found some of her old friends cooler in their attachment, new ones flocked around her, and some who had expressed no interest in the poor little destitute Irish girl, were very complaisant and demonstrative now. Miss Violet had reserved a seat for her near to herself in the cars. Squire Wilson was "most happy to wait upon them to Boston; how fortunate that he and his daughter had both engaged rooms at the Tremont—now the young ladies

could be together until Miss Dora said." Even Peggy received a due share of attention from the portly squire, and was accommodated with a seat on the pleasantest side of the cars, and relieved of her shawl and carpet bag. In truth Peggy had become quite a comely woman since she had ceased to take in washing, and had donned a neat riding dress and new bonnet, and was going to Europe to live in the castle of a lord. People change their spectacles in this world sometimes, and fancy that the change of feeling in themselves is all owing to the glasses. Had not Dora's mind been otherwise occupied, she would have noticed how differently she was regarded by her travelling companions from what she had been two weeks before, but with dimmed eyes she was looking toward Beechwood; she could still catch a glance through the tall trees of the house, the porch, with its trailing vines, and the little office rooms where she had spent so many happy days. These she could see, but not the figure that stood upon the little hill back of the house, watching the receding cars as they shot swiftly round the corner of the road, and were lost to sight in the distant dense woods—but even then came the low, heavy sound, like the tramp of a leading army, and then the shrill whistle, to the listening ear on that eminence, like the wail of a despairing soul.

The little office boy had stood for an hour by the Doctor's gig, at the door. His watch was ended now, for his master sprung quickly in, took the reins, and was soon as attentively listening to old Mrs. Brown's complaints of how "the rheumatism had cotched her in the back, and skewed her neck, and she wanted the Doctor to fix her just such a liniment as his father used to make when she was a gal, for her mother." The liniment was prepared, and then Mrs. Bates' child was vaccinated, and old Mr. Hobson's sore limb dressed, and Lawyer Porter's gouty foot prescribed for, and Mrs. Mill's baby's teeth lanced, &c., &c., through the day, and all with accuracy and skill; there was no mistake made; every powder and pill rightly prepared, and properly administered.

When all was through for the day, the Doctor drove up to his own door, threw the reins, as usual, to his office boy, and entered his library.

He was calm, collected, cold—stone cold. It seemed as if he had suddenly been petrified, or, rather, to use a better simile, he was as I have seen a broad river, when winter has laid her cold, icy hand upon it, to the eye motionless, hard, impenetrable, but down, far down beneath, the current runs warmer and more rapid than ever. Edward took a book—it was yearisome, a cigar—he flung it away, he never smoked before eating; the door stood open, and he walked into the garden. Every step reminded him of her, and he began carelessly to gather the floyers, and group them together as she often did, for the vases in the library.

Meantime Aunt Ruthy is assisting Dinah in the kitchen to make some warm cakes for supper.

"There, Dinah, I've beat the eggs and put in the flour and milk; now heat the griddle as soon as possible—there, don't put in any more salt—now they're ready," and the old lady sat down at the open door, and took out her snuff-box. As she gave it a tap, she said, "I declare, it beats all nater about this child, Dora. Who would have dreamt it, that she, a poor little Irish beggar girl, should become a real lady, and have a fortin bigger than Squire Wilson himself! And there I was all the time trying to get her out of the house, cause, ye see, I thought Doctor Edward liked her better and better every day, and I knew it would be jest like him to marry her some time, and I couldn't bring my mind to consent to that, for it seemed sort of disgraceful for one of the Kenney family to be marrying an Irish gal."

"Why, Miss Ruthy," said Dinah, "I knew the child was a born lady afore I'd seen her a week. I can always tell a real lady, there's no deceiving this child."

"It's easy enough to say so now, Dinah; It's no use crying for spilt milk, I suppose, but I just as good as told Dora that Edward was engaged to Miss Winslow—it warn't exactly a lie, cause I allers thought it would be so. Now, it turns out that Miss Winslow's money was in the United States Bank, and she's lost 'em amost the hull on't, so he won't marry no helress arter all."

"Well, it's my mind that Massa Edward likes Miss Dora a heap better than Miss Winslow, but there's no use on it now," and Dinah piled up her cakes, making free use of butter and sugar.

Another day, and still another, and Edward went mechanically through his business. He drove fast and far, was more minute and thorough than usual in his examinations, set a broken limb, and cut out a cancer, with a steady hand and quiet nerves. The air was bland and soft, but he was cold, stern, unmoved by aught that took place round him. The sun shone bright, and yet if you had asked him, he would have told you it was a cloudy day. He was reserved and silent, but no duty was left undone; all was performed mechanically, and under the dictation of the will. Alas! the disappointment of a great hope is like the setting of the sun, darkness and coldness follow.

Again in his library, Edward flung off the restraint which the cares of the day had enforced; and tried to reason himself into his usual cheerful state of mind.

Reason! You might as well apply caustic to a sprained limb, that needs soothing and rest, as try to discipline a sad heart by reason. It was vain, and clinging on his hat, he turned mechanically to the Post Office.

The evening mail was just in, and a handful of

letters and papers was handed Edward. One postmarked Boston, ran thus:—

"My dear sir—I am a rough sailor, and little used to letter-writing, but I venture to ask a favor of you now, without making apologies for so doing. I am very anxious that you should be in Boston to see our friends start, and inform me if we have managed things right, and made proper preparations for the comfort of Dora and her mother, on the passage. Peggy frequently says, 'If Dr. Edward was here, he could tell us if it was all right, but I don't know nothing intirely.' Please take the early train in the morning, and be with us at dinner, and thus greatly oblige,

Your true friend,

JACK WARREN.

Ay! Jack, you have a noble heart; you, whom nobody calls good, a rough sailor, that the world has knocked about hither and thither, as if you were made for one of Fortune's foot-balls, you have learned that strange lesson, so seldom practised even by the "unco good," to forget self in the happiness of others!

Two more days pass. Mine host of the Tremont is gentlemanly and smiling as usual; one of his private parlors is brilliantly lighted. A small, select party is gathered there, and one of the number is a reverend clergyman, four-score years old, an intimate friend of Dr. Kenney. Hush! he is about to perform a marriage ceremony. With her little hand laid in Edward's, Dora stands modestly before the man of God, and thus they mutually promise to be faithful to each other through sorrow and joy, till death shall part them.

Mr. Hall and his friend the lawyer were there, and a few other friends of Edward, among whom Dr. Reynolds' portly form is conspicuous; but Jack has excused himself from the "splicing," as he called it, on the plea of urgent business, but he will call in the morning to conduct them to the vessel.

The ship had left the wharf, and was gracefully gliding out into the blue waters of the bay. Edward and Dora stood on deck looking at the triple-crowned city, with its lofty spires and granite monument.

"And so, Dora, you will feel no fear now I am with you, you say?"

"Danger will cease to terrify, Edward, when you are near; but you have not explained to me why your good-bye was so cold and distant. I feared you had ceased even to love me as a brother."

"It was the snow above the volcano, Dora; God forgive me, for wishing then you had never learned of your title to the O'Neil estate."

"And I was wishing just so, Edward, because—because I could no longer be your sister."

"Heaven bless Jack Warren for the sesame which unlocked our closed hearts," said Edward.

CHAPTER XXXI.

RETURN TO O'NEIL CASTLE.—MICK NOGHER.

"He slept with his fathers."

It was a bright sunny-day at O'Neil castle, one of those very rare days in that moist climate when the sky was clear, and no cloud foretold a coming storm. The old fiddler, Mick Nogher, lay upon the lawn enjoying the sunshine, and looking round him with a feeling of quiet ease and enjoyment.

"Och! my jewel, I am ready now for the New Jerusalem! It warms the blood in my old heart, Dora, to see ye here, because ye're a right, ye see; and darlint, I needn't tell ye to wear yer honors meckly, and be kind to the poor and suffering. Ye know it all yerself, the hunger and the cold, and the sorrow there is in the cabins of dear old Ireland, and ye won't forget, honey, to warm and to feed and to clothe all ye can; but Dora, my darlint, come a little closer," and the old man stretched out his trembling, wrinkled hand, and spoke in a low voice in Dora's ear, "and ye mustn't forget to tache them, too. He," and he pointed to the priest, who sat smoking his pipe, "don't think much of the learning and the schools, but Mick Nogher aint the man that would let the mind starve; it's the hunger of the spirit that keeps a man down more than the starvation of the body."

While Dora and the old man were thus conversing, Lord O'Neil and Dr. Edward were walking over the grounds, the latter gaining much valuable information of the state of the tenantry.

"Ah, my friend," said O'Neil, "when men are starving for want of work, when their hands are idle, and their wives and children dying of hunger, it is vain for the proud and prosperous few to tell them that such evils are inevitable, even in the best of society, and that it is their duty to submit in silence. It is impossible to prevent their asking bitterly if God is just, and if there be not something wrong in the very organization of society where such inequalities exist. Why is it, I ask myself, that even in Great Britain, under the best form of government in existence, the greater number should be poor and ignorant and miserable? Throughout Europe it is so. In the heart of every European capital lies the great, black reality of Pauperism. Only those who have not seen can realize the wretchedness, and misery that throng in all our great cities, and no one who has not travelled throughout Ireland, can understand the ignorance, wretchedness and woe, hidden in her squalid cabins, and clustered in the streets and alleys of our towns and cities. We are of a different religious persuasion, Dr. Kenney, but I trust in our efforts to do good to our peasantry here we shall have one mind, and mutual sympathy."

Before Edward could reply, the voice of Father McSwenny was heard, and his round body, like a big ball, came rolling on behind.

"At a cold water lecture again, Doctor? I've a new idea this morning, and as there have been but few ideas in the world since the middle ages, I wish to bestow mine upon you, before it is lost in my muddy brain. Do you know, sir, that the less food a man has in his stomach, the more easily will he become intoxicated? Now, sir, poor Ireland is charged with being a whiskey-drinking country, but indeed we don't drink near as much ale, whiskey and brandy as our neighbors in England, but the 'dhrap' that renders 'Pat so valiant with his shillalah, when he has but a potato in his stomach, will only make a beef-fed Englishman a little sleepy. It's my opinion that the best Temperance Society for Ireland is an Eating Society."

"I agree with you," said Dr. Kenney, laughing, "but I hope also to be able to convince you that the Eating Society will be the best substitute for the whiskey clubs, and if we establish the one, we will ignore the other."

"Not in my day, not in my day, Doctor, when there is so much good liquor in the cellar vaults. Ay, sir, you must let a poor priest, like me, take a little comfort as he goes through this sad world."

As they wandered on, Dora left her old friend, Mick Nogher, to take an hour's sleep on the green

sward, and returned to the house where she sought Maud's room.

Everything remained as it was when Death entered and bore the former occupant to her home in heaven; Dora recalled, as if it were an event of yesterday, the first time when with her little bare feet she trod the soft carpet, and with those recollections came the memory of days of hunger, sickness and sorrow. Kneeling before the statue of the Virgin, she thanked God for the happiness of the present, and asked for humility in prosperity, that she might never forget those who suffered now as she had done.

As evening came on, she went out to aid Uncle Mick in returning to the house.

"He lay as she had left him—his right arm under his head, a broad rimmed hat by his side, and the long silky white hair falling upon his shoulders and over the raised hand.

Dora stopped a moment to look at him before disturbing his slumber; he lay very still, the evening breeze just stirred the silvery locks of his hair, but his own breath must come very softly, she thought, for there was no heaving, no motion of the broad chest.

She stooped and took his hand—it felt as she released it, lifeless at his side; she bent her ear to catch the sound of his breath. Alas! no breath was there. The spirit of the good old man had returned to God. He was listening to the music of the angels.

"Who would have thought it, sir?" said Aunt Ruthy to the minister, as the latter called in socially. "Who would have thought that our Edward would have married a born lady? I've just had a letter, and he writes that he is coming home to apologize to his friends for his unceremonious departure, and settle up his business here."

He wants me to return with him, as if such an old body as I am was worth carrying across the ocean. I wouldn't think of going if it were not that he was alone among Catholics. I worry night and day about him; don't it seem dreadful, sir?"

"I will answer you, Miss Ruthy, in the words of another. I could never bring myself to believe that a conscientious Catholic was in danger of rejection from the final bar. He has imposed upon himself a heavier yoke than the Saviour kindly laid upon him, and has enslaved himself with a thousand superstitious observances which to us appear absurd, but his sincerity should awaken in us an affectionate interest in his behalf, not engender the hatred which at present forms an adamant barrier between us. If the Protestant would give up a little of his bigotry, and the Catholic a part of his superstition, and would consent to meet each other half-way as brothers of one common manhood, inspired by the same Christian hope, and bound to the same heavenly country, we would have less contention, and more peace among the different sects."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Aunt Ruthy, "but I can't get it out of my head that the poor little Irish girl that looked so sad and forlorn when Edward brought her home, should turn out to be a rich lady."

"Ah, Miss Ruthy, we must keep in mind that the poor, and destitute and suffering of this world, may be kings and priests hereafter in the kingdom that is not of this world."

GILD YOUR FEATHERS.

Young Love but seldom ask'd advice,
And when he ask'd but seldom took it;
But he'd been humbled once or twice,
And his proud spirit could not brook it,
So he got Wisdom to impart
His care and counsel for all weathers,
Which was to seek no maiden's heart,
Until he'd richly gilt his feathers.
Love smil'd; and soon his plumes were
A golden blaze of beauty round him;
And maid, who'd scorn'd a young Love before,
Now full of grace and sweetness found him:
Such taste—such spirit—such delight—
A wing to warn the worst of weathers,
Ha! ha! cried Love, but Wisdom's right—
There's naught like gilding well one's feathers.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Orphan's Revenge.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY ARDENNE ALVA.

For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade if unforgotten.
The patient search, and Vigil long,
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

DYKOR.

At last the hour had lay upon the fourth figure on the dial plate of the little marine clock that rested upon my attic window. There was a pause in my rapidly-coming breath, until its ringing voice ceased to vibrate upon my ear. Then I grasped a small bundle lying by my side, gave a hurried look about the low, narrow apartment, bestowed one loving, farewell glance upon a bunch of purple violets, blossoming in a brown wooden box outside the window pane, and softly crept past the threshold. A slight noise startled me—it was but the voice of Frank, murmuring in his broken slumbers, as was his wont. An instant more, and all was silence. An irresistible influence led me to gaze once more upon the features of him who had scorned my sisterly regard, and laughed at my passionate tears. A deep, rosy flush was upon the parted lips and rounded cheek. One arm was thrown carelessly above the high, broad forehead, and the hand that dealt that cruel blow was hidden by wavy curls of chestnut hair. Another could not have gazed upon him sleeping there without being impressed with the rich promise of his fair boyhood; but there was a fierce manner struggling in my soul, that enstamped all those rare perfections with the semblance of a fiend. A deadly weapon would have been unsafe, even in my childish hands, standing above my slumbering foe, with that burning hatred coursing through each creeping vein, and that thirst for revenge rising up in my breast, and overleaping the bounds of sense and reason. The room grew hot, and a feeling of suffocation recalled me to my purpose. One seething look—one vengeful prayer, and I hastened down the back stairs, gently withdrew the bolt, and stood beneath the starless canopy of the dark grey-sky that preceded the dawn. There was not a living being astir in the little hamlet, and I walked briskly away in the road leading to the nearest seaport. Every rock, shrub and tree was sadly familiar. I had travelled this way once on a dark November day, when the gloomy clouds, more pitiful than human souls, dropped tears upon the black pall that covered the dearest and only friend of my lone orphan heart. My father! may I cease to breathe when I cease to embalm thy memory with a tear! Who shall dare to reproach him, that his sole child was driven out from the

home of her birth—a wanderer upon God's footstool?

The loved partner of his youth—my mother, whose face I'd seen upon me, save in the glory of my dreams, fell asleep in the arms of Death, and was borne upon his dark pinions, away to the mansions of life. For long years there was a lone heart in that vacant home, and a tender child—both equally wanting woman's sweet influence and gentle care.

One morning—it was that of my ninth birthday—I was dressed with a more than common nicety, and presented by my father to a tall, beautiful lady.

"Anna, my love," he said, "here is your little daughter Cora. My child, embrace the mother that I have brought you. You will no longer be lonely, for here are two sweet ones who will be to you a brother and sister. Frank and Ella Wilderhelm."

Children, even those of few years, are often shocked, by announcements like this—having been injudiciously taught to regard a mother-in-law as a monster of barbarity. To the honor of woman be it said, that many a poor, motherless little one has been gathered to the heart, won by its father's love, and cherished there with a fondness excelled only by that of the sainted mother bending from the skies to "earthly self in gentler form renewed." Instruction so erroneous had not poisoned my loving faith, and I received my new-made mother's kiss with a joyous surprise. Ella was a fairy-like creature, just my own age, while Frank was two years older. No selfish feeling entered my heart, as, at my father's request, I led the lovely children through the pleasant rooms of the spacious house, about the garden walks, redolent with the perfume of flowers of every hue, and around my beautiful play grounds, timidly striving to show them that they were welcome in their new home. It was a long time ere my confiding, trustful heart could be made sensible that I was regarded with a secret dislike by the new-comers, and that my father's presence alone shielded me from open scorn and contempt. And when the humiliating truth broke in upon my brain, my simple child-heart nearly died within me for grief.

I was naturally thoughtful, and my secluded life, with my father for my companion and teacher, encouraged this cast of character. I early learned to trace effects back to their causes, but I puzzled my wise little head in vain over the problem of the want of love in my mother-in-law and her children towards one who had been invariably kind and affectionate. One day, while gazing upon the graceful forms and sunny faces of Frank and Ella, as they danced upon the green bank beneath my chamber window, a sudden thought flashed upon me. I arose and rushed to the large mirror that hung suspended against the wall, in my nicely furnished room. A little, thin, sallow face, with deep set eyes, surrounded by a leaden circle, and short hair, of no decided color, a sort of neutral tint, between flax and red, a slim figure, with narrow shoulders, inclining forward, came forth from that truthful glass to meet me.

"That's it," I cried; triumphing even in that hour of shame over the solution of the mystery, the discovery through turbid waters of what I deemed the priceless pearl—Truth.

"They hate me, because I am homely," was the cry of my soul; it shamed, but did not humble me; it tortured, but did not subdue me. I could not explain it then, but I felt that I felt a kind of stern joy that they were despising the workmanship of His hands. I grew reserved towards them—spent much of my time in my chamber, applying myself more closely to the studies which I had been taught would embellish the mind with charms far transcending the fading attractions of mere personal beauty.

It is a matter of surprise to me now, that I did not fly to my father for sympathy in the first grief that I had ever known; but it seems that even at that early age I had an intuitive perception of the pain that it would give him to know that by any act, however indirect, he had made unhappy the heart of his little Cora. I was studiously careful to avoid all expression, in word or look, of sadness in his presence.

Nearly two years had passed away since the great change had come about in my home, when, late one evening, my father returned from New York, so sick that it was with difficulty that he gained his chamber. Every morning I begged and prayed, with streaming eyes, to be allowed to go to his room, but the reply was ever that the doctor had forbidden any one, save his wife, to be admitted; and still I knew that two gentlemen besides the physician were with him all one day. Oh, how slowly those terrible days and nights wore away to my sleepless eyes and fearful heart, and yet they were gone all too soon! At midnight, a light shone into my chamber, and a watcher approached my bedside—it was an old family servant—he said, "Come, child, and see yee father, he'll not be after sleeping in his grave without the blessing of another sight of yee's poor pale face." I arose and followed the kind hearted old James, in trembling silence. My father was sitting upright in bed, and looking earnestly towards the door by which we entered. There was a strange wild light in his dark eyes, and I felt like shrinking in affright from his embrace. He threw himself back upon his pillow, and I pressed close to his side, and wept. The tears falling upon his hand seemed to disturb him, for he faintly articulated:

"Cora, don't cry, dear—we're almost there—it is a pleasant land." He spoke not again, and when, a few moments after, James attempted to raise his head to administer some powders, I observed that he trembled from head to foot. He laid the spoon again upon the stand—went back—bent over him—laid his hand upon his breast—nervously sought the pulse, and then started back with a moaning cry—"My blessed master! Is't so yee's goin' to leave us without a parlin' word?—the poor chick must not be here," and he took me on his strong arms and strove to carry me from the room. I broke from his grasp and returned to the form lying so still and calm in the unavailing slumber. I was alone in my chamber when I returned to consciousness. The ceremonies of the imposing funeral that followed, even through the dim lapse of years, seem like an agonizing dream, from which I seek in vain to be awakened. A few days after the sad burial, there was a gathering of many persons in the large double parlors, and a lawyer from New York read a will. I was so stunned by the sudden shock that had fallen upon my young life, that I was hardly conscious of anything that was passing around me. I only recollect, after the company began to disperse, of hearing an elderly gentleman, who stood by where I sat unnoticed, remark to another, "It's a strange will—however, I suppose it will go to prove the truth of the old saying—a father is a father until he gets a new wife." The other shook his head and replied, "I would not have thought this of Charles Wilderhelm. I pity that shorn lamb in the power of a

mother-in-law. Do you know that I always disliked that woman—she is a perfect Lady Macbeth to my sight." They went through the folding doors, and I heard no more.

It was a dreary winter that came, sweeping on with its clouds and storms—dark days in which I prayed that I might sink to rest and be laid to slumber beside the snowy mound that I could just discern from my chamber window, upon the distant hill through my raining tears. My protector was gone, and I was viewed with distrust and suspicion; treated with cruel injustice by the woman who evidently married my father for his property—had gained her end, and yet feared to enjoy her success because of the child she had wronged.

Spring came, and with it a crowd of fashionable visitors from the city, where my mother-in-law lived previous to her marriage with my father. The solemn walls of my home echoed to the voice of mirth and revelry, and along the shaded avenues could be seen groups of gay equestrians, and upon the blue lake floated merry parties laughing and shouting, as wildly as if Death had not left his dark trail upon the beautiful scene. I crept about stealthily, as if I had no right in the home of my parents. I felt truly that I had none, when I was requested to relinquish to a visitor my own chamber, where was gathered all the choice and beautiful things with which my deoting father loved to surround his child. I timidly asked where I was to be removed, and she pointed to the low, narrow attic, from which I went out in the morning on which my story opens. I wept bitterly—implored the hard-hearted woman not to send me away in that remote corner—declared that I should die of fear; it was fruitless—I spent the night in the appointed place; I did not sleep.

I was walking sadly in the garden next day, and observing a box of spring violets, I thought that I would take them up into my lone, unadorned cell, that I might have one thing of beauty to gladden my sight. I cherished a perfect passion for flowers. Frank was there, and when I lifted them from the ground he said, "My mother won't let you carry those away."

I felt the indignant blood pouring over my colorless face, but I made no reply, and was passing on. He seized the box and would have wrenched it from my hands—he expected to do so without any resistance. I had never opposed a single barrier to the repeated aggressions upon my rights; but in this moment I felt a new power waking to life in my soul and frame. I had loved Frank and his sister in spite of the unkindness which their mother's example had taught them—that love was the only tie that bound me to my kind, for I was a shy, strange child, and this cruel, heartless act was severing it—turning the milk of human kindness in my nature to the burning lava of hatred. It made me strong and fearless. I said, "Frank, I will carry these violets away with my life; they are mine, and not yours! You and your mother are but beggars, living upon an orphan's heritage!"

A blinding blow descended upon my head; it was the hand of Frank, made heavy by his fierce anger. I reeled and sank upon the stairs—it was but an instant. I gazed up defiantly into the face of the boy; it was sad and repentant, and one hand was extended towards me.

"Forgive me, Cora, I'll never treat you so again." The hour to conciliate me was past; all the wrongs to which I had patiently submitted, seemed calling for vengeance. I dashed away his hand and cried out, in mocking tones, "Forgive you, Frank—never!" I fled to the attic, locked myself in, and brooded over all I had suffered, until each energy of soul and body was bound up to my new-formed adventurous purposes.

I paused in my clandestine flight upon a lofty hill, and gazed back upon the three miles my elastic feet had trod. The sunlight was streaming over the mountains, brightening up the picturesque landscape and sleeping lake with gorgeous gleams of gold and silver. I was looking, perhaps, for the last time upon the lovely scenes of home—the tall columns that rose in their snowy purity to tell the passing stranger that here slept the mingled dust that was once Charles and Evelyn Wilderhelm. The last thought was agony. I bowed my head upon the green sods and pressed my lips to the dewy flowers that sprang so freshly above their sleeping forms.

The thunder of the iron courser's heel speeding through the distant valley, smote upon my ear, and I was compelled to arise quickly, utter one wailing farewell, and hasten to the little wayside station. Away with the torrent's clash I was borne from my birth-place, without any settled destination in view. To fly from oppression and insult I only know how, and recked not where. When the conductor came around I gave him my purse, and simply said, "I wish to go to New York." He looked earnestly into my averted face, as he again placed it in my hand. I thought of the kind, benevolent looking gentleman, who said that he pitied the "shorn lamb," at the reading of my father's will. I knew that he lived in the city—I would go to him for succor; but alas, I did not even know his name!

Near the close of the route my tears flowed freely; the resentment that spurred me on to the rash step I had taken was spent, and I now realized that I was but a helpless child going out among cold strangers. A pleasant voice from the seat behind me, inquired the cause of my grief. I lifted my eyes, and Oh, what joy was mine! The original of the representation upon my memory, which I had been gazing upon so earnestly, was before me—the kind, open face of the gentleman whose pitying words left their trace upon my melted heart.

"Heavens!" exclaimed he, "is not this the daughter of Charles Wilderhelm?"

He clasped my trembling fingers and looked steadfastly in my face, as I faltered out an "Yes, sir," and asked, "Why are you here alone, child; has that shewolf driven the lamb from its home-fold?"

With hesitating accents and broken words, I told him the story of the past. He occasionally interrupted me with fragmentary expressions of scorn and indignation; which sounded to my delicate ears very like "swearing."

When my voice subsided into stillness, he tenderly placed his hand upon my shoulder, while that look of pity came back to his noble face, and said, "Come home with me, my bird. I was once your father's friend, and though his last net was one of unparalleled heartlessness, I can well forgive him now that he has sent you to my childless hearth. God's providence is in this apparent accidental meeting. Dry your tears, little one, I've enough for you and me."

The home of Elon Murdock was tasteful without being showy—a place where one could enjoy the comforts and even the elegancies of life, without being the slave to conventionalism. A maiden sister

superintended his domestic affairs, and created an atmosphere so harmonious and beautiful in his retreat from the perplexities of business life, that he had long since given up the idea—if indeed he ever cherished it—of seeking a mate.

There was a time when Alice Murdock was nigh being torn from her brother's side, but he strenuously opposed the movement, and it was relinquished, and then they tacitly resolved to live for each other.

I was received with kindness, by Miss Murdock, and when her brother repeated the great wrong that had been done me, the gentle woman wept—wept for a stranger! I threw myself impulsively into her arms, and from that moment I was happy. I had some one to love, and the great want of my soul was fed.

Mr. Murdock was excessively fond of me, and endeavored to gratify every wish of my heart; but it was his loving sister who taught me the most valuable lessons. She led me to examine myself, and while I tried to cast from me the evil implanted there by nature and unfortunate circumstances, to cultivate with all my strength, those qualities which would not only render myself happy, but those around me. She took the whole charge of my education—mental, moral and physical, though she had many assistants—and ere three years fitted by with their lights and shades, she had the joy of reaping some fruit, of all she had sown.

This faithful, patient laborer had wrought a wondrous change in the neglected, scorned orphan. The shyness, distrust and bitterness towards human beings was gone, I trust forever.

The feeble, sickly frame was renovated, and even the fashion of my countenance was changed. I could now gaze with pleasure upon the face and form that smiled upon me from my looking glass. The sallowness had given place to a soft, rosy hue—the thin cheeks were plump and dimpled—the eyes filled with a happy light, had been tempted from their cavernous depths—though they still sparkled in the shadow of a brow enwreathed by rich braids of golden brown hair.

I had forgiven my mother-in-law all the injuries she designed me—they had been blessings; and I felt heartily ashamed of the wicked, revengeful feelings, with which I gazed upon Frank for the last time. I sometimes heard of the gay life that the widow Wilderhelm was leading—spending the winter amid the frivolities of the city, and the summer with her friends beneath the romantic shades of Wilderville.

Though the friends with whom I found so sweet a home lived somewhat retired, there were seasons, when the house was open for the reception of select and refined society. One day, at a dinner party given in honor of the return from Europe of an old classmate, who had been absent four years, a communication was made to Mr. Murdock, in a low tone, which seemed to give him great pleasure. He glanced joyfully across the table to me, and when the last guest had made his parting bow, he drew me upon his knee, and bade his sister take a seat by his side.

"I have something of importance to tell you both," he said, "I am so glad, I never could reconcile myself with your father's previous character—the signature of that disgraceful will was probably wrung from him at a moment of weakness."

"Oh, dear, Mr. Murdock, they would not dare to do that," I cried, fearing some terrible revelation—my mind reverting to that dreadful death-bed scene.

"Wouldn't they, though, my bird?" he asked, playfully patting my cheek.

His gaiety reassured me, and I placed myself in the attitude of an attentive listener, while he continued:—

"Dr. Hamilton, who dined with us to-day, was your father's friend as well as mine, and he tells me that the property with which your mother-in-law has been making herself merry the last few years, was yours from your birth, and that he is your appointed guardian. Now, pet, do you think your father was ever silly enough in his right mind, to will away what was not his own? ha! ha! ha! There's where we have them, don't you see, grave sister mine? It seems that this estate never belonged to Charles Wilderhelm or his wife, but was bequeathed to the first grandchild, by an eccentric grand parent."

It was indisputable, and dear Mr. Murdock was overjoyed—for myself, I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Miss Murdock, darling soul, soundly scolded her brother for his "school-boy enthusiasm," so she called it, "a sudden change of fortune should be met with calmness, whether it flings sunshine around us, or envelopes us in gloomy clouds," she tried to jock grave while uttering this, but the rebellious smile rippled up from her heart to her eyes, and her brother laughed more gaily than before.

I thought of Frank and Ella, and after consulting my ever safe adviser, Miss Murdock, I requested Dr. Hamilton, to refrain at present, from imparting the surprising facts of my claim to the property, to the family at Wilderville. It was too late—he had already sent a dispatch to my mother-in-law, and was daily expecting a reply. It came at last, and I was favored with a perusal. It read as follows:—

Sir:—Before you receive this, I shall have left the shores of my native land, forever. The information contained in your letter did not surprise me—had there been any one sufficiently interested in the matter to have given it a passing notice, they would have readily seen the flimsy tenure by which I held possession of Cora Wilderhelm's estates. I am guilty, but beyond your reach. As I know that your ward will be apprised of my confession, I will make one request of you and of her—it is that Frank and Ella be not informed, at present, of my career. They are not my own children, but they were commended to my care by a noble man, when breathing out his last breath—he was my first husband. I shall send funds to defray the expenses of their education—they are at school—let them remain undisturbed—they will not miss me. I have not seen them in two years. I shall send them a remittance soon, if possible. I know not what next may befall the most wretched of women.

ANNA WILDERHELM.
It seems needless to add that the remittance never came—the miserable woman having eloped with a German adventurer, poorer than herself. But Dr. Hamilton was instructed to see that Frank and Ella knew no want that money could buy, or a wretched care provide. I was unwilling to leave the friends who had received me in the darkest hour of my life, and it was decided that I should still remain with them. It was in my eighteenth summer, that I made one of a gay party visiting the Falls of Niagara. I shall not attempt a description of a spectacle whose grandeur and sublimity have defied the art of painter and poet, I shall only speak of its effect upon myself—I myself did not say I was utterly unconscious of an individual existence.

separate being—while standing in that grand majestic presence. I was lost—magnitized—drawn irresistibly to the very brink of the precipice that overlooked the gulf, billowing, seething, in the depths below. My companions feared to leave my side for an instant, lest in my oblivious fascination I should lose my footing while I could only laugh at their terrors. One night I strayed out alone, it was a mellow moonlight evening; I did not design to go beyond the garden, but ere I was aware my footsteps were nearing the Falls, I could not return without one glance at the wondrous scene. I quickly reached a spot from which I obtained a finer view than I had ever before witnessed. I could not think of fear in such an hour! I stood with uplifted brow and fixed eye—I felt so light and ethereal, that I almost thought that I could soar aloft upon the ambient air—my brain seemed transformed into a chamber of glorious light, and the blood in my veins thrilled with mysterious ecstasy! The roar of the cataract came to my ears like the voices of myriad angels, and the luminous mist outrolled before my rapturous vision seemed a vast dome of silver, spanning a "sea of glass mingled with fire!" The splendors of eternity were before me, and I stretched forth my arms, when suddenly all grew dark as night, and my head swam with a giddy pain. My form was seized by invisible hands, and I knew no more until away from the scene of dagger. I opened my eyes; an arm was about my waist, and my head rested upon the breast of a stranger! A bright flush overspread his face, as he hastily withdrew his gaze, "Pardon me, fair lady, had I not interposed—ere this moment you had been in eternity—as you value your life, do not venture here alone!"

I was too much overpowered to express my thanks, though my heart went out in truest gratitude to my unknown preserver. He kindly and gallantly attended me home, bade me adieu, and was gone! Some feeling, which I could not define forbade my speech, and I did not reveal to my companions my peril nor my rescue. Day after day I watched in vain for the reappearance of the handsome stranger. I came to the sad conclusion that he must have left the following morning. When our tour of pleasure was over, we returned to the city. My dear Mr. Murdock and his sister declared that Cora must have drowned her heart at Niagara, for she was not half as gay as formerly. They little dreamed how their playful words affected me. It was but a moment—a glance—a fading shadow—I dared not then confess it to myself—and yet the memory of that noble face was dear as the miser's gold—the tones of that manly voice sweet as the notes of victory to the conqueror upon the battle field.

Dr. Hamilton was a frequent and familiar visitor in our pleasant home. He had often alluded to one of his students, in whom he was deeply interested, and for whom he predicted a brilliant future. A few days after my return, he remarked, while speaking of his favorite, that he thought he must bring Mr. Wayland in to see his ward.

"Do, I pray," rejoined Mr. Murdock, with a mock seriousness, "perhaps he could prescribe some wonderful panacea for Cora's falling spirits." I was almost angry with my kind but joke-loving friend for his allusion to a subject so secretly painful to me. The Doctor made his appearance in the evening, and I found myself almost unable to respond to the young student's polished greeting, for in the Mr. Wayland, that was presented to me, I recognized my preserver!

It was a lovely day in the following September that a little party started from our city on an excursion, long planned, to the dear shades of Wilderville—Dr. Hamilton, Mr. Murdock, his kind sister, and myself—we were to be joined at the end of our journey by Frank and Ella, whom I had not seen since the dark morning on which I stole away from my childhood's home. All the old unkind feelings were lost and forgotten, and I earnestly desired to meet them, and interchange sentiments of regard. I would have done so long before, but Dr. Hamilton who always contrived to have everything in his own way, would not permit it. I had taken legal measures to place them in possession of an equal share with myself of the estate—I could well afford to be generous, for Mr. Murdock regarded me as his child, and had placed quite a little fortune at my disposal. Greatly to my disappointment Frank had refused his share, though he thanked me most cordially through Dr. Hamilton for the kind provision I had made for his sister. Perhaps my angry words in reply to his petition for forgiveness, still rankled in his memory. I would heal the wound if possible—I longed to enfold them to my kinless heart as brother and sister. I was not happy this morning, though all nature was so gay, and my company in the liveliest mood; I do not know why, unless it was because Dr. Hamilton sent Francis Wayland away on business, and thus deprived me of his attendance, for know ye, that our love had been spoken.

The old servants were expecting us, and we were received with many demonstrations of joy. Ella was awaiting us in the parlor; she was a sweet, loving girl, but not so beautiful as in her childhood. I greeted her with a kiss and embrace, which was warmly returned. In answer to my inquiry for her brother Frank, she said that growing weary in waiting our arrival, he had gone out to view some of the romantic scenes about the lake. I ran around the house like a child, exploring every room until at last I threw myself upon a rustic chair in the garden. I did not think of it before, but it came upon me with a sudden rush of tears, that it was the very spot where Frank and I quarrelled so long ago! A step sounded near—I turned—it was Francis Wayland—I sprang up to greet him, and my hands were folded tenderly to his heart, while the voice I loved best to hear sounded softly in my ears, "Cora, dear one, you will pardon the deception that has been practised towards you—I did not design it, though I cannot say quite as much of your kind guardian, Dr. Hamilton. I thought that you would discover me in spite of the disguising name of my father that you never knew. Look on me, dearest! I am Frank—that cruel boy who lifted his hand against this precious head! I did not know you when I saved your sweet life, and lost my heart at Niagara! Is all forgiven, my Cora?" I will leave it to you, reader mine, who have gazed into the depths of loving woman's heart, if I could forgive him. Should you fail to arrive at a conclusion, if you will take sweet, charming Wilderville in your next summer's tour, you shall be made welcome and become one of the witnesses to the last scene in the life-drama of *THE ORPHAN'S REVENGE*.

Taxes with double flowers are too often the emblem of friendship—there is plenty of blossom but no fruit.

Written for the Banner of Light.
GOING! GOING! GONE!
RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FAMILIAR FACE.
BY FREE.

So, old Hartwell is dead! Old William Hartwell, the ancient auctioneer, noted in olden times in the locality of the north side of Faneuil Hall, called, in present days, the "Loafers' Paradise." How many recollections of boyish days does the memory of "old Hartwell" bring up now? He was as old, to all appearances, then, as he was when we last saw him, twenty-five years after. Not all his shrewdness and business tact, his lofty aspirations, his philosophic sayings—embodying the reflections of a deep observer, and the conclusions of a scholar—could save him from a pauper's grave, at Deer Island. After seventy years' labor, seeking for maintenance without dependence; after seventy years' toil, seeking for the staff for old age to lean upon, he died, as many have before him, comfortless and childless, and ending, after all, with all his pride and hopes, in a handful of ashes, that might, as the melancholic Dane says, serve to stuff a rat hole.

Many is the time, when we were a boy, have we watched the reflective old countenance of Hartwell, as he stood in the doorway opening at the end of the long counter, in the little old auction shop. "Old Hartwell" smoked then, not Regalias or Conchas, but "half Spanish, sir, half Spanish!" and better cigars, a long way they were, in those days, than your modern, tasteless affairs, with all sorts of Opera names. But few people would be in the shop—none sufficient to commence an auction sale, and "old Hartwell" would smoke, and gaze out of doors with a pondering look towards Faneuil Hall. As one or two would wander within, the old gentleman would become courteous and conversative. His peculiar voice cannot be described on paper—it requires, alone, the power of a mimic to give a correct idea of it. His enunciation was precise, his grammar faultless, and his manner of delivery pleasing, and humorous withal. Of a fine pleasant day he would say:—

"Good morning, gentlemen, good morning. It's a beautiful morning. There is nothing that so elevates the mind, and refines one's feelings as such a day as this. There, gentlemen, you will observe opposite, old Faneuil Hall—time-honored structure—made sacred by all the reminiscences that live in the memory of true Americans. Fine structure, gentlemen, ancient structure, and will stand there long after you and I have left these mundane uncertainties. But, gentlemen, turning our thoughts from these grave subjects, we will come back to the more matter of fact consideration of things, and, with that view, I will present to your notice one of these splendid Gorman violins, just received by the ship 'George Washington,' three hundred of which have already been disposed of, and, I am sorry to say, that there are but about one dozen now remaining on hand. John, (to the boy), just pass me one of those Crenomas. Now, gentlemen, how much for it? What for the violin?"

"Fifty cents!" says a voice, in a suggestive manner.

Old Hartwell would pause for an instant, but still exhibiting the same imperturbable and almost vacant expression of countenance, as he gazed at the "time-honored edifice" over the way, and go on with his sale.

"The person who has just mentioned something about fifty cents, is evidently from the agricultural districts, and probably possesses no more music in his soul than one could find in a barrel of vinegar. Such a man is fit for strategem, treason, and he will spoil any way. Now, gentlemen, for the Cremona. What for it? Mr. Ostinelli, the leader of the orchestra of the Tremont Theatre, was here yesterday, and declared that he had never seen so fine an instrument, and desired to make an exchange for the consideration of ten dollars, but, but, gentlemen, I declined. What for it? Thank you, sir, but instead of two dollars, you probably meant two cents. Well, for a start, we will say two dollars—who says three—who says a quarter—who says a fope? Gone to Cash for two dollars. Now, gentlemen, having disposed of the violin, we will proceed to sell the bow. What for the bow? How much?"

Here a most ludicrous scene would ensue between the auctioneer and the surprised purchaser of the stringed instrument, who would contend that the bow was a part and parcel of the fiddle, using at the same time language not precisely complimentary to the knight of the hammer. The words would be listened to with the same immovable expression of countenance, and the same vacant look of the eyes, as Hartwell "gazed over the way," and then he would answer with that peculiar voice and intonation that never can be described on paper:

"It would be preposterous for me to multiply syllables, or even monosyllables, in responding to superfluous or extraneous remarks, but if the individual who has purchased the Cremona is inclined to bid for the bow, he must be expeditious. How much for it?"

And so the victimized buyer would pay another dollar for the bow of the "Cremona that Ostinelli fell in love with!"

Our risibilities were much disturbed on a time when old Hartwell was offering some woollen socks, for men's wear. He declared in the most serene manner that they were all knit to order, by several elderly ladies in the country, expressly for that establishment; that five hundred dozen had been sold within two days, and only two dozen remained on hand. But when he incidentally remarked that "John Quincy Adams was in, the day before, and bought a dozen of the socks, as well as a dozen of woollen mittens," a few—just a few—of the spectators did commence whistling! This, however, had no effect, and the socks were knocked down at a sixpence per pair.

Whenever business flagged, old Hartwell would smoke his cigar, and look over the way, saying at the same time—

"Close the sales for the day, gentlemen—close the sales for the day. I see that you are only a pack of loafers, who have come in here to get out of the rain. I would put up some of those splendid French umbrellas, but there is neither one of you has money enough to buy a rope. Take in the articles, John, and count the gold rings."

Then the old man would indulge in a philosophizing strain, and comment upon the mutability of human existence, affairs in Europe, politics, and so forth, in a manner quite edifying and instructive, until a couple of strangers would enter, when he would immediately "commence the sales of the day, gentlemen," and put up "a patent English lever

watch," which would, perhaps be "sacrificed" at the low price of a dollar and a half.

Old Hartwell was oftentimes annoyed by a party of young men, whom he was pleased to call "the banditti"—harum-scarum fellows, roystering bucks, who came to amuse themselves, at the auctioneers' expense. There was no evil intent, but they were jolly, good natured wags, who did delight to "bring out" the old man.

As they would enter the shop, the old salesman would exclaim, "Take in the jewelry, John; I see that the banditti have arrived!"

One of the party would immediately retort with—"Go to the devil, old Hartwell!"

This would be one of the few occasions when the old gentleman would become heated with excitement, and he would exclaim:—

"None of your abusive language, sir, none of your abusive language! Your father, Mr. Oliver, is a very respectable man. I wish I could say the same of his degenerate son! Yes, Sir!"

"Hartwell, you are an old fool; come, put up some of your goods, if you want 'em sold!" would exclaim another.

"Bill Pelby, I know you well!" would answer the old man, "and you had better go down to your father's dusty theatre, sir. Yes, sir. And then there is Jim Riddle, who had better be at home studying theology—and Lord Chesterfield, rather than here, molesting an honest person, in the pursuit of his daily avocations! Yes, sir!"

"Oh, gammon! humbug!" some one would exclaim.

"It is all very well for blackguards to be abusive, but I have an idea that society would have been immeasurably profited, if a certain institution over the bridge had had the benefit of your labors, long ago, if all of you had received your deserts!"

Here old Hartwell would suddenly exclaim:—"Look out for the jewelry, John, for I suspect that some of the banditti are under the table. My doubts are removed with the table"—and over would go the table, with all the trumpery, jewelry, and Peter Pindar razors.

It used to be quite amusing to hear old Hartwell attempt to "play off" some stranger who might enter, upon the knowing ones, as a constable.

"How do you do, Mr. Clapp?" he would exclaim, as he bowed politely to the advancing individual.

"Happy to see you, sir! Hope you will maintain order here, sir, amongst these unruly fellows!"

But the ruse would not always work, and the old gentleman would get heartily laughed at, and "close the sales for the day, gentlemen!"

This ends my reminiscences of old Hartwell, and it will be a late day in my life when I forget the last time I talked with him, about a year ago, as he stood in his old brown surtout, in front of the Old State House.

LOOSE THE CABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Lord, the waves are breaking o'er me and around;
Oft of coming tempest I hear the moaning sound;
Here, there is no safety, rocks on either hand;
'Tis a foreign roadstead, a strange and hostile land.
Wherefore should I linger? others gone before
Long since safe are landed on a calm and friendly shore;
Now the sailing orders in mercy, Lord, bestow—
Loose the cable, let me go!

Lord, the night is closing round my feeble bark;
How shall I encounter life's watches, long and dark?
Can I stand alone, when a stormy billow rises?
Can I stand another rude and stormy blast?
Ah! the promised haven I never may attain,
Sinking and forgotten amid the lonely main;
Enemies around me, gloomy depths below,
Loose the cable, let me go!

Lord, I would be near thee, with thee, where thou art—
Thine own word hath said it, 'tis 'better to depart.'
There to serve Thee better, there to love Thee more,
With thy ransom'd people to worship and adore,
Ever to thy presence Thine dust call thine own—
Why am I remaining, helpless and alone?
Oh! to see thy glory, thy wondrous love to know,
Loose the cable, let me go!

Lord, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore,
Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar,
Long beloved voices calling me I hear—
Oh! how sweet their summons fall upon my ear!
Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold,
There is fond affection, fondly proved of old!
Let me haste to join them; may it not be so?
Loose the cable, let me go!

Hark, the solemn answer! hark, the promise sure!
"Blessed are the servants who to the end endure!"
Yet a little longer hope and tarry on!
Yet a little longer, weak and weary on!
More to perfect patience, to grow in faith and love,
More my strength and wisdom and faithfulness prove;
Then the sailing order! the captain shall bestow—
Loose the cable, let me go!

FAITH.

When the late Joseph S. Buckminster was about three years old, he went on one occasion with his parents from Portsmouth, N. H. where they resided, to visit his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Stevens, who lived in Kittery, on the opposite shore of the Piscataqua. They were to cross the river in a ferry boat, and for some reason Dr. Buckminster crossed first and left his wife and little Joseph to follow together. While upon the river, Mrs. Buckminster became very much alarmed and expressed her fears in the hearing of her son. Little Joseph's bright eyes glanced over the water, and rested an instant upon the familiar form of his father who was waiting for them on the shore. Then springing to his mother's arms he exclaimed, "don't be afraid, dear mamma, don't be afraid! only look, Papa is on the other side!"

How beautiful is the unquestioning faith of childhood! It knows no doubt, and feels no fear in the presence of its beloved ones. The knowledge that "Papa is on the other side," was to little Joseph a talisman against danger; there was no room for fear in his young, trusting heart. He never questioned for a moment his father's willingness or his ability to protect him. By the unerring instinct of childhood he knew his father loved him, and by the same instinct, love cast out fear as unworthy of itself.

Let the little child be our teacher; and when clouds gather darkly around us and dangers threaten, with the unquestioning confidence of little Joseph, let us say, I will not be afraid, my Father's on the other side.

A LESSON.

Having, in my youth, notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, when I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading.

"Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone waken to praise God."

"Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to awake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

THE STRANGER.

Deal gently with the stranger. Remember the severed cords of affection, still bleeding, and beware to wound by a thoughtless act, or a careless word. The stranger! he, perchance has lived in an atmosphere of love as warm as that we breathe. Alone and friendless now, he treasures the images of loved ones far away, and when gentle words and warm kisses are exchanged, we know not how his heart thrills and the hot tear-drops start. Speak gently. The impatient word our friend may utter, does not wound, so mailed are you in the impenetrable armor of love. We know it was but an inadvertent word that both will forget in a moment after; or, if not, you can bear the censure of one, when so many love you; but keenly is an unkind remark felt by the lone and friendless one.

Like a clinging vine torn from its support, the stranger's heart begins to twine its tendrils around the first object which is presented to it. Is love so cheap a thing in this world, or have we already so much that we can lightly cast off the instinctive affection thus proffered? O, do not. To some souls an atmosphere of love is as necessary as the vital air to the physical system. A person of such a nature may clothe one in imagination with all the attributes of goodness, and make his heart's sacrifices at the shrine. Let us not ungratefully and cruelly destroy the illusion by unkindness.

Let the name of stranger be over-scored, whether it is that of an honored guest at our fireside, or the poor servant girl in our kitchen—the gray-haired, or the young, and when we find ourselves far from friends, and the dear associates of home, and lonely, may some kind, some angel-hearted being, by sympathizing words, and acts, cause our hearts to thrill with unspoken gratitude, and thus will we find again the "bread" so long "cast upon the waters."

PERSEVERANCE.

I once saw a company of boys out on the ice skating. All were in high glee, chasing each other over the smooth surface, and cutting all sorts of figures, except one fellow, who was sitting down on the ice. He held his skates in his hand, and while the others were having fine sport, he was curled up shivering with the cold.

"What's the matter, Jim?" said Charles Sprightly, coming round in a graceful curve to where James was sitting.

"I'm cold," answered James, almost crying.

"Cold!" was Charley's laughing reply, as he wheeled upon his skates and darted off, "up and at it, then."

Yes, that's the way, boys; if we don't want to freeze to death in this cold world, we must "up and at it." Who cares if the work is hard? Who cares about labor and toil? Not that smart, sprightly, energetic, persevering boy, who sits there with that long lesson before him, telling by his flashing eye and determined look, that he has resolved to conquer every difficulty. No, surely not he.

By energy and perseverance we may accomplish almost everything we please. The water falling upon stone, will, in time, wear for itself a channel. A few drops may not seem to make any impression, but by continued action the hard substance is made to yield.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

While the American Army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped at Morristown, N. J., it occurred that the service of the Communion (then observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church of that village. One morning, in the previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of the church, and, after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him:—

"Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canon of your church to admit communicants of another denomination?"

The Doctor replied, "Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the invitation to all his followers, of whatsoever name."

The General replied: "I am glad of it; I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities."

The Doctor reassured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath.

HOME.

Home, Sweet Home, is the paradise of infancy, the tower of defence to youth, the retreat for manhood, the refuge for old age. Recollections, associations cluster around it—Oh, how thickly! Enjoyments are tasted there, whose relish never dies from the memory. Affections spring and grow there, through all the turns and overturns of life, its early innocence has kindled anew the flame of virtue, almost smothered beneath a heavy mass of follies and crimes.

The vision of home has come upon the soul of him who was dying in a foreign land, and made him feel that he would die willingly could he breathe his last in the midst of the familiar looks, the tender voices of home.

The thought of this one spot has put courage into the heart, power into the arm, that has driven back the invader from the land, or else led men freely to moisten with their blood the soil they could not save.

MAN.

But few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young; weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves—the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break; or, like the candle, to run; the weak burn out.

SHAKESPEARE was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it, too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation; he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there.

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS

IN THE
OLD AND NEW WORLD:

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

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STORM BREWING—SEANCE IN CONNAUGHT PLACE—THE GREAT UNKNOWN—DR. ELLIOTSON—WRAITH OF THE ZOIST—N. E. N.

It was soon noised abroad that Dr. Ashburner had visited the "American Rappers," and had been converted, (humbly, of course, in their estimation.) This report at once reached the ears of Dr. Elliottson, the great gun of the Zoist, a quarterly journal, devoted to Mesmeric phenomena. The learned doctor worked himself into a boiling passion, and vented his displeasure on his friend, Dr. Ashburner, by saying that he was a "credulous old fool." Up to this time, neither Mrs. Hayden or myself had ever been blessed with even a birdseye view of the serene and effulgent countenance of the valiant defender of the "Oakes"; however, we were not long doomed to remain in the dark, for almost immediately after the circle at Dr. Hayland's house, Mrs. Hayden received a polite invitation to give a seance to a party of eight ladies and gentlemen, at No. —, Connaught place, West Hyde Park; on the evening of Jan. 29th, eight days after Dr. Ashburner's sitting took place.

During the day preceding the evening on which Mrs. Hayden was to attend the circle, she had a strange presentiment of evil, and it was with extreme difficulty that she could reconcile her mind to fulfil the engagement, and so strong was the influence upon her, that she mentioned it to Dr. Hayland and several others during the day.

Night came, and at the appointed hour I accompanied Mrs. Hayden to the house designated in the note of invitation, on entering which, we found what appeared to be a very agreeable company assembled, and she chided herself for having harbored so unfavorable an impression in regard to persons of whom she actually knew nothing. Finding everything so pleasant, I took my leave, promising to return at the breaking up of the circle, which I did, and was gratified to learn that the manifestations had been remarkably successful and highly satisfactory, the entire party, with but one exception, expressing their great gratification at the successful result. At this seance, Dr. Elliottson was present, and succeeded in preserving his *incognito* until near the close of the sitting, when one of the party, for the moment forgetting himself, by a *lapsus linguae*, betrayed him, by saying, "Dr. Elliottson, would you like to ask any more questions?"

The murder being out, Mrs. Hayden was formally introduced to the Doctor, who expressed his gratification at what he had witnessed, and signified a desire to see more; whereupon Mrs. Hayden gave him a *carte blanche* to call at her residence and continue his investigations of the phenomena at his convenience, free of expense, supposing at the time, that he was a gentleman, from the company he was in. However, she was not long in being convinced of her error. Dr. Elliottson readily accepted the invitation, and called at our house, bringing with him a friend, who was equally welcome. For this courtesy on the part of Mrs. Hayden, the gallant Doctor generously rewarded her by writing a most cowardly article—a malicious tissue of falsehoods, which he knew to be such when he penned it. The article referred to was published in the April number of the Zoist, that truth loving (?) Journal of Progress. We say that the attack was most cowardly, because the noble Doctor had not the moral courage to attach his own signature to the questionable handling of his excited and jealous brain. Cowardly, because he knew we were but two humble individuals; and as he thought, without the power to resent the base and groundless slanders. He knew that we were strangers in a strange land, struggling against the pressure of the great public sentiment—at war with the combined armies of bigotry, superstition and religious error. Taking advantage of our position, he thought he could insult and trample upon us with perfect impunity; but on this point, the Doctor and ourselves disagreed vastly. Immediately on the appearance of the venomous article in the Zoist, finding that fair play could not be expected from our assailants, however much it is generally the pride of Englishmen to see fair play, and being fully determined to have a voice in the matter, we published a small quarto paper, entitled "The Spirit World," which was first issued on the 7th of May, 1853, and was the first journal in the old world, devoted to the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

All, or nearly all our warmest friends, among the rest Dr. Ashburner, were opposed to the undertaking, on the ground that we were not sufficiently conversant with the English mind, and would thereby be likely to do ourselves more harm than good, urging that silent contempt would be more dignified on our part. While entertaining a profound respect for the counsel of such men as Ashburner, Owen, Smith, and many others we could mention, were we at liberty to do so, we could not but differ with them in opinion. We felt that Dr. Elliottson, who had been so much persecuted, and who had suffered so much for his support of Mesmerism, should have profited by his experience. We felt that he had intentionally done us a great wrong, and we determined that he should not escape entirely unwhipped of justice; and the result was a Yankee newspaper, published in London, and we are most happy to say, we have never had cause to regret the step that we then took. We also had the pleasure of hearing a recantation from our friends, who became satisfied that the "little journal" had been the means of much good to the cause. The only bad effect arising from its publication that we were aware of, was that it sorely annoyed Dr. Elliottson, and he worked himself into a "towering passion," at our audacity and presumption. By Dr. Elliottson's cowardly conduct towards us, he lost many of his warmest friends and able supporters of the Mesmeric Institute.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—Sir Walter Scott wrote:—"The race of mankind would perish did we cease to help each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistance wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; and no one who has it in his power to grant, can refuse, without incurring guilt."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1857.

LUTHER COLBY & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
JOHN B. ADAMS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication No. 17 Washington Street.

TERMS.

Single copies per year,	\$2 00
three months,	1 00
six months,	50

For club rates, see eighth page.

Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and LECTURERS, are requested to procure subscriptions, and will be furnished with blank receipts and certificates of agency, on application to us.

CINCINNATI.—Messrs. DUNN & INNES are our authorized Agents in the above named city, for the sale of the Banner of Light.

OUR NEW STORY.

In our next number we shall commence a Story by
CORA WILBURN,

ENTITLED

AGNES.

OR

THE STEP-MOTHER:

A TALE OF THE TROPICS.

Those who have read the sketches and the poetry published in nearly every number of this paper, will not need to be reminded of the deep thought and the graceful beauty of style, which distinguishes this authoress from the superficial writers for the press; and to those who have not, we can only say, "Come and See!"

JUDGE NOT.

How few among those who profess to be guided by the precepts of the Saviour, realize the deep meaning which lies in the words, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." In every sphere of life man presumes to judge, to condemn, or to applaud the actions of his fellow-man, to measure all his movements according to his own scale of right and wrong.

Totally ignorant of the moving springs, knowing naught of the incentives which prompt the action; from the superficial outward, the inner thoughts and feelings are judged. A step aside from the old beaten track, upon which the multitude have plodded in stolid ignorance, or careless indifference, is characterized as a heresy, and consequently a crime, and the anathemas of the bigots and the self-enamored are launched upon the head of the daring innovator, and the world either looks calmly on, or else joins with its tyrants in crushing down what it deems fanaticism or infidelity.

No one pauses to think, no one pauses to inquire why the victim of this persecution has thrown off the chains of custom, and presumes to follow the dictates of his own judgment, of his own common sense, even though it may clash with old creeds and systems.

It is enough that the Scribes and Pharisees to whom those old creeds and systems are as the laws of the Medes and Persians, have denounced him as a daring heretic who puts forth his hand to pluck down their cherished idols, and proclaims a new theory of government, of science or of religion, of which their wisdom and worn-out fables are entirely ignorant. So it has been from the earliest history of man. Let but the mind endeavor to grasp at knowledge, in advance of old rules and systems, and the seal of martyrdom is placed upon it. Through fiery struggles, and out of thick conflict, has arisen all the freedom of the body and of the soul. The world, ever ready to join in the fierce denunciation, and the cry of evil, is slow to acknowledge the heroism which battles its way forward for Justice and Truth, and the Good which springs up from the stony places, and amidst the thorny ways of pain and suffering. To the evil and the slanderous, too many ears are open; to the good and the true, the heart is too often shut.

A man may, with all the energies of his soul, struggle faithfully for the elevation of his race, and yet meet naught but calumny and reproach. Is there naught in his words or his actions which differs from the fixed rules of conventionalism, the great jury of his peers, instantly, without examination, without thought, proclaim him either a knave or a fool. His motives are assailed on all sides, and all forget the golden maxim, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." The chief priests and the elders cry out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" and the multitude bound with their chains, echo the cry, and become partakers in their condemnation.

Through all the elements of society, in the household, the mart of trade, the schools of learning, and the halls of the senate house, the same bitter and uncompromising judgment follows all who step aside, though it be but the breadth of a hair, from established usages.

The child betrays an emotion or a thought, which differs from the emotions or the thoughts of its elders. Do they ever pause to inquire, can this emotion or this thought be purer or better than ours? Oh, no. We are the elders, we should be wiser, and, therefore, the young aspiring mind must be whipped back into the dull and sluggish channel through which our thoughts are accustomed to flow. The grown-up man advances a new theory, and the ignorant mass, ay, and the more ignorant few, the learned teachers and rulers, point the finger of derision at him, wrinkle up their faces with absurd and unmeaning frivolity, and cry, "Delusion!" "Humbug!" "Mark the fool!"

And what is the result? Look through the pages of history. Go back to the feudal times, when man's thought, body, and soul were at the will and beck of a self-constituted master; trace the march of progression as it moves slowly and wearily through the priest-ridden ages, towards the goal—not yet reached—of Freedom and Justice. Mark the stumbling-blocks and the impediments of every nature, cast in its way by those who should unfold its standard, and take their places at the head of its columns. Priestcraft, as it existed in the ages of the Inquisition, is yet alive, the same old enemy of Liberty and of Right, only that the people, through their drowsy opening eyes, watch its movements more closely, and it is compelled to throw off a little of its bold, defiant swagger, and mask itself under the cloak of humility and hypocrisy. The same grim fangs exist, although the lips may be clothed with a smiling smile. Watch it with the same steady, fearless glance, with which you would gaze at, and overawe the treacherous tiger preparing for his deadly leap. Let none of its illusions deceive

you. Be not frightened at its growling, neither be cajoled by its flattery. Judge for yourselves. Leave the faults and the follies of your brother, until you are assured that your own are purged away; then when you know that no stain is upon your own raiment, you can approach him in a kindly manner, and he will listen to you with patience and with profit.

Above all, pause and think, when your brother errs—to your understanding—why and wherefore he acts. Look not only at the effect, but at the cause; perchance in his brain there is a appalling force for good or evil, which it would puzzle yours to solve. Therefore, do not judge and condemn what you cannot understand. Let no wild ideas of being called Rabbi, prompt you to criticize and weigh his thoughts and actions, for shut up in his soul, his secret thoughts, and his guiding impulses, are inclosed in a casket, of which God alone keeps the key. In that most sublime of all moral and religious instructions, Christ's sermon on the Mount, every line and every word prompts you to Charity, Forbearance, and Long-suffering. It teaches you that all men are your brothers, it solemnly enjoins a duty upon you of forgiveness of injuries, and abnegation of self. Its precepts are so plain, so concise, so devoid of pomp and glitter of the academicians, that he that runneth may read. Weigh its teachings well, it is a sermon to you which needs no priest, bishop or elder to explain. In it you will find the whole law, the law which the angels proclaimed to the shepherds of Judea, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Judge, then, yourselves; search through your own hearts; weed out from the garden of your souls the bitter weeds and the rugged thistles, and do not view with distorted vision and prejudiced bigotry, the actions of those who may happen to differ with you. "Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

If there be anything concerning which men should be careful how they speak with derision, it is of the spiritual world. Even when they devote themselves to things that belong only to the material world, they are constantly falling into errors, and the most important truths are established, only after a long series of arduous, and often costly and painful experiments. It rarely happens that any physical truth is established beyond a doubt. If such is the fact, with respect to things which are settled by agencies which we can see, hear and handle, and which are at our command—and no intelligent man will deny that it is so—how much more difficult must it be in the case of Spiritual Truth! Yet it is precisely in relation to Spiritual things that men have evinced the most disposition to proceed rashly, and to settle all disputes with the strong hand. The very men who have sometimes displayed the utmost sobriety and discretion when searching into the laws of the material universe, have nothing but audacity to exhibit, when the question concerns the relations of humanity to that world which is beyond the grave. The judicial murders, the misery, the hindrances to progress that have been caused by human rashness, are to be found recorded on the darkest pages of history. As far back as we can penetrate, we find that such have been the fact: and the things which shall be, and that there is nothing new under the sun. The same principle that led men of high positions to abuse their power, to the destruction of other men, in the sixteenth century, because they could not and would not accept the prevalent modes of faith in their countries, is now dominant in certain quarters, and would cause gibbets to rise and be laden, and faggots to be made into consuming fires for human beings, if there had not been a great change effected in the public mind. The world has gone forward, and the gentlemen who would persecute if they could, have been carried around with it, in spite of their wishes to be allowed to remain where they were, which could not be granted. It may be very hard upon them to be compelled to be "go-ahead," but it has been the condition of their remaining in the world, that they should "get on," and they have not been prepared to get out of it suddenly, though quite ready to dispose of others in that manner.

From the beginning of time men have concerned themselves with spiritual things. The Scriptures show how intense have been the efforts of humanity to penetrate the mystery of its destiny. To snatch the victory from death, to triumph over the grave, is what philosophers and religionists have aimed at from that time when inquiry commenced. The distinctive characteristic of Revelation is, that it gives positive assurance of life hereafter, a point concerning which, before it was vouchsafed to man, all were in the dark, from Plato to the poorest barbarian slave that toiled hopelessly in a Greek vain. But man is endowed with a restless, an active, and an inquiring mind, which was bestowed upon him, we must believe, for good ends; and one of the consequences of the workings of this mind is, that, not content with knowing the general truth which Revelation has established, he endeavors to make himself acquainted with the details of the spiritual life. That the inquiries he is prompted, by a necessity of his nature, to make, may sometimes be absurd, we admit; but this is no more than can be said of all inquiries, whether they concern the highest or the lowest subjects that attract the attention of the race. To forbid them, therefore, or to persecute, in any way, those who, availing themselves of the intellectual freedom of the age, will make them, is just as wicked, just as foolish, just as likely to recoil upon the persecutors, as were the attempts to put a stop to scientific truth's development in the instance of Galileo, or of any other of "the martyrs of science." The craving of the mind after truth, after knowledge of what most concerns man, must be satisfied, must have scope, or we shall have the world reduced to a state of grossest materialism, than which nothing can be more unfavorable to morals, to the condition of man even if regard to things only of this world be taken into consideration.

Those who would have it believed that the Spiritualists of to-day are innovators, and that they are pursuing a course which must be injurious to the cause of religion, are either ignorant of religious history, or they misrepresent it. In all ages what is known as Spiritualism has had numerous votaries. The forms of action, the modes of procedure have varied, but the desire to obtain spiritual knowledge has been the same. This desire has often been felt the strongest by people of the humblest rank, and by them has its gratification been most strenuously pursued, facts that will not excite

the surprise or cause the ancers of those who recollect by whom it was that the Christian religion was earliest preached on earth—the despised fishermen and peasants of despised Galilee. The pride of learning ought to stand rebuked before the thought that it was not given to the power of Rome or to the philosophy of Greece to preach those glad tidings, that were to go to all men who would receive them. If for the highest purpose of all, such agencies would be employed, why should there be any difficulty in believing that they can be employed in subordinate cases?

THE NEW YORK RIOTS.

The mass of the papers in the Eastern States, if they have understood anything of the merits of the police difficulties in New York, have chosen to publish only such accounts as favor the one side, following the lead of the New York Tribune. This is hardly just. Many of the earnest advocates of the new law, at the present time were, before it had assumed a shape which appealed to their political prejudices, bitterly opposed to the assumption of authority by the country members over a city of whose elements they were as ignorant as a South Sea Islander in Captain Cook's time was of the civilities of society. The editors of the Tribune were among the number. But to! One party calls for adherence to what we had supposed a usurpation of municipal rights, and we must stick to our party.

The great difficulty lies here. The honest farmers and mechanics from the interior of the State have conceived the idea that they can control all the conflicting elements of all the nationalities, and all the passions of mankind; for in New York and New York alone, of all the world, do they exist. They imagine that the same means which keeps their charming rural villages quiet and orderly, can be applied with equal success to the model Babel. It is an innocent error, but a very decided one.

Notwithstanding all the jibes and sneers, and bitter epithets cast upon Fernando Wood, we cannot see, and we have watched carefully, and with a clear knowledge of what New York is composed, a slight knowledge of the ways in the innovation, from Simon Draper down, we say we cannot perceive aught in the Mayor's conduct to justify the least of these personal attacks. He was foully abused because he resisted the law, until it was decided constitutional by the Court of Appeals, and not the less maligned because he yielded in acquiescence to its decision. That law took from him all executive power to preserve the peace of the city. It placed that power in the hands of a board of Commissioners, familiarly known to all New Yorkers as great lovers of turtle soup, and one of the most sensible of whom has since gracefully acknowledged his inefficiency, by resigning. Immediately upon assuming the reins, instead of calm decision and quiet demeanor, they grew pompous and blustering. The hydra head of insurrection was surging upward, but, instead of crying "peace, be still!" they urged it on by taunts and defiant bravado. And when the outbreak was inevitable, the old police, in many instances, offered their services gratuitously to Mr. Draper, to aid in keeping the peace, and were coldly and spitefully told that their assistance was not wanted. The valiant men played with muskets and gunpowder as a child would play with a rattle. The military were ordered out when there was no need of their services, and quietly ordered back when there was, and by a series of blunders and blunders, they were enabled to get the great hive into such a buzz, that it is difficult to preserve when it will settle back into its quiet repose again. We trust that the storm will pass by, but if the military and the people once come into serious collision, we shudder at the thought of the result. Should such a time come, we feel certain that the great mass of the people would look to one man to restore the harmony of the city, and that man would be the denounced and derided Fernando Wood.

ADVANCE PAY.

The commercial papers are making a great deal of talk respecting the movement among ship-owners to overthrow the system of advance pay to seamen. We look upon the whole movement as one calculated to increase the already heavy burdens laid upon the poor and the unprotected, by the wielders of capital.

Crowd out all the independence of spirit, all the freedom to live and move as your own impulse dictates, cry the enslavers.—Let us have these men at our mercy, so that we can say, your wages, your time, your very existence itself is at our disposal; on us depends the right to say whether your family shall have its quota of food, or whether it shall starve. We will take care of that, it is no affair of yours. The old leaven of the feudal barons which recognized the right of serfdom, the right of life or death over its dependents is not yet killed. Hercules may battle with its myriad heads, but a new one is ever rising up. It requires a careful, sleepless vigilance, a watch like that you would bestow upon the tameless hyena, to discover and to thwart its movements. We know that we are alone, when we denounce this movement among ship-owners and capitalists as one of the innumerable tricks by which wealth seeks to crush toil and labor into the mire. Right glad are we that it meets so stern and unflinching a resistance.

Send your ships to sea, Oh ye nabobs! cry the sailors, put on board all your inventions, or rather the inventions of wiser men, whose thoughts you have bought and chained to your chariot wheels; but we the toilers will not go, in them; we will not be bound in your chains, nor move at your beck and nod. The New York Courier and Enquirer—one of the most influential organs of that class which seeks to bind leaden loads upon the people—says: "The movement on the part of the merchants to overthrow the system of advance pay to sailors, seems, so far, unsuccessful, and the prospect now is that the boarding house keepers and sailors will secure a triumph, notwithstanding the great abundance of sailors, and the dullness in the shipping business. While they are united, the merchants and shippers are without concert. There has been no general attempt to procure sailors for Liverpool or London without advance pay. Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co. have had the Patrick Henry lying in the stream for several days, without being able to obtain a single man, and we anticipate in a few days a formal abandonment of the attempt. There is nothing to encourage further perseverance."

Good! We hail it as an act of successful resistance to the encroachment of the money power. We hail it as an evidence that the people are awakening from their lethargy, and inscribing upon their banners "Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God."

Well do we know of the abuses which attend the advance payment, the waste of money, the wild excesses and the greedy harpies which feed and fatten upon the life blood of "Poor Jack." But the satisfaction which will clothe and warm the heart of a poor denizen of the deep, that he has left his loved

ones provided for, is sufficient to wipe out all the evil which attends the system.

Oh, would be rulers over the bodies and the souls of men, learn that you are but weak dust, that the power which wealth and position gave you to enslave and oppress your fellows, is fast passing away. From out the deep darkness, with a mysterious energy which you cannot understand, is flashing up the dawn of that day when Liberty, Equality and Fraternity shall not be known as mere high sounding generalities.

REVOLUTION A-FOOT.

The thunders begin to mutter ominously throughout the length and breadth of Europe. Italy, trodden down by its native priesthood and its alien soldiers, is heaving like a pent volcano. The strong towers of the church begin to totter, and the crash is near at hand. The crowned and mitred heads are in danger, and the sickle is sharpened for the harvest. From out ancient Rome, so long the mistress and the enslaver of the world, dawns the morning of Freedom to Europe. Straps and mysterious will it be, if, from out the blackest night shall spring the brightest noon-day. Yet to this point events seem moving. In many widely separated places a simultaneous movement of the people has been made. At sea, a government steamer from Genoa has been captured, and its cargo of political prisoners set free. In Genoa, the government are arresting men, and seizing arms and ammunition. At Leghorn, at Naples, and at Florence, the same feeling prevails. Stern resolve nerves the hearts of the people, and quaking fear fills the breasts of the tyrants. The attempt upon the life of the Emperor, at Paris, is another phase of the same feeling—all the arrested—twenty-one in number—being Italians. In all these demonstrations there is hope for the down-trodden and the oppressed, and if enfranchisement can come only through the smoke of battle, and the rattle of musketry, the lurid clouds will be as sunshine, and the deadly sounds as sweet music.

One sharp stern struggle, and the slaves of centuries are free.

A VOICE "FROM BEYOND" TO THE EARRING ONE.

The following communication was given us on Monday, July 20th, with the request that it might be published at once. It came through our medium while entranced.

"My good sir: I approach you this morning that I may approach another. Duty rather than pleasure compels me. I am not a novice in these things, for I have frequently communed through different mediums.

I wish to commune with or to my brother; he is very dear to me, and as I cannot approach him now except by coming to you, I hope you will pardon me for coming. My brother is a medium; he is surrounded by good and evil influences. Many which surround him in the earth life are evil and do not bring to him the harmony that should be about him to sustain him. He has suffered much—God and the angels only know how much; and by reason of suffering he became tempted, and by that temptation he has been lead astray. I do not like to return and publicly urge him back to the path of duty, but my duty to him and to God demands it.

In regard to domestic difficulties I have much to say, but shall say nothing, because what I should give you would not be well to be given to the public. I want him to stop to consider that he is not only sinning against himself but against God, and the Cause he has adopted. He has fallen one step, and only one, and it is easy for him to retrace that step and become wiser and stronger than ever. There is much that has been given to the world in relation to him that is false, but as spirit communications will not prove this false, I must wait until material proof shall establish it.

We wish him to return to the home he has abandoned, to be patient in his sufferings. We earnestly pray him to do so, and to be to us the medium he has been in times past.

The skeptical public denounce him, and cry out against him, because they cannot see the troubles which drove him to this act; if they could see them, they would be charitable, and pity rather than cry out against him. Spiritualism or the advice of spirits had nothing to do with this, as he will testify as well as we.

It is the earnest desire of all his spirit friends that he return to the companion he has left; that he be self-sacrificing and just; and it is also our wish that that companion be more just to him and deal less in harsh words, that he may not have cause for dissatisfaction. We must speak this in order to be just. And in this case, let those who have sinned pray for forgiveness, and those who have not sinned cast the first reproaches. Let those who have sinned kneel at the altar of a loving Father, and pray for forgiveness for past sins, and resolve henceforth to consecrate their lives to his service and the cause of Truth, living in peace and harmony together.

Send this to Benj. A. G.—at Philadelphia, also to him at New York, and at Portsmouth, for he has so many ideas running through his brain as to where he shall go, that we hardly know where it may reach him. Will you do us the favor to publish this at your earliest opportunity that good may be done, and God be glorified. From J. G.—"

ON RECORD.

Truth is ever calm and self-possessed, while Error is passionate and without control. This has been well illustrated by the controversies on Spiritualism from the first. Numerous instances in proof are recorded in the history of Spiritualism as it was introduced to public attention, and supported by manifestations of spirit power and wisdom, in the times of Christ; and in modern times, from the moment of the awakening at Rochester until now, the opponents of Truth have made the most ridiculous appearance in public, acting and speaking more like fools and madmen than like what they professed to be, the guardians of the people's conscience and watchers over God's work, lest some of it should be wrongly directed.

The recent attempted investigation in this city, resulted in nothing satisfactory to any one, except a bigoted few, because of the passionate display of ignorance of the subject, and the folly of opinionated pride. We will not forestall the report that is forthcoming by any direct allusion to the facts it records, but we can assure our readers that a faithful, impartial account of the doings of and in presence of the Cambridge Committee in this city in the month of June, 1857, will be one that the Spiritualists need not fear, and one, also, which the coming historian and biographer will desire to blot from the annals of our nation and the lives of those who by

prior, and it may be, subsequent acts, secured for themselves a high position among the noblest minds of this country and the world.

We regret that it is so; but our regret cannot annihilate the facts—and the history of these facts will be written. They will exist, a dark cloud upon the sky of our world of science. Our age will bear it to those that are to come as the ages that are past bear to the record of similar attempts to stay the progress of Truth and hold back the hand of God.

It will be well if future ages can profit by the experience of those that precede it, well if it can learn that newly discovered truths have been despised and rejected by men, and their advocates known as children of sorrow and acquainted with grief. It may be that all these things will keep back from the lips of the people of the future the question that was asked eighteen centuries ago, and has been asked 89 many times since, "Have any of the rulers believed in him?" It has been the great obstacle in the path of all progress in past ages, this consulting those in high places. If God speaks some great Truth, and all Truths are "great," to our souls, we shall learn, by and by, to accept it without inquiring of any one whether it is right for us to do so.

RETURNING TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.

It is not a little amusing to observe with what astonishing gravity the learned editors of certain papers that hold distinctive rank among the "respectables," discuss the question whether what are termed "spiritual rappings" do really exist. Recent circles have been held in this city, and experiments tried in order to ascertain whether the raps are made, and, further, whether they are independent of the medium. The savans of Cambridge, who plodded over from their docks and domicils half a dozen times, to attend the mockery of an investigation, concluded that the raps are produced by a movement of the knee joints of the mediums! This, and similar theories have many times been advanced, and as often refuted by the most positive evidence: As long ago as November, 1848, public meetings were held in Rochester, N. Y., and committees appointed to investigate. There were three Committees of gentlemen and one of ladies, each of which reported that the raps were heard, and that the closest scrutiny they were able to institute, had entirely failed to solve the problem, of how they were produced. These trials of the Fox girls were the first public movements of the cause, and probably as severe as any they have, or may be called upon to meet. The gentlemen and ladies comprising the committees, were among the best and most reliable residents of the city. Mr. Capron says, "No citizen would refuse to submit the justness of his cause, even were he tried for his life, to such men as those who composed the committees, during the three days they were engaged in trying every mode to ferret out the cause of the sounds."

In the Spring of 1850, a committee met the "Fox Girls," in New York city. Among those who formed it, were Geo. Bancroft, the historian; Rev. Dr. Hawks; Dr. J. W. Francis; Dr. Marcy; N. P. Willis; Wm. C. Bryant; Mr. Bigelow, of the Evening Post; R. B. Kimball; Henry Tuckerman; and Gen. Lyman. A fair and impartial investigation resulted in a report that the sounds were heard in every direction, and that "the ladies were at such a distance as to render no countenance to the idea that the sounds were produced by any direct communication with them."

The question of "raps" was long ago settled, so far as anything of a like nature can be considered so. Every work that has appeared against the spiritual theory, has admitted that manifestations do occur. No attempt has been made to deny this; the main effort was to show that they must result from a different cause than that to which the spiritualists ascribed them.

Notwithstanding all this, these Professors are continually asserting, and the crank of the University organ unceasingly revolves on its axle, sounding its harsh, discordant accompaniment to the assertion, that it is all a "stupendous delusion," that the raps are never heard, and that those who say they are, are fools and dupes. By such manifestations, they voluntarily place themselves in a most ridiculous position before the world, for, where there is one that believes in the spiritual origin of these sounds, there are ten, who, though denying their origin, admit their existence.

LAYING ON OF HANDS.

In the light which the Spiritualists afford, we see the meaning of many passages of Scripture which through past ages have been veiled in obscurity, or merely guessed at, not absolutely known.

Among these we recognize the object of the "laying on of hands," so often alluded to. The church performs the act, but seldom it ever with a like result to that which followed the apostolic. The latter conferred spiritual gifts, and these consisted of healing, working of miracles, discerning of spirits, divers kind of tongues, the interpretation of tongues, &c. Spiritualism reveals the purposes of the act, and, by its administration produces them. As at the introduction of Christianity, so now, spiritual gifts are being imparted by this laying on of hands. Medium power is developed by it, and all the gifts above alluded to, are conferred. "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. And there are differences of administration, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operation, but it is the same God which maketh all in all." Spiritualists are told that they war against Christianity, and endeavor to subvert the teachings of the Bible. Instead of this, all their faith and practice show a different bearing. And those whose bigotry has been thrown off, have seen that all the "manifestations" but more firmly establish the truth of Christianity, and make the Scriptures a great practical fact, in place of a mere encyclopedia of theories.

THE HIGHLAND COURIER.

A paper comes to us with the above title. Did it come to us twenty times as oft it would be welcome. On that glorious shore, upon "wide lofty hills God sheds the light of his grandly beautiful smile, men exist who are afraid of the Truth. Who dare not think aside from the thoughts of those who walk up with Sunday faces, and go through the mechanism—if so it may be called—of religion. Poor, weak grovelers through the muddy pools, they are afraid of the flashing crystal waters. There they lie, those living within our reach, whose early memories stray back to the Hudson River. To such we would say, the Highland Courier, published weekly at Newburgh, Orange County, N. Y., is one of the very best papers, the rattle of whose press echoes over the glorious river.

ADDRESS OF MR. R. P. AMBLER, AT THE
MELODEON, SUNDAY AFTERNOON,
JULY 19, 1857.

The first prominent idea of theology is, the existence of a Supreme Being; and the second which naturally follows this and is scarcely less conspicuous, is the Revelation which that Being is supposed to have made to his earthly children. A strong inferential argument may be formed to prove the probability and the necessity of a Divine revelation, by referring to the spiritual needs of man, and the near relation which he sustains to God. As a dependent being, man requires the unfoldings of a higher wisdom than that which he is able to generate by his own unaided powers; and as an immortal child of God, possessed of faculties that are capable, to some extent, of scanning the divine perfections, he has a right to feel that the voice of the Father will be made known to him, and that the word of his truth will be given in a language which his own Godlike soul may interpret. Hence the idea of a divine revelation is natural, spontaneous, and consistent. If Deity is the fountain of truth, then there must be streams flowing from that fountain. If He is the Governor of the world, then His law must be expressed in some outward symbol. If He is the Parent of humanity, then the love He bears to His children must be revealed in unmistakable signs. I speak now of the principle of revelation as separate and apart from all the perversions of theology and say that this is a principle that outgrows naturally from the very fact of the divine existence. When we come to ask, however, what is truly divine revelation, and where is the genuine word of God, we have raised an entirely separate and distinct question.

On this point the most diverse and conflicting opinions have prevailed. In fact, the ideas which have been prevalent at different periods on the subject of revelation, like the speculations indulged concerning Deity, have usually corresponded with the moral and intellectual development of the people, and for this reason we shall find almost as many different conceptions as to what constitutes divine revelation, as there have been distinct races of men. The various nations of the earth have all had their traditional revelations and sacred books, which have been supposed to emanate more or less directly from the Supreme Being, and which have therefore been regarded as divine. Among these books may be mentioned the Vedas of the Hindoos, the sacred books of Hermes, the Zendavesta of the Persians, the Koran of the Mahometans, and the Bible accepted by the Christian world. For all of these books there has been set up the claim of a divine origin; in them the inspired thought of Divinity has been supposed to be embodied; and for this reason they have been invested with a peculiar sacredness, which has rendered them distinct from all other books. Indeed, so profound has been the reverence paid to some of these ancient writings, that they were not allowed to be brought in contact with animal substances; they could not be read in the presence of a wicked man, nor in a place through which a corpse had been carried; they could only be used under certain prescribed regulations of this character. It cannot be denied that these so-called sacred books, considered apart from all claim to a divine origin, abound in passages of the most exquisite beauty, and often display a wisdom which could proceed only from a high state of spiritual illumination. In saying this, however, we go only so far as to say that the books themselves were so many embodiments of the highest religious and theological ideas of the time in which they were produced. The great question still returns to us, as we stand on the apex of this nineteenth century, and look down on the productions of former ages—what and where is the true word of God?

In returning an answer to this question, we must first of all consider the character of that expression which the Divine Mind must be supposed to give to his universal and everlasting thought. It is evident that in all Divine revelation, there must be a suitable correspondence existing between the thought to be conveyed, and the expression in which that thought is clothed. The character, therefore, of the Divine word or expression must always be in exact accordance with the nature of the Divine idea. Now let us consider first that the thought of God is infinite. It is the emanation and outflow of the universal Mind, the all-expanding radiation that goes forth from the Soul of the world, the circling wave of light that rolls on forever, without a bound. We can conceive of no limit by which the Divine thought can be restricted; the heaven of heavens cannot contain it; the walls of the universe cannot impede its flow; it is the glory of a sun, whose rays go out into the most distant space. The winds may take the course of electric tides, and worlds may revolve in the orbits which have been appointed for them, but the thought of God overflows the starry shores of immensity, restricted only by the circle of the Infinite. If this position be correct, and if, as we have stated, the representative expression must correspond in character with the thought itself, then what is the inference to be deduced from these premises? Nothing can be more clear than that the divine thought, being infinite in itself, can never be shut up within the lids of any single volume, that it can never be represented by the whole vocabulary of verbal signs, that it cannot be confined to the sacred books or the Bibles of any nation. It is plain that an infinite idea must require an infinite expression, and the effort to confine that idea within the limits of artificial language would be as vain as to attempt to crowd the ocean into the shells that line its shores. If then the thought of man must be trammelled, let God's thought be free, not shut up in the shells of chapter and verse, not imprisoned by the theologies of any age, or the dialect of any nation, but expanding everywhere in the fullness of its truth, and the glory of its divinity.

Again, let us consider that the thought of God is eternal and immutable, the emanation of a perfect and unchanging mind. The flight of ages casts upon it no shadow. Amid the revolutions of earth and the shifting scenes of human history, it is ever the same, changeless and pure, like the eternal sky, which clouds may obscure, but which they have no power to change. Not only does the divine thought fill infinity with its vastness, but it covers the lapse of the ages with its immutability. That thought is like the light, which is over the same, though the earth, when turned from it may be clothed in shadows. Man's thoughts are sickle and changing; they take their form from every passing circumstance; they are brightened by the smiles, or darkened by the frowns of fortune; but in the peaceful stillness of a harmony that wraps the worlds in silence, the thought of God abides on

above all change, fixed in the absolutism of its own glorious perfection. Well indeed was it written by the prophet, "For my thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts higher than your thoughts, and my ways than your ways."

Now let us mark the conclusion to which we arrive. If, as we have shown, the thought of God is thus immutable, the same in all time, then it follows inevitably, that the revelation of that thought must be perpetual, given alike in all ages. No mind can consistently suppose that an idea which fills eternity with its vastness, can be precipitated, as it were, upon any single era. The perfect expression of any idea must be co-extensive with the idea itself. Hence the thought of God, because thus eternal, requires an eternal revelation—a revelation not confined to any particular era, not restricted to any chosen personages, which is not all poured through the special channel of selected minds, which is not subject to the changes constantly taking place in the forms of language, but which, day by day, and hour by hour, and moment by moment, rolls on in grand, majestic harmonies, like the murmurs of a shoreless sea. Divine truth does not change to accommodate itself to the measure of human progress, but man through progress, grows into a perception of that truth. Deity lives and thinks now, as in past ages. Shall we not have the evidence of that life and the revelation of that thought, now as then? How can it be said that the word of God belongs to the past alone, when the thought of God is above all time, oversweeping the epochs of human history, as fresh, and bright and beautiful to-day, as in Time's earliest morn? To be consistent we must say that the Divine Word is one eternal whole, that it cannot be divided into fragments, that it cannot be ended and sealed up in any single volume, but that it is the perpetual revelation of a perfect Mind, the ceaseless outflow of the eternal Thought. And this conclusion is based on the plainest deductions of reason. Opposed as it may be to the speculations of theology, and conflicting as it may with the fostered prejudices of religionists, it is that which the mind must at last fall back upon, when the old altars of superstition have fallen; it is that, in fact, which reason must at last acknowledge and rejoice in, when God is seen in his eternity, when principles are recognized instead of dogmas, when the sun of truth is beheld shining beyond the mist of words, and when that wisdom which is infinite is breathed upon the soul, like the fragrance of an everlasting summer. With this view of the character of that expression which the Divinity must be supposed to give to his everlasting thought, we are now prepared to distinguish the true, and essential word of God from the numerous volumes which have been labelled with this title.

What can be a true revelation of the Divinity—what can be a revelation which can measure itself with his own infinite and eternal thought, but that which can be listened to in the deep melodies of being, and read amid the fields of nature, in the footprints of Almighty Power? Nothing less than this can express the beauty, grandeur and majesty of the divine idea. Mere words—what are they? They are all poor and weak and worthless to represent that which the human mind cannot grasp in its loftiest flights, nor fathom in its deepest searchings. The divine word is identical with the divine work; it is that which God speaks in ceaseless action; it is the volume which he prints in letters of starry light, and which is open to be read by all his children. And the sublime ideas of that volume are not represented by artificial signs. God speaks not in Hebrew, Latin, or Greek; his is a universal language, which can be read by the souls of every age and the inhabitants of every land. The language of man is arbitrary, conventional, superficial—and for this reason it is subject to various modifications, according to the changes that may take place in the habits, customs and ideas of a people. The forms of expression which in one age of the world would be regarded as forcible, might in another age lose their significance, and even fall altogether of being understood. And this is true of much of the metaphorical language of the Bible; figures of speech and local allusions, which in the time of their origin were highly significant, have in the lapse of ages become so obscure that their meaning can only be ascertained by reference to historical data, while in many instances it is entirely lost. And from this fact we see how inadequate are all conventional signs in the expression of an infinite and everlasting thought. The language of Deity, therefore, is a universal language—it is the language of eternal law, outworking into form and order everywhere; it is the work which God performs in the silence of immensity, the direct and legitimate expression of that wisdom which no combination of words can fully represent, and of which the best books are only weak and imperfect translations.

If then, I would find the word of God, I must look for it, not merely in the sanctuaries of men, not simply in the volume labelled "Holy"—but if I would find the true word of God, I must go where God lives and breathes. I must trace the deep-working laws manifested in all his works. I must drink in the living sermons, uttered in his great temple every week-day. I must feel within my soul the breathings that come up from the hidden life of things, and listen to the low whisperings of nature, and to the—

Voices that ooze deep and long,
Resound from all the steadfast hills,
And flow in all the laughing rills,
Translating Nature into song.

This divine word of God, in Nature, I hesitate not to say, is divinely authoritative. That which God speaks in the action of eternal law is absolutely and sublimely true. It is by this standard that all human theories and opinions are to be judged. So far as the principles of nature can be discovered and demonstrated, so far reason has a substantial basis on which to rest; this is the only authority that comports with the dignity of the soul; all else is arbitrary and vain. If then we would attain to the highest truth, we must not regard so much what man has written, as what God, day by day, is teaching; we must not pore so long over the volumes of old philosophy, but look upon the manuscript which God has written in his own language, and where angels cull precious flowers to bind on earthly brows. Every idea which is in itself true, beautiful and consistent, has its authority in nature. Look at the Gospels, whose teachings have been, so revered, and what are they but transcripts, so far as their great moral truths are concerned, from the lessons contained in the divine works of God? The gems of truth to which Jesus gave utterance, were taken from the jeweled bosom of nature; the revelation which he gave of Deity, was only that which had been given long before in the sunlight and the rain-drops; and

the moral precepts that he laid down, were only the verbal expression of those laws which were already written on the human constitution, and responded to by the voice of Conscience in the soul. And so it must ever be; the grandest truth which the human mind has ever conceived, the sublimest system of philosophy which the world can combine from the discoveries of all ages, and the most beautiful moral precepts which the soul can suggest in its most advanced state, will be found to be transcripts, or translations from the unwritten truths evolved in the revelations of nature. This is the authority to which all others must bow. It is the starting point from which reason begins to act, and on which all its deductions are based. It is the exhaustless well-spring from which the highest angels draw the waters of everlasting life.

But while it is true that the Divine Word of nature thus constitutes an authority absolute and infallible, the soul can find here no place of rest. The field which opens before it is unlimited. Every form is the symbol of a deeper meaning; there is a truth beyond the outward, and a beauty beneath the visible, which are ever waiting to be sought. The human soul is nature's great interpreter, and while it seeks it will forever find. While it cannot grasp at once the mighty meaning of Divinity, nor fathom at one sounding the infinite ocean of life, it can still embrace in its searchings all that is suited to its wants, waiting for the discovery of higher truth to be the result of its future progress. Nature is a book inscribed with mystic characters, but if we labor to comprehend it, as we may, we shall find a divine meaning in them all. Let us rightly interpret nature, and we shall find a deep interior sense lying beneath the garb of physical beauty. Let us look with the soul, and the caverns of the world shall open and disclose their wonders; let us listen with the spirit, and the great Harp of God shall breathe from its trembling strings the melodies that thrill the heavens. We need not look afar for God, nor go back to other ages for the word that He has spoken; He is near to every one of us, and He speaks in those low, deep tones that make the silence sweet. The echo of those tones doth fill the universe. We may hear it in the wind's mournful sigh, in the waving of the forest leaves, in the voices of all growing things. Shall we not listen? There is a power in those tones that can soothe every care, and melt the burdens of grief into sweet, hallowing tears. They come when the waves of the world no more can comfort, when the ebbing waves of passion have left the soul-bed bare, and they soothe with a healing balm the wounds which the world has made. These are the tones of wisdom, the voices that shall make us truly strong. Oh, then, amid the conflicts and struggles of this mortal life, amid the wearying burdens that press heavily upon us, when the clouds gather thickly, and the storms beat fiercely around us—let our thoughts be still, and the wild throbbings of our hearts be hushed, that God may speak!

Dramatic.

JOHN BROUGHAM, the witty, has been heartily welcomed to Boston. Such genuine, jolly good humor has never before pervaded any place of amusement in Boston. It is impossible to go inside the Howard Athenaeum without catching the infection. By your own eyes you will see that John Brougham has retained as a travelling companion. The warm weather has had some effect upon the numbers of the auditors, but none upon their good-natured enjoyment of the wit which flashes up from John's heart and sparkles in his face and on his lips like the bubbles of Longworth's Catawba. LONDON ASSURANCE was produced on Friday evening with the most powerful cast we, and we think we can say "the oldest inhabitant," ever witnessed. We print the list of characters as a matter of reference in the future.

Sir Harcourt Courtly, Dazzle,	J. S. Browne.
Charles Courtly,	John Brougham.
Mark Middle,	E. L. Davenport.
Max Harkaway,	Mr. Barrow.
Coal,	E. L. Williams.
Lady Gay Spanker,	Mr. Crowell.
Grace Harkaway,	Mrs. Barrow.
Port,	Mrs. E. L. Davenport.
	Mrs. W. H. Smith.

The house was filled and the dress circle brilliant with beauty. From the first note of the leader of the orchestra to the last witty sparkle of John Brougham's speech before the curtain, the audience were brimful of fun, music and good nature. The orchestra caught the fever, and played with more than usual energy and harmony. We doubt if an audience ever left a theatre, since the time when a stroller named Shakespeare, or Shakespeare, or some such name, played before good Queen Bess, so thoroughly delighted with everything and everybody. Where all were so excellent in their respective positions, it would be a difficult task to select any one for particular commendation. The flashes of genuine wit would dart as naturally from the effervescent brain of John Brougham, as the scintillations from off that comet which committed so many remarkable pranks, in one instance—if we believe the newspapers, and who dares do otherwise?—cutting a wagon road through three miles of forest trees—even so John cut his way into the hearts of his audience, and filled them with fun and good humor. The man who creates a flash of sunshine in the hearts of others is a preacher of good, and so John we thank you for your sermon. Mr. Davenport is entitled to great praise for his personation of Charles Courtly. There are many worse actors by a long way who would have indignantly spurned the character, but Mr. Davenport is a true artist, and need not quarrel about trifles. Respecting his performance of the character, we need only say that Charles Courtly had evidently been to school—and a good one at that, since last we saw him. Mr. Davenport's "Grace" was a gem of graceful, truthful acting, and Mrs. Barrow's Lady Gay, dashing, brilliant and sprightly as usual, though we regretted to notice that she had not entirely recovered her strength from her late sickness. As last words, we would say to all who admire good acting, when you see LONDON ASSURANCE announced with the above cast, put your hands in your pockets—but don't keep them there—and "strike a bee line" for the ticket office.

JAILS.

We always had an idea that a jail must be a very safe place against the attacks of rabid animals, and as some of our opponents begin to exhibit signs of madness, it may, after all, be a very charitable act, on their part, to wish our faith in angel ministrations, punished with *dungeons*, or banishment to a penal colony. (See Courier of the 8d.)

The Busy World.

CINCINNATI.—They are earnestly agitating in Cincinnati, a plan to purchase Burnett's woods and Riddle's woods, embracing together some three hundred and thirty acres, on the hills immediately north of the city, and make a splendid public park of them.

FIREMEN.—A grand muster of firemen is to take place at Worcester on the 3d and 4th days of September next. There will probably be three or four prizes, amounting in all to six or seven hundred dollars.

MORMONS.—A party of 400 Mormons from England, who have arrived at Peoria, Illinois, are, most of them, greatly disgusted with the reports they hear from Salt Lake, and will probably scatter and settle wherever they can buy homesteads.

CAMP MEETING at Eastham will commence on Tuesday, August 11. The arrangements are not fully completed, but will be announced during the coming week.

THERE was a greatly increased supply of beaves in the New York cattle market on Wednesday, and a decline in prices of one cent per pound.

THE STATE HOUSE for South Carolina, commenced at Columbia, is to be of pure white marble, and to cost two millions of dollars.

THE NEW YORK "curb-stone brokers" are so numerous and obstruct the sidewalks in Wall street so completely that the police are forced to drive them off to clear the walk.

AMOS KENDALL has given to the deaf and dumb asylum of the District of Columbia a house and lot near his own residence at Washington.

FOUR HUNDRED bushels of new Tennessee wheat was sold at Louisville on Tuesday at \$1.30 per bushel. At Chicago, on Monday, 200 bushels new red wheat was sold at \$1.75 per bushel.

THE CELEBRATED CONGRESS SPRING, at Saratoga, from some unexplained cause, has become riley, and has been boxed up to await purification.

GOOD.—A man, on Friday last, in St. Louis, was fined \$50 for using obscene language on the street, while ladies were passing.

ALDERMAN PRESTON, of Brooklyn, has been expelled from the city government for accepting a bribe while acting as a member of the Board of Health.

THE ELECTRIC AND INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY, in England, have introduced a plan, by which money deposited with the company will be advised by telegraphic order, and paid out to parties named in the order.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, United States Consul at Liverpool, will spend the coming winter in Italy.

THE NUMBER of EMIGRANTS who arrived at New York, this year, up to 8th July, is 97,396, against 69,916, to same date in 1856.

THE CENSUS of LOUISVILLE, and, indeed, of Kentucky, is Ex-Secretary Guthrie, whose property, chiefly in lands, pays an annual tax of over \$50,000.

ONLY one hundred and sixty-seven young men have received the degree of A. M. from the University of Virginia since its foundation.

SHIPPING.—There are now lying in the port of New York, 792 vessels, forming an aggregate of about 300,000 tons.

NAVY.—The new steamers, 19 propellers, and barges, and 160 landing bridges, roads, and coal tenders, all of iron, and they are constantly adding to their number.

THE FOUNDATION of the largest cotton factory in the world has just been laid in Russia, on the island of Cronholm, in the river Narova, between its two cataracts. It is in the form of a grand square, and will possess 1672 windows, 20,000 gas burners, and will employ 3000 workmen.

HENRY WINTER, an American, is at the head of the ship-building establishment of the Danube Navigation Company, one of the largest and most successful in the world; whose invested capital amounts to \$17,000,000. They have at present in constant employment.

TEXAS.—A very large yield of wheat and oats, it is stated in a letter, has been secured.

THE YIELD of whortleberries in the Southern part of New Jersey, this year, will be immense.

THE BOX which General Jackson left for the bravest soldier in New York, is of pure gold, and cost \$1000, besides the workmanship.

VALUE of THE HAY CROP.—The hay crop of the free States, in 1856, is estimated by Mr. Helper, of North Carolina, to exceed in value four times the cotton crop of the South.

LAWRENCE, Kansas, is about two thousand miles from the nearest settlement in California.

THE CUSHMAN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION, having raised a sufficient sum, intend erecting, on the Burial Hill, in Plymouth, a monumental shaft, over thirty feet high, which will be consecrated next summer with appropriate ceremonies.

THE HANDS working on a plantation in Tallahatchie County, Mississippi, killed sixty rattlesnakes during the month of June.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

During the early part of our investigations of Spiritualism, while sitting with a friend, she was entranced and gave us to understand that a relative of ours was soon to pass to the spirit world. The individual whose departure was thus predicted was, as far as we then knew, in good health. This was on Friday. On the next Monday we received a telegraphic despatch from the town in which she resided, one hundred and fifty miles distant, stating that the lady before alluded to was dying, and requesting the attendance of one of our family. Preparations were made for journeying to the place, though our spirit friends assured us it could not be reached before the separation of spirit and body.

Subsequent inquiries proved that on the Friday night on which we received the announcement, the deceased was apparently as well as usual, and that she died on the Monday evening following.

NEW MUSIC.

OLIVER DITSON & Co. have just published, "Fragments," No. 7 of "Chaplet of Pearls," a graceful Melody for Young Amateurs—by A. Baumbach. "La Fille du Regiment," No. 7 of "Buds from the Opera," arranged for Four Hands—by J. Blumtal. "Bird of Beauty," No. 43 of "Melodies of the Day," a Collection of Popular Airs, with easy and pleasing variations—by Charles Grove. "Come into the Garden, Maud," Tennyson's admirable song—music by Neukomm. These pieces are all easy of execution, and peculiarly suited to the capacity of a large majority of players.

European Items.

The Prince of Wales started on the 6th inst on his tour in Germany. He will remain several months on the banks of the Rhine. It is rumored that Queen Victoria proposes visiting Cork and Killarney, in Ireland, this summer.

Another Royal marriage is "on the carpet." According to a letter from Haguenau, the Queen-Mother is shortly to proceed to London, a marriage being projected between the Prince of Orange and the Princess Alice.

A statue to the memory of Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was inaugurated in Manchester, on Friday week. It is erected in front of the Infirmary. The design is not an original one, but has been modeled by Theod. from the marble statue by Chantrey, in Westminster Abbey.

The Circassians have repelled an attack of the Russians on the banks of the Chabucha. A thousand Russians were killed.

The Port of Sebastopol is now almost entirely abandoned, as it is less advantageous for commerce than that of Kamiesch, and is only frequented by a very few fishermen, who sell their cargoes to the persons who hawk fish about the interior.

The future wife of the King of Portugal is the Princess Elizabeth Amelia Eugenia, Duchess of Bavaria, born on the 21st of December, 1837. She is the daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph. The King of Portugal will thus become the brother-in-law of the Emperor of Austria, who married the eldest daughter of the Duke.

The Emperor and the Empress of Russia have gone from Hamburg to Hanover.

The Duke of Marlborough, who rejoiced in the formidable title of "George Spencer Churchill, fifth Duke of Marlborough, Marquis of Blandford, Earl of Sunderland, Baron Spencer, of Wormleighton, Baron Churchill, of Sandridge, and a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire," had just died in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was the fifth Duke of Marlborough, and was the patron of no less than eleven livings in the Established Church. It may not be uninteresting to copy a statement of the terms upon which the Dukes of Marlborough hold Blenheim from the nation. It was enacted in 1704, that, "on every 4th day of August, the anniversary of the victory of Blenheim, the inheritors of the Duke's honors and titles, shall render unto her Majesty, her heirs and successors, one standard of colors, with three fleurs-de-lis painted thereon, in acquittance of all manner of rents, suits and services, due to the Crown of England." It is by a similar tenure that the Duke of Wellington holds the mansion of Stratfieldsaye, and in each case the acknowledgment of the royal or national favor is annually paid, down to the present time.

The half-yearly meeting of the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, was held at the London Tavern on the 1st inst.

The report stated that the ship at Millwall was substantially completed as to the hull, but the launching would be deferred to a later period in the summer than anticipated. The most favorable season for making a trial trip to Portland, (U. S.) would be in October, but the Board felt that it would be difficult, without adding largely to the cost, to complete the ship by that time. The next favorable period will occur in April following, previous to which there is no doubt she may be completed and properly equipped. The cost of the ship and engines was about \$250,000, \$200,000 of which had already been paid on account, leaving a balance of 150,000. There were calls in arrears, and cash in hand \$2,000, leaving a balance of 67,162 to be provided. The report was adopted, and a motion authorizing the borrowing on debentures of a sum not exceeding 100,000.

THE LITTLE I have seen of the world and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of the poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the bright pulsation of joy; the feverish iniquitude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary and threatening vices within; health gone—fain would I leave the erring soul of my fellow man with him from whose hands it came.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS AND LECTURES.

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 solicit 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 so) to the other.

BOSTON.—SUNDAY SERVICES.—Mr. THOMAS GALES FOSTER, formerly of St. Louis, now of Buffalo, N. Y., will lecture in the Music Hall, in the unconsecrated Trance State, on Sunday, July 20th, at 3 and 8 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Music Hall.

CHICAGO.—L. K. COONLEY, Trance Medium, is supplying, for the present, the desk of Rev. Mr. Goddard, at FARMINGTON HALL, Waukegan street, at the morning and evening sessions, each Sabbath.

CHARLESTON.—Meetings are held regularly at Washington Hall, Sabbath afternoons. Speaking by entranced mediums.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 8 o'clock. Meetings also at Wall's Hall, corner of Cambridge and Hampshire street, at the same hour as above.

SALEM.—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. TOWNEY.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall building, at the usual hours.

THE "DAVENPORT BOYS," having taken rooms at No. 3 Winter street, will hold public circles at 3 o'clock P. M., and private circles at 8 o'clock, P. M. Tickets for the private circles can be secured at the Fountain House—for public circles, at the rooms.

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.
L. K. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, Portland, Me.
Wm. H. JOSEPH, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTICE.

L. K. COONLEY, of Portland, Me., TRANCE SPEAKER and HEALING MEDIUM, will answer calls to lecture in Maine, Massachusetts, or Connecticut; answering Theological questions in the trance state. He may be addressed at this office, June 20.

Original Essays.

IDEA AND FORM OF PRAYER.

NUMBER TWO.

In Number One, two things are too obvious to be overlooked or mistaken by the dullest. The wide and important difference between *thought* and its *expression*, and the immense variety of forms of which each thought is capable. Let it never be forgotten that prayer, *i. e.*, "the soul's sincere desire," may exist *unuttered*, or find utterance in countless varieties of forms, embracing words, or without words, in deeds, looks, toll, song, tears, sacrifices, benefactions, denunciations, rebukes, and whatever method is expressive of holy and benevolent aspiration. In reason, how absurd, in logic, how nonsensical, to affirm that words are the highest and best form of prayer. And what violence is offered common sense, what blasphemy our religious nature, when it is affirmed that words are the only form of prayer. And what cool audacity and bold outrage insult us in the Pharisaical assumption, that the only true form of prayer is the common popular one, begun with closing the eyes, and ended by the word Amen. Words are not the only form, nor the best form, nor is the popular form the highest form, even of words, nor is it far from the lowest. Of the infinite variety of forms in which true prayer finds true utterance, words may be of an average value and importance, but can never be justly ranked so high as deeds. A truly benevolent or kind deed *must* be a true expression of true prayer, viz.: the soul's sincere desire to benefit another. The lip utterance between the closing of the eyes and the word Amen, may be an *expression* of prayer, but not necessarily so, as in the practice of the Pharisees, a numerous host, ancient and modern, it is only a pretence, hollow and disgusting, employed to cover the most flagrant crimes, such as the destruction of widows' houses. But to call this *form* the only praying, and pronounce every man *prayerless* who does not adopt it, is a glaring and monstrous disregard of truth, conscience, and the daily experience of the wisest and best men that have ever lived. What an innumerable company of wise and true souls are always, constantly, ceaselessly, fervently praying, who never close their eyes but for sleep, and never say Amen once! Out upon the compound stupidity and blasphemy which is the continually and piously muttering the insulting drivel, that the only praying is that whose preface is the shutting of the eyes, and whose finale is a solemn Amen. Are the eyes and dumb inevitably prayerless?

We admit, the popular lip utterance may be sincere and efficient, but a million other forms that do not move the lips at all, may be, nay, constantly are equally true, and abundantly more beneficial.

The lip expression, never so sincere and fervent—"May the destitute be fed and clothed," can never equal in sublimity and efficiency the silent, secret, unobserved, unostentatious magnanimity and kindness that provides the literal garment, and the loaf of nourishing bread. When I was sick, emaciated, helpless and destitute, a good clergyman on the opposite side of the street knelt in his study every morning and every evening, and, with closed eyes, and devout lips, said—"Oh, God, if it be consistent with thy most holy will, may my sick neighbor be speedily restored to health, vigor and competence, Amen." This prayer was sincere, and sincerely expressed. Good, very good. Be this admitted on all hands. But another neighbor, far more efficaciously, and with equal sincerity. Quietly and noiselessly he came creeping up my back stairs every morning, at four o'clock, in midwinter, and, applying his ear to my pillow, to ascertain first if it would do to speak; his faint, introductory whisper was—"Can I do anything for you?" Then followed, in the sweetest and most musical cadences, "Shall I take you in my arms a few moments, and rest you? Is your bed just right? Let my wife or daughter do the necessary labor of the kitchen, that your wife may be more constantly with you."

Oh, how often did this praying saint break the weariness of a tedious night by such amiable and vigorous prayers! Then, at the right time, he furnished and prepared the fuel, engaged and procured the watchers, planned all possible arrangements for relief, comfort and restoration, and, with unremitting care, and unabating energy, he applied his soul and body, and enlisted his means and friends just as if he believed in loving his neighbor as himself. His eyes were seldom shut, though often filled with tears, and his lips were opened only for questions and answers in obedience to his "soul's sincere desire." Not once was he heard to say, "Oh, God," or "Amen." His hands, his feet, his brain, his wood pile, his granary, his horse, his oxen, his servants, were all under contribution, to utter his "soul's sincere desire," but he said nothing about God or praying. In the soul of the priest and the farmer was one prayer—the same friendly wish for my recovery, only differently expressed. The reader shall say which was most successful in the choice of forms. But he cannot appreciate, as I do, the *great difference*, unless he has been similarly situated. I recovered. I heard the popular remarks of the persons above named.

All affirmed that the Rev. Mr. G. was a pious, godly, praying man, evincing his sincerity and Christian benevolence by praying for a heretic frequently and fervently as for the sound in faith. But how overwhelming was my humiliation, chagrin, shame and pity, when I heard the professors of three evangelical churches affirm, over and over again, that old farmer W. was a *PRAYERLESS* man. With most pious honesty it was said, "He never had a solemn face except when he grieved for some one under a load of misfortune. He never petitioned the throne of grace with closed eyes, and was never known to say Amen, but in hearty response and approval of some act of heroic self-sacrifice and generous munificence. He never paid a dollar for the defence of any article of faith or the support of any preacher of creeds, but gave all his goods to feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

"Yes," said a very father in Israel, with a most devout and sincere expression, "Farmer W. is a pattern in good works—his daily goodness is known and admitted in all the region; his lips are without guile, he blesses his bitterest enemy with unstinted kindness, when one is so depraved as to indulge enmity toward so true and noble a friend. He would expose himself to intense suffering from cold and hunger to warm and feed a poor, miserable wretch. Who ever saw one so devoted and bounteous to the sick! His ever tolling industry is sanctified by the benevolent uses to which he so generously applies his means. As a neighbor he is faultless, loving with a love that will do no ill, doing good to all at each and every opportunity, and seeking occasions

that do not present themselves. As a father he is beloved by every child, his own or another's, for his good nature, his little gifts and great advice. As a husband, who so true and faithful? As a friend and brother, his frankness, urbanity, honesty, noble generosity and ready loyalty to all elevated principles of taste, decorum, propriety, sympathy and self-forgetful devotion, inspires all not only with esteem and reverence, but warm and lively affection. By fairest and wholly uniform examples, he sustains every form of temperance, and, by the majesty and sublimity of the mildest and kindest temper, stamps every form of despotism with infamy."

Oh, how lamentable that so good a man is a *prayerless* man. His is a *prayerless* life. He makes no profession of religion—was never known to *pray*, and his influence against the church is bad as that of the most wicked man in the whole town. It almost leads one to think he can do without a church. I say, I was overwhelmed with chagrin and pity at this. I was shocked, I was taxed to control my abhorrence. Farmer W. had been daily and nightly *praying* for me and my family, with all the fervency of a ripe and vigorous saint—uttering a thousand prayers to my ears, as many to my eyes, as many *before* to my feelings, and, by such constancy in his devotions and eloquence in his petitions, inducing others occasionally to join in his worship, and so sanctify themselves unto God. And now, by professed evangelical Christians, pronounced *prayerless*! Even the Universalists denied him the name of Christian. "The only praying is the popular performance began by closing the eyes and completed by the syllables Amen." It was clear he could do without a church, and did not need the common form of prayer. But to say he was *therefore* prayerless, was to provoke the deepest emotions of shame and pity, to belie common sense, to commit sacrilege against the highest and purest devotion to God, to outrage all true notions of prayer, to libel Christianity and insult the understanding of humanity with the foulest absurdity.

Would you exact occasional periodical ceremony, private or public, above a life daily crowded with prayerful deeds that wake the praises of angels and call forth the gratitude of all true men? Devout words are prayer, are they? but the same desires expressed and *executed* by toils, sacrifices, bounties and benefactions that heal and soothe, instruct, elevate, purify and bless, are *not* prayer! What were the loss were all pure and holy deeds executed by righteous deeds and never otherwise expressed? "God has eyes as well as ears, has he not? To see our sincere desires" executed in benevolent deeds might be an acceptable substitute for the lip service. In the sublime parable of the sheep and goats, the award of the judge was—Blessedness to those who had given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, shelter to the homeless, sympathy to the sick and imprisoned, and, cursedness to those who had *omitted* these simple deeds of charity. The parable does not say anything about any other kind of praying. With this alone one may stand at the right hand of the unerring Judge, and, without the oral performance, hear the welcome, "Come, ye blessed." Please read that parable again. Unless good deeds are prayer, we may omit praying altogether, since these kind actions are the *only* sole consideration in the final verdict. "Only when the lip service is an incentive to these deeds of any value. Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of love—justice entered into his peace, and loveth his neighbor as himself, and loveth God with all his heart, mind, strength, and power, and his neighbor as himself. As many as are led by the spirit of love they are the sons of God. Whoso loveth dwelleth in God and God in him. The praying of these is by deeds of love. To say the only form of prayer is the oral form is bad enough. But to say the oral form is the *only* prayer, and that all those who do not adopt it are therefore *prayerless*, would be impudence, were it not too silly and ridiculous. When ignorance shall be exchanged for knowledge, folly for wisdom, hypocrisy for sincerity, the teachings of the church for the declarations of Jesus and Paul, the church greed for "lip service," and external machinery will cease to whine and blunder about oral prayer, and we shall enjoy a profounder and more practical and profitable praying by deeds, by love, by doing as we would be done unto.

J. J. LOCKE.

THE GOSPEL OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

To no people has ever been promulgated a gospel fraught with such tremendous consequences to the well-being of humanity, as that revealed through the facts and phenomena of the spiritual intercourse of this our day and age.

Heretofore, the fact of a continued existence, after the death of the body, rested mainly in the integrity of the Bible, and its authoritative claims as a revelation from God, which, owing to the sensuous, materialistic tendencies of the minds of the masses, together with the absence of all corresponding evidences, drawn from human experiences since the introduction of the Christian era, have proved, in a very general sense, inadequate to inspire a true perception of the importance of living a divine life, or understanding, in any definite degree, the true relations existing between the present and future states of living. The great mission of the Divine exemplar—a mission designed to exert its benign and redeeming influences through all coming time—seems to have consisted chiefly—so far as appears from the record—in simply announcing the great central truth of man's immortality, and inaugurating, by precept and example, the principles of love and forgiveness, as the fundamental basis of Christianity. Without argument, generally employing figurative symbols drawn from nature, he sought to impress a conviction of their importance upon the attention of the people. Further than a general distinction shown through the Bible, between the virtuous and the vicious, and implicit, rather than defined correspondence hereafter, the intimate and ramified relations existing between the mortal and immortal states of being—the true nature, growth and development of man, and his relations to both—the nature and consequences of physical death; to the essential nature and character of man—the laws, states and condition by which his immortal being would be governed—have all been the fruitful themes of ponderous human speculators, during the ages that have borne myriads of our fellow-beings, in all their darkness and ignorance, to a practical realization of that life, which, at best, only gleamed dimly through the night of doubt, and more ardently hoped for than expected, as an inherent prerogative of humanity.

The teachings of Christ, like the teachings of the spiritual intercourse of to-day, received a like treatment at the hands of the ancient and modern Pharisees; yet now, as then, it is the common people who were the first to rally under the banner of Truth,

again unfurled by angel hands. The essential truths of the ancient scriptures—truths upon which it must ever rest its claims to any credence as a revelation relating to man's future life—are being demonstrated by corresponding facts and phenomena in the experience of thousands of living witnesses. Whoever willfully or ignorantly assails the one, deals a destructive blow at both. Those of the past and the present mutually authenticate each other, and, as before stated, together must stand or fall. That of eighteen hundred years ago demonstrated the possibility of its recurrence in any or all ages, and that of to-day serves as a lexicon, by which the past is more clearly understood, and its importance appreciated.

It is, however, to the significant gospel of modern spiritual intercourse that we purposed, in this paper, to briefly call the reader's attention, and the inquiry necessarily arises here, What principles are now being revealed, of essential importance, that have not, heretofore, been understood?

It is maintained that it defines the nature, powers and attributes of man, both in the mortal and immortal states of being, in contradistinction to the vague, mystical ideas of an immaterial something or nothing, that has heretofore obtained in the world, in that the *spirit*, whether in or out of the body—is the *real* man—all the powers, attributes and affections of his nature, manifested here, being retained after the death of the body, as constituent parts and elements of his individuality.

It more clearly unfolds the true relations existing between the Finite and Infinite—the uses and purposes of the natural life of man; and its intimate relations to his immortal being.

It defines the relations existing between the character of man formed here, and its effects upon his states and condition there and forever.

It reveals new and startling principles, and means of eradicating physical diseases and suffering, which bids fair to render, ultimately, the medical profession an "obsolete idea."

It is superseding the necessity for professional religious teachers, by rolling the stone from the sepulchre of sorrowing hearts, revealing to the internal consciousness boundless realms, clothed in immortal verdure, peopled with life, instincts and affections, which immortality has refined and exalted to the loved and departed from our hearts and homes!

It disrobes the Angel of Death of his terrors, as an "enemy of the race," "the King of Terrors," etc., which superstition had clothed him, and reveals him to the crushed and sorrowing ones of earth, a most glorious emancipation!

That death makes no essential change in human character, and that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," not only here but hereafter, is a truth of fearful literal import!

That there is no salvation short of *loving* and *doing* the right—that all professions, unless embodied in life and action, from the principle of doing justly, and walking uprightly, from the love of the truth and the right, is utterly worthless, and that an act of crime or folly has power to darken the spirit, and impede its progress forever!

It defines the intimate relations existing between the natural and spiritual worlds, and proves that they are so intimately blended together as to act and react upon each other in two-fold relations—positively good, and negatively evil—that it is a truth that we are *perpetually* subject to influences of thought, as inspiring agents, to corresponding actions, good or evil, according to our states and conditions—whether we are conscious of the fact, or not. Hence the necessity of cultivating a love for the true and beautiful, if we would attract corresponding influences— Influences which are often reflected in outward acts, of every conceivable shade of character, than the world yet dreams of in its external philosophy!

Finally, the Gospel of Spiritual Intercourse reveals the fact, that in the spirit life we are known as we are, having no possible means of concealing our *real* state and nature, as here. Here men assume a pleasing *seeming*, and often thus appear outwardly models of perfection, while inwardly steeped in corruption. In the immortal state every one must stand forth—the mask of concealment forever torn aside—(all his vices and virtues written upon his open brow, read and fully known of all! We may, and often do, deceive each other, here, but we cannot deceive the clairvoyant perceptions of the Spirit, whether in or out of the body. What a revelation is here, and how many realize that the clear-seeing vision of the immortals is upon us—that known to father, mother, brother, sister, or the friend we loved; but gone before us, are our most silent thoughts—most secret acts!

Thus it is that the spiritual evangel of the nineteenth century comes to us with truths of the most radical and vital character to the erring and mis-directed race of man. If it fails of proving a "Saviour of Life unto Life," then may we despair of ever seeing the multifarious evils that everywhere pervade society, checked by any reformatory influences that it is possible for us to conceive. But it has not, will not fail of accomplishing its work, by effecting the moral, social and physical elevation of humanity to a higher plane, and nobler destiny—a condition in which the loves and delights of heaven shall blend with mortal affections, and go forth to bless and irrigate the desert wastes of human life forevermore.

Beneath the roar of commerce, and the din of this jostling, bustling life, where selfishness, cunning, and deceit are seeking ephemeral ostentation or material aggrandizement—there is silently being disseminated, an influence which no power on earth can arrest. Unexpected guests, who have gone down through the Lethæan waters, unexpectedly reveal their presence in the broken family circle, clothed in the living light and glory of the immortal life. The sluggish currents of our mortal being are quickened by divine impulses, as the realities of the immortal life meet and blend in mortal hopes and aspirations. Let it be ours to faithfully co-operate with such spiritual agencies as the loving Father has ordained as his instrumentalities in dispelling the mists of superstition—putting to flight the powers of error—demolishing the altars of the world's stolid materialism, and in inaugurating the spiritual era of the world!

TRANSC MEDIUM.—A lady friend informs us that Mrs. Caroline Fliske, a very worthy and at the same time needy lady, has taken the room formerly occupied by Mrs. Conant at No. 2 Central Court, where she will give sittings.

We do not speak from our own experience, but we are assured that she is a very good Transc Medium.

ANSWERS TO AN INQUIRER.

NUMBER TWO.

"The unusual promptness of your reply assures me that your attention has been forcibly arrested by some remarks embodied in my last letter, and the peculiar circumstances under which my allusion to the subject of Spiritualism was made to you, perfectly explains why you should feel, at this time, a strong desire for facts on this subject."

From the fact that the manifestations have heretofore been exhibited out of aristocratic circles, and that the "medium," in almost every instance, has been some obscure "ignoramus," and not of the "schools," this subject has been biased out of upper tendom with the confident expectation that, if crushed there, it would naturally die a natural death in the societies where it originated. But it is something that does not die. In the words of the "Expounder," "It still lives," and no power of skepticism, no scrutinizing, fault-finding investigations are going to divert the phenomena of their character of *supermundane* origin. I abjure the word supernatural, because it conveys an absurd idea.

There are some things which we know, and there are some things which we do not know. Of all these things which we know, we have, by classification and analogy, derived certain rules or influences—and we call these influences laws—simply because they seem to embrace the general formula of the phenomena which they relate to. Before laws can be known or established, certain other conditions must be known, as antecedents to that mental process by which we develop to our appreciation, laws.

These antecedents are known as *facts*. When a subject is presented to us for the first time, in which we find phenomena entirely at variance with all our previous experience, shall we reject the *facts* relating to those phenomena, simply because we have no laws for the proper elucidation of the phenomena, and by which we can invariably cause them to be repeated?

What is the history of Spiritualism?

Where did it first appear in its present character? Who were the persons who first furnished these phenomena to the world?

Who have investigated it?

Who have rejected it, and who have received it?

What causes operate to its rejection?

What is the general conclusion to be drawn from phenomena that are entirely unlike all our known natural phenomena—setting gravity and space to naught?

What are those phenomena that treat exclusively of the identities of persons who no longer act among us, and who are known to us as those who have gone before us?

In a word—What is life?

In one of its forms we know that there is life. It is, however, only the first octave, the higher notes of life may vibrate to the chord of the lowest notes, and the lower notes, in turn, may vibrate to the upper. But it is all one life. Each individual an instrument by himself.

How know we that some of the silent thoughts that steal unawares upon our minds, are but a vibration from some octave alone tuned in unison?

Why did I write thus to you?

Can I tell you? I fear not. I may have been impressed, but I am not *sensitively* impressionable, only at very distant intervals, and then only for a brief period. *My subjects*—*my subjects*—I have put interrogatively to you, and you will then be in a proper frame of mind to believe or unbeliever, to know or to ignore.

The subject—*Spiritualism*, is like many others, very susceptible of being made the implement of some arrant knave, who desires nothing better than to impose on his fellow-beings, and fill his pocket. I would not give any attention to a man of such loose ideas of truth on this subject, as to assume that deception is justifiable, when it can serve a good purpose.

I cannot fully satisfy you on the subject of Spiritualism. I can only advise you to satisfy yourself whether the mental phenomena are such as to indicate *identities*; whether the *identities* are now of this life, or the life beyond.

This you can do by seeking the evidence. You may not find satisfactory evidence in a long time, but again, it may pour upon you with an overpowering flood of conviction, with evidence utterly confounding.

Spiritualism, in its general teachings, embodies the following conditions of life. Man is progressive. As he lives here, so will he be prepared for the progress he is to make hereafter. And he who is best prepared, makes most rapid progress, and he who has learned error has to unlearn error. Man is immortal, an eternal identity.

Thus far I have not given you any very satisfactory reply to your letter—the subject does not admit of it. What is evidence to me cannot be evidence to you, unless you see it, and feel it. On this topic man is so skeptical, and so desirous of knowing the truth, that from his inmost soul he rejects every evidence in which there is the least possible error. He must have form and substantial evidence. What one man may be satisfied with, another man is disposed to reject.

If you ask me about myself—I have little to say. If I were developed as a medium; it would be of that class known as a *Prophetic medium*. I judge so from a few facts that have come under my notice. The general character of these facts may be explained thus: On having a subject presented to my mind, its ultimate fate will spontaneously arise to my intuitive sense. I sometimes know what people think, by a process I cannot explain. I am often astounded on meeting people, to hear them utter the ideas presented to my mind, when my attention was drawn to them a few seconds before they spoke audibly in my presence.

An instance of this occurred a few days ago. I was at Utica. I went to an eating-house, and, while taking dinner, a gentleman and lady came in and seated themselves. The gentleman called for two stews, and, during this time, I glanced carelessly at them, and my mind became involved some way in the subject of *Spiritualism* in connection with these persons, and, casting a scrutinizing glance at the lady, the suggestion arose in my mind, "perhaps she's a medium." Directly they spoke. The topic was *Spiritualism*, and they had just visited a medium. I was half disposed to tell them of the mental phenomena of my own mind, but did not. In conversation I know so often what persons think, that I sometimes tell them what they wish to say! I do not know how it is, but it seems almost as if the thought was a tangible reality. These are barely some of the minor indications of things of greater moment, which might be attained if I could master myself enough to go

through the ordeal by which they may be reached. But I have not enough self-denial. I have too little patience, and a too strong sense of physical life. I believe I am a little cowardly respecting some things I am susceptible to.

Now, search and ye shall find. All these things which are embraced under the general name of modern Spiritualism, are only a repetition of many of the things which have occurred, from time to time, in various ages. Our Bible is full of similar phenomena, but the time is different.

Strange, is it not, that distance lends enchantment to the view? Christ taught that to do good was to secure eternal happiness, that all men should live, that evil would be punished, and that all men should be saved. These same things appear in modern Spiritualism. It teaches a system—a system of morality, if you please. It teaches man to live, that he may live, and that his life may be ever onwardly progressing. That if, when the spirit is *matured* here, it be not developed to the proper plane, it must sink to its proper level, and toil slowly upward from its low degradation. Is this not a sufficient punishment for evil?

I have repeatedly tried to bring my mind to the right point to present this subject to your view from the right point. I fear if I were to write a volume I should be in just the same fix. Since I saw you last in Boston, I have had no communication by letter from you, touching this topic.

You ask me why I should introduce the subject as I did. As I said before, I am not aware that I did so from any inspired necessity. I do not feel convinced it was an "impression" which I must give you the benefit of. The firm conviction of any truth is apt to extend itself from one mind to another, especially if the other be in a fit condition to receive it. I may have felt that it would be a source of happiness to you at this time to know that your beloved relative yet lives in all his attributes, as you knew him, in a condition not much different from that which, in his happiest days, he knew here, merely divested of that cumbrous frame of earth that ties down the ubiquitous powers of man to a limited locality. He is yet your relative; perhaps in moments when you know not, he stands beside you, inspiring your mind with those thoughts that gradually shut out sorrow, and perhaps yet soothing your troubles with a portion of that tranquility which he now is privileged to enjoy, that rest from the greedy cares of earth, that originate in man's ignorance of his high destiny, and his unbelief in the immortality of that which he is. Now, could you feel all this as a truth—could you realize it, how much of happiness the conviction would give you. I hope you may realize it. But, alas! I am not able to do more than show you dimly the way. You must search for yourself for Truth."

LETTERS.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A "LOVED ONE."

Gone to the "shade-land"—passed from our sight, Like a shadow, a vision, the dream of a night; She is with us no more as in days which have gone, Yet we feel her lov'd presence on spirit wings borne.

We loved her in life, and death cannot divide The hearts that did ever in unison glide; She was dear to our hearts, and to us it is given To lay up our treasures more safely in heaven.

Our loved one is waiting—we know that she waits, To bear our freed spirits to heaven's bright gates; Then speed on old time—thy swift course pursue, For visions of glory are opening to view.

And oh! with what rapture we'll meet her above, Then go forth together on missions of love; The blessed assurance gives joy to my heart, To know that we'll meet again, never to part.

ADELAIDE.

GOING TO HEAVEN ALONE.

"I don't want to go to heaven alone," said a bright-eyed child of Nature to us, as she talked of her expected passing from earth. She could not conceive of happiness even in that fabled place of golden streets and temples of precious stones unless those friends she loved were there.

A feeling of loneliness at the time the spirit throws off this earthly body, has obtained a strong hold on the human mind, and when one talks of the event called "death," he invariably associates with it the idea of desolation. The theology of the past has inculcated this view, and embodied it in mournful psalms in which constant allusion is made to "the dark valley," and the "dismal tomb," and heavily shaded pictures are given of solitary pedestrians, each pursuing a forlorn way, with not one ray of light to guide, or a vestige of life to cheer him. It is not to be wondered at, that with such a fearful prospect, some have feared to die; it is no wonder that they have shrunk back from the entrance to the valley of dead men's bones.

If there ever was a "stupendous delusion," this view of God's dealings is one. Before Materialism points its finger at us, and passes its verdict upon our faith, let it turn its gaze back into its own dim temple of worship, turn the dusty leaves of its "articles," and consider whether the epithet it bestows upon us is not more strictly due the "doctrine of devils," which it professes to believe.

We are thankful that we can say to all mankind, as we said to her whose words begin this article, that in the event called death, at the moment we lose consciousness of the presence of our friends in the ethereal form, and in most cases long before that condition arrives, we are enabled distinctly to recognize the forms and features of many beloved ones who, having gone on before, stand with loving hearts and open arms to greet us on our exit from this, and entrance into the spirit world.

We cannot be alone. Heaven, being a condition, rather than a place, comes to us—we do not go to that. And the true meaning of the expression "they have gone to heaven," in our view is this: the spirit being freed from the circumstances and conditions of earth attracts or is attracted to individuals in close affinity to itself; all its highest aspirations being met by what while on earth it enjoyed only as an ideal, rendering it supremely happy. Such a condition alone can be "heaven," a condition free of all discordant elements and responsive to the purest and loftiest desires of the soul.

In this view, which we believe to be a true one, it at once appears that going to heaven alone is an utter impossibility, a supposition as paradoxical as any of which we can conceive, since heaven consists of all that the soul loves, a fruition of all it has hoped for.

Alone! It cannot be. Each atom of the universe attracts and is attracted by other atoms, and the rule that governs them controls all from the lowest to the highest.

There are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. COVART, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light.

The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not asked 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 beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but *fiery* beings, liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirit," and not do anything against their reason, because they have been advised by them to do it.

Answers to Correspondents.

"ONE OF YOUR READERS."—Yes, we wish to answer this epistle, and will do so in a few hours.

JAMES S. BATES.

The above was received in answer to an anonymous communication which we intended to answer, but first carried to our circle. After receiving this, we concluded to let this spirit answer, and below is the answer from our correspondent:—

The writer of this cannot fully understand the appearances of spirits in spirit life, and the reasons for the same. We would hereby inform him, and all others, that those who attain old age on earth bear the same outward identity in spirit life, but in intelligence would not be recognized. The infant is known also by the same appearance in spirit life as it bore when on earth. Yet in point of wisdom would not be recognized, for the infant progresses much faster in spirit life than in earth life. However high the spirit may have passed, it will not lose its earth identity in the exterior, while the interior or intelligence may be changed to a higher, holier, more perfect plane than when on earth. All spirits, in presenting themselves for description to mediums, draw upon and to themselves such perfect semblance to their last appearance on earth, that they may be recognized by the same. Therefore, you see the infant will be recognized by sight as the infant, the old man as the old man, the middle-aged as the middle-aged; the deformed as the deformed; the perfect in form as the same; yet to their friends in the spirit life they have no deformity, but are clothed and identified according to their several stations. Yet as we have previously stated throughout an endless eternity retain positive marks of earth identity. Much might be said upon this one subject, but as we are somewhat unprepared to give you further knowledge, we will close by adding: all mysterious things shall be in time explained to you. That time we will render as short as possible by returning and giving various communications.

J. S. B.

Not knowing who addressed us, this will prove an unsought for test of the truth of spirit communion to the writer, if James S. Bates was known to him while on earth.

To F. H. S., BALTIMORE.—Son, carry thy light whithersoever thou goest. Thy friends are with thee, to aid thee in numerous ways, and will continue to abide with and manifest to thee as often as possible. Nathaniel Smith died in 1812.

The spirit who answers is no relative. It does not always follow that those called for can or will answer what is asked for; others may do as well. The spirit who came last, (communicated above), was a relative of Elias Smith, well known by him; was in the last war, and died in service. The first Nathaniel I did not know. F. H. S. called for more—that implies "not enough yet." The first spirit answering, says: "your friends may not manifest as much as you wish, yet know it is right," or words to that effect.

R. K.

This was received in answer to a note respecting Nathaniel S., and was given by the spirit controlling our circle.

S. W. WOODWARD.—The mortal who penned this is wholly unacquainted with the laws that govern spirit manifestations. He supposes you may call and receive an answer from any and every spirit he may chance to ask for. Now it should be your duty to explain to him the law he is so ignorant of. The one he has called for will come, and manifest more satisfactorily in a short time.

ELIZABETH WOODWARD.

ELIZA LEAVITT.—I am happy to draw nigh to commune. I am happy, but cannot do well now.

EDWARD KNOX.

Elder Leonard, to his Son.

I do not come to teach the people, but I come to be taught. I was a Baptist minister while on earth, and I wish to communicate to my children; especially my son, who lives in Baltimore. I have two children, a son and a daughter.

My son is a sea captain. There was a time, a few years ago, when I could approach him, but I cannot now. Then he had medium powers; he has now, but they are covered by so much "financial matter" that it is almost impossible to get upon them.

When last I manifested to him, he was on board the barque *Elle*, going from Boston to Bahia. Now, I wish to communicate with him; his companion and three children reside in Baltimore. George Leonard is his name; sometimes people call his name Lennell.

I never communed this side of the water, but have communed with him by sounds. He said it seemed as though some spirit was about him for good, but he could not obtain what I wished to give him. I think his wife's name is Catharine, but of that I am not certain.

If you look at the shipping list about three years ago, you will see his name in connection with that barque.

My child Lucy, I cannot know where she is. She has no medium powers that I see, therefore I cannot approach her on earth. But I know she is a dear child, wherever she is. I belonged in the State of Maine, and died there some years ago.

I was known, when on earth, by the name of Elder Leonard, and I will be known better by that name now than any other. I was drawn here by your having so many Baltimore friends here.

We have been baffled at every attempt to ascertain the truth of this. We therefore give it as it is, sure that if it does not prove perfectly correct, it is no less a proof of the power of spirits to commune, for it was not in our mind, and could not have been taken therefrom.

Received June 3.

Charles McCluer, to his Family in New York.

Everything here looks strange to me. I have been told that by coming here I could communicate to my friends in the earth life. And, as I do not understand how I am to communicate to them when I do not see them here, perhaps it will need a little explanation from you.

Well, to begin with, I have been in the spirit land about three years; I died in New York. My name was Charles McCluer. I left a family in that city. They are contemplating making a change. I foresee evil from that change, therefore I come to tell them, if they would be happy, to remain where they are for the present. When I first left earth, my spirit seemed to wander with those I love the best. For a long time I was loth to leave them, and it was only Nature's law being imposed upon me that I did leave them. I am happy; cannot say that I wish I had lived longer on earth, or that I would now return to dwell there.

A vast multitude of spirits, I am told, are constantly in the habit of communing to earth's people.

This must be a great satisfaction to the people on earth.

For one spirit I rejoice to know that heaven and earth are so near—in so immediate connection. If our friends receive us, it is the better for them; if they reject us, they reject the Light, and remain so much the longer in darkness.

I hope to meet you at some future time—at the present I have no more to say.

This spirit says he foresees trouble if his family leave their present residence. Spirits undoubtedly can see results more clearly than we can. All such communications should be well weighed, however. We do not believe in giving up our reason and judgment to spirits entirely, but we do believe in reflecting well upon what they say, and if we have a doubt in reference to a movement, we never make it until that doubt is dispelled.

July 10.

Louis Decker, formerly in the employ of A. & A. Lawrence & Co.

Good morning, sir. I am not used to controlling mediums, and this is the first time I have controlled in this way. I am glad to come; it seems as though I had been a long journey, and had just come home. I have been in the spirit life but a short time, and I see so many new things around me each day, it seems as if an Eternity of beauty was before me, yet I am unhappy. I see I committed errors in my earth existence, and those errors stand before me now, like dark spots upon a pure white canvas. I lived in Boston, and received my limited education there. People of earth do not know I am in the spirit world, but this is the fact. My body either has been devoured by fishes, or it sleeps at the bottom of the sea.

When I was last in your city, I was in the employ of A. & A. Lawrence. I sailed from Boston for South America. When about eleven days out we were struck by a squall, and for a time were in imminent danger. We were not aware that our vessel had been wrecked and was leaking badly, until it was too late to save her. Ten of us made our escape from the wreck, but having only a light boat, after being tossed about for two days, we were swamped. Thus you see there was not one left to tell the sad story. Our vessel was new, and if I mistake not, this was the first voyage she ever sailed.

I have many friends in Boston, and I should like to prove myself to them. I never knew anything of spiritualism on earth, and I do not now know well how to use a medium, for the laws which govern this new state of things I do not understand. Therefore, you must have patience with me, and not be disposed to tax me too hard. I am anxious to prove myself, and wish to give you more. I would not return to earth, but I am anxious to commune with my people here, for I did not expect to leave, and it is hard.

The request not to tax him too hard, was made in answer to several questions we asked. It is always better to allow a spirit who is unacquainted with controlling trance mediums, to take his own course, in communications.

The past seems to me like a vivid dream; at times I can see everything which passed in my earth life, and then again all is clouded in mystery and darkness, and it seems like an unremembered dream. In taking upon myself this form I meet with many obstacles; it is like taking your first lesson in some arduous piece of mechanism, and I am well aware that many eyes in the spirit world are upon me, and many tongues in earth life would be ready to denounce me, should I give you anything untrue.

The time seems to be about seven years that I have been here, but of that I am not sure. I was not a sailor, but went to transact business; and, understand me, I was in the employ of A. & A. Lawrence.

I would to God I could manifest to my friends, but they tell me not yet, that I am not to give them proof as yet.

I was in my 26th year, if I am correct in regard to time. I was born of poor parents, but respectable, and somehow or other I gained the good will of many good men of Boston, to whom I owe much; so much that I fear I shall never be able to repay them. I might speak of many individual friends, but will not, for those I wish to commune with are numerous. I am told that you prove all spirits that come to you—that is well; but if a spirit gives you all he is able, you can certainly ask for nothing more. I can give you reference, and if you find me correct, I am told you will publish this; if I have made any error in my statements, I can only plead a disposition to do right, and ignorance of the manner.

My name was Decker—you can inquire at the Warren street Chapel, or of A. & A. Lawrence. Some called me George, but most people called me by my last name. By the name of Decker I was known at home, abroad, among my business friends; and that name I give to you. You will be obliged to assist me in throwing off my control, as I am ignorant of the way of proceeding in these cases.

Here is good proof of the identity of this spirit in all but one thing. We have been unable to ascertain that he was called George. The remainder of the communication is true to the letter, as we ascertained by showing the communication to the managers of the Warren street Chapel. We publish it as it was when shown to them. We never knew the spirit while it tenanted a form of clay, nor did our medium, through whom it was given.

We did not call for the spirit to manifest, but he came of his own accord, his name never having been mentioned to us.

As we before said, every point, except the name George, in this, is strictly true, so far as known; though of the fate of the vessel nothing is known, she was never heard from.

The name George, came in answer to a question, as he did not seem disposed to give his first name, preferring to be called Decker, as he usually was, when on earth.

The correctness of communications from spirits, through trance mediums, depends upon the more or less perfect mesmeric control the spirit has of the medium or subject. We have been able to discover little difference in the control a spirit takes of a trance medium, and that taken of a subject by a good mesmerizer, though undoubtedly the power of the spirit to control the mediums mind is stronger, and the will more effective in using the organs. The tests given in the above, prove true in so great proportion, as to leave no doubt in our mind of the identity of the spirit, and if the name George is not one taken by him on earth, it proves only that at this point he lost control of the medium.

Green C. Germon, to H. M. Stephens.

I have come here for an especial purpose, this morning. Not to benefit my own earth kindred, but to benefit an earth acquaintance. About eight years ago I became acquainted with Marion Stephens—do you know her? So do I. She has many enemies on earth, and she is not aware of it, and if you have no objections I should like to make her acquainted with this important fact. She is a woman of abilities; few possess the power of going a great ways higher than she can go in regard to literary attainments. Now if she would succeed in that, which has been undertaken by her, she must keep her own counsel, and be sure that those who purport to be friends, are in reality so; for envy oftentimes lingers behind a screen of friendship, and bitter hatred stands beside it. Many spirits, as well as myself as an individual, see that she has great powers, which should be used for her own good, and the benefit of the world; but if she lets her enemies rise above her, she will sink, and her light will go out. The old saying is, a word to the wise is sufficient;

now as the friend I address is not one of the foolish ones, I think I have given enough to awaken her suspicions, and that is sufficient. You nor the world will understand this, but she will, and you are not to question me in regard to it, for it is not proper that you or the world should know of what I speak.

If spirits come, says the skeptic, why do they not come to do good? and then again they say, why do you publish this to the world and not come direct to me? Well, we have to go a great ways out of the direct path to reach certain people, and I was always one who adhered to my own opinions instead of taking those of others. I am not so happy here as I wish, but I am satisfied the way to get happy here is the same as that which prevails on earth, and that is, to try and make others happy.

I am aware there is a great contest going on among you earth people, the object of which is to settle one question, and that is, do spirits come and commune with mortals? It seems to me everybody on earth should use their own good sense about that, and if they wish to find out, to ascertain whether it be true or not, they must be sensible about it. If they expect to make themselves any wiser than they are at present, they have got to move in a manner becoming men of wisdom; if they wish to put something in the water to sink to the bottom, they should not cast cork upon it.

But I am not used to philosophizing, and perhaps shall appear better on some other plane. I am satisfied, and so are all spirits that know anything in regard to coming to earth, that the winter of unbelief will be turned into glorious summer by the sun of righteousness.

Well, friend, direct my epistle thus—from Green Germon to H. Marion Stephens. Good morning.

Judah Nickerson of Cape Cod.

How true it is, man is never prepared to die. Let him have over so much light in respect to future things, and yet he is never ready to go. I was not ready to go. I had lived a goodly number of years on earth, and yet I could not feel like giving up my body to become a spirit. A few moments only before I left my mortal form, I became aware that I must go. A thousand thoughts came rushing through my mind—my family, my all, my friends on earth and in the spirit life; oh, how my mind went out to God for only five minutes more. But when Death comes he seldom waits man's time.

I had heard of Spiritualism—I was not a believer—I really wish I had been. A good many of my kindred were believers in Spiritualism, but I can't say that I was. I thought a good deal of it; used to think of it at night, and wonder if it really could be true. Now I know it is for I am dead, yet I am here, talking through this medium; that is what you call them, I believe.

You must not expect much from me; I have only been here a little time, and merely came to let my folks know where I am. The first one I met was my old grandmother; she welcomed me with so much pleasure, I don't think I ever met with such a welcome in my life. I have been kindly received on earth by my friends, but this was the most happy one I ever met with.

I believe you are in Boston—that was not my place of residence—I lived on the Cape. I saw a communication which some of my friends gave, but I did not then think I was so soon to try the realities of spirit life. They tell me they communicated through you.

Do you think my folks will be glad to hear from me? They ought to be, for I have got just as good people on earth as can be found; they do not belong to the aristocracy, but they are just as good, and I think a little better for that. Neither do they belong to a low class.

There is but one religion only, I find, and that seems to be this: Do as near right as you can, and that is religion enough to carry you to heaven.

Oh, how I wish I could talk with my friends. I have got friends that are Spiritualists; yes, I know I have. It is so pleasant to think of it.

I am happy; I really wish to go back to earth, but all I wish is to let my folks know where they have got to go when they die. I thought, years ago I was ready to die—thought I had just as lief go as not, but when the time came it was a hard thing, I shall never see another so hard; so I know God is kind.

I suppose folks will think I talk strange for a spirit, but I can't help it. I am just as I was on earth. I have not lost one particle, and am no better than I was before, only I see myself just as I am, and am determined to become as pure as the brightest angel in Heaven.

It was an accident which sent me here; perhaps a little more wisdom might have altered it some, but that is of no consequence now. I don't want any mourning made for me, I don't like to see it; and in regard to my earthly goods, I want my nearest kin to do just what they please with them.

There I have been here so short a time, that I can tell you nothing more about myself. I think it was in June I passed on, in the year 1857; it seems but a short time to me. I was drowned, but not in a vessel. My name was Capt. Judah Nickerson, of the Cape. Ask the Bakers' about me. They all knew me, and will tell you of me. They are good people.

Frances Vanstayne, to her Mother.

Mother dear, father dear, sister dear; the time seems long since I left you for my home in heaven; and as I look forward, anticipating with great joy your coming to me, I am often led, to pray that the star which is to lift you up hither may not be in the distance, but nigh at hand. Oh, my darling mother! my spirit often wanders back to the time when you took me by the hand and led me to the church yard, and there told me of God and the angels, and how I should one day be an angel. But dear mother, you did not think I was so soon to leave you to dwell with them. If you had you would have been very unhappy. God knew, but He in His wisdom hid the cloud from my own dear mother. Mother dear, do you ever think of me as one of your guardian spirits or angels? Do you ever fancy I stand by your side striving to gain power to manifest to you? Can you realize my presence at times? Tell me, mother dear, am I welcome to the home of my childhood? Yes, yes, I am quite sure your arms are quite ready to receive me. Tell Ada she must not sit so much—they say it is not good for her. Oh, tell her to often call for me, and listen for angel voices when the earth is quiet. And, dear mother, when cares oppress you, think of those you have in heaven who await your coming, and will soothe you while here below. I have heard your wish and give you this in reply.

July 10.

Georgianna Varnum—E. G. Abbott.

Oh, that mortals could fully appreciate the light sent them from spheres beyond earth! Oh, that they could understand the ways of the Father! Oh, that they would worship Him in spirit and truth. But mortals heedlessly, carelessly ask us from our station in the higher life, unmindful of the great source which conducts those things. Oftentimes they are devoid of purity of purpose; they call for manifestations to satisfy curiosity, not to feed their souls. Will the Most High send pure water to quench the thirst of curiosity, or will He send living waters to answer the call of the pure in heart? Let us look into the mirror of our own souls, and find there an answer. Let us turn over the pages of the past, and see if we have done ought to merit this mighty reward.

One short year ago, and I was on earth, mingling with forms of clay, listening to words from pure lips and from polluted lips also. I, like many of the children of clay, suffered much during my journey here below; yet deep within my soul there was ever a fountain which was constantly sending forth waters up to God, and receiving water again from God, the Father. Amid earth's storms, my spirit ever recognized God; yet I was not perfect; no, no.

Trouble, like a mighty whirlwind, oftentimes surrounded my spirit, blighted my prospects, and caused me to cry out, my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? And He who doeth all things well would send back, in answer to that call, "Child, rest—for

thou art as dead to me as those in high pillared domes." I was a medium, and yet my soul was all unshooled to the great Truths that have been given to mortals. I sought to believe, but I could not; and yet when all was quiet, save the outbursting of my own soul, I would sit down and write out what my soul could not contain. They beyond the earth sphere guided, directed, sustained me; yet I know it not.

Memories of the past come like an angel, clad in sable garments; and yet I find sunlight around that angel, for often my soul recurs to scenes of happiness among friends.

Yes, I have left friends in the earth life; yes, they are so near and dear to me, that I return to cast pearls at their feet, that they may know and realize that I am not dead.

Jesus, most Holy One, wilt thou assist those who are in darkness here on earth. Oh, wilt thou guide them into thy Temple of Light, and wilt thou assist us to lead them to it.

I have much to give to those dwelling on earth, at a future time, when I shall be better prepared to communicate.

My name was Georgianna Varnum. I died at the hospital, of fever.

After the spirit had left the medium, the following was written:—

The spirit who has just left was the authoress of "Boston Common."

This we suppose to be the E. G. Abbott with whom we were acquainted while he was on earth.

Edward Hollindale, to his Friends in London, Eng.

How natural it is for mortals to say, "They are gone to return no more," when one of their kindred has passed to the spirit land. "Gone from whence no traveller returns." That cloudy saying seems to be good for nothing at the present time. When I was on earth, I knew nothing about Spiritualism—heard little of it, cared nothing about it. But I now see a way open whereby spirits can return to earth and communicate to their friends. I was attached to earth by a thousand strings, and it was hard to cut those strings when it was time for me to pass on. I suppose I was loth to leave a certainty for an uncertainty, and was sure of having pleasure here, and did not like to leave for a world where all was uncertainty.

A few years ago, I parted with my friends in England, and sailed for Australia, little thinking I was so soon to become a spirit; a man without a material form. Now I am anxious to manifest to my friends; I am anxious to give them a knowledge of myself and my future home. It is useless for mortals to say spirits do not return and communicate. But I cannot approach my near and dear friends as I wish to, and knowing that your sheet has a good circulation in many parts of your sphere, I come to you. Spirits are aware of that, because they are interested in what seems to be carrying Light to the multitude. Shall I single out any one of my friends? No, that would not be just. They have had much light upon Spiritualism since I left earth. The great firebrand which has been cast into the world has reached them, and I find them often discussing this point. They say, their receive manifestations, why do not we? I would have them know that our mediums as yet are few, and the spirits wishing to manifest are legion, which is probably the reason why more do not receive these manifestations.

In conclusion I would say the time is drawing nigh when I shall be able to manifest to my friends through a member of our family. I shall occupy myself ere I return again to earth in developing that child.

My name was Edward Hollindale. I resided in London, and died in Australia. I have friends here who will send this paper there. I have arranged that before coming to you. Many months ago I planned this.

July 10.

Robert Edson.

I never heard of Spiritualism when I was on earth, and I suppose it took I should have been very hard to have been brought over to the faith. But, however, I am a spirit now, and I see things as they see them; not as mortals do, who see half of the thing, and guess at the rest. I never communicated before, and they tell me I shall be happier for communicating. My disease was consumption. I have a wife and family on earth, and I should like to have them believe in my coming back to them, that I may commune with them, but I suppose it will be very hard to effect that.

How is it that I am obliged to come to you? Oh, you publish what you receive—that gives me light. I did not know but what, by my talking here, my wife might hear, were she away. This is the same thing, but in a different way.

Well, I have the same affection for my friends that I had on earth, and I think it is purer, and I should love dearly to commune with them. But if years should elapse before I am enabled to, I shall not complain; for I believe that God will, in his own good time, give me the victory. I have full confidence in Him, and know that He will guide his children aright.

My earth name was Robert Edson. I died near Readfield, Massachusetts. The name of the place may be Readville, if, as you say, there is no Readfield. You must remember I have been some time from earth, and it is not strange that I should make a mistake in it. Suppose you should go to a distant country, where your name was never called, your country never spoken of, do you not think you would forget? Besides, in coming back, we are confused, we have to overcome so many influences. If the atmosphere is clear and bracing, we have to know just how much electricity to throw upon her, and be careful not to throw too much, for then the air is full of electricity. Those who understand science, physical and elementary, control easier than others, for they can calculate their necessities; but I think the trade is never learned fully.

Henry, to Frank Cunningham.

Spirits are trying in many ways to benefit mankind, and as I cannot benefit the world at large, I come to benefit an individual, provided you object not.

I have a dear friend on earth, dear to me; I see him surrounded by temptation, and often see him fall. And it seems to be my mission to redeem him; I do not mean to say he is evil disposed, no, for he is good at heart, but is easily led astray. I wish him to know he has many enemies, as well as many friends. Spirits have been trying for a long time to throw a shield around him, but as he is not a spiritualist, but a disbeliever in the manifestations, it is very hard for us to approach him. Nevertheless, it is no reason that we should not try to aid him, and I come to tell him to be careful, for he stands in danger. He has talents that may bring him great attainments, but wine and false friends are hung out as false lights, to allure him from the path of virtue and right. If he listens to the warning voice that comes over the misty sea of death, he shall find peace here. I want him to look upon his home as an earthly Paradise, and I want that dear companion to make that home indeed one to him. I have long waited for my time to come, that I might approach you, and through you, him. He is unbelieving, but I care not for that, for he is dear to me, so dear I cannot give him up.

Now if he heeds this message, we will give him more, and continue to encourage him all through his earthly life, and meet him when he comes to the spirit life. This is from Henry to Frank Cunningham.

Margaret Collins, to her brother in Ireland.

I want to communicate to a brother I have, sir. He lives in Glanville, Ireland. He is in the West Parish, and his name is Patrick Collins. My name was Margaret Collins. I came to this country near about twenty years ago. I have been here about two years. I want to tell him how happy I am, and how I can come to him, and that I want him to sit at the

round table, so I can talk to him. I want to tell him Michael is on earth, not in the spirit world. We used to think he was dead, we heard nothing from him for so long a time. Michael is not a long way from Boston, but I do not know the name of the place, for I was never there so I cannot tell it; but I'll find out, and go to Patrick and tell him. I can come to him, but he thinks it's the devil; but if he knows about it he won't think so. I used to live with Mrs. Woooo, near Cooper street, in 1854, I think. I only staid a little time, because I could not suit. I lived in Brookline, when I was taken with the small pox, and they carried me away, but I don't recollect where, for I was very sick. The name of the family was Davis.

I never talked before, sir, but I have written. The Priest, Shaw, and a cousin of mine, helped me, and they told me to come here and talk. I came to a gentleman I used to know. He was a very funny man, and I used to like to talk to him. It was a Mr. Woooo; first I could not make him remember me, but I think he does now. He used to be there when I was at Mrs. Woooo's. When I came here and saw him, my heart jumped, I was so glad to talk to him. But they only let me write, and I couldn't tell all I wanted to. They used to laugh about him when he was gone, about his being married, but we all liked him. Good bye, sir.

July 13th.

Wm. Dwinall, Woodstock, Vt.

My name was Wm. Dwinall. I lived and died in Woodstock, Vt. I have children in the earth life, and I wish them to know that the dead are living, and in a state ready to commune with them. I passed away in the year 1821; my disease was consumption. This is given to you, because I am requested to, by a stranger friend, that I may reach my children; indirectly at first, because they are not able to bear strong meat.

July 6th.

We have not tested this, therefore we will throw out one suggestion in reference to time, which is this. We do not find that spirits can measure time correctly in all cases, nor recollect dates perfectly. We never heard of a person by this name.

George Stiles.

A spirit giving the name of George Stiles entranced the medium, but could not control her vocal organs. He wrote that he was shot by accident. But here his power to manifest ended, and he left.

July 6th.

Annie.

Oh, suffer me to beg of you to lead with a gentle, steady hand those who are led into temptation,—deal gently with them and win that which spirits of darkness are striving to take from us.

Communications.

Under this head we propose to publish such communications as are written through various mediums by persons in the spirit world and sent to us.

FROM A SPIRIT-SISTER.

A voice from the spirit land takes from the tomb its silent terror. It calls the soul upward beyond that narrow grave where the body mingles with its kindred dust. It tells of our bright home, of our happy spheres, of spirit unions, of heavenly culture. Sister, you can bring your heaven near you, you can whisper your soul's aspirations so we can echo the longings—they shall be wafted on the breeze of angel wings, and descend on thee. I call thee upward, walk in the path of truth where your feet delight to tread, and each step will bring thee nearer that bliss which your soul desires to reach.

In our home here we are not always together. Each taste and pursuit carries the soul in various directions; yet we meet when the desire is felt by either one.

We are not at the summit of glory; millions of ages will not carry us to that point; our highest heaven is to be ever learning; when at the fulness of knowledge we should tire and wane, for the soul will, must be ever reaching on through eternity.

I am not gone away, but am ever lingering near you. It would be no heaven to me could I not return to those I love. The heavenly joy is mine to come to you, to weep with you, to rejoice when you rejoice; each emotion of your soul I know. I am not far from you, nearer, even, than when in the form, when I was by your side. With heavenly comfort I now gaze upon and speak to your soul. I come to feed you with spirit food. I hasten on the wings of spirit love to call you to our home. Do you not feel a sympathy with her who speaks to your inner soul?

Pearls.

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

"Tis in the glory of the night,
A thoughtful solemn mind can see,
In one broad blaze of living light,
Creation's Deity.

The lonely stars, the wind's low sigh,
The broad blue lake, the forest's nod,—
In all around—in all on high,—
There is the hand of God!

When Fenelon's library was on fire—God he praised—the
exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some man."

Speak thy thought, if thou believe'st it,
Let it jostle with the world's great wit,
Even though the foolish scorn it,
Or the obtuse gainsay it;
Every seed that grows to-morrow,
Lies beneath a clod to-day.

All conviction should be valiant—
Tell thy truth—if truth it be;
Never seek to stem its current;
Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea;
It will sit the widening circle
Of Eternal Verity.

The world makes us talkers, but solitude makes us think-
ers.

All human love is a faint type of God's,
An echoing note from a harmonious whole,
A feeble spark from an undying flame,
A single drop from an unfathomable sea.
But God's is infinite: it fills the earth
And heaven, and the broad, trackless realm of space.
Earth's myriad voices hymn it ceaselessly,
The mountains tell it to the peaceful vale
In tuneful stream and waterfall,
That bear it on, and sing it to the sea.
Until its great heart swells, that restless heart,
Beating forever on the answering shore!

If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your
interest and happiness—defended you when persecuted and
troubled, be sure to sustain him in his adversity.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GIVING A HOME.

BY CORA WILKINSON.

A home to the houseless wanderer, how lovingly
the promise sounds! A shelter to the orphan, to
the vainly toiling, struggling mother, what charity
is implied in the hospitality extended! Home, that
beautiful resting place of the weary heart, and world
tossed soul, that haven of love and security, who can
invoke its treasured memories, its sweet household
reunions, without a throb of awakening joy. The
sunshine that illumines its flower-girt hearth—can
shadows of disunion, can petty tyrannies darken its
glory? Alas! but too often, fear, and distrust and
contention invade the sacred boundary, and the
name of Home becomes a bitter mockery to the
wretched recipient of a grudging and soulless
charity.

Giving a home! how noisily the world's trumpet
sounds the generosity of the wealthy Mrs. C., in
giving shelter to the ragged little orphan girl; who,
without friends in the wide city, prayed for alms,
one bitter winter morning, at the marble portico,
and was so kindly taken into that hospitable man-
sion. But pitying angels behold another picture.
They see a fair and fragile child, upon whose tender
shoulders is placed an overwhelming burden of toil
and care. They behold the bitter tears of utter dis-
couragement, and listen to the outpourings of a
crushed and wounded heart, that prays to the un-
seen Father in the silence of the midnight hour.
The aristocratic children of the household are clad in
suitable, becoming attire; the adopted drudge wears
saddled and cast off garments, and the golden hair
mother's hand so fondly smoothed, clings matted
and disarranged around her face.

The little beggar girl! She is fed and clothed,
but the awakening aspirations of beautiful childhood,
its yearning tenderness, its wishful, earnest question-
ings, meet they with recognition, with a loving, ma-
ternal response?

Oh, mothers! where is your vaunted sympathy,
that you can behold unmoved the sorrows of child-
hood, that you can darken the daily path of the
motherless one, by scorn, and taunts and incessant
fault-finding, when the womanly hand, ordained to
soothe and bless, can degrade itself to the infliction
of unmerited punishment upon the defenceless!

Giving a home; sweet words of promised love
and protection! Sad mockery of the beautiful, clinging
faith that appears its hopes of earthly blessedness
upon the unstable foundation. Poor, unheeded ones,
the indignation of all true hearts speaks loudly in
your defence, appeals against the tyrannies of so-
ciety, the world's false appearances. Giving a
home!

Day by day, a pale and slender girl bends over the
everlasting sewing; the piles of linen and muslin
that seem interminable. Spring flowers bloom, sum-
mer skies beam gloriously, autumn leaves bedeck
the earth, winter's breezes blow, yet there she sits,
the incessant toiler, until the freshness fades from
her sunken cheeks, the light of hope and love dies
from out her sad, weak eyes, dimmed by toil and
unshed tears! Until the once "springing step grows
faint and laggard, and the white-robed angel beck-
ons to the spirit land of peace. They have given her
a home, and from her soul's despairing depths, with
unconscious toil, unheeded by kindly word or deed,
must she repay them for food and shelter, for the
sympathy withheld, the toils tauntings and bitterly
implied dependence, for the iron rule that shuts her
out from the free air and the glad sunshine.
Oh, land of liberty! era of the dawning light, of the
higher unfoldments of life and destiny, can such
despotisms yet hold sway? Can the legitimate uses of
labor become so perverted by the monopolizing few,
that hearts are made to wither, and souls to grow
dark in their midnight despair through the burden
of unremunerated toil, through high and holy aspi-
rations crushed to the dust? Affection, buried be-
neath the overwhelming weight of worldly scorn
and privileged assumption, that, seated upon their
chairs of ease and gilded comfort, point derisively at
the unavailing efforts of their less favored brethren
—the poor—the toilers! See, flounced and bejew-
eled, a fashionable lady sits, intently perusing the
latest novel. Opposite to her, with eyes dimmed by
age and sorrow, with hair that grief and time has
bleached, sits a humbly-clad woman. Swiftly she
glances, needs, uneasily, now and then, the sad
eyes glance towards the imperious task-mistress.
That silvery hair, that bowed aspect, that face of
sorrowing import, in a fashionable acquaintance,
would be acknowledged as something "sweetly in-
teresting," as it is, it is "but her seamstress," a
childless widow, to whom she has given a home!
Many a true and loving heart, glowing with its

ideal longings, yearning for the one spoken word that
would have inspired it to untiring, noble effort, has
grown faint, and submerged in despair, in the chill-
ing atmosphere of the gloomy prison, in worldly
mockery, called home! Galling chains of depen-
dence laid upon the aspiring spirit, the mind em-
trammelled by the worldly forms that render homage
to wealth alone; the noble ambition of the boy has
been perverted, and his dreams of the fame, great only
by the power of beneficence and goodness, by precept
and example, has been chained to the narrow bound-
aries of the earthly chase for gold; and, alas, too
often conscience has been stifled, and principle set
aside, under the false impression of the truthfulness
of the world's creed, that "wealth is power."

The awakening glories of woman's love-gifted na-
ture have been obscured by the dense veil of prej-
udice, that consigned her, the laborer, to unvarying,
monotonous employment, to a forced seclusion from
social joys, and participation in nature's beauties.
The poor, disregarded sewing girl! what kind hand
culls for her life's flowers amid the encircling thorns?
When has holy sympathy called forth the slumber-
ing thought, the unspoken poetry, the unuttered
prayer that is oft her portion, as it is earth's famed
gifted ones? Our household drudges, do we seek to
develop their dormant faculties, to call forth into life
and bloom the lonely affections that beautify the
soul? The motherless ones, confided to our care, do
we fulfil the sacred promise, of being unto them
as mothers? Is food and raiment grudgingly be-
stowed a manifestation of charity? Should we
surround with gloom and terror the path of toil, that,
cheered by encouragement, illumined by kindness,
would bloom a pleasant flowery road? Oh, Spirit-
ualists! gazing upward with longing, loving looks of
recognition unto the spirit realms, look also around;
there are orphans and widows crying for the daily
bread; not of sustenance only, but for the bread of
life—love! Let us, the earnest seekers of the better
life, beautify, with charity and forbearance, the path
of labor, divest of its stinging nettles its stony way,
and to the dependents upon our bounty, oh, let us be
doubly gentle and affectionate, fearful ever of wound-
ing the stranger's heart, of dimming the orphan's
eye with tears. Let us bless one another, that the
influences of the spirit life may enfold our souls in
harmony and peace.

The Mill in the Sea.
A FAIRY STORY.

In olden times there once lived two brothers, one
of whom was rich, and the other poor. When Christ-
mas was near at hand, the poor one had not so much
as a bit of meat, or a crust of bread in the house, so
he went to his brother, and begged him in God's
name to give him a trifle. Now it happened that this
was not the first time that the rich brother had
given the poor one something, and he was not particu-
larly delighted when he saw him coming.

"If you will do as I tell you," said he, to the un-
welcome visitor, "you shall have a whole ham that is
hanging up to be smoked."

The poor brother said he would do what he told
him, and thank him too.

"There it is," said the rich brother, flinging him
the ham, "and now go to the lower regions!"

"Since I have promised it, I must go," observed
the other, taking up his ham and going his way.

After wandering about the whole day, just as it
grew dark he perceived a bright light at no great
distance from him.

"It must be here," thought he. On going some-
what further in the forest, however, he found an
old man with a long white beard, who was cutting
wood.

"Good evening," said he with the ham.

"Good evening," replied the man; "whither may
you be going?"

"Oh, I'm only going to the lower regions; only I
don't know whether I've come the right way," replied
the poor, simple hearted man.

"Yes, you are quite right," said the old man, "the
entrance is just here;" and then he added, "when
you have got down below, they will all want to buy
your ham, for swine's flesh is a great rarity there;
but you must not sell it for money; so rather ask to
exchange it for the old handmill that stands behind
the door. When you come up again, then I will teach
you what to do with the mill; for it has its use, I can
tell you."

On entering the underground dwelling, everything
happened just as the old man had told him. All the
imps, great and small, gathered round, and began
outbidding each other for the ham.

"I had intended feasting upon it on holy Christ-
mas eve, with my wife," said the man; "but as you
seem so bent on having it, I'm willing to pay with
it; but I will not take anything in exchange, ex-
cept the old handmill that stands behind the door."

The chief imp did not at all relish parting with
this, and he began to haggle and bargain with the
man; but the latter remained firm; so at last the
imp was fain to let him take the mill away. When
the man had emerged from the underground dwell-
ing, he asked the old wood-cutter how he used the
mill, and when he had told him, he thanked him,
and returned home; but let him make what speed
he would, he did not reach it till twelve o'clock at
night.

"Where in the world can you have been?" said
his wife, as he came in; "I've been sitting here and
waiting hour after hour, and I had not so much as a
couple of splinters to lay across each other under the
gruel pot, to cook our Christmas dinner."

"Oh," replied the man, "I could not come sooner,
for I had some business to mind, and was obliged to
go a long way about it; but you shall see what I
have brought back with me."

He then placed the mill on the table, and made it
grind, first of all, candles, then a table-cloth, then
food and beer—in short, all that was wanting for a
Christmas feast; and whatever he called for, the
mill ground it immediately. His wife stood by,
and crossed herself many times over, and was very anxious
to know how her husband had come by the mill. But
this he took care not to tell.

"It matters not how I got it, wife," said he; "you
see that it is a good mill, whose water does not cease
to flow, and that's enough."

And then he ground eatables and drinkables, and
every possible dainty for Christmas week; and on
the third day he invited his friends to a banquet.
When the rich brother saw what a feast was in pre-
paration, he turned hot and cold with vexation, for
he grudged his brother the least windfall.

"On Christmas eve," said he to the other guests,
"he was so miserably poor that he came to ask me
for a trifle in God's name, and now, all of a sudden,
he is as grand as if he had become an earl or a king."
Then turning to his brother, he said—

"Where on earth did you get all these riches?"
"Behind the door," answered the other, who had
no mind to let the cat out of the bag. But, towards
evening, when he had taken a drop too much, he
could not keep his own counsel any longer, but
brought out his mill.

"Here is the golden goose that has brought me all
my riches," said he, and made the mill grind first
one thing, and then another. On seeing this, the
brother wanted to buy the mill of him, but the other
would not hear of it at first. At length, however, as
his brother seemed to wish for it so very much, he
said he would take three hundred pounds for it, only
he bargained not to part with it till harvest time,
"for," said he, "if I keep it till then, I shall be able
to grind food enough for many a year to come."

During this space of time, we may easily imagine
that the mill was not allowed to grow rusty; and
when harvest time came, the brother had it given
him, only the other had taken good care not to tell
him how he was to manage it.

It was evening when the rich brother brought the
mill home, and, on the following morning, he told his
wife that she might go into the field with the reapi-
ers, and that he would, meanwhile, prepare the din-
ner. Towards midday, therefore, he placed the mill
on the kitchen table.

"Grind away," cried he, "and let us have some
herrings and a mess of milk of the best sort." So
the mill began to turn out herrings and milk, till
all the dishes, and pots, and pans were filled, and,
at last the kitchen was completely flooded. The
man kept twisting and turning the mill, but, do
what he would, the mill did not cease grinding, and
at length the milk had risen so high that he was in
danger of being drowned. He now tore open the
chamber door, but it was not long before the cham-
ber was likewise inundated; and it was with diffi-
culty that he could wade through the milky tide,
and manage to unfasten the latch of the house-door.
No sooner had he opened the door, than out he
rushed, still pursued by a torrent of milk and
herrings. And on he ran till he had reached his
brother's; and then he entreated his poor relation,
for God's sake, to take back his mill; "for if it goes
on grinding for another hour," said he, "the whole
village will be inundated with herrings and milk."

But the brother refused to take back the mill
unless the other counted him out three hundred
pounds more; and, as there was no help for it, the
rich man was fain to pay him the money. So now
that the poor brother had money as well as the mill,
he built a house that was far handsomer than the
one his rich brother inhabited. With the help of
the mill, he collected so much gold that he could
cover the walls with plates of gold, and, as the
house stood near the shore, it could be seen shining
from a great distance out at sea. All who sailed
near that coast were sure to anchor in the neighbor-
hood, and to pay a visit to the rich man in the
golden house, in order to see the wonderful mill.

One day, a captain, who, like so many others, had
come to see the mill, inquired, after looking at it,
whether it could grind salt?

"Yes, it can grind salt as well as anything," said
the man.

The captain then wanted to purchase it at any
price; "for," thought he, "if I had this mill, I
should not be obliged to sail so far over the rough
sea to fetch salt, and then I could make myself
comfortable at home."

At first the man would not hear of selling it; but
the captain teased, and teased so long, that he con-
sented to part with it for many thousand pounds.
As soon as the captain had obtained the mill, he
took care not to remain long in the neighborhood,
for fear the man should repent of his bargain; so,
without even stopping to inquire how he was to
manage the mill, he went back to his ship and
sailed away. On reaching the main sea, he took
out his mill, and cried, "Grind salt, and let it be
prime stuff!"

And the mill began to grind salt till it split and
cracked again. When the captain found that his
ship was full, he tried to stop the mill, but, in spite
of all his endeavors, the mill went on grinding, and
the heap of salt grew higher and higher, till it
finished by sinking the ship. So now the mill
stands on the bottom of the ocean, and keeps grind-
ing on at this very day, which is the reason that
sea water is salt.

Scientific and Mechanical.

NEW MOTIVE POWER.—Material force is the life of
the world. It is that which modifies matter into
endlessly diversified forms, motions and conditions,
and evolves the wonderful results that surround us.
Without it there could be no varieties nor properties
of matter; neither colors nor motions, not a voice
nor a sound. As in nature, so it is in the arts.
Force is everything to them, all our machines, sim-
ple or complicated, are merely agents to employ it.
Without it they are as useless as feet and fingers to
the dead. And as the richness and variety of na-
ture's works depend on her modifications and appli-
cations of force, so is the character of human arts
determined by the motive agents employed. Till
recent times three only were in use—animals, water
and wind. "Little over a century has elapsed since
steam was introduced, and within the last fifty
years it has imparted an impulse to human progress
unexampled in the history of the past.

But the moral are not less than the physical effects
of steam, and not the least is the belief it has in-
duced that there exist, and the stimulus it has given
to find out, other agents equally potent and more
economical than itself. That the arts and manu-
factures of civilized nations have arrived at a stage
where a more portable power is desirable, no one
doubts; and that there are other available sources
of force is unquestionable. The object of research,
then, is a legitimate one, fraught as it is, with prom-
ises of the highest import to humanity. No im-
provements in mechanism, however great in them-
selves and beneficent in their application, can com-
pare with the discovery of a motor that shall super-
cede steam or be received as a coadjutor of steam.

The last attempt at the great problem is that of
Prof. Vergnes of New York, who recently invited a
large number of gentlemen to witness his solution of
it at the Crystal Palace. One moment before men-
tioning what it is. All forces are traceable, directly
or indirectly, to fluid or gaseous matter, and there
are indications that they have relation to tenacity
in the motive matter. At all events, the imponderable
fluids—if electricity, galvanism, and their cognates,
be such—infinity surpass in velocity and intensity
all others.

The motor of Professor Vergnes is an electro-mag-
netic one. Imagine a number of soft iron arms,

resembling our blades, revolving on a horizontal axis,
with their plane faces close to, but not touching
walls of wire, which walls are electro magnets, and
you have the outlines of the machine. Nothing
could well be more simple—a feature of the device
highly creditable to its author. There were two
machines in operation—a table model and one esti-
mated as equal to about ten horses. It is said to
run at a cost of only \$2 per working day of ten
hours, and that this is diminished one-half by de-
ducting the value of the sulphate of zinc produced
by the battery.

ARTIFICIAL PRECIOUS STONES.—The production of
precious stones by artificial means has a popular as
well as a scientific interest. It is some years since
M. Etbelman produced in the furnaces of the Porce-
lain Manufacture of Sevres, sundry crystals belong-
ing to the corundum series. M. Dequerel has re-
cently brought under the notice of the Academy of
Sciences some interesting experiments by M. A.
Girardin, and he has exhibited, as the results of
those experiments, crystals of the white sapphire
produced by him. Corundum, the sapphire, and the
ruby, are crystallized alumina; he colors being due
to minute quantities of oxide of iron, or chrome.
M. A. Girardin has succeeded in obtaining these al-
umina crystals by placing in a crucible some am-
moniacal or potash alum, previously calcined, mixed
with an equal quantity of sulphate of potash, the
whole being covered with lamp black; the crucible
was then submitted for a quarter of an hour to the
most powerful action of a forge fire. By the action
of the carbon upon the mixture at this high temper-
ature, there are formed sulphide of potassium and
crystallized alumina, and, by the admixture of a lit-
tle iron or chrome, the ruby or the colored sapphire
can be produced. M. Guilhaux, a lapidary, who was
employed to piece one of the crystals thus obtained,
assured M. Dequerel that it was considerably harder
than the ordinary rubies which are employed for
pivots.

Flashes of Fun.

"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your corn-
field."

"Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy. Corn won't hurt
'em."

ONE END OF THE RAILROAD IN.—An Alabamian, a
few days since, went out to see the depot of the
Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Near the depot were
several Irish draymen. Thinking to quiz them, he
shouted to one,

"Has the railroad got in?"

"One ind has, sir," was the prompt response.

Two GENTLEMEN walking together were talking of
the senses—seeing, feeling, and the like. One re-
marked that his sense of hearing was remarkable
for its acuteness, while the other was not wonder-
fully endowed in this respect, but observed that his
vision was wonderful.

"Now, to illustrate," said he, "I can see a fly on
the spire of yonder church."

The other looked sharply at the place indicated.
"Ah!" said he, "I can't see him, but I can hear
him step!"

"Dad, if I was to see a duck on the wing, and
ask about it, would you tell me?"

"Oh, no, my son! It shows you are a good marks-
man, and I would feel proud of you."

"Well, then, dad, I plumped our old drake as he
was flyin' over the fence to-day, and it would have
done you good to see him drop!"

HONEST.—No use in my trying to collect that
bill, sir," said a collector to his employer, handing
the dishonest document to the latter.

"Why?"

"The man who should pay it is 'non est,'" re-
plied the collector.

"Theftake it, sir. An honest man will not fail
to meet his obligations."

DINING DOWN STAIRS.—There is a story of a young
man who was once invited to dine with an old gen-
tleman of rather sudden temper. The dining-room
was on the second floor, and the principal dish was
a fine roast ham. When the old gentleman under-
took to carve it, he found the knife rather dull, and
in a sudden passion flung it down stairs after the
servant, who had just brought it. Whereupon the
young gentleman seized the ham, and with admir-
able dexterity hurled it after the knife.

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed the
old gentleman, as soon as he could speak.

"I beg your pardon," was the cool reply, "I
thought you were going to dine down stairs."

Advertisements.

PROSPECTUS.—"INDIAN ARMOY," an illustrated month-
ly, published by the "INDIAN ARMOY," at 36
Broadway, New York. Edited by Rev. Geo. C.
Baker, formerly of the New York, and late of the Provi-
dence Conference of the M. E. Church.
Devoted to illustrations of INDIAN LIFE, RELIGION, MEDICINE,
CUSTOMS, &c., and designed to gather from the past and
present material that shall serve as a monument to the
memory of the Red Man. A family paper that can-
not be excelled in cheapness, and serving as a companion for
all.

A Clergyman's Department is to be supplied with original
"PULPIT SKETCHES."

TERMS.—Twenty-five cents a year, or five copies for \$1.
Inclose stamps or notes, and address Editor, 36 Broadway
street, Boston, Mass.

A sample copy sent free. July 24—3t

SAMUEL BARRY & CO.—BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND
SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS, the BANNER OF LIGHT, &c. STATION-
ERY AND FANCY GOODS: No. 830 Race street, Philadel-
phia.

Subscribers SERVED with Periodicals without extra charge.
BINDING in all the branches neatly executed.
CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, &c. printed in plain or orna-
mental style. July 23

BOHANNAN'S NERVOUS CURE! DR. W. REYNOLDS,
SON, the European Magnetizer, is now visiting W. R.
HAYDEN, M. D., No. 5 Hayward place, Boston, where he may
be consulted daily from 8 to 10 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.
July 18—1t

MRS. D. C. FRENCH.—Recently from Winchester, N. H.
having secured an office at the Fountain House, may be
consulted at 700 Washington street, for medical purposes, from
9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Terms one dollar.
Boston, July 24, 1887. 17—8t

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber, having found
Electro-Magnetism, in connection with other remedies,
very effective in his practice during the last twelve years,
takes this method of informing those interested, that he con-
siders it his duty to administer it from the most approved modern ap-
paratus, in cases where the nervous system is deranged, to which
class of diseases he gives his special attention.
J. CUNNINGHAM, M. D., No. 25 Winter street, Boston.
July 2

MRS. J. H. CONANT TRANCE MEDIUM, NATIONAL
HALL, Haymarket Square, Boston. Mrs. Conant will
sit for Medical Examinations only. Having given atten-
tion in her examinations of diseases heretofore, she confidently
offers her services to her friends and the public.
Examinations \$1.00 at her rooms, or at the residence of the
patient. June 11

LIFE OF A SEER. JUST PUBLISHED THE AUTO-
GRAPHY OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, entitled
"THE MISTO STAFF." This Great Work of the wonderful
seer, contains 120 pages, 16 large colored plates, 60
pages, 12 for 40 cents; 25 for 60 cents; 50 for \$1.00
and mailed free of postage. Address STEARNS & CO., pub-
lishers, cor. Ann and Nassau Streets, New York. May 28—3t

MRS. R. H. DUB, WRITING, SPEAKING, TRANCE AND
PERSONATING MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place.
May 14

BANNER OF LIGHT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF
ROMANCE, LITERATURE AND GENERAL IN-
TELLIGENCE.

Is published in Boston every Thursday, and contains in a
handy form the most complete and reliable
ATTRACTIVE READING, comprising Capital Original
Stories; Offhand Sketches of Life; Historical Pictures;
Thrilling Adventures; Home Circle; Ladies and Children's
Department; Agricultural Facts; Mechanical Inventions;
Art, Science, Wit, Wisdom, the Quaintes of Poetry, and a Gen-
eral Summary of Political and Social News.

TERMS. Two Dollars, per annum.
One Dollar, for six months.
SINGLE COPIES FOUR CENTS.

Clubs of four and upwards, One Dollar and a half each
copy, per year.
Persons who send us Twelve Dollars, for eight copies, will
receive one copy in addition.
From the above there will be no variation.

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

SOLICITORS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.
In order to protect the public from imposition, every agent
who is authorized by us to collect subscriptions, is furnished
with a receipt signed by us. The public are cautioned
against paying subscriptions to any persons not having the
same.

LECTURERS and Agents furnished with these receipts on
application to us.

All letters must be addressed to the undersigned.
LUTHER COLBY & CO.

LIST OF AGENTS.

NEW YORK.
S. T. MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones Street, New York City.
ROSS & TOWSE, 103 Nassau Street.
S. F. HART, 240 Broadway, Albany.
J. H. FORT, 240 Broadway, Troy.
JAMES McDONOUGH, No. 1 Exchange Building, Utica.
D. M. DEWEY, Arcade Hall, Rochester.
F. A. DROVIE, No. 47 South Third Street, Philadelphia.
BARNES & BRACE, 336 Race Street, Baltimore.
H. TAYLOR, Baltimore.
DUNCAN & INNES, 102 Vine Street, Cincinnati.
HAWKES & BROTHERS, Cleveland Ohio.
NYS & BROTHERS, Toledo, Ohio.
J. HANCOCK, 70 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
MONMOUTH, 200 Washington Street, Boston.
W. V. BECKER, corner Washington and Water Streets, Boston.
FEDERBERG & CO., No. 9 Court Street, Boston.
JOHN J. DEEN & CO., No. 9 Court Street, Boston.
A. WELLS & CO., No. 100 Washington Street, Boston.
HARRINGTON & CO., No. 20 School Street, Boston.
REDDING & CO., 8 State Street, Boston.
E. S. McDONALD, 78 Central Street, Lowell.
B. B. NICHOLS, Burlington, Vt.

THERE IS BALM IN GILEAD! MRS. E. B. DAN-
FORTH, 12 Wilmet Street, Portland, Me., has been
Examiner and Prescriber for the Sick. Having been more
than three years in Portland and vicinity, in restoring many
that were given up by physicians, now feels encouraged to
offer her services to the sick, as well as some other individ-
uals in the city, establish myself in an institution alone, with
my wife and boy to constitute the whole faculty, professing
that I have cured more of the THOUSANDS OF CASES OF DIS-
EASES by which mortals are afflicted, than any other physician
in my locality, during the long period in which I have been
thus engaged, and this without regard to hospital-
ity. Will attend at all times, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY,
and will prescribe and apply for all diseases usually attended
in office practice. Mrs. E. B. DANFORTH, Assistant, who
will be present at all times, for the reception of ladies and
children, and for the treatment of all diseases, and for the
will attend to all cases personally in and out of the city, as
usual, when not engaged in office.
Office is connected with a store of Eclectic, Botanic, Thom-
sonian and Patent Medicines, of the best quality, which will
be sold at wholesale and retail, and will put up for patients
and for transient sale; also, the great variety of my own
PECULIAR COMPOUNDS. Office, No. 50 Kneeland Street.
May 28 N. H. DILLINGHAM, M. D.