OPPLEASE OF THE PROPERTY OF TH JANUARY 16, 1858.

NO. 16.

THE PROMINE WAS A STREET, THE PARTY OF THE P

AN UP COUNTRY SPORY. 3 Point of

LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICIS.

A former to mayor and the contribution of college shrill clear, monotoning to tall and that the street was nearly ready, and to offer such that the street was nearly ready, and to offer such that the street was nearly ready, and to offer such that the street was nearly ready, and to offer such that the street was nearly ready, and to offer such that the street was nearly ready, and to offer such that the street was nearly ready and to offer such that the street was nearly ready and to offer such that the street was nearly ready and the street was already up, and the part of the such that the street was already up, and the part of the street was already up, and the street had been such to street the such that the street was the street was the such that the street was the stree

be quite ready by this time."

At the table were the gentleman and lady of the meal, the modern style of the table furniture rather the day Mrs. Shadblow's egg-shell cups and saucers And drove on at his noisy hammering again. were made. She got through her meal without any Having the leisure on her hands, she thought she take no part in it herself.

After breakfast, her friend went about the rooms would allow her.

with her, showing her such curiosities as were stored Pretty soon the young ladies went off to school. which her friend duly studied before starting.

The streets were full of life, for it was one of the ed them in crowds, men, women, and children-all came out in exquisite dresses, by the side of which Patty saw that her own garments were but poor and these were among the sights they came to see. mean. The shop windows were especially attractive: filled up with silks, decorated with flowers, ornamented with paintings and engravings, spread out her optics. "By ginger, now! if that aint just as with rich and costly books, hung around with dazzling silks and rich stuffs again, and glittering with

jewelry. the confluence of several streets, or the broad bay herself that she and they had very, very many feel. into which they emptied-Miss Harrison stopped ings in common. and said-

"Now we've found it!" Do you see the door? Do you see the bird-cages in the little windows? living objects crowded upon her attention, enough to That place there next the coat that's swinging over make her fold her hands in despair. Birds-birds-

the sidewalk?" her heart beat quicker.

"I am going to leave you for a couple of hours, and perhaps more. You can go in and do up all Brazil. Parrots and paroquets, noisy and squalling. your talking, make your arrangements, and stay Goldfinches in dainty cages, and starlings, and chaflong snough besides to look about and see how you finches, and linnets. Robins taken in their callow think you'll like it."

And she was turning to go.

half-bewildered girl.

"Oh I will call for you. Give yourself no anx. lety about that. I shall want to look over the birds, flying up to their chamber window to take a look at you know, myself."

went on a few steps to the ornithologist's

She passed in through a low door, and had to step as ever they could sing, and filling the room with a down to get to the floor. The street on the other melody that it would have been the greatest of mysside was lower than on this, and the door opened out teries to unsuarl. And little bantam cooks strutimmediately upon it.

uneven floor, about whose walls and windows were And fancy ducks, protestingly opening their shovelhung cages of wire and wicker, coops, pens, boxes, shaped mouths with a sound like the winding of an traps, and baskets, in indescribable confusion bld-fashioned reneater. And a few downy goese, Around on the floor next the walls were stowed re standing on one foot and (no doubt) wishing they cocharles of all shapes for the birds and animals the could find a good mudpuddle to sail their boats in. coperates on an ample of the sale. From the celling the first in the shart of the stony city, was a bit of na depended more cages, more coops, more traps, and ture so soften a infert will, or lead away an enthumore blacket-like boxes.

The moment she stepped foot within, her care were the fields, and the history. There were no trees here,

establishment was near by.

" Mr. Lily ?" said he, scarcely looking up, and pullhouse, with their three young daughters, and these ing another tenpenny nail out of his mouth to drive two recent arrivals. Simple as was the morning into the box-slatting. "No, he aint here jest now. He's gone out. He'll be back pretty soon. He never dazzled Patty, for she was taught to think there had stays a great while. You wont have to wait long." never been any improvement in crockery ware since All of which he uttered as fast as he could articulate.

embarrassment, however, listening to the conversa- might as well improve it. She began, therefore with tion with a great deal of interest, but presuming to one side of the room, intending to make the circuit. or as much of it as the length of Mr. Lily's delay

In the window fronting on the street was a monon the tables, what-nots, and mantels, and trying to strous white owl, stuffed and mounted. He stared divert her thoughts from everything like melanchely, out upon the passers as if he did n't care a wink for one of them. Above him stood a large bough of Then Miss Harrison proposed putting on their bon- birds similarly provided with intestines of all hues nets, and going to find the shop of the bird fancier, and colors; some just ready to fly; some seeming to Patty had his direction on a card in her pocket, be in the act of hopping from spray to spray; some trying to peck at the others below them; and some dressing their beautiful plumage for the admiration freshest and finest mornings of spring. People pass. of the people in the streets. A fellow with a rustic look was standing outside, pointing out their several looking gay and happy. The ladies and children charms to a female with a dingy white satin bonnet beside him. They had just come in to town, and

> "Look of their eyes!" he exclaimed to his companion, while he employed his forefinger to assist nat'ral as life!"

She seemed a little impatient, however, in so publie a place, and felt that everybody must be looking When they reached the locality sought for-which at her. They were the vivid country livery, if anythey did after crossing an open space that formed body ever did; and Patty instinctively admitted to

Moving slowly forward in her tour, though she did so with her eves rather than her feet, a collection of birds. Of every kind, color, and climate. Birds "Ah, yes; I see it now," answered Patty; and from the old meadows and downs of England. Birds from the lush jungles of the tropics and South America. Birds from the forests of Central America and tenderness from their last year's nests, running their bills furiously between the osier palisades of "But where shall I find you again?" asked the their prisons, and chirping in mournful voices to be let out. A pair of great gray squirrels, turning a wheel for a minute with all their might, and then you through the lattice. Canaries in flocks-yellow. So they separated there on the sidewalk, and Patty orimson color, and mottled, with queer little tufts on their crowns; singing against one another as hard ting and crowing, as shrill as if they had just de-It was a small apartment, with a low celling and poried morning from a lofty perch in an old barn.

Vehicles, too; of all sorts. Little slight carriagedarring rays of light from the spokes of their varnished wheels Carryalis, with small families stowed away in them. Recoming milk-carts, filled with smpty cans. Now and then a high coal-cart, with a smutty fixed driver a-top, crying "Char-chal!" and showing his white teeth. Heavy omniobal!" and showing his white teeth. Heavy omni-buses, with women and ment packed promiscuously inside, and carrying a half; dozon venturesome ones on the roof. Horses with rich harnesses, drawing beautiful carriages, on whose soft cushions reclined delicate ladies that never all the grand exhibaration of exercise and very likely never would. As far down the distant street as she could see, nothing but a park mass of struggling human beings. It was a scope in life that Pasty Hawkins nover exparted to look upon:
While she stood and less herself in the whirl of

its swift changes the per with the precocious look stepped up to her and wild; "Mr. Lily's come now.

white apron.

The moment Patty saw him, she went hesitatingly please, Miss-Miss-" over to where he was, and accepted him.

"Is this Mr. Lily?" she asked.

"It is." said he, in a remarkably rich and tender voice. "Yes, ma'am."

"Well, sir."-she hesitated how to begin,-"I've some to see you about learning how to stuff and have that room all to yourself,"-throwing open the mount birds. I suppose you ----'

"Ah, yes-yes!" he interrupted. "I remember

o me about it ---" "From Connectiout"

He said he wanted to make some sort of an arrangement for a young lady. Are you the young lady?" "Yes, sir. I came from home vesterday."

"And you want to go right about the business,

perhaps ?"

"I should like to, sir, I am sure."

over so pleasantly, on the floor. Then he lifted his you like. I can get my housekeeper any day." eves to a brief study of her face again, though carefully abstaining from a stare.

"Never had any practice, I s'pose?"

"No. sir." "Taste for it?"-looking out of the side of his

Patty tried to express herself strongly on that

to me about the interest his mother felt in your learning, and wanted me to agree to take you right friends?" off. But that wouldn't quite do, you know, for there was no telling how we might fancy one another. I told him to write and have you come on, and we could arrange somehow afterwards. So he wrote?"

"Yes, sir; and I came straight along."

"Well, that is good, I'm sure. That's dispatch. And now you're here, we'll just take time and talk say, to think about it." it over: Have you looked round among my birds and things any ?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I've been watching them almost

every minute I've waited." "Quite a noisy little den I keep here, to be sure !' And he threw in a couple of sweet apples to his rabbits. "Sometimes I think I've got Babel round below stairs. Mr. Lily wished Patty to understand me. But then, a body pretty soon, gets used to it." that he knew all about her from the gentleman who Poking his finger through the bars to teaze a cross first applied to get her the place; or he might, parrot: "I find a good deal o' company in 't, though. perhaps, be induced to ask a few more questions. Sometimes I really hate to sell my birds, I get so As it was, he was not only satisfied, but happy of attached to 'em. But one must drive his own trade, the opportunity so seasonably offered. you know. It's a consolation to believe my birds all By and by Miss Harrison dropped in. Patty went go into good hands: The money my customers pay straight up to her, with a smiling face. She infor 'em, insures as much as good treatment." And, sisted, too, on introducing Mr. Idly. And then he whistlet "A'A reg'lar little parish of tem I've got their various gifts and qualities in the most enthurobing met shee, which the boy with the old look on electic language of which he was sepable. From men

to be sure? Des Sant Sant Control of the canaries be the same place of the same training of the canaries of the canaries of the canaries of the canaries and the moking-birds rilled on the canaries and the canaries of the canaries and the moking-birds rilled on the canaries and the canaries of the canaries of the canaries and the moking-birds rilled on the canaries and the canaries of the can was a nice table, spread with books and papers; a wagons, scarcely more than skeletons, throwing off saug sofa; a liberal rocker with stuffed seat and back; and a mirror larger than Mr. Shadblow ever thought he felt able to buy.

"This is really pretty, now," thought Patty to herself, as she sat down near one of the two windows. The noise from the street came in, to be sure; but it could not quite drive all the quiet

"Now I want to tell you," began Mr. Lily, clasping his hands in his lap, "just how I'm situated, and just what I sh'd like to have. I live alone, you see. Got no wife, and not a single chick nor child. I hire the whole of this piece of the buildin', and have had it for years. An aviary, you understand, wouldn't be such a pretty thing to carry round! Besides, it won't do to go to moving, the minute people begin to find out where you are. Don't you see?" She bowed to let him know that she did see.

"So I've planted myself right here, and here I've been growing these ten or a dozen years. But per-There he is youder That the !" and he nodded haps you won't care to know any more about that.

I've got a woman to take care of my house for me, and she comes in and sleans up, and fixes round, height letting himself. The middle every morning. As for my victuals, I go out and looked just like a hole mither wall. He came down get them.—But I've been thinking about it; and from an upper apartment somewhere. His forehead I've pretty much come to the conclusion that if I was broad and full, and he wore a smile on his could sort o' make up a household to home, and great genial face that seemed printed there. He have my birds mounted here in the house instead of had a light blue eye, a square chin, a good wide putting em out as much as I have to, it would pay mouth, with a pleasant but rather sad expression, a good deal better to have a woman come and stay and was inclined to be a little bald on the top of his all the time. I should keep more of my profits in head. He were no hat, or cap, and had on a bit of my own house, and of course I could better afford to increase expenses. Now jest step in here, if you

"Hawkins," suggested Patty, rising to obey.

"Miss Hawkins," he went on, "and see what I can do in the line of accommodations. There's mu chamber: and it's big enough for me. too. Now step up these stairs, will you. There! You can little door,-" and the housekeeper can jest as well His face lit up with a new expression in an in- go in there,"-throwing wide open still another door. Now can there be anything more to your mind than that? 'Taint splendid, I know as well as you now. There was a gentleman here a few days ago do; and 'taint furnished like a rich man's parlor: perhaps it was a week or two, though—who spoke but it's snug for a place like this, and it's the best I've got. If I could do better, I'm sure I should be glad to. But I'm puttin' my best foot forrard in "Yes, from Connecticut. Yes, that was the one. this business. What do you say to it, Miss Hawking?"

He watched her countenance with a keen eager ness, while she stood and deliberated.

"I say I like it very much." said she. "Oh, you do, hey! You do really like it! Well, if I aint glad for that, now! Why, then, there's "Well!" and he looked down thoughtfully, but nothing to hinder your comin' right in as soon as

> "I'm afraid I should n't be able to pay my board for a good while," protested Patty. "I can't do much for you till I've learned how."

"Oh, the old boy! Don't you go to saying a word about that! I guess I know what you can do for me, as well as you do: and I guess I know how much it's goin'to cost to keep you. Don't you talk about that. Do you really think you'll like it, "Ah! then that will do. Yes, he said a good deal though? Aint you afraid you'll ever be homesick, and want to leave me and go back among your

"No sir." she answered firmly. "I want to learn how to support myself. I must do it. If it's agree able here, I shall certainly try to stay."

"And I'll promise to do what I can to make it so By and by, as soon as you've learnt the knack. I shall pay you as good wages as anybody can get at the same business. S'pose you take till to-morrow. Patty thought she had better, too.

"And then," said he, "I can have the woman all ready to come in at the same time. You shall meet her here in the morning, if you say so."

They went back into the little parlor, and, after a half hour's longer chat down into the noisy nest

"GOOD MORNING, PATTY!"

That night Patty stald with her friend again. In the evening she sat down and wrote a long letter to Mrs. Shadblow, informing her of her fortune and immediate prospects. That was a letter really worth reading. It began in this way:

"My very dear mother : Oh, you don't know how happy I am! Oh, you can't think how I have been provided for! The lady who was in the stage when I got in, took me right along with her to her friends' house, where I am staying till I get ready to go to my work. I have seen the man, and his name is Mr. Lily; and such a pleasant man, so good and kind, too, you never saw. I am to have a little room all to myself, besides one of the prettiest little parlors in all Boston! I can look out of the window and see almost everybody. Just think of that!

"Oh, but you don't know how bad I want to see you, mother! If I could only take a good fly over to Huckabuck, and tell you how I get along, and then fly back again, so as not to be gone-but an hour, how

happy I should feel.
"I can't write you anything about Boston, for I am dizzy looking at the sights. I don't seem, half the time, to know where I am. It does n't seem to me as if I had lived at Huckabuck all my days. I can't help thinking how little the people up in Huckabuck know of the world!"

And so forth, and so on.

Bright and early the next morning she and her friend retraced their steps to Mr. Lily's, and in a brief period the needful arrangements were all happily concluded. Patty was a good deal more than satisfied. He was delighted. He was now enabled to carry out a design that he had long secretly cherished. ." If you want to go and bring your trunk fo-day,"

said he "your room will be all ready."

She thought it was best, and so did Miss Harrison. The woman they found there seemed clover and agreeable, and they had no fears of not getting along well enough with her. Mr. Lily had employed her for some time already-long enough to know pretty thoroughly what she was.

So Patty went back to take leave of her kind friends, and thank them over and over for their generosity

"If ever I can repay you," said she. -"Oh, pray don't speak of it," they all interrupted.

As Miss Harrison took leave of her at the door, just as she was about to step into the hack that had been engaged, the tears came into the poor girl's "Now you must n't do that!" chid Miss Harrison.

You must keep up good heart, and I know you'll get along." Still Patty's nether lip would quiver as she tried

to speak.

"I wish I only had something to give you," said

"Oh, pshaw!" returned her friend. "Don't think of that! Why, what do you suppose I want? I really don't stand in need of anything! And I hope you don't think I shall be very apt to forget you?"

"I can never forget you," answered l'atty, pressing her hand. "What should I have done if I had n't found you as I did ?" "Done? Oh, you'd have found somebody else, of

course. That's plain enough."

As if the world were full of good and brave Miss Harrisons, who dared obey the great and flowing impulses of their natures! "But I'm coming over to see you when you get

once settled," she added. "Don't forget that. Don't despair of seeing me again. Good-by, now l" And the carriage door slammed to, and in another

minute the poor country girl, fresh and pure as the morning dew in the old Huckabuck pastures, was rolling and rattling along a crowded street, with all sizes and sorts of vehicles on either side of her.

On the succeeding morning, somewhere about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Mr. Lily came climbing up the little dark stairs, with somebody behind him. Patty was sitting in the pleasant parlor, busying herself about some slight pieces of work that he had placed before her. Her fingers were nimble and active. For the first time, she had really got hold of what she had such a passion for; and it made her a thousand times as happy as she ever was before, to. know she had begun seriously to get her own living. Mr. Lily opened the door from the landing, and

ushered in a gentleman whom Patty knew she had seen before, but whom she nevertheless could not immediately recall. The strangeness of the place had a good deal to do with her perplexity, for her witawere not exactly the old Huckabuck wits.

He spoke, however, before she did, or before any one did.

"Miss Patty Hawkins!" said he, swelling out at. his padded breast like a cock-turkey on barnyard parade.

She inclined her head modestly.

"Yes!" said he. "Here you are! Well. I'm clad you're doing so well. But, really, why did n't you. come directly to me, Miss Patty? 'Pon my word. I didn't know you'd come to town. Any particlar, news from that distant land known as Connectiout? How's mother, though?-and Judge McBride's fam- .. ily?"

Then it flashed over her that this was Mr. Byron

Banister. "All very well," she answered, in some confusion. with his heads behind him, he stepped up briskly to went about the spartment with them, showing his "Your mother was very kind to me, sir; and so was the modding bird, and tried to allure him into a birds, stirring up his animals, and expatiating on you. I thank you very much, sir," She had last aside her work, and was making a half, effort to rise-

Mr. Lily had slipped down stairs pretty soon after Mr. Banister came in, leaving them thus to themsolves. He did not know but Patty and he might wish to talk over private home matters together.

glad enough to do you a good turn myself."

This new arrival in the bird-fiancier's little parlor was a young man of some twenty-five years. His dress was close up to the fashion, and his manners overlaid and interlarded with all the popular affectstions of the day. In person he was tall and wellformed, with an exterior on the whole by no means unattractive. His eyes were black and full, like beads, and his features well and regularly formed. The natural crinkle in his hair he had, with the aid of a hair-dresser's kind offices, succeeded in cultivating into a curl that passed off as a very happy bit of nature. If he stood and faced the south, you would say that those curls had been drifted into a heap by the help of a strong southwest wind, they lay piled up in such a mass. In truth, they assisted the dark aspect of his eyes and the singular effect of his swarthy complexion wonderfully.

A large diamond pin lay glittering on the rich ground of his satin scarf, and upon the little finger of his left hand twinkled another diamond, like the radiance of the evening star. His pants were ridioulously tight, and manifestly not made either for sitting down or going to prayers in. The lustre on his boots added a new light to the room, though it was nothing like the yellow sunshine. Now sucking the ivory holder of his bamboo cane, and now whipping it prettily against the clothed leg of his boot, he appeared to be the happiest, the gayest, the most selfsatisfied creature in the world, for whose enjoyment all things originally were, and were created. You would not suppose a care had ever trailed its shadow across his thoughts. You could not have suspected that he, sifting there a little out of the sunshine, was anything but some dainty and destructible butterfly, who had but just come into possession of his embroidered wings.

"Then mother's so-so, hey?" whipping his leg. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. But what a place for her to stay in-that sleepy old Huck-a-buck! My senses! I'd as soon think of going out to pasture! But then I s'pose I must go and spend some time with her this summer. She's so set about staying there, I don't much think I shall ever succeed in enticing her away again now. What a place Huckabuck must be, though, in winter!

'I had rather be a tond. And live upon the vapor of a dungeon.

than to stay there through these dull, cold winters. How is it people stand it, I wonder?"

Party thought it might be because they were used to it, in the first place, and, in the next place, because most of them never knew any other way of life.

"Very likely," said he. "But I don't see how a person like you could content herself there so long." " For the same reasons," answered Patty.

"You'll be pleased to live in Boston, though, I know. Hey? Don't you think you will? Ah, but this isn't Huckabuck, you'll find. You won't see any old deacous, like your friend So-so-ha! ha!-trudging up the street. Still, I s'pose the Deacon is a good man in his way. I don't fancy that way much. though. What do you think of the town, Miss Patty? Does it confuse you?"

She confessed it did.

"Well, one would naturally suppose it would. You won't be likely to feel at home in a day, nor in a week. You've got a right pleasant little spot here, Miss Patty, I can tell you. Really, it's great luck for you, I consider." Then he asked her how long it was going to take her to learn the new art.

She could not tell, but she hoped not more than a

" And after that, you will get wages?"

"Yes, sir: I hope to."

" And that's better than teaching a little district school under such men as old Zigzag, and Soso, at -let me see, how much did you get for your services ?" "Two dollars a week, and board myself," she an-

swered.

"Well now, that's a great price, isn't it? How fortunate it was for Huckabuck that you left just as you did! I verily believe you'd have bankrupted the whole concern!"

She smiled at his satire, though she could not heartily enjoy it.

He began to finger over the materials of her work that lay around on the table.

"When you get a little more time," said he, "and understand your business as well as you want to, I rather think I'll employ you to do a job for me. Should you like to?"

She was a little confused in finding her answer; but finally told him that she supposed he would have to make his bargain with Mr. Lily.

"Oh well, that indeed. Still, I shall consider myself bound to reward you for your labor. I sha'n't feel satisfied with what he pays you, you know. I'll make you a little present of something or other."

She was silent She knew well enough that she should never permit herself to receive any gift at his hands, under circumstances like these. But she had not the courage yet to tell him so.

"Yes," he repeated, "I shall want you to mount some birds for me pretty soon. When the work is done. I shall be happy to express to you my sense of the favor, by-by-some little gift or another."

Patty timidly shook her head, while she kept her eyes upon the floor.

"Do tell me," he continued, "what sort of a person this Mr. Lily is? Do you feel quite at your ease here with him? Because, if you don't"____ "Oh. I like him!" Patty answered eagerly.

" Well. I'm glad if you do. But you can't know very much of him yet. And if you should ever happen to feel as if you wanted a friend, I hope you won't forget where to go for one, Miss l'atty-really." Her face colored deeply.

"I've known you so much longer," said he, flatteringly. " And you and mother are such good friends. too. Really you ought to be free with me, and call on me for assistance whenever you want it."

Patty trusted the occasion would never arise. But

she did not say so. "At all events. I shall take the liberty to drop in on you pretty often, now I've found the way. You must remember I got you the place, to begin with." And I shall always feel grateful to you, as well he to your kind mother wald she "I'T will'try some time to repay you."

If she had had the courage to look up at his face while he proffered this flattery, her heart would have anything but frank, and the light in his black eyes reflected not much else than selfishness.

With more compliments of the same sort, each aiming at increased familiarity with the poor girl, he at length took his leave with a model bow, and promised to come up and see her again just as soon as he could. The air of patronage had by this time changed to that almost of supplication.

Patty felt greatly relieved when he had gone down stairs, for there was a something sinister about him she could not penetrate to the heart of. She resumed her work with nimble fingers, however, and thought, it would, as she grew busy, of the dear old friends, and the lear old places, in far-off Huckabuck. And still she felt altogether contented and happy.

The next event that happened, was the receipt of a letter from Mrs. Shadblow. She fairly danced with oy, and could not for some time compose herself sufficiently to open it. It was a letter that deserved to be engrossed on vellum. It was a cabinet picture of with rage. Huckabuck, with all its people and customs added. Patty got the latest news in that epistle. Mrs. Shada religious faithfulness, and threw around them the delightful colors of her own description.

What had transpired in the house was of course their share of treatment. And next, the people inister and the Deacons; Mr. Shadblow, and Gen. Abiguil Lovitt; they were every one arraigned, called upon to make their plea, and duly bound over for ye; you won't go it another!" another trial.

But the dear, good woman was fuller of herself, in that first letter, than she was of local intelligence. That motherly heart knew not how to dress its strong yearnings in flowing language, and therefore broke down as often as it began to stretch out the English sentences. She could manage a single period very well; but when it came to breaking up a paragraph with colons and semicolons, she got her feelings and her grammar sadly entangled, and was apt to untie the hard knots by cutting them. -

How the good woman loved her adopted child, to be sure! This very trouble in expressing herself made it all the more apparent.

Presently Miss Harrison, who had been quite a ed with her friends, came to say Good Bye in sober earnest.

"Oh, if you would only be kind enough to let me where you are."

"Certainly you shall," she replied. "I shall take great pleasure in writing to you often, I assure

Patty stood delighted. It was this assurance that took away from her sense of loneliness. as such a friend was going from her. Still, the acquaintance grit of his molars and fractises, he strode away from had been so sudden and peculiar, she could not at the scene of his passio at exploment, and concluded once reconcile herself to its disruption. She sat down to trudge on homeword. For that night, at least, to her work with a much sadder heart, when she knew that that friend's feet would now no more be heard on the stairs. It is a great thing, and a heavy. for a young person to part from a friend, with no hope of seeing that friend again; but when trying the recollection of Zera Hawkins' fate, there is no circumstances have rendered such a friend invaluable, so that even the light of heaven seems to go out with her presence, it is heavy beyond what words an express.

ing on. Byron Banister came in one day to make a purchase for his mother, and to ask Patty if she the hearth, from which one would naturally infer was going to have any message, or other thing to that he had not got the right kind of tobacco in his send up to Huckabuck by him. Alas! how the intelligence aroused within her heart indefinite long- a heavy slap across his knee, which, fortunately for ings to go herself! She was glad to stay where she itself, happened to be made up of gristle and bone. was : and vet she snuffed the dear old country in the would take in that endeared landscape. He would revel in all those sweet and simple country delights, But she must stay. How like a struggle it seemed. to quiet her heart into submission to this stern necessity that tracks all of us through life!

She sent some few little gifts to Mrs. Shablow. and had many things to communicate with Mrs. Banister beside.

· XXI. A LADY IN THE CASE. .

One Thursday evening that summer, the usual crowd poured out of the conference room of Mr. Elderberry's church, men first, and women afterwards. Mrs. Banister was there. Mr. Tiptoe was there, with Miss Sally, of course. General Tunbelly was there. The young fellows drew their long looks over their ears, and coughed nervously as they thought of their possible luck. The young women came wriggling out the door, and felt goose flesh all over them, as they saw at a glance what they had to go through.

The Rev. Mr. Tiptoe stood in the shadow of the building,-for it was a bright moonlight night,stamped his feet, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and pushed it back again, and tried to feel settled and easy. His eves snapped like fire-coals. He could not have kept his hands still if they had been

Pretty soon he spied the widow Banister. He

stepped briskly up to her, and said: "Shall I have the pleasure, ma'am?"

She could not very well refuse, though she said she was n't a bit afraid to go home alone, and really need n't trouble him.

"Oh, it's no trouble!" said he. And he thought he had made her quite a smart

answer. The instant she accepted his escort by taking the

miscrable little arm he offered, General Tunbelly shot out from his covert in the rear, exclaiming in every syllable of sound with the greed of a whis-"If I aint the biggest fool, now! Thunder and grant! What a fool!"

The better to testify to his indignation in some characteristic way, he darted along past the line of " "Now, Nathaniel," and she, when he was through, men and women; and came up with the cause of his "I want you to tell me, in wo many words, if you passion, panting and all out of breath. He brushed think you made an impression. That's everything. so roughly against poor little Mr. Tiptoe's shoulder, If you did n't do that, gon'se ijust got to begin over that that gundelesse, was meanly loverthrown. As it again? I want for the hald well was, nothing but the iniprort of the lady on his other ... Well, really," his manufated, sheepishly, " I could

about that; he felt amply paid already. It was re-ward mough for anybody's trouble, to sujey her manoe of General Tembelly. If there had been no lady with him there is no doubt he would either have run, or turned and asked the General's pardon for being in his way. Even with his sister Sally at been less at ease than it was. His expression was his side, he would have performed one of those two kinds of plantace. But with the wealthy widow Benister, ah I that was another thing. No man in Huckabuck, having once got hold of her, would allow himself to run a say from such a prize.

Well, and the General hurried by. Off he went to John Kagg's, and offered a libation to his anger-Next he took a stroll on beyond the widow's residence thinking perhaps to cool himself down from this unhealthy heat But a walk in that direction obstinately refused to produce any such effect. A man. less wise than General Tunbelly ought to have known

When he turned finally to retrace his steps, and saw that light in Mrs. Ranister's parlor,—the room he was never yet allowed in,-it made his head so hot, that he was forced to pull off his hat; which he did at great risk of parting the crown and brim. When he saw the shadew of Mr. Tiptoe's little arm on the window curtain, he was almost beside himself

"Oh, if I could only git in there!" said he, gritting his teeth together: "I'd show that young schoolblow jetted down all the items of local interest with master how to crowd in and crowd his betters out! I'd learn him the game o' beetle-and-wedge, I can tell him! What a fool I was! But I'll pull his nose for him, as 'tist I'll wring his wearen little neck touched off first. Then the neighbors came in for for him! He knows as much as a week-old calf: and he's jest about as handsome as a skunk-blackdiscriminately. And finally, the village babble that bird! I'd fix him, though, if I could put my hands rioted all along the pleasant little street. The min- onto him! Yes, you miser able young goat, you! Take all the sweet comfort you can get in there, for Tunbelly; Mr. Zigzag, and Mr. Tiptoe; Judge Mc. you won't be likely to try it again! You black little Bride's family, and old Malachi; Mrs. Banister, and crow, you! Comin' here into this town to snub your elders, and your betters! Go it, this evening, I tell

The General was mad enough to paw up the earth and shower it around him. He fairly frothed at the mouth. His short hair stood up over his head just like stubble. He threw his coat open, to let the night air in upon his bosom; and then he pulled it over his shoulders again, and began idly to button it over the rotundity of his figure. Once he seriously entertained a thought of running full tilt across the yard, and butting in the door, like an elderly ram. Then considering that his head might be the worse sufferer by such an excursion, he resolved to lay in wait for Mr. Tiptoe till he should come out, and then beatow the cranium bomb in that innocent gentleman's stomach; thus depriving him of his wind and his ideas at about the same moment. Next he thought frequent caller during the several weeks she remain- of running somewhere to procure a sheet, and frightening his enemy to death by a single wild sweep of his ghostly arms in the moonlight. Then he declared he would set a trap for him just outside the gate: hear from you, now and then!" said Patty. "I so that when he came out he would be sure to encan't forget you ever. But I should love to know tangle his feet, and fall at the expense of his limbs, or possibly his neck.

And while he stood and studied on these various schemes, with others that have not been mentioned. he felt himself gradually cooling down. Till finally, with a good round shake of his big fist at the Tiptoe shadow on the window curtain, and another hearty Mr. Tiptoe was safe. The Life Insurance Companies might rest in their security. But then, a reckoning had got to come at some time, for General Tunbelly had said so. If he had not been seasonably awed by telling but Huckabuck would have been made notorious by the Tiptoe, instead of the Hawkins murder-

When he reached home, he crammed his brown old pipe full with tobacco, and sat down over the kitchen The Spring was soon gone, and Summer was wear- fireplace to extract a flavor of comfort from the weed. Twice, however, he spit out a piece of pipe-stem on bowl. Occasionally, too, he fetched his broad palm The knee had got a little used to it. Now and then young man's words. He was going. He would see he blew out a cloud of white smoke, and sent a string those same old trees that she loved so well. His eyes of whispered curses after it, like a tail to a kite. "Fool"-" upstart."-" he'll catch it."-and "Tiptoe,"-were the words that expressed all his sentiments on that subject

· He took another walk around the house before he suffered himself to retire for the night; but walking had ceased to be good for him. He mastered his passion a great deal quicker over the Pine Tree, than he could at this distance from that locality. Absence

could no more conquer it than it can conquer love. As Mr. Tiptoc stepped across his threshold that night, though he did so far forget himself as to suffer his sister Sally to find her way home alone, she nevertheless came forward to greet him with unusual ardor and cordiality. She wanted to know all about it, before he could recover his breath.

"Well," said he, "l've been in." "And set down with her, did you, Nathaniel?" "I guess I did!" he replied, lodging his hat some-

where among the branches of the hat-tree. "Well, come in then, and let me know all about

it." And she led the way into the parlor. "Where are the boys?" he asked first.

"I've sent them to bed," she replied, "I was bound to get 'em out of the way to night, if I never did again. Come now, Nathaniel; what did the widow say? How did she act to you when you got into the house? Don't you think she is a lady. though? What did you say to her? Did she wear much of her jewelry? You know I could n't see very well in the conference-room. Don't you think't would be a great idea, though? Can you think of anything better for us, Nathaniel? Come; go on and tell me about it, will you? I can't wait to hear you begin, you're so slow! If you don't wake yourself up a little, I don't believe you'll ever catch a woman like her ! Come; go on with your story!"

And he sat down on the sofa, and she sat down in a chair very near him; and he began and went through the history of that delightful evening. Her ears were open to their immost chambers. They took pering gallery. Now and then she interrupted him with a question or two, but it was only to hurry him on with his narrative afterwards:

arm saved alder the ladded die to been what lind them m't proteind til say. I drag de little analted myself, of

so? Haven't I been dinging it into your ears ever why since I first saw her? If you've finally got, your "for I don't understand?" pried out his sister eyes open for yourself, I'm glad of it. Then you had saily barsting into the room from the place near a little partial ?"

mistaken there. Well, she sat about as nigh me as like to know? What have you got to do with the you do now. Wont that do to tell of?"

n't wonder if you did make an impression, Nathan business this is, for you to go into people's houses iel. High! but won't it be such a capital thing for and throw your coarse impudence into their facea!" us? No more of this drudgery, you see! Oh, if you will but do your very best, now! You've made a good beginning; I hope you won't fail to follow it this battle!" up. And you must n't. You must push ahead with all the courage you can muster. A woman don't like a timid man, and never will. I'm a woman, and I for it will stand you in hand with the widow Banis- soon ?" ter."

He smiled rather languidly, and said he thought it was the right sort of advice.

"When the thing's over with, continued Miss Sal ly, "we'll keep a horse. Won't you keep a horse, Nathaniel? It's so much handier to get about with. And we shall have to have a man to take care of him, of course. No people of wealth undertake such a thing, without carrying it all out. It 'll he more to, and as long as anybody talks. If I was a man, expensive, I know; but you'll be able then. You won't feel such an item as you would now. And I rather guess we'll not put up with just such furniture, and table service, as we are satisfied with now. onto the fire to fry the devil out on't. We can afford to have things in a little better style. We can have servants, too. And I can travel when I want to I guess. What do I amount to I'd like to know, stuck down in this out-of-the-way place with go round into houses and try to frighten and bully four hungry, ill-mannered boys? I never sh'll be anything here. And I never sh'll do anything. But when our circumstances change, as I calculate to have them, you'll find you've got a sister that knows how to shine! Miss Sally will be apt to turn into something besides Miss Sally then. Oh, Nathaniel ! do pray hurry this matter along as fast as you can ! I'm so impatient. Let's get out of this wretched school-keeping life in short order. We can, and we must. And it's for you to do it. If you let this chance slip, you'd better look round for another housekeeper; for I think I shall try my fortune for up. She seems to like it. It's what she's good for.

"There go those rescally boys again !" exclaimed her brother, whose hearing was soute enough to catch the noise of their frolic up in the attic bedrooms. "I must see to them, I guess." And he darted through the door like a policeman answering his comrade's rattle, and mounted the stairs two and three at a time. Three stairs were the extreme I've told you!" limit of his legs.

About the middle of the next forencon, General Tunbelly came over. He had not succeeded in get Tou will, hey ?" added the General, shaking his his house, he walked vigorously and strong; his quite as large as the inoffensive Mr. Tiptoe's head? the Tiptoe domicil, his excitement had in a consider. more to say to you. I'm goin' back home. But you able degree died down. So that when he reached the door-yard, he was guilty of a gait such as al. peril! You understand?" most any respectable person would like to be seen indulging in.

Crossing the yard, he knocked at the door the creat brass knocker-slam, slam, slam. He could hear its echoes all over the house.

Miss Sally waited on the door on whom he be stowed a ducking sort of a bow, and then inquiredif her brother was to-home?"

"Why, certainly, sir," she answered. " Would you like to see him?"

" Yes, marm; I should like to."

"Won't you come in, then?" throwing open the door still wider.

old, and followed Miss Sally into the family parler. dressing-gown.

morning, sir !"

the weather, sir."

a shakiness that was visible yet.

General.

Mr. Tiptoe pulled his little sparse whisker, as if he was trying to pick his own cheek-bone already.

"And you'd better not try to do it agin! It may will make no difference a hundred years hence. not be quite so healthy for you. Once is enough, let me tell you. I see you stealin' off with her. I

pose I have quite as good a right to go home with but for herself."

that woman a'gin, goin' home from conf'rence meetin'. I s'pose you understand what that means. don't ye?", a G "I don't see, sir, what right you "-

se you don't you'll get an accession to your fortin in before him a fearful array of squandered oppor-

course. Prays she was the I did no best though. In time. You jost that whiter alone; and her Nobody could do notice. See isn't man, worth having?"

"Ah," said Miss Sally, have a't I always told you the mildness in the world, "I don't understand

a real good set down with her? How near to you the door where she had been a listener. "This is a did she sit? Near enough to let you think she was pretty plece of business, I should think! What are you here for, sir?"-to :General Tunbelly. "Who little partial?"—(o :General Tunbelly. "Who "Oh, my! I thought so. I could n't very well be sent you into this house to insult us in this way, I'd widow Banister, or any other woman? She wouldn't "For the first visit, too, it's very well. I should spit on you! She wouldn't look at you! Great "So I should think," acquiesced her brother.

"Nathaniel," said she, "you be still! I'll fight

"If you was n't a woman," interrupted the General. "I'd whale you for your sass, I can tell you!"

"I only wish I was n't," said she. "Talk about guess I ought to know. March straight up to em, whaling! you're nothing but a great fat lubber of a and they aint so very long surrendering. All they whale yourself! You're an old porpolse! You'd want to know is, whether a man's in carnest. They ought to go out to pasture with a bell round your hate to be trifled with. If a man means a thing, neck! Come here to impose upon respectable people they want to have him say so. Up and do it, and in this way! You'd ought to be ashamed of yourvou're safe. But keep hesitatin', and hesitatin', and self! I wish there was some law to shut you up in beatin' this way and that about the bush, and you're the pound, 'long with stray cattle! Hadn't you gone! Just remember as much as that, Nathaniel, better begin to think of leaving this place pretty

> "I sha'n't go till I've got ready. I come to give your brother a piece o' my mind, and I sh'll do it. You can't scare me, I'd have you to know."

"No. I'd as soon think of scarin' a haystack," retorted Sally. "Don't, sister!" softly plead the bewildered Nath-

aniel. "I wouldn't! I wish you wouldn't!" "You let me alone. I shall talk as long as I want

I'd step out and do something else!" "I wish you was," observed the General, "I wish, as 'tis, I had your tongue in my hand. I'd throw it

"You great awful wretch, you!" she screamed, brandishing both arms at him. "Hadn't you better the women to death! Hadn't you better come shaking your great double-fists in female's faces I Hadn't you better go and try it over at the widow Banister's! A pretty specimen of a man, you are!" "Sister, be still!" plead Mr. Tiptoe. "Do pray

be still !" "I won't be still. I tell you I'll talk as long as anybody does."

"That's right," said the General. "Let her go on. I like to hear her. She can't do no hurt, if she talks herself black-and-blue! Let her keep it But would n't I hate to have a boy in her clutches, though!"

"Wait till you've got a boy, will you!" she spit out with all spitefulness.

"Well, sir," General Tunbelly began again, step ping close up to Mr. Tiptoe, to close the rather exciting conversation, "you'd better remember what

"And I shall do as I think fit," answered the latter.

ting any sleep all night. When he first-started from fist in his face. "You will, hey?" The fist was will was heated, and hot words, too, were hissing "Then jest let me see you do as you think fit! Let on his tongue. But by the time he came in sight of me see you try it once, if you dare! I've got nothing will go home with the widow ag'in at your own

Mr. Tiptoe bowed and smiled, and General Tunbelly backed out through the entry and the outside door. It was a visit, on the whole, such as neither brother nor sister would have ventured to look for.

On casting their eyes up at the stairs as soon as he was gone, there they saw thir four boys squatted at the top, enjoying the scene as boys only know how to! Before Mr. Tiptoe's frown, however, they dispersed like sheep before a designing dog.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.].

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE. It will make no difference a hundred years hence." Who whispered The General took a stately step across the thresh- that foolish sentence in my ear? Where did you learn that anything could happen that would be in-As soon as he could wash the ink stains off his different a hundred years hence? There is nothing fingers, and shake the round ferule at the poor boys indifferent in the universe; there is causation, in a few times, and give a dashing brush to his hair everything; the faintest traits of moral character. before the glass, down he came in his high-colored the word, the thought, the action, each tends to make the world what it will be a hundred years hence. "Good morning, sir!" he saluted General Tun. Shall I be a hundred years hence, what I now am? belly, the moment he entered his parlor. "Fine All the same a hundred years hence! What, if men did not fell trees, nor plough fields, nor carry brick The General looked at him a minute, and then and mortar? Whoever thou art, and wherever thou growled out-"I s'pose 'tis. But that aint what I art, it will make a great difference, both to the world come for. My business haint got nothing to do with and to thyself a hundred years hence, what thou doest this year. Sow the wind, reap the whirlwind : sow Mr. Tiptoe was suddenly abashed, though he knew corruption, reap corruption. The painter would let he was in his own house. The chair he had singled no day pass without a line, because he would paint out with his eye, he did n't pretend now to occupy at for eternity. Work for eternity, and thou shall reap all. There was a slight tremor in his legs, but not an eternity. Reverse that pitiful thought, and say rather, How will this look a hundred years hence? "I've come to pick a bone with you," said the For whatever it is, it will be looked at : these circumstances, difficulties, trials, may have matured thy spirit. What shall we be a hundred years hence? And thou, with thy sneering lip and scornful, eye; "You went home with Miss Banister last night!" what right hast thou to cat the corn, and burn the the General went on, his face inflated and red. coal? What, if thou dost not care for the coming "You need n't deny it, sir, for I see it all with my world? Men before thee ploughed their fields, and dug their mines: they did work for thee, and thon "I'm not going to deny it," spunked up the little hast to do some work for posterity. Up, then, and schoolmaster. "Yes, sir; I did go home with her." be doing. Work for eternity, and think not that it

Exertion is the price of a noble life. The pursuit see you sneakin' round to get the fust word in her of a noble object adorns, and elevates, and ennobles, car. I know all about your petty little tricks. You and vivines life. Without a definite, aim, life is like can't blind me. And you need n't think you can!" a rudderless ship, drifting about between life and "I've no wish to," answered Mr. Tiptoe. "I sup-death, buffeted by the winds of circumstances, and entirely at the mercy of the waves. While one with Mrs. Banister as anybody else has. It is n't for me folded arms waits for future opportunities, another to say who shall have that honor, sir; nor for you; makes the meanest occurrences subservient; to a golden result. One labors to find something to do: "That you need n't trouble yourself about," the the other labors to do something. When the Alps General returned. "You've got nothing to say a'ry intercepted his line of march, Napoleon said, "There way. What I warn you a'ginst is, not to hitch onto shall be no Alps!" When difficulties from poverty. and difficulties from opposition of friends beset him, Franklin resolutely determined there should be no difficulties. Greatness has in its vocabulary no such word as fail. It will work; it must sugged. Happy "No matter about any right! I come over to tell is he who, at the sunset of life, our recall, the years you to take yourself out of the way; and just as sure that have gone swift footed by without bringing.

a way you slut thinking of by I give, you warning in launtiles, sed will a test hogget and in amount of the

Written for the Banner of Light. THE SIGN OF THE OROSS,

BY W. PRICK.

"In this sign thou shalt conquer." Dear Charles, upon thy bosom placed. A golden cross I see-A sufferer's sign, wherever traced, A victor's sign to thee ! Buch, on the bosom of the skies,
Appeared to Constantine; The mighty warrior blessed his ever And conquered in this Sign.

In doods of blood was his delight. And war's unhallowed din; Thine be the mental, moral fight, With Ignorance and sin.

If weak, or strong, thou seem to prove, Buil rest on Arm Divine;" Contend in wisdom, and in love, . And conquer in this Sign. A mother's love thy mind hath reared

To virtues high and rare; A mother's hand, (I doubt not,) Charles, Hath placed that lewel thera. That sign for truth and courage pleads; Thy father's God be thine; Undaunted march where duty leads, And conquer in this Sign.

Few nobly useful deeds we find, Bave what reformers do: And much they need a dove-like mind. And worldly wisdom too. The wise ones meet with earthly loss; The good ones oft repine; And Jesus bore a martyr's cross. And conquired in this Sign.

God's world abounds with beauty, here, Where love and truth may bloom; But man's own world is false and drear, And far away from home. All God-made tastes and joys pursue Within the law divine: But man-made appetites subdue By self-denial's Sign.

Some hope and fear, some joy and woe, Are part of nature's plan : To meet with trials here below Is but-to be-a man. Oh, without murmuring, sigh, or groan To Right and Fate resign : And rest thy cross on God alone, And conquer in this Sign.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SAXON BRIDE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Historians who talk of the "great soul" of Charles XII. of Sweden, overlook some things in his career which should not only brand him as a tyrant, a cool, deliberate ruffian, but in reality possessed of a mean spirit. His disregard of danger was a quality which he shared in common with the midnight assassin and robber; his indifference to wealth was but the desire to get rid of the annoyances which it brings; while his boorish manners, his cruel disposition, and his fierceness for revenge, all stamp him as a coldblooded, inhuman despot, fit only for the lowest placo in the catalogue of kings.

The summer of 1707 witnessed a most cruel tragedy, brought about by, the workings of the "great soul" of the Swedish monarch.

John Reinold Patkul, a noble Livonian, was one of the generals to the king of Poland; but in consequence of his dislike of General Fleming, the haughty favorite of Augustus, he entered the service of Peter the Great, of Russia. He had, previously, been proscribed in Sweden, for his defence of Livonia; and now an ambassador from the czar to the court of Augustus, he was seized as a traitor, for disclosing a project of General Fleming and the Chancellor of Saxony, to purchase a peace at any price from the king of Sweden. The Chancellor discovered that the obtained leave to arrest him. He was confined in the castle of Konigstein, in Saxony.

In one of the most retired streets of Leipsic lived the family of Charles d'Einsiedel, whose two sons, Azof and Ignatius, had been killed on the plain of Clissan, on the thirteenth of July, 1702. The youngest of these, Ignatius, had married a beautiful Saxon lady, Sophia Vikin, who was no less distin guished for her worth and gentleness, than for her beauty. She had remained with her father-in-law from the period of her husband's death, loving and beloved, and cherished as much for her own sweet sake, as for that of her dead husband, d'Einsiedel knowing no difference of affection between her and his daughter Armida.

capable of almost any sacrifice. To Armida, Sophia was the embodiment of every womanly excellence: and the latter dearly leved the gentle girl whose life had grown desolate by the loss of the two brave and beloved brothers, so early out off from the delightful home where their childhood was passed. Added to fortitude and bravery held out against his foes. So. this, the wife of Charles d'Einsiedel had fallen into hopeless melancholy at the news of her sons' deaths. and no attention or assiduity of her family to divert it, had proved successful.

Between these sisters, by marriage, there had

Four years had elapsed, when chance introduced of John Reinold Patkul. As the acquaintance pro- even judging of the state of public affairs. He had gressed, it soon ripened into love, on his part, for the sunk rapidly; and now lay almost expiring. beautiful Sophia, whose sweet face was rendered still more attractive from its paleness, and the effect of the other helpless objects of his solicitude, and lookher close mourning garb. An offer of marriage was ing up to Heaven for the support and comfort for the result, and its acceptance warmly encouraged which his lips were unable to form the words as by d'Einsiedel, who trembled at the thought of his prayer, the dying sufferer claimed all Sophia's care own failing health, which threatened to leave his and attention. If the thought swept across her mind daughters without a protector; and this was ren- and startled her almost into sudden madness, that dered doubly distressing by the present state of Reinold might suffer death from his enemies, she Madam d'Einsiedel.

early in the following year, or as soon as the Gen- affianced bride. eral's embassy should have been completed. There The last moments of d' Einsiedel came. A look of was a quiet and subdued joy upon Sophia's face, that ineffable peace came over the countenance which had showed her new happiness was still tempered by the hitherto worn so sad and anxious an expression, and remembrance of the old sorrow, not yet forgotten, for hours after death, the smile lingered on the fad-While her loving heart beat quick at the murmured ed lips. sounds of an affection which she never hoped to re- "Oh, that Reinold were here!" was the continued ceive from mortal lips again, when her beloved Ig- thought of Sophia's heart, while the melancholy natius had been stricken down, she yet trembled at seenes of death and burial were going on. She saw having awakened another hope in the breast which from the window, where she sat between Armida grief had once desolated.

bassy not to strife and battle; and her heart sent dered to think that she might never see that still loving thoughts, and her hand was continually trace dearer protector again, whose life seemed in such ing them, in answer to his impassioned letters. These deep peril, not True April, no classical and told of a speedy return, when they should be united! That night she sat long at the window, after her

to part no more; and described the court of Poland, the annoyances, and also the pleasant things of anambassador's life; and, interspersed, were the thousand and one lively or sentimental exclamations which a lover's pen so readily flows to. A few weeks more-and then ! ----

There was the hope and joy, with not a dash of the fearful or melancholy, in his last letter. He was coming home to one dear as life itself to his faithful heart. What wonder if hers beat responsive, and echoed back the joyful tone of his? Armida saw the new levelight beaming from her sister's eye, and sighed to think of the gallant Livonian who had won her heart also. But this was a secret. To none in the world-not even to that universal, but somewhat ambiguous personage, a girl's bosom friend-did Armida unveil the silent grief which had been hers for months. Not for worlds would she have allowed Sophia to think that she had so compromised her delicacy, as to love where she was not woodd. Her sister had watched her, however, and knew that something was preying upon her spirits; but she only feared that it might be the thought that in accepting Reinold, she was in danger of forgetting the husband so early lost.

She hastened to assure her that this was not so: that she had told Reinold that, after all, he could be but second in her heart, where the first place was still consecrate to the image of the dead; and she told her how nobly he had disclaimed all hope or wish to blot out that image.

"Reinold's is a noble heart, dear Armida. When you know him better, you will not look upon him as a rival to your brother, but a worthy successor. Could Ignatius commune with me on earth, I do believe that he would approve my choice." She ceased, for Armida was weeping violently.

"I beg-I entreat you, Sophia, not to impute such motives to my low spirits. . It is surely but natural, with my father's failing health, my mother's strange state, and the prospect of your leaving us, that I should feel depressed. Every day brings me some omen of sorrows to come. It was but yesterday that a bird of the darkest plumage entered my window, and this morning when I visited the graves of Azof and Ignatius, lo! the same bird flew out from the fir trees which we planted there."

"My poor sister! do not distress yourself with these purely natural incidents. At any rate do not think them strange or ominous. The same has happened to me three days in succession; yet, believe me, I do not anticipate any evil. It is. doubtless, the same bird which Reinold saw among the shrubbery, on the morning of his departure. I thought only of one thing, when it flew about my room, and that was, that Reinold's eyes rested upon it almost the last moment of his stay in Saxony. So, you see, dear Armida, that true love transmutes all things to gold. May you, my sweet sister, be soon sensible of this from your own experience."

How every word pierced Armida's heart like a dagger! She felt like a traitor to her sister, for daring to love Reinold when he was Sophia's declared and affianced lover; and condemned herself far more bitterly than they would have done, could they have known what was passing in her heart. She tried to hope that she might live down this emotion, and be able to witness their happiness without a murmur.

Meantime she clung to Sophia with more than a sister's tenderness. They were together constantly: by their father's couch, for the was now daily droop ing, or making ineffectual attempts to rouse Madam d'Einsiedel from her melancholy, or walking, side by side in the garden. They did not leave home at all; for the habits acquired in their four or five years' mourning had separated them from the society of the young and gay. In the retired quarter of Liepsic in which they lived, there were few things to draw them from their quiet sort of life. even had they been disposed to gaiety themselves; a call from some sympathising friend, or a brief visit from some relative, being the extent of their mixing with society.

Rumors of war were now reaching them, and already the bulletins gave notice of a pitched battle between the Russians and Swedes, in which the former were triumphant. Sophia's heart trembled, and Armida's superstitious belief in what she had called an omen, pressed heavily upon her mind. notwithstanding her want of faith in such things. Then came the news of the forced resignation of the crown of Poland to Stanislaus Leczinsky, the young palatine of Posnania; and all this time, there was no sound of Reinold Patkul's name.

It came all too soon, however; and the first news came, like a thunderbolt upon the tender-hearted family at Leipsic. Reinold was a prisoner at Konigstein; treacherously given up to arrest by Augustus. It was followed by another report that he was taken sprung up a devoted love, cemented by affliction, and from thence to Altranstad by the officers of Charles XII.. who had demanded "all deserters who had entered the service of Augustus; and particularly John Patkul."

Three weary months the noble prisoner remained tied to a stake, with a heavy chain; and still his at least, he found means to communicate to Sophia. and bid her to hope on.

She did so; for her nature was hopeful; but there were times when her melancholy almost equalled Madame d' Einsiedel's. Armida was now her only to the d'Einstedel family a new friend, in the person consoler; for her father was no longer capable of

With eyes alternately turned towards his wife and resolutely recalled the words of his message, and It was settled that the marriage should take place strove to be brave and hopeful, as became a soldier's

and her mother, the mournful procession that was But Reinold Patkul had gone on a pesceful em, bearing her kind protector to the tomb, and shud-

companions had retired. It was a sultry July night; learning his lesson on a low stool, beside, my wife's but the dark sky and the soft stars seemed to bend knee. threw herself upon the bed, and slept heavily until the sun was far up in the burning July sky.

Had she died during that sleep, she would have waked in heaven with Reinold; for on that summer ot's fervent zeal for his country-with all these to and turned round. make him wish to live, he was taken out to die-not a soldier's honorable death, but like the worst of that the pen refuses to trace its details.

It was late the next evening, when Sophia was called down to see a gentleman whom, from his black garb, she supposed to be a clergyman. He had learned from some one in the neighborhood of the back to the house as fast as he could. death which had taken place in the house; and he talked long and feelingly upon it, as if to gather vain. He broke down at the first word; and Sophia tremblingly alive to her fears for Reinold, unconsciously breathed the very name which her visitor had been striving to utter.

"He is DEAD!" she uttered, with a face that seemshe spoke, she fell heavily to the floor. The stranger raised her and called for assistance. It was uscless: for beneath the first certainty of her apprehensions. her heart had broken! She knew not how he had died. God's pity for her if she had !

"Death, the consoler. Laying his hand on many a heart, bath healed it forever!"

CONFESSION.

This is my last night i—and standing as I do on the the worst remained to be done; and that was to face prink of eternity. I will fill up the few hours that in- my wife, and give her hopes that the child would yet tervene before my execution takes place, in writing be found. This I continued to do with such a show down the history of my progress in crime, and how of sincerity, as I believe that no suspicion rested upon step by step I reached this dungeon. May it be no me. The next thing I did was to seat myself at the cepted as an act of atonement on my part, and at bedroom window, from whence I could watch all day the same time serve as a warning to others!

acter, and I afterwards became a rough soldier during up, ready for laying down fresh sods, and I had a couple of campaigns, at the close of which, peace chosen it as the one where the marks of my spade having succeeded to war, I left the service to farm a would be least likely to attract notice. The workmall estate which my wife had inherited. Soon men who were laying down the sods must have after my return from the army, my brother sickened thought me crazy. I was continually calling out to and died. He was an open hearted, noble fellow, them to get on faster, and occasionally running out far better looking than myself, and universally be to bein them, and stamping on the ground while I loved. All those who ever sought my ocquaintance, kept urging them to still greater haste. Their task whether at home or abroad, from being his friends, was finished before night, and I now felt comparaseldom took kindly to me, and generally observed, tively secure.

ceived the news of her death, while I was with my the rest. tune was to devolve on my wife, as the only return power of upbraiding me for my heinous crime. he could make for her affectionate kindness. Then, after exchanging a few fraternal words with me, and regretting our long estrangement, he fell back, exhausted, into a deep slumber, from which he never

As we had no children, and the two sisters had I accompanied her most reluctantly, but preferred always been very united, my wife loved this boy as being present, lest the sybil should infuse any susif he had been her own. He was passionately fond picions of my crime into her mind. On my wife's of her; but, being the true picture of his mother, asking the question, "Where is the boy?" the anboth in mind and person, could never, somehow, take swer returned by the rapping was fount to spell out kindly to me. I cannot fix any particular period at the words, "With his mother!" My wife was deeply which I first became aware of this kind of antipathy affected, and I was ready to sink into the groundon his part, but I soon began to feel uneasy when- though I blustered and said the woman spoke nonever he was present. As often as I awoke out of a sense. With its mother! Ay, it had a double sigtrain of gloomy thoughts, there was that child star- nification to my cars-with his mother in heaven, ing at me, not werely with the inquiring gaze of and in the bosom of his mother earth! Repeated exchildhood, but with the piercing look, so full of periments and appeals to the spirit, still brought meaning, that used to annoy me in his mother. It back those dreadful words; and I began to think the was not merely an empty fancy of mine, attributable woman knew more that she protended to do, and had to his strong likeness to his deceased parent, for I seen me bury the corpse on that fatal night. never could stare him down, let me look as fierce as I might. He was evidently afraid of me, in spite of served abroad, came to visit me unexpectedly with a which he seemed to have imbibed a hereditary con- friend of his, whom I had never seen before. I could tempt for me.

pending earthquake, or the day of the Last Jugd- ance. gazing on his fragile form, and thinking how easy out finishing the sentence. the work of destruction would be! Sometimes I "Whether I think the child has been murdered?" watched him in his sleep, but oftener still from the said he, with a mild look. "Oh, no! what could garden, as I consided behind the bushes glaring like any man gain by murdering a poor innocent child?" a tiger on his prey, into the parlor where he sat 1 1 could have told him what a man gained by such

down lovingly towards her, and the summer night | Close to our country house lay a deep pool, but it breeze whispered, like the volces of spirits, to her was not visible from our window. I spent several ear. Suddenly, from the branches of a thick fir days in carving a rough model of a boat with my tree, the bird, as she believed it to be, that had so pen knife; and, when it was completed, I purposely often crossed her vision before, flew out with rustling left it in the child's way. I then his myself near wings and alighted close to her hand, upon the win- the pool, in a spot that he must pass by, in case he dow sill. It seemed not to fear when she moved, came to set the little toy affoat on the water. But and she reached out for some seeds which were near, he came neither on that nor on the following day. and which it was soon picking from her hand. She Still I was certain he was in my toils, for I had was glad that Armida was asleep, for her superstill heard him prate about his toy, which he had even tious fears would have chased away the bird. It taken to bed with him. I waited patiently, and on flew back into the tree; but three times that night | the third day, I could see him, from my hiding-place, it came to her window. She sat up until morning; come running along joyously, with his silken locks and then, weary, dispirited and unhappy, she streaming in the wind, and singing-poor child !-- a merry tune, though he would scarcely lisp the words. I stole behind him, beneath some bushes that grew near the bank, and the Evil One knows how I, a strong, grown man, trembled in every limb as I folmorning, with the earth lying all green and beauti. lowed the footstops of this little child, while he apful, and the thought of his affianced wife pressing proached the water's brink. I was close behind him, upon his heart, making life so sweet and desirable; crouching on my knees, and was raising my hand to with a soldier's fame resting upon him, and a patri- push him in, when he saw my shadow in the water,

His mother's spirit gleamed forth from his eyes. The sun now burst forth from behind a cloud, turncriminals—a death which is so horrible to think of ing the water into a sheet of molten gold. Everything sparkled as if all nature had eyes. I don't know what the boy said-though so young he did not fawn upon me, nor try to soothe me; all I recollect was that he screamed out not that he loved me, but that he "would try to love me;" and then he ran

The next time I saw him, my sword was in my hand, and, he was lying stiff and cold at my feet. I courage to impart his dreadful news. It was in took him up in my arms and laid him gently in a thicket. My wife was not at home that day, nor was she to return till the morrow. Our bedroom window, the only one on this side of the house, being but a few feet from the ground, I resolved to get out through it, in the middle of the night, and bury my ed turned to marble, so stony was its look; and as victim in the garden. I had not the slightest idea at that moment that I had frustrated my own scheme, and that when the pool would be dragged and no dead body forthcoming, the property must remain in abevance, or I meant to confirm the belief that the child was lost or had been stolen. For the present all my, thoughts were centered on the necessity of hiding every clue to my crime.

What I endured when the servants came and told me the child was missing, and when the messengers, I despatched in all directions, returned to inform me their search had been in vain, no words can possibly describe. That same night I buried him. But now long the spot where lay concealed my dreadful secret. I was a forward child, of a sullen, suspicious char- It was a plot of ground that had been recently dug

the first time they saw me, that never were two I fell asleep at last that night—but what a troubled prothers more unlike, both in person and manners. | sleep it was, and what frightful dreams were there! We had married two sisters: and this circum- I fancied I saw now a hand, now a head, rising out stance, which ought to have been an additional bond of that unhallowed spot of ground. And each time between us, only contributed to estrange us still that I awoke out of this horrid nightmare, I crept to more. His wife saw through my character but too the window to convince myself it was only an idle well, and I always felt, whenever I gave way to any fancy of my brain. Then I slunk back to bed, but bad impulse of envy or hatred in her presence, as if only to endure the same terments over and over she read my thoughts like an open book. It was a again. Once I dreamed that the child was still alive, relief to me when the coolness between us ended in and that I had never attempted its life; and the an open rupture, and a still greater relief when I re- waking from this dream was more dreadful than all

regiment abroad. It now seemed to me as though I Next morning I again took my place at the window, had a presentiment of the frightful tragedy that was and never turned my eyes off the fatal spot, which to take place! I dreaded her, and she seemed to pur- though now turned into a grass plot, only presented sue me-ay! even now I see her reproachful eyes to me the appearance of an open grave. If one of glaring upon me, and freezing up my blood! She the farm servants passed by, I expected him to sink died shortly after giving birth to a child. When my in; if a bird alighted upon the grass, I dreaded lest brother in turn fell ill, and his life was despaired of, he should become the instrument that was to bring he summoned my wife to his bedside, and entrusted my crime to light; and every breeze that blew across his little orphan, a boy four years old, to her pro- it seemed to whisper "Murder!" There was nothing tecting care. He bequeathed all his property to him, animate or inanimate, let it be ever so insignificant, stating in his will that should the child die, his for but what seemed endowed with the supernatural

My wife, who was as superstitious in her way as I was in mine, and was in despair at the child's disappearance, was bent on consulting a "wise woman" residing in our neighborhood, supposed to have the power of reading the decrees of fate by spirit-rapping.

A few days after, a comrade of mine who had not, however, resolve to lose sight of the grass plot, I may deceive myself-and yet I do not think that and as it was a fine summer's evening, I told the I intended at that period to do him any harm. It servants to bring a table and a bottle of wine into might, perhaps, occur to me how advantageous it the garden. I then placed my own chair over the would be for us to inherit the boy's property, and I grave, and thus, feeling sure it could not be tampered might secretly wish him to die, still I do not think I with. I endeavored to make myself easy and to enjoy had the least idea of taking away his life. The idea my glass. My comrade expressed the hope that my came very slowly at first, and merely in the dim and wife was well, and was not keeping her room, and distant outline in which we set a vision of an im- that she had not been driven away by their appear-

ment—then it approached nearer and nearer still, I was obliged to stammer out in reply the story of and began to lose a portion of its horror and improbithe the child's disappearance. The soldier, who was a ability, and after assuming a more definite shape, it stranger to me, did not look me in the face, but kept became the constant theme of my speculations. When his eyes fixed on the ground all the while I was talkthese foul phantoms crossed my brain, I could not ing, which caused me the greatest uneasiness. I bear that the boy should perceive I was staring at fancied he suspected the truth. I asked him abhim; yet, by a kind of fascination, I could not help ruptly whether he thought-but I broke down with-

a deed, for no one knew it better than I did; but I emained allent, though I shivered as though I had the ague.

Beeing the state of excitement I was in they endeavored to comfort me with the hope the child might yet be found, when we suddenly heard a doop howl. and a couple of large dogs leaped over the wall into the garden.

"Bloodhounds!" exclaimed my guests, They need not have told me, for though I had never in my life happened to see any dogs of that kind, I instinctively felt they must be bloodhounds, and I but too well knew what attracted them. I felt like one already condemned to death, and I grasped the sides of the chair convulsively, though I neither

"They are of the true breed," observed the stranger; "and have probably been let loose on trial, and have escaped their keeper."

moved nor spoke a word.

And as he and his friend turned their heads, they saw the dogs smelling the ground, and running round and round, like mad, without noticing us, and ever and anon raising their heads and uttering a prolonged howl, and then again laying their muzzles close to the earth, as if to get on the right scent. Presently, instead of turning round so large a circle, they seemed to concentrate all their efforts on one point, which they sniffed more diligently still; in doing which, they approached my chair, when they set up a more frightful howl than before, attempting, at the same time, to tear away its ledges, which prevented their getting at the ground beneath.

"They evidently scent game," oried my guests. "That's impossible!" cried I.

"For heaven's sake!" said the one I knew, "get up, or they'll tear you to pieces." "Let them," returned L "I'll not stir from this

"The dogs must not be allowed to bait people to death. Let's hew them down," said he.

"There is some horrible secret lurking under all this," said the stranger, drawing his sword. "In the name of the law, help me to take this man into custody."

They then seized me and dragged me away, although I fought, and bit, and laid about me like a madman. After some resistance, I at length was obliged to suffer them to lead me off, and then the excited bloodhounds began tearing up the earth, which they flung about as if it had been so much water. What more need be said? Why, merely that I fell on my knees and confessed the truth with chattering teeth, and begged for mercy; that I afterwards denied the deed before the tribunal, and now again own it; that I was tried, found guilty, and finally condemned to death. I may add that I have found neither pity, nor comfort, nor hope, and have not a friend in the world,-my wife, happily for her, having been seized with temporary madness, and being in ignorance of my misery or her own; in short, that I am alone with my despair in this dungeon, and that I must die to-morrow .- From the papers of a deceased Prussian Judge.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FREEDOM

BY CORA WILBURN.

It is a glorious, soul-stirring word—a trumpet-tone of awakening power, this angel-call for disenthrallment from tyranuic chains of creed and world-famed customs; this spiritual rebellion against the manifold forms of oppression that darken our green earth's beauty-that dooms to ignorance and despair the souls of toiling millions. But the beautiful spirit of true liberty has descended to earth once more, bringing "glad tidings" to earth's weary, aching hearts, and enfolding in one mighty band of brotherhood the earnest seekers of its guiding light. Nigh draws the beautiful fulfillment of many a prayerful heart's unspoken, silently-cherished dream of the

Blessed privilege of pure, unselfish hearts! Glorious liberty! Joyful emancipation from the darkening fear and the cold distrust, thou art one of the boons hastened by Spiritualism. Unbound by sectarian fear or restraint of thought, we pass the portals of the Better Land, led by the Father's love, fearing there no phantom forms of dread, no lake of firethe soul's remuneration for its free, inquiring thought; but joyfully meeting there the beloved, unforgotten ones of heart and home, the spirits of the heaven affianced.

The soul of the true Spiritualist expands beneath the inspirations of a world-wide freedom, and responds to the heart-touch of justice, demanding the human rights so long withheld by worldly despotism. The principles of tyranny are yet embodied, but their iron grasp is loosening; trembling bigotry thunders not forth so loudly its denunciations; gilded wrong sits not so arrogantly upon her chair of state. The love-light of spiritual freedom dawns upon the million despairing souls that bend beneath the crushing weight of unremunerated toil. Angel accents whisper, heavenly promises foretell, the coming era of harmonious liberty, when labor shall be exalted by the spirit's gratitude, ennobled by lofty purpose: when the willing heart shall gladly aid the toiling hands. Then, too, woman's trembling lips no more shall sing the dirge of hope and joy; no longer submitted to the needle's drudgery, to the depressing in. finences of poverty, her soul shall enkindle with the heroism that inspires the angels! Beneath her beautifying touch, the humblest home shall bloom with a fragrant welcome. No longer engaged in struggles with the cold world without, in sorrowful effort for the scanty daily bread, the waves of harmony shall uplift her soul, and her radiant looks proclaim the free, happy spirit, forming of the earth's surroundings an Eden of love and joy!

Behold the fashionable idler, with aimless soul, frittering away life's precious moments; contrast with her the pale, care-worn seamstress; and say,. where is the spirit of true religion, that delights in forbearance, in pity for another. Sister arrayed against sister, in the might of worldly circumstances -woman's heart harboring the disfiguring pride, the assumed superiority against the poorer sister-is this our country's boasted equality? The humble artisan, the conscientious tailor, looked down upon supreme indifference, or soorned by the wealthy drone; the producers of the land, a prescribed class. from the refinements of life; music with its soul-elevating tendency, painting with its glorious inspirations, poetry with its angel messages, reserved forthe unappreciating few, denied to the thirsting souls of the lowly-is this our boasted justice and free

dom? When has the workman, the drudging needle playe, time for the cultivation of the intellect, the expansion of the God-like faculties within? while ten or swelve hours of the day, are devoted to hard and incessant toll. The poor household drudge. overwhelmed with cares and petty trials, gladly halls the wished-for evening that she may repose her wearled frame, and seek in sleep the rest denied while waking. Unseeing life's beauties, labor, hard and uncongenial, binds down her spirit with an iron grasp; there is no music in the night wind's tone for her : no angel essences within the flowers ; and if her hope of heaven be strong amid the surrounding discouragements, the earth life is darkened, and its glories unrevealed to her. And when casting aside the galling chains, some struggling spirit leaves the beaten track of so-called comunity employment, and dares, secure in its own resolves and holy motives, to stand side by side with man, in the field of science or labor; then, oh, pitying angels! what harsh denunciations, what bitter opposition, what gloomy prophecies are hurled at the offending "strong minded one!"

When a woman's pitying soul is prompted to the cultivation of the healing art; when her true delicacy and humanitary feelings bid her devote her life to the alleviation of suffering, particularly to the sufferings of her own sex, that need so much a sister's sympathizing hand and practised eye-then, oh, enlightened age! the torrents of ridicule pour forth: and not "man's inhumanity" but woman's netty rivalry and jealousies, aim the shafts of sarcasm, that, thank God! often fall pointless to the dust beneath. Oh, there are hearts burning with a rightcous indignation: souls stirring with a holy opposition; spirits rebelling against the tyrant customs that would enchain the eagle-mind to the car of servitude! Independence has enkindled its beacon fires upon the lofty mounts, and thousand hands are outstretched, million feet are hastening towards its beckoning glory. And spirit guides are whispering, God is inspiring; human hearts responding the holy watchword, "Freedom!"

PRILADELPHIA, Pa.

Banner of Night.

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CINCINEATI.—S. W. Prace & Co. are our authorized Agents in the above named city, for the sale of the Banner of Light.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE WEST.

Our associates, Mr. T. Gales Forster and J. Rollin M. Squire, are now on a tour in the Western States. for the purpose of giving Lectures, and presenting the claims of the BANNER OF LIGHT to their citizens.

We trust the friends will prepare themselves for a visit from one or the other of these gentlemen. and give the Banner a helping hand.

THE RELIGION OF THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

Quite a talk is being made just now about the religious character and tendencies of this new Boston magazine. The Journal's New York correspondent made an extract from an article in the Christian Intelligencer, and endorsed it himself in the strongest possible terms, in which the "Atlantic" is attacked very vigorously for its infidel inclinations; and although the Ledger of this city sought, in a spirited and pointed article, to pin the Journal to something like responsibility in the matter, that paper was unwilling to risk the paternity of an assault of this character. But since then, the organ of the Methodists-Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal-has come out in a column broadside, charging the Atlantic openly, and without any hair-s; litting whatever, with gross infidelity, and beseeching for it, in an exceedingly liberal and Christian way, the loss of subscribers and support it so manifestly deserves.

There is more outright cant in this article of Zion's Herald, than in most productions of the same character. It is nothing but cant, from beginning to end. It declares, speaking of the three several numbers of the Atlantic, that " the evil spirits are increasing in the newly built and garnished house, and are more violent against the truth as it is in Jesus than ever before." It speaks of the article in the January number on "Books" as a "profane mixing of things divine with common, a mixture the more impious be-

cause it calls them all divine."

The Herald also quotes from the table of book notices, from the criticism on Spurgeon's Sermons; an author, whose name, according to Punch, should always be spelled with an L before the U; and charges that the critic "tries to sugar-coat this infidelity by talking a great deal about Christianity, while the whole tone of the essay is anti-evangelical. The editor of the Herald don't pretend to believe as Sp(l)urgeon believes in relation to "Free Agency" and the "Decrees" of Providence, but that is of no consequence; he thinks he is "a gospel preacher, whose preaching is in the demonstration of the enirit, and of the power of God "-which is pure and summitigated cant, and nothing else. And he further insists, "that he who opposes his (Mr. Sp(l) urgeon's) presentation of the great truths of man's utter sinfulnese, &c., &c., is found fighting against God !" And more to the same purpose.

The particular point that has called forth these attacks.upon the Atlantic, is a passage in a recent. article on " Books," that made its appearance in the January number; in which the Bible is spoken of. with other books, in the following way :-- There is no room left, and yet I might as well not have begun as to leave out a class of books which are the best; I mean the Bibles of the world, or the sacred books of each nation, which express for each the supreme result of their experience. After the Hebrew and Greek scriptures, which constitute the sacred books of Christendom, those are, the Desatir of the Perstans and the Zomestrian Oracles; the Vedas and Laws of Monng the Uphanishads, the Vishnu Pu sums, the Blinguat Gesta, of the Hindoos; the hooks the Buddhists ; the "Chinese Classic," of four books. containing the wisdom of Confucius and Messeius. Also such other books as have acquired a semi-

consciones: e o e they are for the closet, and to be the lap of a treen meadow. The sentiments grow be held by letters printed on a page, but are living the simple little act: the soul dreams, and its dreams characters, translatable into every tongue and form are of peace, and beauty, and truth.

This is the gist of the cause of complaint. We would amplify in our quotation, if our space allowed us; but enough has already been given to show the character and grounds for the attack just ventured on by the Herald. Upon this the editor of Zion's short of its proper expression. Here is where kindly Herald remarks-" that there is such a thing (in a and well-meaning gift makers commit their errors; magnzine,) as being so independent and outspoken as they fancy their friends are obliged to receive all to insult the scutiment and sense of cultivated millions." &c., &c. It thinks, likewise, that it was such infidelity as this that killed Putnam's Magazine, the Dial, the Chronotype, and would have killed the New have presented him with a Christmas gift; and to York Tribune, "if it had not at least become dumb on the infidel absurdities with which it for a time markably happy manner in which it was received, abounded." The Herald editor is of opinion, too, that it will surely kill the Atlantic Monthly, "if it the following letter from his pen, which conveys the continues in this way much longer."

But there is one expression, dropped no doubt in haste, from his "evangelical" pen, that is noticeable only because it best displays its own absurdity and yet it is an absurdity to which such narrow minded religionists vainly expect the intelligent part of the world is going to subscribe always. It is this: -- Our people as a mass are evangelical in doctrine, however unevangelical they may be in life." We should think that kind of "doctrine" must be something extremely profitable to the soul; one that it is very necessary to subscribe to intellectually, or pas. sively, but yet unable to bring forth any fruit in the daily life! This editor, it is plain, has never yet learned the alphabet of spiritual things. His creed overtops his inner experience. "Doctrines" are with him primary, and of first importance. The formularies must be sustained, no matter whether they contain any soul or not. Any one can see at a religion, become sweeter than honey in the honeyglance, that cant predominates here over everything

Now we should like to have the editor of Zion's Herald, or any other Herald, inform us,-not in the bald phrases of the creed he worships, but in such language as his own heart's deep experience may furnish,-what he means by the "inspiration" furnish,—what he means by the "inspiration" ket of a beautiful pattern, with floral and pomonal which he speaks of, and insists on speaking of, covers, suggesting fitly the union of ornament and whenever he alludes to the Bible. If that book was profit in my ministrations. inspired, as certain religionists affect to believe, letter for letter and word for word, will he tell us what is the nature and process of that inspiration, if he can. We do not ask him to put himself to the trouble of crying out "mad dog !" and "infidel !" against us, for, before God, we are neither; only, when such men speak of the inspiration of the Bible, we wish them to tell us exactly what they understand by 'inspiration." Does he worship the cover and leaves of his Bible ? Does he take the spiritual sense of the teachings of Christ, believing them to be a rich and blessed Gospel indeed for mankind, or does he go to the Bible only for texts with which to fortify his religious dogmas and church superstitions? Does he not believe, with the author of the article in the Atlantic, that the sacred books of the several nations cited above are the expression of the highest conscience of the people of those nations,-just as our Bible expresses the highest sentiment of the soul of Christian ustions?

Would he childishly, or ignorantly, make it out this very important matter.

The Herald's Bible is hardly better than the Ro. manist's cross, because it has lost its spiritual signi. texts" from it till the end of time, but the world poor exposition, either apprehend or heed their true ing human soul; on the contrary, it plunges it deep er and still deeper into dismal despair. Instead pirical expressions, and threadbare cant, as the edi- them. tor of the Herald seems to be, and instead of assailing with unchristian and uncharitable accusations meaning of things than he shows that he has himself-it becomes him first of all to understand some he affects to defend, and in the next place, to show pages of the Atlantic, nor would he so sincerely hope derstand even his own Bible.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

A gift is not of account, so much because it costs money, as because it expresses something. If it bears worth though it took a thousand dollar cheque to socure it. Silver and gold should not be esteemed before friendship and love; a red rose will touch the sensitive heart, when a table groaning with plate of rare designs would fail to make a lasting impression.

Who stops to think thus of these things? How many rather exclaim in their hearts, as they look over the heaps of costly things in the shops from money now!" But, my friend, it is not money that is needed. A gift is a sign-passed from soul to soul. It is a symbol of truth, of constancy, of the royal friendship which one heart intends sacredly to keep towards another. A glass of water may be made the most beautiful of all gifts; but it of course depends on who gives it. There be those high-born naest, and yet the sweetest work of grace.

If a girl hands you a flower, your heart—unless you are an old cormudgeon of clay-will dance with joy. That white hand, as it is extended to you, is purity itself. If the flower be a rose we have a perfect passion for roses—you shall feel refreshed

read on the bended knee." o o o " They are not to suddenly fresh; a delicious influence exhales from

In selecting a gift, everything depends on the taste and perception of the giver. It is quite essential that the character mental habits, tastes, and sentiments of the receiver should be carefully looked into, else the gift becomes unfit, and of course falls their presents in the same feeling, whether they are capable of exciting that feeling at all times or not. 4

The young men of Henry Ward Beecher's Society show the fitness of the offering, as well as the reand with which it was acknowledged, we append whole narrative, with the explanation :-

BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

GENTLEMEN: I have received from you a singularly beautiful inkstand, for which I desire to return you my hearty thanks. It is valuable as a mere work of ort. Indeed, in the line of ornamental useful articles, it is by far the most chaste and beautiful bronze that I have ever seen, and it will be a per-

petual feast to my eye.'

But this is the least of its value. It will remind me every day of you, who severally have united to do me this kindness; and of the young men of my charge generally, whose interest has always been

very dear to me,

As a testimonial that you believe yourselves to have received benefit from my ministrations, it is peculiarly grateful.

Did it occur to you, in selecting this article, how many curious and fit emblems were combined in it? In the centre is an old-fushioned bec-hive, containing no honey, but ink which may, in the service of comb; creeping in the strawy covers are bees, emblems of industry—surely most fit to a man in my vocation. The ink is gained through the butt of an inverted sheaf of wheat, giving me a due caution not to fail to give in my writings bread for the mind. A winnowing basket is spread out in front-bidding me to cleanse my discourse of all chaff and retain only the clean wheat. On either side is a fruit bas-

Nor are the accessories less worthy of regardthe pen-rack is made up of a soythe, a sickle, a fork, a shovel, a pruning knife and a broom, tied together with flowers.

It is my business to cut down weeds, to dig up "roots of bitterness," to reap good grain, to prune each vine, and to cast the refuse into heaps for burning; and yet, as all these implements are bound with flowers, so I am to p rform my work with gen-tleness and the grace of kindness.

I understand your wishes, my friends, and I will endeavor to profit by all these symbols. Neither shall I forget that mouse which lies on the edge of the winnowing basket, thievishly eating a head of wheat. I will watch against all such destroyers of time and profit, both in you and in myself.

Be sure, gentlemen, that I feel deeply your remembrance of me, and accept my thanks, and believe that I shall steadily use your gift to promote piety, virtue, patriotism and humanity to all mankind.

I am, with affection and respect, very cordinly yours, H. W. BEECHER.

THE DRACUT PARRICIDE.

Among the most atrocious and horrible crimes that that God never spake to man save as and when this have ever been perpetrated in our midst, is the par-Bible represents?—that we can never know Him, or ricide in Dracus, where terrible details are sufficient come near Him, except by the ways in which He has to set one's blood to running cold. The occurrence aiready been approached and known, such as the came to light last week, on Monday. Joshua Heath, Bible describes? Does he mean to say that God has a blacksmith, aged sixty-three, lived with his daughnever manifested himself before, nor since, to man? ter and son, whose ages were respectively twentyand that having once made so imperfect a "rovelathree and twenty-one years. These two children tion," He will never venture upon the trial again? gave their father tea made of stramonium, on the There is a vast deal of ignorance, superstition, and Saturday night previous, and while the old man sat fear, upon this subject; and instead of the "cul- in a state of stupefaction in his chair, the son went tivated millions" of whom he boastingly speaks up stairs and get his loaded gun, and shot his helpwhen he would excite a prejudice against the Atlan-less father through the head! Early the next morntic Monthly, we question if, upon a thorough search- ing they stripped the body naked, placed it upon a ing of hearts, it would not be found that those "mil-sled, and drew it to a blacksmith shop at hand, in lions" were still "anxious inquirers" in relation to which it was buried but a few inches below the surface of the ground!

Mr. Benjamin Kittredge went to the house on Monday morning, and inquired of the daughter for ficance and meaning. It may preach its "solemn her father, who had been accustomed to perform work for him. The girl confessed without much heswill not heed them, because it will not under such itation what they had done, saving that nobody knew it, and begging him not to tell of it to any livmeaning. The Bible, according to such a lifeless ing person over his way. Mr. Kittredge, of course, creed, offers no gospel-no good tidings to any doubt, roused the neighbors, one of whom was the brother of the murdered man, and proceeded at once to make search for his body. They went into the blacksmith therefore, of being so prolific of dogmatisms, and em- shop, and while there the guilty son came in upon

In reply to their inquiries, he told them that he had half a horse buried in the shop for his dog to those who have penetrated farther into the spiritual eat! advising them not to disturb it, and telling them that he would not sell it at any price. Meanwhile, the girl had confessed all to her uncle, and thing of the true meaning and teaching of the Bible while officers were sent for, the son partially confessed likewise. The body was removed from the in his language that such teachings have taken the dirt which had been heaped up over it only some few right hold of his life and his heart. He would not inches, and carried to Lowell, where an inquest was then call on Mrs. Stowe to refuse to contribute to the held over it. The children were committed to fail. The son was found dressed in the very clothes he had that the magazine would utterly fail of success as a taken off his father's body! When he fired at the literary enterprise. We are afraid he does not un poor man, he held the gun so close that the shirt was burned, and the slug came out through his head and fell on the floor.

It is the only extenuating circumstance connected with this most unnatural crime, that neither the son nor the daughter has been considered entirely no fit or happy sentiment on its face, it is nothing compos mentis, and are, therefore, hardly responsible for the deed. They both allege that the object for which they killed him was to get possession of what money he had-only some two hundred dollars,-and to live without being "banged about" by him, as they had been. Such crimes are rare, we are glad to record: but rare as they are, even one like this present one, accompanied with the revolting details that belong to this, is much too flendish to be contemplatwhich to make a selection-"Oh, if I only had the ed by the reader save with a thrill of horror. It almost shakes one's faith in humanity.

PEW RENTS.

The newspapers inform us that the pews in Henry. Ward Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, were recently rented for the ensuing year. The premiums (over and above fixed prices,) paid for the best seats were tures, for whom to dispense such favor is the lofti- from \$30 to \$50, thus making the rent of the best pews on the lower floor from \$100 to \$170. The premiums were kept up even on the cheapest seats, so that the premium on some was about as high as the

This may be all right enough, as some people are inclined to think should hardly strikes us that the entionical authority in the world, as expressing the with the sparkling down which its suggests, and the true church of Garlin is going to be extended and highest smilliment and hope of malions. A grant which its suggests, and the true church of Garlin is going to be extended and volatile fragrance, which its suggests, and the strong church of Garlin is going to be extended and volatile fragrance, which its suggests, and the strong church of Garlin is going to be extended and volatile fragrance, which its suggests, and the strong church of Garlin is going to be extended and volatile fragrance, which its suggests, and the strong church of Garlin is going to be extended and volatile fragrance which its suggests, and the strong church of Garlin is going to be extended and volatile fragrance which its suggests, and the strong church of Garlin is going to be extended and volatile fragrance which its suggests, and the strong church of Garlin is going to be extended and volatile fragrance which its suggests, and the strong church of Garlin is going to be extended and volatile fragrance which its suggests, and the strong church of Garlin is going to be extended.

most for it—whether he is able to do it or not—is buy some bread, not going to do the work. It is—we confidently be— "Where do you live?" not going to do the work. It is we confidently believe-this iniquitous and thoroughly aristocratic new system that is doing more to kill out pure and undefiled religion, than all the dull and humdrum sermons that were ever preached to a church full of sleepy heads and satisfied stomachs. The evil is a radical one, and it will have to be treated after a radical fashion. Until then, we look for no great very thinly and miserably clad. "Do you know modification of the present dead state of things.

Written for the Banner of Light. THOUGHTS FROM THE HEART.

Though far away from those who blest my hours, My daily thoughts glide back where'er I roam, And all my spirit@eels the gentle powers Which call it through the silent distance home. Though time reveal still brighter hours than those,

I never can forget my past repose.

How sad to all mankind a thought like this-We meet and kindle joy in many a heart, And many a being crown with rarest bliss; To know how sad a thing it is to part. But ah! a wisdom rules the ways of meu-Those parted here, in Heaven shall meet again. The heart that pines on earth in pain and grief, For sorrows, too, that are not all its own, Whose sympathy is founded in belief That self-success is not for self alone r-

The surest way to win the love of God. That self-denial which the heart reveals When trained in cold affliction's common school. Will nerve the soul to shun the world's appeals, And thwart ambition's too successful rule-Which hides the soul within its golden car As rosy morning hides the tiny star.

Will walk the stormy path and barren sod-

Remembered still those level ones left behind. And friendship's thoughts shall gild my wand'ring way. No fairy power in other lands could find More worthy ones than blest my early days Association gave the past perfume, But memory shall light the future's gloom.

THE LENGTHENING AFTERNOOMS.

Those who dwell in the country will understand

what we mean: when the light lingers a little longer on the western windows, and the poultry stays around a little later at the back door, and the cattle delay trooping into the yard to be milked and housed for the night; when the ashes grow white, and the forestick crumbles, and the snowy cloth is not spread for tea quite as early ;-all these are the welcome home-signs of the lengthening days that have begun.

The winter has been an anomaly. Such another December we do not remember. Such a New Year's Day, a sunny wanderer from the bright flock of Southern days, we never enjoyed. With changed surroundings, such as of leaf, and shrub, and birds, we could readily have believed that we were in the lap of beautiful October. The smile of heaven has been upon the earth during the entire season. The winds have indeed been tempered to the shorn lamb, and, as some one has remarked already, the mildness thus far has been worth at least ten dollars to every poor family in the land. We believe the estimate is too low.

The lingering of the afternoon light upon the panes tells us another thing, that it will be but a few short weeks at best, let the weather be as severe even as it may, when we can say that the Winter is at our back. The signs in the sky will make that record full and complete. There will be no formal announcement of such a significant fact on the part of the elements, in the shape of thunders and lightnings, for none will be required; but it will no less take fixed shape as a fact, for all that. The great gate will have turned on its hinges, and all the fresh promises of the Spring will troop in. Let the season end as it may, we have assurance enough to give us great comfort, that we can have but little of it; it will not be long before its tough heart will be broken.

We of the North love the Winter, rough and rude as it is: we grow vigorous and healthy in its violent winds; we get heart in the sturdy encounter with its snows and blows, in manfully breasting its rudeness. and defying its assaults. This very opposition which it calls.forth, does not fix its lodgment deeper and firmer in our hearts. We love it because it is such a hard customer. If it was all blandness, and sunshine, and geniality, it would soon loosen its hold upon our associations, and become at length little more than an insipidity.

But now and then, once perhaps in a decade or two, it is a rare treat to spin through a winter, especially a winter of depression and want, as swiftly and pleasantly as we are going through this. We try to feel grateful enough for the welcome change which Providence is extending to us. Our heart is full of joy; and, above all, we linger with quiet de light on the contemplation of these lengthening after-

SUFFERING POOR IN BOSTON. "Please give me a cent to buy some bread," said a

On the 31st day of December, 1857, in the Christian city of Boston, this petition was made by a child eight years old, with downcast, sorrowful look, with a modesty and meaning that could not help touching the coldest heart. Her feet were bare, and her frail and suffering little body was covered with but shreds of rags that once were garments of the thinnest. cheapest fabric. This was all the protection this Peace looks to its silent aid in securing her blessed poor child had on, to keep out the chilly winds of a and permanent victories. Ten thousand times more

bread?"

"What do you want bread for ?"

care of him. My father broke his arm, and he has will be watched with intense solicitude. pain in his feet, too so he can't move them."

"Do you beg every day?"

"When it is not very cold, I do; when it is very cold, I can't beg, for I have no shoes to wear, and my feet would freeze."

"How much did you get by begging yesterday?" "I begged all day, and got three cents, and bought some bread, and we ate it."

"Was that all your father and mother and yourself had to eat yesterday?"

" Yes, sir."

" Have you had nothing to eat to-day? "No, sir."

raining and snowing alternately, and I thought it would be more Christian-like, more in keeping with the true philosophy of life, to send a hack to take this child home, than it would be to send a hack for

"abound," must be able to reach all. This cooping it the girls who twice a week stimed Mr. Pappanti's up in pews, and bidding it off under the threat of dancing exercises, two doors above the place where the auctioneer's hammer to him who will give the this poor child called to ask the alms of one cent to

"In Burgess Alley; No. 2. "Would you like to have me go home with you and

see your father and mother?" " Yes, sir."

We started, and on our way, in passing the Post Office we met two poor candy girls, also barefoot, and these two girls," I said to my little companion. "Yes, sir; I know where they live." "Invite them to come with us," said I, "and I will go and see their fathers and mothers, too." They willingly joined us, and we four journeyed on over the ice and through the mud; three, unprotected little girls, barefoot, and I with stockings and boots. While I was warm and comfortable, they were cold, hungry. and suffering; I could almost feel their little hearts beat with gratitude as they hurried along with me. for they thought, perhaps, that by my visit, some pains of their hunger and wretchedness might be assuaged. We came to Broad street, then to Half-Moon street, then to No. 2 Burgess Alley, the home of my first little companion. The mother welcomed me to a room about eight by ten feet. The father soon woke from sleep to welcome me too, but with a deep sigh. The bed half filled the room: this. with two poor chairs, a deal table, was all the room contained, all that belonged there save a few rags, the souls, flesh and blood of the father, mother, and a girl about fourteen, and my little companion.

I said to him: "Your little girl came to ask me for a cent to buy you bread; and the power of her little spirit has drawn me hero." I asked him to tell me what his condition was, and in substance he gave the following:-

"My arm was dislocated and broken fourteen months ago: the bones were not properly adjusted, for I had nothing to pay the doctor, and my arm is now useless. Rheumatism in my feet and legs for about eight months has made them swell twice their usual size, and they are perfectly useless I cannot move them. Oh, God! have mercy. My little girls, one fourteen, one eight, pick up all the fuel we have, and bring it in their aprons, or the lap of their dresses. They sometimes sell candy to buy our bread, and pay our rent; sometimes they make nothing the whole day, and at most but a few cents, often not above three or four cents. We live on stale bread, seldom anything else. We are often so hungry, that we are obliged to send them begging. Oh, God, have mercy !"

My first little companion now accompanied me to the home of the two barefoot little girls we met at the Post Office. We ascended from Half-Moon street, seven pair of winding stairs, as "dark as Erebus;" they were faithful pilots.

The mother welcomed us to a room containing only a few broken dishes and a bedstead, no bedding save a ragged brown cambric sheet of small size. This was all they had to keep them from freezing during the night. The mother said it was warmer to sleep on the floor than on the bedstead without even straw or sheets.

I said to her that I had seen her little girls barefooted on the ice, and I had come to see if it was real necessity and want that made them go barefooted. She said, "Oh, God! we suffer!" And the sigh of agony she gave forth went to my heart like a dagger, justly piereing me, for I had in this case unjustly questioned the honest appearance of their suffering and wretchedness.

Dr. Mayo G. Smith, a gentleman recently returned from Austrelia, with some means, but more heart, was introduced to these sufferers. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with their real condition. which Heaven knows could not be worse, their wants and sufferings. For one week he visited them every. day, and in silence administered bread to satisfy their hunger, and some covering to shield their nakedness from the cold winter winds.

On the seventh day of January he carried a delegation of these sufferers before the Spiritualist Sew-ING ASSOCIATION, a benevolent society of excellent ladies who meet every Friday at 14 Bromfield street. to make provision for the suffering poor. And these ladies in tearful pleasure furnished seaenteen gar ments to clothe these sufferers.

Your servant. A. B. CRIED.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The President and Secretary of the Navy have consented to permit the steam frigate Niagara to be employed by Mr. Cyrus W. Field and others for the laving of the cable across the Atlantic, next summer. and that vessel is accordingly being put in a state of preparation for the undertaking. She is now at New York. He engines have been taken apart, and are to be overhauled and refitted; her yards and spars are many of them to be made heavier, and the chain portion of her standing rigging to be enlarged. Everything else will remain undisturbed-just as it was when she returned. A berth is being dredged where she can lie affeat at low tide, in twenty-five feet of water.

This great enterprise holds the interest of both worlds up to the same high pitch it was made to reach, at the time it temporarily proved a failure. The welfare of the nations depends upon its success. important is the laying of this single strand across Again she said, "Please give me a cent to buy some the floor of the surging Atlantic, than all the battles that were ever fought and won, and all the treaties and protocols that were ever signed and sealed by "For my father and mother; they have nothing to the high contracting powers of the nations. Every oat to-day. My father is sick, and my mother takes step in the progress of this gigantic undertaking

"HUCKABUCK."

The popular demand for this most natural and effective story, now running through the numbers of this paper, continues unabated. We are receiving increased orders for the Banner, in consequence, from all parts of the country. The instalment of the present week is exceedingly fresh and racy, and full of genuine humor. We bespeak for it the reader's special attention.

Back numbers, containing the earlier parts of the story, may be had by addressing the proprietors of the Banner of Light. We printed a supply at its The streets were covered with ice and mud; it was commencement, calculated to meet an unusually large

ROOMS FOR MEDIUMS

To let at No 6 Warren square, two parlow, furnisheach of all the little girls who had warm clothes, ished in handsome style. "Will be leased singly or stockings, shoes, overshoes, cloaks and furs to keep together. Also an office should die floor, suitable them warm—which is the case with most of the lit. for a healing medium and several chambers. Let THE MELODEON LECTURES. On Sunday last, Mrs. Henderson, after an absence

tures; but we trust that into whatever engagement they may enter hereafter, they will give as good natural laws. satisfaction as they have given the audiences at the

Melodeon:

is Mrs. Henderson's subject was announced as "The Word of God." She said, it were necessary, in this with natural laws, though we cannot explain these age of the world, that man should have some guide. laws from lack of knowledge of them. We believe In fact, mankind has sought for such a work, and is that Christ influenced the multitude to taste wine, still seeking it. Christianity has taken a book, and that he gave the water all the appearance of given through different organizations, and in a dark wine, by a psychological or atmospheric impression. age, which it claims to be the only word of God. But when we see God's perfection, how can we atmosphere than other men? or had he especial .recognise that book as his only true word-full of power? imperfections and incongruities, as it is known .to be?

We understand that God has laid down laws for our government. If we follow them out, we will be drawn nearer to Him. If we neglect them, the result is reversed. When we look back, and see how the people have worshipped the Bible, for hundreds of years, almost with idolatry, considering it as of the soul. Every person seeks something to which embracing all that it was good for man to know, we can but mourn, that the facility for conveying the thoughts of divinity to mortals is so obscure. Is it possible that the will of God can be given in the came, he taught them of a God of love. But the and His thoughts above our thoughts. We must which Christ taught. Mankind have tried to reconturn to nature—to the great volume of man's soul— cile the God of the Jew and the God of the Christian have had the book of nature open before you, but you have read only the external, and you cannot understand. If we go back and compare the darkness of the olden times with the light of to-day, we cannot but believe that God is nearer to us than He was to the world then.

in moral and spiritual development; and morality knees? We are not to bow down like a slave before alone gives temper to wisdom.

the individual, by the still small voice, that speaks God's laws, and, by closely following out the imyourself an example for emulation. You must search for living knowledge—not for the dead past.

You are seeking for happiness in the present life which will last you through eternity, and you seek and good for their own sakes. it in the dead past, rather than in the great book of the past tells you of, you are counselled to beware changed? Are not all days God's days, one as much of the wrath to come; but the book of nature tells as another? you to do more, and so prepare yourself by love to Neither is it necessary that you should go into a great volume of nature is understood, he will search ship be a service of love. in vain no more. Man has strayed from the right At the close of the lecture the following questions path to gain this end, into by-paths of minor differ. were asked and answered :ences; but when he does away with sin, and disease which follows it, and conquers his evil passions, diums, wilfully make misrepresentations?

then will be turn to the God-principle. If the Bible is the only guide for the world, why as slaves, before a tyrant-power-will learn them to which they could not otherwise have. love God, by love to their fellow-men. When this principle is diffused through the world, and its people are taught an universal brotherhood, then can we clearly "look through nature, up to nature's

When man comes up with the laws of the new not on Moses, and the dark age in which he lived of progress. There is no infallibility—no perfection—save in God. Man verges nearer infallibility, as he approaches his highest developments.

This book of God opens man's eyes to beauty everywhere. In the haunts of vice we see the soul degradation; and we have charity to hope, and faith | nature within, but his spirit of truth triumphed. to believe, that the love of God will wash men pure again, and make them recipients of His mercy.

After a solemn, cheerful petition to the Deity, Mrs. he get rid of it? Henderson announced herself in readiness to answer such questions as the audience should propound.

questions and their answers :-

Question.-Why did Christ call his disciples his mother and his brethren?

Answer.-He felt that they were united by a universal love, not confined to a few persons; and regardless of the ties of consanguinity, he would send abroad his love, and let it become so diffused the murder of Abel? If black, are the people of color that the human family would become one family. and children of a common father.

Q.—Is not life and immortality to be obtained through Christ? and is not this law sufficient, if ture, not upon his body. obeyed, without the existence of Spiritualism?

A.—Spiritualism is no confliction with the teachings of Christ-simply a continuation of what Christ left undone. Christ spoke many things which he knew could not be understood by those to whom he speak through the beast, when it could not through plain them.

thousands of years old, yet deny the voice of the an-Q.—In what sense was life and immortality brought to light by Christ?

A.—He taught how to control particles to perform miracles, marvellous and wonderful to some, yet explanable by natural philosophy—and so turned man's attention from the present life to the world you to the Bible. The voice came not from God in

ciples of Christ, done without any influence of us to believe that the voice of soul was his verbal natural laws 2019

4—We know hot to what extent, but he gave Q.—Are not the medium's mental faculties excited them power to cast out devils, by the use of his to a higher degree than in her ordinary condition? cast out devils, else it would not be so often on the ture? tongue of the blaspheming. By no other means than through natural law was the miracle consum-

Q Did not Peter, as is recorded in the New Testament, heal the sick man, in a miraculous manner, and in a brief space of time? A Such in the account; but it does not explain

the phenomenon by which it was done any more than you know how, and can explain why, raps of some months, respected at this Hall.

The engagement with the Hall sisters having expired, they were absent, much to general regret, natural influence that mediums of to-day have. We are sorry to learn that their sweet, plaintive We know that men on earth have more or less mellow voices, will no more be heard at these lee- power to control electricity, the fluids, etc., and thus account for the cures produced by Peter under

Q.—How are we to understand that Christ turned water into wine? was it according to natural laws? A.—We believe that Chist did nothing to conflict

Q.-Did Christ have any more influence over the

A.—He had in the same measure that his life was purer, holier, and higher developed than the lives of other men.

In the evening, her subject was announced as. "Who shall we worship-how, where, and when?" She characterized worship as the natural aspiration to pay homage, and in his own way. The Christian God is a being worthy the worship of man. The Jews worshipped a God of force; but when Christ language of earth? His ways are above our ways, Christian God of the present day is not the God of turn from the external to the internal. There is a and to reconcile the inconsistencies of the Old and the great philosophy here, which cannot be found out. New Testaments. The heathen worship Gods of wood side of this great volume—a language not written and stone, and shed human blood to appease their by the hand of man, but by the finger of God. You imaginary wrath. The Christian has added to the God taught by Christ the ideal of his own mind.

This is inconsistent, as is the idea that God should give his children over to everlasting torment. True religion is found in whatever is lovely and good; the true God would have us cultivate our affections, and teaches us to desire to to do good, and to benefit one The scientific man does not make principles; he another. The next question is, how shall we worship only employs them. Many learned men are lacking this God? Shall we bow down on our trembling a tyrant, but rather do God service because he is Going back to the past; we find the springing of good and holy; not with fear and torture, but with grass, the voice of the warbling bird, and all ani- love, which casteth out fear. We should love God as mate nature, speak of God. Revelation comes to a child loves its parent, with a simple, trusting faith.

Again, if we find God everywhere, where shall we to you through nature. You must be subject to go to worship him? Man should go forth with cheerfulness, meekness and fortitude, and perform every pulses of your divine-implanted humanity, make noble deed that lays in his way, and this, too, for the sake of doing good. No worship is so acceptable to our God as this. His religion is not knee-bendingnot a recitation of formal prayers, but being noble

By what authority does man set apart one day out of nature. When you look forward with fear and of the seven, for an exclusive worship of God? If it trembling, to your future torments, which the Bible is a God-appointed day, by what authority was it ever

your fellows, that there can be no fear of death, as house to worship him. Do you not know that you the transposition of a well-spent life on earth to a are God's temple? The most high lives not in new field in eternity. Man has sought in vain for a houses, but in hearts. We believe that it is necessa-Bolace for his soul, but he still seeks. Is it possible rp to worship God, but not as the hypocrite worships that he is always to be disappointed? When the him. Let every day be a holy day, and let your wor-

Q.-Do spirits, in communicating through me-

A .- It depends on what kind of spirits they are. As they were on earth, so they are in the spirit-life. does it not fulfill its work, satisfy the longings of Men often attract untruthful spirits, for like seeks man, and check the growing evil in the world? We like; and spirits often give great names, hoping need a Bible, that, instead of teaching men to quail, thereby to attract the attention to their messages

Q.-Do persons afflicted with insanity of long standing, recover after passing into the spirit life? A .- Insanity is not a natural condition of the

mind; and therefore there is no mind so deformed. but will, under the guidance of the God of love and the ministrations of holy spirits, in process of time, dispensation, he will be taught to rely upon himself, recover its natural condition, according to the laws

Q.—How could Jesus, when he was full of the Holy Ghost, have been controlled forty days by the devil?

A.—Christ's nature was human, and, like us, he was liable to temptation, as the Bible expressly deoften displayed, by accident, to be noble, even in its clares. The devil who tempted him was the human

> Q.—Does Enoch, who was translated, appear in the spheres, in his human body? If not, how did

A .- We claim, here as elsewhere, the action of natural law. The spirit was liberated from the body We give below a necessarily brief report of the particle by particle, until they were entirely disunit-

Q.—Did the Deity speak to Adam and Eve and the serpent, in the garden of Eden?

A.—Deity speaks to every one, through the voice of conscience. It was this voice which spoke to them. O .- What mark did the Lord set upon Cain, after

his descendants? .A.—God set upon Cain a moral mark, not a phys-

ical mark. It was a darkness set upon interior na-Q.—Under what influence was the ass, when he

spoke to Balaam? A .- It is said, an angel was in his way. In that case, man was so below the beast, that the angel could spoke, and that it would be reserved for us to exthe man, though the beast had not the faculties of speech. Christians believe this narrative of an event

> gels through mediums of to-day 1 Q .- Did the Deity speak to Moses, out of the burning bush?

A .- For an answer to this question we must refer audible language, but was the voice of the soul. Men Q .- Were not the miracles performed by the dh- had extraordinary ideas of God, and they have given utterance.

name; but the simple name of Christ alone could not Is not her brain at work whilst delivering the lec-

A.-Most certainly. Spirits must adapt themselves to the faculties of the medium. Q Does not physical and mental fatigue follow

After the exertion of the faculties there must

be a reaction; with a fine it was a first to the

tal powers?

the intellectual faculties of the medium.

Q .- Do the properties and forces existing in matter by their own innate energy produce the pher spike. nomena that take place in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms? Or, are these properties and | message, advocates the construction of a railroad to forces employed by God himself or by his "minister- the Pacific through the British Provinces. ing" spirits in producing these phenomena at the time that they occur, in a manner similar to the one firm, and the money market was again easier. . The in which one of our chemists would employ in his various Joint Stock Banks lowered their rate of disoperations?

A .- Though not very pointed, we will answer this question according to our best ability. The pro- England reduced their rate of discount from 10 to 8 cesses of nature are under the control of the first per cent, and simultaneously with this movement cause. Scientific men are servents in the hands of repayment was made of the \$2,000,000 of over issue. God, to develope and unfold his laws. Spirit moves through nature more than through man. Man in Liverpool and New York, have resumed payment. creation is but a creature in the hand of God. What is more beautiful than to see art and nature com-

or are the original properties of matter combined in This time the collapse has been too complete, the casuch a way as to produce the mineral, the vegetable, lamity too wide spread, and the causes too evident, these intermediate states?

horse, the vegetable, the mineral, you find the parti- ing system, and denounces freely the practices to cles that make up man. Man is the crowning-work | which it has notoriously led; and now the Secretary

this week.

ONWARD.

'Onward," at Concord, N. H., the first week in December.

A friend, writing us from that place, says that the Rev. gentleman "brought forward the subject of Spiritualism in his Poem in a new phaze, recommending his hearers to investigate for themselves, and we find our opponents a little more lenient towards us.

Onward! a simple word, but mighty in its meaning. It is a magic wand, which, in the hands of a mind like that which Pierpont possesses, is capable of arousing mankind from the lethargy of ages, and causing them to storm with success the very walls of the eternal city of God.

Nate European Items.

The Cunard steamship Africa, Captain Shannon which sailed from Liverpool about half past two P. M., on the 26th alt., arrived at New York morning of 9th inst. The Africa brings twenty-five passengers. She passed going into Liverpool the bark Geo. Bradford, and ship Scottish Chief. Jan. 1, 8:80 A. M., lat. 49, 15 N., lon. 35, 20 W., passed a steamer bound East; Jan. 9, 8 P. M., passed steamer Arago, from New York for Southampton.

The steamship Antelope, from Portland, arrived at Liverpool at 8 P. M., on the 28d; and the steamer Pulton, from New York, reached Southampton the same night.

India.—An Indian mail, with dates from Bombay to the 4th of Dec. had arrived at Suez, and would be due in London about the 20th -ult.

Lucknow had been relieved. Sir Colin Campbell joined the forces at Alumbagh on the 11th of November, and on the 19th, after a series of severe strnggles with the enemy, the garrison at Lucknow was relieved. On the following day, the sick and woundescort to Cawnpore. One authority says that the relief of Lucknow was achieved with a loss of only four officers killed and forty wounded. The government telegram says the army under the Commanderin-chief, amounted to about 22,000 men, amply sufficient to reduce Oude to entire subjection, a task ing and instructive matter. which will occupy them for some months to come. Another despatch places Sir Colin Campbell's forces at 12,000 men. The Maleva field force, under Briga. held Thursday evening week. Full reports from the dier Stuart, had relieved Musserabad, dispersed the Mehiddore rebels, and was clearing Maleva of insurgents. The columns under Brigadier Shaw, and Cols. Cotton and Tiddrell, were scouring Robilcund, complete success attending their operations everywhere. Reinforcements were pouring into India, and appeared that the whole number of applications at all alarm for the garrisons and outposts had ceased, the Central Office for the month was 1562, showing The East India Company's despatch states that Sir Colin Campbell was slightly wounded, but not sufficiently so to interfere with the performance of his duties. The Gwalior rebels had advanced within fifteen miles of Cawnpore, but had again retired to Calkee. Gen. Windham, it is stated, has marched to wonder everybody doesn't embezzle and go there to attack them. Twenty-four inferior members of the spend the rest of his life along with his embezzlings. royal family, and an influential rebel chief had been executed at Delhi. The Jodhpore legion had been defeated with great slaughter, and the loss of all their guns, by Col. Girard's forces. Col. G. was, For some months they have been running only five however, killed. All was quiet in the Ponjaub. The days in a week. The Middlesex Company have been fort and town of Saugor remained untouched, but employing a few operatives of late on some fine there were large parties of rebels in the surrounding work. The Boott Mills, that have been stopped for districts. The Bheel disturbances in Khandersch continued, and a rising of somo Beruds near Mood- the first of February. hole is reported.

GREAT BRITAIN .- At a banquet given by the Mayor of Liverpool to the Siamese Ambassador, Mr. Beverly Tucker, the United States Consul in that city, was one of the speakers. He congratulated the Assembly on the glorious news from India, and trusted that the triumph of English arms would be complete, because it was the triumph of civilization. He said he had no doubt whatever that there was an immense trade to be developed with Siam, and he felt assured that the "Star Spangled Banner" would, like the flag of Great Britain, dip in the water to the vessels of Siam approaching the great Republic of America.

The ship Wallace, bound from Quebec to Glasgow, has been lost at sea. The crew remained on the water-logged ship for cleven days with nothing but | mac River, is worthy of the highest praise. the body of a dog to subsist on. Three of them perished

The Londom Times again reviews the Mormon difficulty, and the government plans for its suppression. It hopes that the Mormons will decide upon a mi- parts of the county, and the business was transacted gration before they are involved in the calamities of with great unanimity. The premiums were assigned غيبا فأرجعه فالعام WAY, ALCOHOL

on the 54th ult, as she was on the point of leaving Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1858. The affairs of this

result of spiritual communication rather than of a themselves with handspikes, knives, &c., threatened somnambulic condition, which is generally character the officers, and refused to proceed to sea, on the ized by a greater than ordinary lucidity of the men- ground that the ship's provisions were bad. Information of the state of affairs having been conveyed A .- You must judge of the matter yourself. You to proper officials, officers were despatched to the know that mind can act upon mind without lan- vossel, and arrested twenty-seven of the men, withguage. You must compare these productions with out opposition. An examination was to take place the day the Africa sailed. The second mate was badly cut about the mouth by a blow from a hand-

The London Post taking its cue from the President's

In London on the 23d, the Funds were steady and count for best paper to 8 per cent. No new failures were reported. On Thursday, the 24th, the Bank of

Messrs. T. B. Coddington & Co., iron merchants,

The London Times of the 26th, has an article in relation to the portion of the President's message, touching on the commercial crisis. It says: "It Q.—Does matter always have to pass through the seems likely that the commercial disasters of the mineral state before it can become a vegetable, and United States will have their due effect on the policy through the vegetable before it can become animal? of the government, and the manners of the people. and the animal, without being obliged to go through for the impression to die away and the speculators to resume their old game as soon as the vibration, of A.—We suppose God to be the first cause. Man the shock has passed. The message of the American prung not from the animal kingdom alone. In the President is bold in its criticism of the existing bankof the Treasury, in his report to the Chief Magistrate, At the close of these interrogations, the medium does not hesitate to demand the interference of Conimprovised a poem, which we are compelled to omit gress to do that which the several States will probably shrink from doing themselves. It may indeed be as much out of the power of Congress as of the local legislatures to act decisively. However, the Rev, John Pierpont delivered his poem entitled opinions of the government are not the less evident, and it is fit that they should be known and considered in this country."

It is said the English and French governments are trying to settle the difficulty between Spain and America in regard to the frigate Terrolana.

FRANCE.—The French government had determined, after mature deliberation, to work the gold mines dispovered in upper Senegal.

A further reduction of the French army had been decided upon, and the Minister of War ordered 30,-000 renewable furloughs to be prepared.

More rumors were current of contemplated changes in the Ministry at the commencement of the New Year, but they were not generally credited.

The Convention, concluded between France and Baden, for the construction of a massive bridge across the Rhine, at Kehl, will, it is said, be sanctioned by the German Diet.

It is stated that the Emperor had approved of the provisions of a bill intended to be passed through the Corps Legislatif early in the session, for restraining gambling on the Bourse.

NAPLES.—Details are published of the effects of the earthquake. The first accounts prove, as usual, to have been exaggerated; but, nevertheless, a number of buildings in various places, were destroyed, and many lives were lost. Full particulars had not reached Naples at the latest dates, nor had any communication been received from Sicily, as the telegraph had been destroyed by the carthquake.

THE BLACK SEA. The question about the Russian ports in the Black Sea, which was on the point of being settled, is somewhat complicated by the fact of the Russian government having re-established military servitude on the coast of the Crimen, razed the town of Kameisch, and forbidden the entrance to that port of merchant ships, as before the war.

The Busy World FUN AND FACT.

Read every page of the Banner this week. where may be found the usual variety of entertain-

BOSTON PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION. - The monthly meeting of the managers of this Association was various Districts were presented from which it appeared that 1879 families, including 1448 foreign and 481 American, have been aided during the month of December. Whole number of visits, 2434. From the Report of the Acting General Agent, it an average of about 60 daily, during the 26 working days, while the whole of applicants for the corresponding month of last year was but 398, showing an increase of 1164.

It costs so little to live in Florence, that it is a

RESUMING WORK.—We learn from the Lowell News that the Hamilton and Appleton Companies commenced this week running their mills on full time. three months, are expected to be in full operation on

TOP-DRESSING FOR LADIES.—From the time consumed by a young lady in "doing her hair," it is evident that this is the mane part of her dressing.

The Directors of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad Company have voted to surrender the mad to the Trustees, for the benefit of the Bondholders.

Peter Wilson, nephew of the celebrated Red Jacket, and chief of the Cataraugus tribe of Indians, was recently attacked near Lovejoy's Hotel, New York, and robbed of \$76 by six ruffians. The heroism of the Newburyport pilots, in rescu-

ing the survivors of the crew of the schooner Sunbeam, on the North Breaker, at the mouth of Merri-

MIDDLESEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The meeting of the Trustees of this society, the oldest county society in the State, was held at Concord on the 5th inst. It was fully attended by Trustees from all for the next exhibition, and awarding committees A mutiny occurred on board the ship J. J. Boyd, appointed. The next cattle show is to be held on Quality are in a flourishing condition. Its officers Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

are Hon. John S. Koyes, of Concord, President; Andrew Wellington, Esq., of Lexington, and George O. Brastow, Esq., of Somerville, Vice Presidents; Joseph Reynolds, M. D., of Concord, Secretary; Geo. Heywood, Esq., of Concord, Treasurer.

"Is your horse fast?" inquired a man of a Vermont horse dealer.

" Beats all creation."

" Good bottom ?".

"He's all bottom. Why, I drove him so far one lay, that it took two days to get him back again."

The U. S. Senate has confirmed Arthur W. Austin as Collector for the District of Boston and Charles-

A true picture of despair, is a pig reaching through hole in the fence to get a cabbage that is only a few inches beyond his reach. An engine boiler on the New York and Eric Rail-

road exploded on Saturday, and killed a fireman and a flagman. Some of the Chinese in California have silver

watches so large that they use the outside to fry potatoes in. A man attempted to selze a favorable opportunity,

few days since, but his hold slipped, and he fell to the ground considerably injured. At the election in Kansas, on the 4th instant, the

Free State ticket was chosen. The chap who took the thread of life to sow the

rent in his hose, has gone West and taken out a patent for cross-eyed needles. Further advices have been received at the War Department, to the effect that the Mormons will not

retreat from Utah; but will dispute every inch of ground with Federal troops. Gen. Scott has issued orders for reinforcements, and the Mormon war will be pushed with vigor in the spring. The individual who was content that his life

should be linked with crime, has found a strong chain round his leg. The Washington Union repudiates William Walk-

er's plan of "annexing" Central America, and argues, that "if we must plant our institutions in regions south of us, by the strong arm, let it be by open and honorable hostility," &c.

The speaker who was "drawn out," measured a foot and a half longer than before.

Joseph C. Sleeper committed suicide at the Matteson House, Chicago, 9th inst. His family reside in Sandown, N. II.

A writer who is down upon dosing and drugging, says a man may have "the constitution of a horse -but that is no reason why a doctor should treat him like an ass. Orlando Hunter has just recovered a verdict of &

\$7000 against the Green Bay, Chicago and Mil-

waukee Railroad Company, in the Racine Circuit Court, for the death of his father, who was killed about two years ago by the train from Chicago.

Sheridan, having threatened his son Tom to cut him off with a shilling, received this retort :-"Where will you get the shilling?"

Money lender-" You want a hundred dollars! Here's the money. I charge five per cent. a mouth, and as you want it for a year, that leaves just forty dollars coming to you." Innocent borrower-"Then if I wanted it for two years, there'd be something coming to you."

A man named J. P. Hall has been arrested in Buffalo for robbing the United States mails. Some stolen letters were found on him.

Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the American House six months. Did you foot your bill?"

"No sir, but it amounted to the same thing-Brad," the landlord, footed me."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S. L., writing from Michigan, is informed, in answer to his inquiry respecting the best collection of words and music sider "The Psaims of Life," compiled by John S. Adams, as decidedly superior to all others, inasmuch as no other work of the kind embraces so large a field of Spiritual truth and General Reform. It comprises over 500 of the best poems in the English language, each of which is accompanied on the same page with an appropriate tune. It forms a very neat duodecimo volume of nearly 300 pages, bound in cloth. The retail price is 75 cts.

. G. MEMPHIA.-We thank our correspondent for his letter. He may rest assured he has nothing to fear from us on any of the subjects be mentions. Our province is to publish the facts of Spiritualism, believing that when men become true Spiritualists, good works will of necessity follow.

Dr. A. D., LYNN.-Your letter, mailed the 9th, came too late for this week. Free Discussion rules here, and we will do as you request.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mas. HENDERSON will lecture at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 21-2 and 7 o'clock P. M. A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritualists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening

during the winter. The public are invited to attend. SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

A Cincia for Medium Dovelopment and Spiritual Manifestaions will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE POOR-entitled the "Harmonial Band of Love and Charity,"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 8 o'clock. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend. Mrs. B. Nightingale, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will re-

ceive callers at her residence in West Raudolph, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week. Terms, for Examination, 50 cts. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. 3mg Jan 16. Miss Rosa T. Amedy, Tranco Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other

time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 32 Allen street, Boston. Bhe will also attend funerals. CHARLESTOWN.-Meetings in Washington Hall every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The mornings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 12

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening at Guild Hall, Winnishment street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Beats free. CAMBRIDGEPORT .- Meetings at Washington Hall Main

street, every Bunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'-Miss Magoun will speak at Concert Hall, Waltham, Wed-

A. M. and 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

nesday evening, Jan. 18th. Admittance 10 cts. Also at Brighton, in the Town Hall, Friday evening, Jan. 15th. Admittance Quinor,-Spiritualists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hall

very Sunday morning and afternoon.

SALEM.—Meetings are hold in Creemer's Hall, Essex street Sunday afternoon afid evening. Circle in the morning.

HINGHAN.—Miss Rosa T. Amedy will lecture by particular request in "Loring Hall," Hingham, on Sunday evening next, 17th inst. Admission 10 cents, to defray expenses.

MANCHETTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday/meetings in Court

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. DREAMS.

We are dreamers all in this world below, But sweet as the springs in Sahara that flow, Are our visions of joy 'mid the sorrows of time.

The dream of the school-boy-oh, waken him not: Though the book at his side all unopened doth lie; He has left the pent school-room for greenwood and field, . All nature his toacher, beneath the blue sky.

The maiden alcors softly-the bright tinted future & In colors all glowing is painted by Love; No gloom in that picture—but waking she'll find, That day without night shines only above.

A prisoner is sleeping-in yonder lone cell His hands are all fettered, his couch the cold stone; The blood of his brother burns red on his brow, And his own for that brother's ere long must atone The charm of his vision—in boyhood again.

He sees a fond mother and bends at her knee; With innocent lips lisps "Our Father" once more, And guiltless of crime is happy and free. Oh, tread ye here lightly-dissolve not the spell

Nor bring to the dreamer the near again; Far better the romance of dreaming, I ween, Than the pangs of remores, and the clank of the chain. The old man is dreaming-oh, look at him now!

-All huggard and worn with the battle of life; In weakness and sadness he lays himself down, A-weary, a-weary with contest and strife. 'A dream cometh softly and bears him aloft, To the life where no ago, and no sorrow can come-

And angels are waiting to welcome him home. Yes, dreamers are we in this world below, The take in its cradle—the man in his prime; But sweet as the springs in Sahara that flow, Are our visions of joy 'mid the sorrows of time. Braingfield, Vr., Jan 2, 1858.

He heareth the music-the pearly gates ope.

Correspondence.

THE RESURRECTION. LACONIA, N. H., Jan. 3, 1858.

Mr. EDITOR :- Subjoined is an article which is going the rounds of the papers; and being somewhat thick-headed myself, I cannot comprehend a certain

portion of it, which you will see is underlined. Being a constant reader of the "Banner," I, for one, would like to see a few words of explanation, and perhaps there are hundreds who have read the same article, that are similarly situated.

Hoping that I have not intruded too far, I remain

THE REMAINS OF MADISON.-In digging for the foundation of the monument recently creeted over the remains of President Madison, the coffin was exposed to view. The appearance of the remains is thus decribed by a Richmond paper:—

"The board placed above the coffin had decayed,

but no earth had fallen in upon it, and everything appeared to be as when the coffin was deposited there, except that it was slightly out of place, allowing a partial view of the interior. As there was no fastening to prevent, the part of the lid covering the superior portion of the body was raised, and several present looked in upon the remains of the great Virginian. The collin itself, of black walnut, was in perfect preservation, and the interior was nearly filled with a species of moss, which adhered pertinnoiously to the wood. Beneath this, and partially hidden by it, were a few of the largest and hardest of bones. The lower jaw had fallen away, and the bones of the breast and ribs were gone, and the only parts of the skeleton which remained were the skull and portions of the cheek bones, the vertebree of the neck, the spine and the largest bones of the arms. All else of the upper part of the body had returned to the dust from whence it was taken, and in a few years more every trace of the body will disappear, until the trump of the resurrection shall unite the scat-tered particles. The body-had been interred just twenty-one years."

comprehend the sentence italicised. And we trust he never will understand it so far as to be swallowed up in its absurdity. Among the many errors which the past has brought down to us, the ideas entertained by a portion of the church on the subject of the day of judgment, and the resurrection, are the most injurious to the growth of man's soul, and the most productive of mental darkness. This darkness which hovers over man as a cloud, produces hell enough, even on earth, to satisfy a universe of revengeful gods, such as the church worships and fears.

Infidelity, with its doctrine of annihilation, is refreshing indeed to a dogma which teaches a suspension of all life, thought, or action, during countless years, and that, all of a sudden, at the blowing of a horn, which we can hardly conceive to be found in an immaterial heaven, the spirit of man looks around for his old bones, and trembling, shakes and shuffles them up to a great white throne, to answer for sins committed thousands of years before, and which his sleep must have obliterated from his memory. The doctrine is too absurd to be put before the public at anything but a twenty-five cent "nigger show," where the aim of the face bedaubed with burnt cork, is to talk and act as ridiculous as pos-

That the Christian church should have been betraved into this inconsistent theory, is one of the most surprising follies of the world of mind. Believing as it does in the Divine origin of the Biblethat all that is therein is God's word, it is strange that it has no more rational idea of man's destiny. Not to mention the Old Testament, the sacred book of the Jewish nation, wherein many instances are recorded of the spirits of men manifesting themselves to the inhabitants of earth, the New Testament, the Christian's sacred book, is replete with positive proof that man does not, for any considerahle length of time, lose his consciousness at death, but lives on with the same features and form, the same powers of thought, which he possessed here. The three most palpable cases in proof, are those of the appearance of Moses and Elias to Jesus and his two disciples, whom it seems they at once realized as such; the resurrection of Christ himself; and the statement of John that his Revelations were given by one of the prophets. The greatest lesson Jesus taught, which was entirely new, (his maxims of love having been given years prior to his existence by heathen philosophers, as they are termed, though perhaps not practically illustrated by the life, as were as the words of Jesus,) was that of the resurrection of the soul of man. From his own almost immediate appearance after death, to his disciples. the church should have learned that the spirit of man never ceased to live. He even told the thief, who asked to be remembered when Christ should come to his kingdom, that on that very day when the martel body was writhing in the agentes of dis-

solution on the cross, he, the thief-all that made singly. The answer came forth, to each, as they were the man-his spirit, should be with him in paradise. called, in three distinct tones from the melodeon. On It was not said, wait patiently in the arms of death our first entering, my brother laid his hat on a chair until a far off day, and then get up out of the grave, in one corner of the room. No one present had apwhen you shall be awakened with a blast from a proached that part of the room during the evening. horn, gather together the dust which is left of your He was directed by the medium to hold his hand unin their understanding of the life of man. Even under again; perhaps you may get hold of the book." and Christ-like views on this subject than the our surprise there lay my brother's hat. Protestant. In rebelling against the errors of Rome, acknowledge her truths, and the world suffers to this day for this blindness to the virtues of others.

The conviction must force itself upon every candid mind, that owing to the misunderstanding of the istence. The germ of all spiritual truth, we believe, is to be found in the Bible, but if it is sought to unism, as seen at this age, is the best word of God which ever came to man; for it presents the honest ly read by all present. and careful soul, who is willing to seek and knock, not only with positive proof of the condition of his from God, which, without this key, are not to be dithe soul of man.

Let but the honest man, with a burning desire and devout prayers for truth, go manfully to work. and dig among the rubbish which too often envelopes the new revelation, rubbish cast upon it by the hurch even, and he will find rare gems of truth, which unfold to him, as he gazes and ponders upon them, new and enlarged views of God and of man. A diamond lustre will sparkle in every page of God's word as given by Christ, and he will have no such ridiculous notions of life here, or hereafter, as those which have perplexed our frierd.

Instead of looking in the grave, among the decayed elements which, in the immense laboratory of Na- from Daniel Rhodes. ure, are giving forth life and sustenance to newer forms of matter, for the venerated Madison, that man will call on him from the realms of the blessed spirit world. I am the "dear friend" spoken of. for truth, wisdom and love, and his bright spirit, which long ere this has ceased to think of the form which served it as a habitation upon earth, except to bless God that it served him well there, will deike simplicity calls for truth, and minister to his wants in proportion to his capacity of reception.

and it in turn shall die, as did the animal whose cated to any person. death was its life, and in its death must a newer never more have life in its human form. Neither tests. God, nor Madison, can call that back from the labora-

C. H. FOSTER, TEST MEDIUM, SALEM, MASS.

Mr. Epiron-Having witnessed some very striking Foster, of Salem, Mass., as medium, for the benefit of strive to lead our thoughts to the true riches; how rested, I hereby give you some of them for insertion in your paper, that all such may judge of his nower as a test medium.

The first that I witnessed, was in October last, in my neighborhood, at which time he was entranced, and what purported to be the spirit of Rev. Hosen Ballou, spoke at some length through Mr. F., as medium, to the satisfaction of all present: there were also many questions answered by raps, and a number of communications written through his hand. He then called for a piece of white paper, which he laid on the palm of his left hand, with a lead pencil on top of the paper, and his right hand resting on the table, holding the same under the table. He then asked if the spirit would write its name. In a short time raps were heard, when the question was asked if they had written? Three distinct raps indicated the affirmative. The paper was taken from under the table, and the words "Hosea Ballou," were intelligibly written from right to left. This was performed soveral times, and different names were written in the same manner.

At another time, I went (in company with my brother, who is a writing medium,) to ,Mr. Foster's house, No 4 Turner street. The medium and ourselves only being present, both my brother and myself, by direction of the medium, at different times held a piece of clean white paper under the table, both distinctly felt, apparently, a hand thrust the raps.) In a short time raps were again heard. I let loose. took the paper from the floor, and on it was distinctly written, from right to left, the letters reversed, our ter which we do not see fit to look into, some among sister's name. She died some two years since. The writing was a perfect fac simile of hers. During the evening the room was well lighted. The medium Spiritualism can be investigated in a moment; but was thrown into a trance several times, and spoke on different subjects, we were satisfied the medium himself could have had no knowledge of in his natural state. A hand bell that was under the table was can contemplate it only as we learn of the laws of ringing at intervals. There was still another phenomenon, like unto the rapping, with a hand, upon our bodies, when the medium was out of reach of us. | template of its grandeur and sublimity only, as we We next moved a melodeon into the middle of the see its splender as it feams and breaks along the room. I examined it carefully, filled at with wind shore. We know but little of the vast orb we inhabit. and tried the keys, all of which answered in their unless we study with the human mind the wonders natural tones: I then let all the wind from the in- and works of our Creator, God. Man (as has been strument, tried the keys, and they refused to answer- said,) has lived in the age of effects, not caring to not a sound came forth from them. I then carefully learn the cause. We, as intelligent beings, should shut the instrument up, locked it, and took the key. wish to know the cause, and make this subject our We then, at the suggestion of the medium, took our study. One of the most sublime works which God seats some four feet from the instrument, when the has given man, is to learn and know of him. We medium said, "Any questions you may ask will be all feel and desire among us to know more of our answered from the melodeon." My brother then future destiny, and at times feel that too much mysasked if the spirits of four well known clergymen, tery is connected with our life, an this earth. But

who have long since passed to the spirit land, (name we are alone to blame for the feelings that such

ing them,) were present each one being called for thoughts bring, and we should depend more on the

present body, and seck me out. No, there was no der the table, which he did, while all other hands death, then, nor is there such a thing now. But the were on the table, when my brother exclaimed, "I church has failed to read the lesson they might have felt a hand take hold of mine, and I felt something read in this, and is even behind the Catholic church like a book in it." I said to him, "Put your hand Rome recognizes immortality, and has more rational When, with a light, I looked under the table, and to

At the first of the present month, with Mr. F. and the Protestant church, in blind fanaticism, refused to a few friends in our neighborhood, we had manifestations similar to those before named. The medium sat with us at the table, raps came, he was entranced several times, and we got some very satisfactory answers to many questions—the answers purporting to truths taught in the Bible, something more is need- come from the spirits of our departed friends, through cil by man to afford him a glimpse of his future ex- the medium, none of which the medium had knowledge of

The medium then called for paper; it was provided derstand this truth from the misconceptions of it and examined to the satisfaction of all present; the man has brought forth, the effort will be a failure. medium held it under the table with his left hand, in other words we believe that man needs a new and the other was resting on the table, while one of word of God, a book whose pages shall appeal to his the company held a pencil in his hand at the other material as well as spiritual nature, or through the end of the table, that it should not come in contact former to the latter, and that this revelation is to with the paper; the paper was taken from the me be found in the communication now open, between dium's hand to the floor, the pencil not being within our friends who have passed to the true life and our two feet of the paper at any time, the gentleman that selves. We believe that the phenomena of Spiritual. held the pencil said that he saw the letters rise on the paper, in the shape of a name which was distinct-

One of the company asked if there were any of his spirit friends present. (Three raps.) If they would friends who have gone before him, but it unfolds to write their names, as they usually did when on earth. him what his position will be, and furnishes the key (Three raps.) A piece of clean white paper was prowherewith he may unlock all former revelations duced, when the medium held it under the table and the gentieman held the pencil as before, and the rested of the living waters they contain to refresh name of one of his friends was given, which he said possession. Many other tests were performed to the satisfaction of all present.

I present the above facts, hoping they may be the means of inducing others to investigate a subject which is engaging the attention of many thinking Very respectfully yours minds.

SALEM, Dec. 81, 1857. N. O. SYMONDS.

DANIEL RRODES.-A REMARKABLE TEST.

Mr. EDITOR :- I was much gratified in reading the communication in the last number of the Banner,

He therein refers to an earthly friend, who called to see him a few days before his departure to the

During some years of intimacy with Mr. Rhodes. I often conversed with him on the subject of Spiritualism; but at the visit to which he refers, I determined (after some doubt what to do) not to mention light to draw nigh to the humble soul, who in child- the subject. I can testify to the truthfulness of the facts given in the communication of Mr. R., as I am cognizant of all of them, and I read in this letter a The mouldering, decaying form, has done well in recital, much to my astonishment, of my own giving life to the moss which nearly fills the coffin, thoughts-thoughts, too, that were never communi-

To me, this document is gratifying in the extreme. and higher vegetable life unfold, until perhaps, the Here are a number of facts, incidentally related, blue violet shall lift its petals to the sun, and tell of which are beautiful tests of the truthfulness of unother age when the stately tree shall be all that is spirit communications. I say incidentally, for they left of the body of the hero; but that body shall came quite unlooked for, and were not given at all as

Oh, that we could realize the fact, that our unseen friends are around us-are reading our thoughtsand from the knowledge there gained of our wants, or even our wishes, are carrying out plans for our good and happiness. They are the same kind friends now as they were when visible to us. And while attests, or spiritual manifestations, through Mr. C. H. | tentive to our material wants, how carnestly do they bountifully do they bring us the heavenly manne angel's food. Let us try them by the rule taught by Jesus, and judge of their quality by their teachings, for "an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit;" and we are again told that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Now if evil spirits teach us virtue, they are destroying themselves; but if good angels again bring glad tidings to earth, why not recoive them?

> Why will not those who profess to believe their Bible, pender upon some of its plainest teachings, and bring them down to life? Why will they not practically believe the words of Him whom they gladly call their Master. "My words, they are spirit and are life."

THE EXPOSITION OF DR. A. DAVIS.

Mr. Editor-In looking over your paper of July 2, I saw a communication from a correspondent, relating to the exposition of Spiritualism by Dr. Addison Davis, of Lynn. Now, in all charity to my Brother Davis, I will say a few words relative to this subject. No doubt he felt that he was acting from principles of right, and felt that sincerity which all of us feel, when we think we are acting from feelings of justice and honesty. Still, are we not sometimes led to believe and act that which is not strictly right? Are we not made too often the victim of our with a pencil—all hands being on the table except own wills, without stopping to reason whether we the one that held the paper and pencil-when we are right or wrong? Too often are we led to cast aside reason, and quiet the matter, without giving paper and pencil to the floor. The question was then the subject any investigation. Reason has in the asked. "Will the spirit write its name?" (Three past, by many, been cast off, and our passions been

Belfast, Jan. 4, 1858. To frame any sort of opinion in regard to a mat-Mr. Eprron - I am frequently inquired of by us do use our gift to great advantage, and to those do the world owe their obligations. No subject like needs the study of man's mortal existence, and then he has but commenced to learn (like the boy his alphabet,) the first rudiments of his education. We our own existence, and those that govern the universe, vast as is the mighty ocean. Yet can we conotry of the nineteenth century? What is said of my patients, or rather my wife's,

reation plain to us.

this, light must follow.

Reason, Truth and Love.

The three great buds of Hope, The road that leads to joys beyond, This world of fears and doubts. J. S. C.

SPIRITS OHEER THE PRAIRIE WAN-DERER.

Mr. EDITOR-Here am I, nestled down with a dear good cousin, in her far off prairie home. She is a Spiritualist, and as mediums are few and far between, we are thrown upon our own resources for spiritual food. Neither of us were developed, as we

thought, sufficiently to get any manifestations; but proposed to sit and see if our spirit friends would undoubtedly be interesting to many of our readers: not cheer us with their presence. We had sat for some time, and had about given up the idea that they would manifest in any way, when, oh, joy, the tiny rap was heard on the table. Long we sat and conversed with the heavenly messengers: and oh, was a fac simile of his signature, which he had in his Inever since the day that the gates of the spirit world were thrown open to my enraptured vision by those persecuted pioneers of the spiritual phenomena, the Misses Foxes, have I felt a greater thrill of delight, than on that occasion. How delightful is it. here, in the solitude of a prairie home, to know that our loved ones are around us, to cheer and bless our otherwise solitary abode. We had rather hear the simple rap made upon a table, and listen, as letter by letter of the alphabet, lessons of heavenly wisdom are given us by our spirit friends, to guide us to their beautiful spirit home, than listen to the worldly lore of all the wise Savans of Harvard, Professor

> There is a goodly number of Spiritualists about ten miles distant from where I am stopping, and they are, as I have been informed, anxious to have some lecturers come that way; they would meet with a hearty welcome, and also good remuneration. with a hearty welcome, and also good remuneration. New York. It has advocates in every neighborhood. Do send some along. I intend, as soon as I can, to There are about three thousand Spiritualists in this try to keep you informed, and hope that my humble efforts may meet with a kind appreciation at your Truly yours, in the cause of Truth.

Felton not excepted.

CHARLES SNYDER.

BAD SPELLING BY A SPIRIT.

At the risk of shocking the savans of Cambridge, we publish the following communication, which was given through a lady whose orthography has not been neglected, as had that of the spirit, and who would not spell quite so loosely as he has done, which is very good evidence that it was an influence

There was a schooner named the "Black Gull," ruising in the vicinity of the West India islands some five or six years ago. Of the other particulars, we know nothing.

New London, Jan. 4, 1858. tired of my coming so often, but if you do, all I can Spiritualism in churches opened to him in the followsay is to put the letters where you do broken type. I ing places in the State of New York: Auburn, Spafsend a communication, as it was rapped, a letter at ford, Canistota, Fulton, Morris, Bridgewater, Watera time, and if you think it worth publishing, please town, Potsdam, Rushville, Madrid, Louisville Landdo so. The manifestation was given at a friend's ing, Brownsville, Branchport, LaFargeville, Dundee, house, the medium being a lady of this place. The Alexander, Victor, Byron, Glens Falls, Laons, and as follows:--

for spirit manifestations, I have long wanted to his sentiments. speak to my friends, but they do not think I am in the spirit world. I sailed from Rio Genaro five years | rian, Detroit; the Universalist churches of Joliet and sell, and the schoner Lioness. I alone was picked up ings. by a piratical schoner: I was kept for a fate worse | R. P. Ambler is giving a series of lectures in Baltithan drowning—they wanted melto goin them, but I refused, and so I lived for nine days with death stairthe plank—it was a hapy releaf. I have been long I could tell them something for their benefit. The name of pirate schoner Black Gull.

PHINEAS SCOT. The above is a correct copy. Yours, ever in the cause, H. C.

RESPONSE TO A MESSAGE PUBLISHED IN THE BANNER,

friends, if the communication directed to Dr. Moody through the Messenger Department of your paper, dated November 11, is true. I would say to such, no that far-off region. Mediums are being developed one but myself can know how true. There are tests and conditions in that communication known for able and responsible lecturers. only to myself, my God, and his spiritual messengers. He speaks of aspirations gathering and clustering around the affections of the heart, rising and ascending to the eternal Spirit and Father of all, breathed can tell how true? I, and I alone. "Oh, he has a The above was written on the eleventh of November, missed from the Orthodox church of Belfast,-for Spiritualism,—having been members of that society ganization, if he has embraced Spiritualism, : Office and church for thirty years. Shade of Cotton Mather! do you not blush at the spirit of intolerance and big-

test, (and a good one it is,) rather than the actual 84 East Twelfth street 1 3 400 rather than the actual 84 East Twelfth street 1 3 400 rather and samuel Moody. Our friend Hadard of Nelson, N. T. which about

light of reason within ourselves, to study and make are frequently with me in spirit, and through different mediums have made themselves known to me. In the age we live in, history gives us but a con- making similar requests, and verifying their mefused idea of creation; and the Bible, the book every sence by giving a fac simils of their hand writing. man should look to as the guide to his eternal hap- William says he died short of two years ago; he died piness, without this light of reason, will but poorly last May; he calls his age twenty years; he was a satisfy us of all we wish to obtain. People are be- little over twenty-one years. To my mind this is ginning to seek and know for themselves that which evidence of truth, not deception; had there been they have trusted too long to others, and as they do collusion, how easy it were to be accurate in dates, which many mediums fail to give, from conditions "Seek and ye shall find," stands out in too plain not understood. "I must be willing to wait God's language to be misunderstood, and men will have no time, which is the best time," was an often repeated excuss to offer to their Judge in the hour of trial, for expression of his during his sickness,—a firm belief not understanding the way of knowledge. Think, in the Bible doctrines of ancient and modern Spiritthen, ye who make hasty conclusions, and cry delu- ualism, and his spiritual visions, scothed his passage sion. Think, and reason well, before you settle a to a brighter world, though he had ambition and matter of so great importance to you individually. bright visions of this world, and kind friends to al-Seek it calmly and carnestly, and you, too, shall find lure him to earth. "His spirit has not gone beyond the peace that thousands of your fellow-men to-day the bounds of the farthest star," but in spirit he alenjoy; that peace that floweth on like the river of most daily manifests himself to us, as he promised life, bearing you on its quiet stream to the haven of he would, in some pleasing and happy manner, by which we cannot fail to recognise his spirit presence.

I give you this communication for your encouragement, particularly Mrs. Conant's; and that my friends, and the friends of Spiritualism may know it is truth, and by his spirit's particular request that he may thereby be permitted to communicate through you again.

God speed the cause of rightcousness and truth. Yours truly,

RICHARD MOODY, M. D.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS. From the Spiritual Clarion, a smart little sheet devoted to Spiritualism, and published at Auburn, N. Y., we clip most of the following items. They will

G. E. Walcutt, the painting medium, of Columbus, Ohio, is doing a large work in that line. He is like wise an occasional public speaker. Among the private mediums in that city, we learn of Mrs. S. Reed, Mrs. Dr. Swain, and Miss B. F. Mutchlar.

Wm. H. Brown is a healing medium, of Zanesville.

At Newton Falls, Ohio, are O. P. Kellogg, trance. speaking medium; Mrs. Shakspere, healing; and Mrs. Earle, rapping.

Miss Emma Hardinge, returning from a successful visit to Waterford, Troy and Rondout, supplied the desk at Dodworth Hall, on Sunday, the third instant. Wm.V. Noe is a newly announced Spiritual locturer recently reported by the Telegraph to speak at Dod-

worth Hall, New York. H. P. Fairfield has returned from the West, and may be addressed for a short time at Collins' Depot. Mass.

G. M. Jackson, the young trance-speaking medium, of Prattsburg, N. Y., writing to the Clarion from Watertown, N. Y., says:

"The cause is taking root rapidly here in Northern visit the Spiritualists at this little town, where I am region, where I have been laboring for a month and told they have excellent circles. If anything of in shall stay through January, after which I shall be terest occurs in the way of Spiritualism here, I will ready to answer calls elsewhere. I find the Clarion generally taken in this section, having a wider circulation than any other of our papers. Long may its shrill and stirring notes echo over the broad plains of

T. L. Harris discourses every Sunday, morning and evening, in the University Chapel, fronting Washington Square, New York.

The Spiritualists of St. Louis have engaged a hall for meetings during the coming year; A. Miltenberger. Secretary.

The Spiritual friends of Cincinnati have a hall for regular gatherings. T. G. Forster has been speaking

The friends in Columbus, Ohio, have engaged Mechanics' Hali for three meetings every Sunday. In Dayton, Ohio, the Spiritualists have hired the Universalist church for one year.

The Universalist church in Jonesville, Michigan, is open to Spiritualism one half of the time.

As one of the favorable omens of the time, the ed-DEAR BANNER :- I do not know but you will get itor of the Clarion states that he has lectured on communication, as it was rapped, letter by letter, is he now holds unfulfilled invitations to speak in many others, including churches of all denominations: I do not wish to intrude, but seeing you are siting in none of which has he been asked to compromise

The Methodist church, Niles, Michigan ; the Unitaago; the schoner foundered in a gale of Cape Haterass Elgin, Illinois; Racine, Wisconsin; Somers, Connection the night of March 9th. The Capt., George Rus. out; Moravia, N. Y., are opened for spiritual meet-

more, Maryland.

D. T. Griffen, of Warsaw, N. Y., writes that there ing me in the fase; but the tenth day I had to walk are some scores of Spiritualists in that vicinity; have had occasional speaking through S. Cooper and Mrs. trying to manifest myself, but could not aproach neer L. L. Griffen, trance and healing medium; says they enough. My sister and mother are both living have been somewhat scourged by loose and "vagasomewhere in Florida. If they should see a medium bond mediums, of which, good Lord, deliver us," as soon as possible.

Dr. John Mayhew writes from St. Paul, Minnesota, where he is now engaged in his public labors. A. B. Whiting's home address is Brooklyn, Michi-

gan. He is now at Providence, Rhode Island. Warren Chase is lecturing in Michigan. His home

address is Battle Creek, Michigan. J. H. W. Toohev is on a tour West, and was last

reported at Battle Creek. We wish John the eminent success he is capable of meriting. J. P. Hibler, of Oregon Territory, reports the Spiritual philosophy advancing in many good minds in

and inquirers are increasing, but the great need is

Dr. S. G., of Memphis, Tenn., for many years a prominent Methodist leader, has come out a bold, fear-

less advocate of our faith. Rev. J. P. Averhill, of Battle Creek, Michigan, forin silent and secret prayer. Who knows? and who merly a Universalist clergyman, some time since embraced Spiritualism. Mr. Averhill, it seems, recently glorious work to perform, and I wish, if possible to held some correspondence with the Christian Ambasmake him fully realise the position he stands in." sador, published at Auburn, N. Y., and sent a communication which the Ambassador declined, as it had and on the thirteenth my wife and myself were dis- a right to do. The Ambassador thinks Mr. A. ought to resign his relationship with the Universalist of-

> About five hundred lecturers and mediums are now almost constantly devoted to the public field of Spiritualism, mostly in the Northern States.

The most comfortable, elegant and economical (for she is a healing medium,) is true. We trust, home for Spiritualists and invalids visiting Nr. York, however, what is said of the eyesight is given as a may be found at Dr. Wellington's Water Cure No.

twenty-five strong Spiritualists in that town. Among the mediums are Mrs. H. R. Norton, Mrs. B. White, A. B. Graves, healing and speaking; O. M. White, Miss J. Burny, Miss M. J. Graves, speaking; Mrs. C. M. White, classroyant; C. S. Johnson, healing; Miss E. Johnson, writing; T. Harris, tipping; E. Richardson, Mrs. A. Hogeboom, Mrs. W. Harris, trance; R. S. ties, and what truth is conveyed to thy interior Hazard, A. Hogeboom, impression; Mrs. J. Graves. writing.

We are indebted to Dr. J. Mayhew for this new list of mediums in New Hampshire: Mr. Bond, Lebs. truth is conveyed into thy mind? Dost thou behold non; Dr. Burt, Walpole; healing, Mrs. Danforth, Manchester; healing and speaking. W. Brown, Drewsville; speaking and seeing. In Vermont; Mr. Holt. Bridgewater; Mr. Ballard, Burlington; Mrs. M. F. Brown, Mrs. Cook, Rutland; Mrs. L. Cook, Montpelier; healing. Mrs. L. A. Horton, Sudbury; Mrs. But behold, again, with a little more knowledge S. Baird, Leicester; Mrs. A. B. Manchester, W. Ran- gained from the experience of thy mental researches, dolah : trance speakers. Miss E. E. Coggswell, East | and now thou wilt gaze upon them, not as mere de-Middlebury, arm-imprints. The editor of the Clarion says:-" It was current

at the Oberlin, Ohio, Theological Institution, on our one planets and organized objects, bearing upon their late yisit to that very pious locality, that Joel Tiffany had made a clear renunciation of Spiritualism. Joel will probably survive the report, and if Oberlin wishes to test it, let a despatch be sent for Tiffany to appear before the professors.

Written for the Banner of Light. TO MY FRIEND, MRS. F

BY COSMOS.

There's a voice that comes from the spirit-land And a shadowy form is near, As you listening catch the etherial tones, Borne softly upon the ear.

It speaks of the friends so dearly loved. That have passed from earth away; But their spirits refined with heavenly light Still round your pathway play. They linger about you in sorrow and gloom,

And pray for the heart that is weeping; They float in circles of airy light, O'er the form that is placed in their keeping.

And oft when in slumbers the curtains of night In darkness close over the sleeper. The spirits tap lightly, in signals their own And claim the thoughts of the dreamer.

And the spiritual eye, disdaining the sight That is measured by law and position, Seeks forms of beauty, and visions of light, In the trances of spirit-condition.

And the voice comes oft to the waiting ear, And bids him go on with his mission: And when upon earth his work is all done He feels the truth of his vision.

But viewless; dreaming no longer. His spirit is lightened of burdening care, And ever grows brighter and stronger. On the confines of space the spirits still wait,

The magic circle still round him bends.

And flit o'er the forms that they love : They whisper of God, and a better estate Prepared in the mansions above.

INFANT DAMNATION. The Long Island Times prints the following:-FLUSHING, Dec. 30, 1857.

Rev. Alpheus S. Nickerson, North Woburn, Mass.:-Friend and Brother-I have just perused the state- stream in no other direction, but ever centre in the ment of your nonconfirmation to the "Congrega Creator of the universe. Therefore fear not to extional" Ministry by a committee of men, on account amine into all things, and if thou perceivest truth, of what they deem a heresy as to the "salvation of follow it wheresoever it may lead thee, for pure from infants," but I am positively sure that you were at the realms of light it shall ever guide thy spirit, that moment confirmed and consecrated to a truly Godlike Ministry by a Committee comprising thousands

of Angels.

The infamous and diabolical assumption by darkened and base minds, that a Benificent Creator stamps with moral depravity the infant at its birth, and sends it forth a mental cripple, but demanding of it the most responsible duties, is doomed to the general execration of every candid and justly reasoning mind. Such a baneful creed could only have emanated from the gloomiest abodes of superstition, ignorance, and delusion. So far from being worthy of a God, it would darken the character of Satan in direct contradiction to those of the benign Saviour, the great Medium between God and Man, who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such change produces light out of darkness, development is the kingdom of God," and they can only find approval in the minds of those, who are educated in the tortuous misconceptions of sectarian mental depravity, and where so pernicious and false an education has imperceptibly synstrained them to last casting off its physical body, with which it has look upon the Creator as a wrateful and avenging hitherto been encumbered, it soars above into those God, one ever ready to visit vengeance on man—a lands where wisdom sheds its light unclouded by the Creator who in retributive wrath for the error of earth. There as it heaks in the warm support of earth. one inexperienced being, doomed his unborn, innocent, and unconscious progeny to a perdition extending through all after ages. Could any man be found sible beauty and joy, and the interior light of the on the earth, who would thus cripple his child from birth, as is attributed to God, he would be hurled from society as the basest of miscreants, and be branded with the universal execration of his fellow-WM. R. PHINCE.

WHERE IS OUR CHARITY?

Is it not most lamentably clear that love is the most wanting of all the Christian graces, where we should have expected to see it enthroned in majesty and ruling in power-I mean in the Christian Church. What do we see in Christendom? A vast complication of ecclesiastical machinery, churches established and churches unestablished: a vast accumulation of doctrines to be believed, duties to be performed, and rites to be observed; a vast array of biblical learning and criticism, in which every word is examined, weighed and defined. We have creeds, confessions, liturgies, prayer books, catechisms, and a surer progress in the spiritual. This theme is one forms of faith and discipline. We have bishops, priests, pastors, and teachors. We have councils, tent to do it justice. If the spiritual life were open convocations, synods, conferences, assemblies, and and plain to all, people would then see that it were ether ecclesiastical bodies without number. We have best they have trials on earth, and so meet them commentaries, reviews, magazines, religious news- bravely; they would see that the best policy is honpapers, and journals of all kinds, and thousands upon esty; that by doing good to others, though they may thousands of religious books, from the four-page tract | not receive any return on earth, the recompense is to the quarto volume. We have cathedrals, church- sure in heaven-for unto your good works accordes, chapels, and schools—in short, a wondrous and ingly shalt the reward be. Though your eyes be complicated mass of means, instrumentalities, and near-sighted in discerning the future, take the adagencies—but where is our charity, without which all vice of a man who has passed through all this, and these things are but as sounding brass and a tink- believe. Do not be blinded to the truth, because you ling cymbal? Where is that love which is more ex- cannot understand its causes and reasons. How cellent in the sight of God, not only than all our much you have to learn you cannot comprehend but natural endowments, but than all our spiritual by inquiring now, and, learning the rudiments on gifts? Where is that love which suffereth long, and earth, you will escape much when you come here. is kind even to those who are unkind to us, which seeketh not her own, which thinketh no evil, but re- Christ's church, I knew very little of the true religjoiceth in the truth—that love which believeth all ion, or the uses of a good and pure life. Prayer is things to the credit of others, and which covereth, not of the least use unless a man lives right; and if with its mantle, all things that are faulty-that he does live purely, godlike, he needs not prayer, love where there is no evidence to convict, and which, though it is pleasant in the sight of God when the for the sake of others, cheerfully endureth all things heart is right. But God does not require prayer. in the way of labor, sacrifice, and self-denial?—Eng. You can worship Him any other way; as well in lish Tract for the Times.

Boston, Mass., who effects insurance in the best and improve the talent, or talents, which He has given stock and Mutual Companies, at equitable rates, in you, be they much or little, high or low; improve

FROM PHILADELPHIA

The following communication was received from A. R. C., through the mediumship of Esther Hence, of Philadelphia. . H. T. C.

Gaze on the vaulted dome of night and behold its myriads of beaming stars. Look upon these beauspirit? If thy physical eyes, unassisted by the gleamings of thy interior, shall behold that dome studded with the gems of wisdom, what idea of them in their magnificence and true beauty? Thou dost not, but art satisfied to consider them as gems placed there for the adornment of the earth-to-shed light on its benighted inhabitants-to cheer them during the absence of the superior light of the sun. corations for the sky and earth, but as being points of central attraction, around which revolve numersurfaces the signet of the all-powerful Jehovah.

Gaze still deeper and thou beholdest them moving in perfect harmony, revolving through and around each other, all bearing witness of the interior harmony and peace, wisdom and love, which alone could create such a miracle of beauty. Each star upon which thou gazest is as thy sun, lighting millions of souls during the term of their existence with physical nature-lighting up their physical homes that they may read-lessons of truth and wisdom from all things surrounding them.

Now seest thou not how the mind, unassisted by interior knowledge, gathers some of the beauties of wisdom into a small space, partial and dim, and knows not the interior, spiritual light therein. So it is too often with those who receive illuminations from the realms of the immortal home.

Light is now breaking over the darkened world. Thou receivest our truth and our wisdom, but as yet thou gazest merely on the outside, satisfied, with the brightness which is reflected therefrom, and searching not for the interior and more celestial light which envelopes the inner depths of its significance; yet even now thou wonderest at its brightness, but be not content, though they now seem to thee as stars, yet these truths, as the stars, shall unfold to thee countless avenues wherein shall flow the wisdom and love of God from their inexhaustable fountain, into the interior depths of thy spirit.

Truth can never be fully comprehended by mortals; but that which is received should be kept before the mind and reflected upon, so that the interior wisdom may be more fully comprehended .---

When we thus present the scroll of wisdom, unroll it, and as thou dost endeavor to comprehend the teachings written thereon, thou shalt continue ever learning, but never reaching the end thereof. For truth is a perfect circle of light emanating from the Divine Being, permeating every particle of the universe, and finding its way again into the spiritual depths of the Infinite God. Thus, in whatever step thou shalt perceive truth, it will lead thee onward and upward toward the Father of all, for its rays freeing it from the imperfections that have gathered around it during thy sojourn in the darkened valley of eurth.

On these beams of truth angels have descended to the earthly habitations of man, and breathed into the heart the love and wisdom which they have perceived during their progress through the immortal realms of the spirit home.

Bright is the glorious career of the soul, though born amidst imperfections and undevelopments, yet being immortal in its nature, partaking of the powers of the immortal, Infinite Being, its course is ever onward and upward. The ever enduring law of out of undevelopment. Its immortal faculties, ever reaching—ever grasping after infinity, lift it above the impurities with which it is surrounded, and at vapor of earth. There, as it basks in the warm sunshine of the Lord Jehovah, it expands into inexpressoul sheds around it a holy halo, and with radiance brighter and brighter, does that halo glow as the soul progresses through the spheres of eternal wisdom and love. Seest thou the end and aim of thy existence, whether on the earth or in the spheres of superior light? Ever act, then, in accordance with what truth stamps upon thy soul, and then shall thy existence on the earth be one continued anthem of praise, and a ray of glory, ascending even unto thy Father in heaven. .

THE USE OF SPIRITUALISM. [Communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. EMMA A

It instructs and teaches us how to live, and how to prepare for the life eternal, for if the true foundation is laid in the earthly life, there will be a better, of the greatest interest, and I feel myself incompe-

Though I was an educated man, a minister of teaching others, in relieving the unfortunate, in binding up the wounded, and pouring balm into the The readers of the Banner of Light; who wish broken heart. In doing good in all things, and unto for Insurance on Lava, or against loss by Finn, are all, you worship the Divine Creator of the Universe. In tited to apply to M. Mun Dean, No. 76 State street There is mother way to please God. It is this: try

them to the best of your ability, and you will be re-

When Spiritualism is more understood, when it becomes more popular (that is the word,) so that neople of small minds will dars to speak and act for of things. Some have private circles at their houses, and meet a few friends; but, when out of these circles, spiritualism is never named; or, if it is, they have nothing to say. Ah! Spiritualism is not the popular thing. Then some who are a little more talk to you. open go to public circles, or to lectures, and speak of, t in every day life; but of this class there are fewer. Then there is a class who are regular Spiritualists they are called insane lunatics. There is yet another class, (and the hardest of all,) I mean Christians, or your church-going people—they are in reality so prejudiced that they will not see-and I verily believe is truth, no matter in what form it comes, and will prevail-and no man can prevent it.

Spiritualism, my friends, will prevail throughout religion of God, and its voice be heard in your Churches, your State Houses, your Court Houses and in your private families. Then will there be justice and that they must sustain her, but they did not do it. right on earth—then will the poor man be no longer poor, but all equal and alike-no more want and starvation—no more quarrel and strife; but peace and happiness will'reign throughout the land, and all ism, and can there be anything greater?

The spirit of Sylvester Juno. THERE IS HARMONY IN NATURE.

in the vast infinitude of chaos, whereon God, with power took his natural life, and he went out and divine wisdom, draws forth harmonics of the most exquisite beauty! Can man, with his small comprehension, judge what is right or not? Can his eyes, so near-sighted, tell where there is beauty and where question to ____; and why was she carried there?

That he and those around him might sustain her. not? Can he, standing upon the highest pinnacle of his intellect, view the great expanse around him, and tell where Creation begins, and where it ends? Can be tell where God is, or rather where he is not! Can he say this is better so, or this should not be so? | ing, come away, and she went. Her spirit friends Will he, in the importance of his own insignificance, make himself a God, whereunto men shall bow the spirit through Jesus forefold of the dissolution of knee? Will he introduce a discordant note on the instrument divine? If so, then the consequences be upon himself, for none can suffer for the faults or given to her to know, as it was given to Jesus to follies of another. Each person has within his or her breast a tiny instrument, placed there by God, on which can be played melodies of the utmost sweet | mediums should have mortal batteries around them, ness, or can be made to utter inharmonious and discordant notes. Thus, as he tunes his heart, so will he be happy or miserable. This instrument is of so sensitive a nature, that no impressions, once given. can be lost. Though it is ever capable of receiving, its strings are of the finest texture, and rough fingers should not play upon it, but it should be used with the utmost delicacy and caution. A word or with the utmost delicacy and caution. A word or these mediums from being acted upon by those in the glance will draw forth its most beautiful melodies, spirit world? I answer no—it is not in the power as also cause it to pant, and lie still like a stone.

Ah! mortal, let it be the study of your lives to play no harsh or discordant music on the heart of your brother. With tender and loving fingers press its tiny strings, and draw forth the rich harmony of love and beauty, even as God plays upon Creation in wisdom and truth. And then shall peace and har mony truly reign throughout all the universe.

The spirit of LAURA E. TRASK.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the the publication of these messages, we hope to show that

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 any thing but Finite beings, liable to err like ourselves.

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

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.

Mediums, and the Influences which should attend them.

This communication was given in reference to a doubtedly true, and are not amiss at any time.

Marvel not at these things, for that which you see at this age of the world was alike seen at the days of Jesus. Now, the twelve Apostles were be the Son of God, cast thyself down from the high position you occupy?"

Oh, marvel no longer at the things which befall mediums, now, for it is not strange, but simplevery simple. Now Jesus was pure and holy; the divinity shone forth through him in brilliant lustre, hedge strong round about him, that the evil influence could not penetrate, and that he might not fall. He is a said good for nothing, but I will take that back, was sorely tempted—beset on every hand by evil for if it were not for this body I should not be here influences—out of the world and in the world—but to-day. My body reposes down here by your Combac fall not because he was strangly supported by he felt not, because he was strongly supported by mon-that's all right enough-just as good a place God, through his apostles.

Now we, of the spirit world, are obliged to draw around our mediums the same power, to keep them from falling.

The medium who has fallen, was one of rare good and bad. She was not strong in herself to

same to her, and she fell, because she had no sus-

into temptation, and offer up prayers for your cannot keep up the vitality. Now, you should not mediums, that they may be given strength to resist lt."

Satan says, Come hither, and I will give you all the kingdoms of earth. Know you not he lies? Oh, then do not place yourselves in harmony with him, for you will surely fall. Marvel not that the high and good come not to stop this evil power in its work, for when Satan comes and whispers his falso themselves, then there will be a very different state tales in your ears, and you yield to him, you are in harmony with him, and we cannot come to you, because we are not in harmony with him, and we cannot dwell with him. CHANNING.

> Written .- I have a great deal to say to you, and if you will promise not to got weary, I will come and KITTREIGE.

Entranced.—I am glad to get here. I come to tell the truth-practical truth, not sermons dressed in roses. Your good friend C. has commenced, but has not gone through with it. We shall not disagree, but he will dress matters in his own clothing, and I shall dress them in mine.

.Now a medium has just come to us from you. What brought her here? The Evil Influence. How that if Christ himself should come to them, if he did not come in "a coach and four," and magnificently of rum, or by disappointed love. Now, my friend, dressed, they would put him out of their synagogues this medium lacked friends who took an interest in as they did in olden times. And yet it is him in her welfare. She had plenty of casual friends but whom they believe—him whom thy worship. Truth they were not wound around her spirit to sustain her, and so she fell. She yielded to the dark, unseen influence, and took her own natural life. Now you will say, Why did we not prevent the catastrophe? Well, we sought all the time to draw material forms the world, it will be acknowledged as the only true about her, whom we could influence, and thereby save her; and we did not know but we should save her, until the last hour. Her spirit friends told her friends that she would be under evil influence, and

Now I must wander off. Channing speaks of Jesus, but he failed to give you one important item, which I m going to fill up.

You recollect he told you' there were twelve chosen to sustain him. Now recollect that one of these pilshall be as brothers in one common family, looking lars fell, and became possessed of an evil influence, up to one Father, God. This is the use of Spiritual and betrayed his master. What fell by this breach in the great chain of harmony? Why, the evil influence dwelling in certain men, dissolved the union between the natural and spiritual; Jesus was crucified.

Then what became of this disciple whom the evil What a grand instrument is Creation, suspended approached and crucified Jesus? 'Why, the same hung himself. There you see the same power displayed which you see in the mediums of the present

day.

Her own spirit friends carried the medium in But the battery there was incomplete, and the cage

was opened, and the bird flew away.

The evil influence which sought to destroy her, as it sought to destroy Jesus, was continually whisperforesaw what would take place, and foretold it through her, precisely the same as Jesus, and the Jesus through himself. She also knew that this was coming upon her while in her natural state. It was know of his dissolution, when he prays, "Father, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me.

I have often told you how important it was that but I could not impress it upon you as I wanted to. Now I hope I shall be able to.

But perhaps it will be said by some that the prophets foretold Jesus' death. Was it not foretold through other mediums that she would pass away with the falling leaves of Autumn? 3"

You may say it is best to let these manifestations alone; we see the trouble we are getting into, and had better stop. Can you do it? Can you prevent of mortals. You may leave them, to be sure, but the same power will work, and they will be in danger every moment; and all that mortals may do cannot engender means to crush the power that is now going

abroad in your land. No-all you can do is to see that your mediums are surrounded by good influences. This has always been instilled in your mind, and can never be effaced.

Some ask why are evil spirits permitted to commit such depredations? If the medium Jesus had not power to resist the evil one without powerful batteries, how can you expect the mediums of the present day to? They need batteries as much as he did -they need to be subject to positive minds, who cannot be led into evil. We cannot take mediums from among these who have strong minds. Do you suppose we could use you as I use this medium? Certainly not; we are obliged to subdue her spirit entirely-to drive it out, as it were, else what you would get would partake too much of her own mind, and you would not get our ideas. Now this very weakness of mind renders them susceptible to the influence of spirits, good and bad, and mortals are used to sustain her. We seek those who have strong magnetic powers, and who are previsposed to do good. Those who have a strong physical form, that will not yield under a pressure of mental and physical labor, Then again those who are susceptible to impressions, and who, if they receive good, know it, if bad, know it, and who will cast the bad away.

Now always test all you get from the spirit world. Spiritual and material evidence must always be mixed. If what spiritual matter you get stands the modium who had committed suicide, at the close of test of material examination, receive it. I never some conversation respecting it. It contains entirely blame you if you don't believe me. Spiritualists different views from any the party entertained, in place too much dependence upon their spirit friends; some respects. The remarks in regard to influences they are a mere cipher, and their spirit friends are by which mediums should be surrounded are unjudgment. I tell you so now, and leave.

Edwin Wedger.

Man never lives till after he is dead. Now I know this to be true. Life on earth is a mixture of death twelve mediums, centering around the great centre, and life, not real life in the strict sense of the word. Jesus. He, you see, was amply sustained. But was But after you getrid of these mortal bodies, you behe not tempted—was he not lead into the wilderness, gin to live; you are not subject to sickness or and did not the evil influence say to him, "If thou accident, or afraid that Death will call for you. Now every one on earth is more or less afraid of death, and your very fear brings you in contact with death, and you cannot be fully alive. This mortal body belongs to death, and while your spirit inhabits it, that spirit is to a certain extent connected with death. There is not one of you to-day who would be and yet he, with all his power, was obliged to have ready to cast off this mortal form, which is good for twelve pillars, as it were, to hold him up. These nothing, for one which is not subject to decay and nothing, for one which is not subject to decay, and apostles formed a material and spiritual battery-a for one which cannot be called for by some other power.

as any other. When I came here I knew nothing of Spiritualism; I came on a tottering bridge, and I didn't know but it would let me down to endless tor ment: but it did not, and here I am.

I was a happy fellow on earth; never so happy as powers, very susceptible, and easily influenced by when surrounded by music, and I have plenty of it hors Not inharmonious music, to suit this inharmoresist the evil, and she failed to draw around her a nieus time, but made harmonious to the harmony of material battery; for a time she had them, but every sphere. It's a pity some of my friends could anon she left their influence, and the floor that had not cast off their mortal bodies and come along with been swept and garnished, was again the dwelling me and hear it. I have friends, dear friends in your city. I have communicated some, not much, and I He who said to Jesus, Cast thyself down, said the was told to come here and do so. I should like to get a chance to come to them often. They are not taining power. Our mediums are subject to tempta Spiritualists, oh, no; they have not received enough tion and death, as was Jesus, and they are in just to be so. . They do not yet know, and belief comes the same need of batteries to support them, as was first. But as our opportunities are limited, our he. For a time these batteries may become broken, friends must not think we do not try hard enough but if they come together again, and you shall say to convince them. We use the instruments as often to the tempter, Get thee behind me Satan, he will go as we can. Mediums are prized higher than they ought to be in one sense, in your life, and in spirit-We regret her fall, we regret that Satan has life. You look upon them as fading plants. Twotriumphed. Xes, many in the spheres are sorry thirds are slok; and the other one-third are not bet-therefor. We weep, as did Jesus at the grave of ter. The reason is, that you exert so much will-Lexarus, and we come to you to let you know how power over them, that you keep them out of their you stand. Oh, keep that out which would lead you natural sphere all the time, and their constitutions

queer logic, but I am not a wise man, any more than I was on earth. I was young, and had not time to acquaint myself with all the learning of earth.

I have got one brother I want to communicate with very much indeed. I want to tell him that the little difficulties which have clustered about him for some time past, are lifting. He often wonders if his spirit friends can see the conditions about him. We want him to know we can, but these very difficulties form a cloud through which it is almost impossible to see his spirit. We want him to form a circle, even if he has no medium, for he is a medium, though we cannot tell how soon he may be developed.

My name is Edwin Wedger. I am brother to Al-

bert, who came here some time ago. I am not recognized by you, so I'll go on with my story, if you have no objection. In regard to all the rest of the family, I might single them all out, and send a blessing to each, but it is not necessary. I have the same love for all I had on earth, only it is purified. I have the same desire to have them happy; and if I am never so far off. I feel their sorrows, for the ties of affection which bind us form a channel on which their sorrows reach us. Soon we shall almost dwell together, for in time the Light will shine, and overcome the darkness. Indeed, your power has little to do with it. The power is with us. You Spiritualists have more to do with breaking Spiritualism than you have withmaking Spiritualists. One says, "there is a Spiritualist: he believes in it, but he does this wrong and that. I'd believe in it if it wan't for this." Then you see you hinder us from making Spiritualists. See to it that you do not break our work. The light we give you, is given for you to light yourselves by, not to lead your brother. So it becomes you to take care how you walk, for you have slippery places to walk over, and your heels might slip up before you know it. I should say more but iny time has expired, and I am obliged to break off just as I have.

Elizabeth Graves.

Dec. 8.

I am very unhappy, so unhappy! not on my own account, but for my children. Oh, my children! if they could know how many times I have stood by them since I left earth, and how many times I have tried to speak to them! My youngest daughter! I grieve for her, for I see unless she turn and walk in wisdom's path, sin and death, misery and degradation, will be her doom.

Can I rest? No-not while I see those I love so well going straight to perdition, even here on earth. I left that child when she was fifteen years of age. I knew that unless some good angel could influence her for good, she would walk rapidly downward when I left her. I knew, when I was told I could not live, that my Louisa must do different, or she would go to ruin when bereft of a mother's care, and I dreaded to leave earth. My disease was consumption, but I was only confined to my bed three days. All that troubled me on my death-bed was my child. I caunot be happy new until I see her differently situated. I lived and died on Thatcher street. If you ever saw the house, you will know it; it is a one and a half story house—there used to be a store underneath, sometimes two. There is a portice built out over the steps, and there is no paint on the house. My name is Elizabeth Graves. Oh, tell my child to heed the last words I said to her. I am sorry to say that she does not do it, although she promised it.

I should be in hell if God had not provided a wny for spirits to return to earth, for my child will make an eternity of unhappiness for herself.

I shall not come for nothing to-day, for God is good, and I know He will bless my mission. I cannot talk beautifully to you, and I do not come to please the ears of the people, but to benefit my child.

There used to be colored people living next door to me when I was there., I have been here a little over, or a little less than, four years—I cannot tell you, which, but it is pretty near it. My child has not had much of a home since I died, but she is at her sister's much. She has not much control over her, for she is easily led astray, although she is a good child at heart.

I would like to talk with my other children, but this child is so ever present to my mind, that I cannot, until she is happier.

Mary Davis.

I had a body once, like the one I now occupy. Fifteen years ago that body was taken away, and it reposes in the old burial-ground in Hanover, N. H. On the stone you find the following:—

Sacred to the Memory of MARY DAVIS.

Wife of Capt. William Davis.

That's all you'll find there. No, there is no age on it. I feel very, very strange in coming here. I had a great desire to come, and was told in coming must give something to identify myself. So I told the presiding spirit I would give that, and he said, "that will do."

I have a daughter in Boston, and that is why I have come here. Oh, how I wish I could speak to that child. How I wish she were here to day, for I might give her much counsel, and make her much happier. She is an orphan now, for both father and mother are in the spirit world. She is a very nervous child; if it were not for that, she would long since have been a medium, for she has good medium powers, and we have only feared to throw as much spirit power upon her as is necessary to control her.

Now I'll approach her in this way, and mayhap she'll be calm enough, when she learns her mother desires to commune through her, for me to do so, She was a child when I left, but ten years of age. She is well situated, and I find her happy as the world says, but sometimes I see, beneath that happiness, a thorn. Ah, who knows by the face whether sorrow or joy holds reign in the soul? None but those can tell, who see the soul. My daughter's name is Mary-called for me. She

is the only child I had. Good day.

Elizabeth Snow.

My name was Elizabeth Snow. I have been in the spirit life eight years. I died in New York city—my lisease was fever, and I was sick about ten days. I have friends in Boston to whom I wish to communicate. I have a sister Mary Ann, to whom I wish to communicate in particular. She wonders why she was not sent for when I was sick. I want her to know I was carried among strangers when I was so sick I was not conscious to know whether I had friends or enemies about me. All she knows of my death is that I died in New York, of fever.

I was at work in a milliner's shop on Broadway: had worked there about two months when I was taken sick. I left Boston and went to New York while my sister was at the East. Circumstances rendered it prudent for me to leave Boston without the knowledge of my friends, and as my sister was absent, I did so, but shall not communicate these circumstances. I did not write to her often, because I had hope that some day. I should be more happily situated and preferred to wait until that time. Tell situated, and preferred to wait until that time. Tell her I had the best of care when I was here. Tell her it was no fault of mine that I did not tell her I was sick. Tell her I am often with her, but cannot communicate at present with her, though she is a medium. She will doubtless be auxious to communicate with me when she learns this, but the spirits who have charge of her will develop her in their own way and in proper time, and it is well that she be not too anxious.

Say to my friends I shall meet them all in time. Good day.

May mortale cease to live in self, and learn to live in Him who was and is and ever shall be that truth may come forth from man without the dross of earth and its shadows; that all they in earth life may draw nigh unto the Court of Jehovah, for He cometh in Righteousness and Judgment to seal His own. Who are His own? We answer all mankind. Therefore rejoice ye who sit in darkness, for your God will in time give you the shadows of His The snow is falling lightly Upon the trees and ground : The fields look white, and holy, And the old Cathedral's crowned. The cottage roofs are covered, It lies in village lanes: On the stiles, and the pathways,

And all about the plains. 'T is driven against the windows In fantastic, fleecy crowds; Like apots and feathery fragments Of Summer's whitest clouds !

It steps upon the meadows Light as blossoms from the tree; I love to see it fanting. For it looks so wild and free.

Good temper is like a sunny day. It sheds a brightness over everything; it is the awartener of toll, and the soother of disquietude.

"Deliver us from cvil," Heavenly Father ! It still besets us whereson'er we go ! Bid the bright rays of revelation gather To light the darkness in our way of wool Remove the sin that stains our souls-forever! Our doubts dispel-our confidence restore! Write thy forgiveness on our hearts, and never Let us in valu petition for it more. Release us from the sorrows that attend us! Our nerves are tern-at every vein we bleed ! Almighty Parent I with thy strength befriend us! Else we are helpless in our time of need ! Sustain us, Lord, with thy pure Holy Spirit! New vigor give to Nature's faltering frame; And, at life's close, permit us to inherit The hope that's promised in the Saviour's name. ""

Oh man! fear not for thy affections, and feel no dread lest time should efface them. There is neither to-day or yesterday in the powerful echoes of the memory; there is only niways. He who no longer feels, has never felt.

> The world is all a mighty choir, And we the instruments therein; The voice of music doth inspire, And at her signal we begin. The lords and great ones lead the choir; Both tune and time themselves select; And at their nod we strike the wire, And play, now more, now less correct. Andante is the poor man's Tempo : The rich in Allegro you'll find; With them it's Forte, Maestoso; We, all unheard, tipe in behind : And many a man plays very vainly, Because his strings are somehow wrong ; And crowds you'll find expected only To blow the bellows all life long.

Fear not, ye who love. Time has power over hours-none over the soul.

'T is weak to pine for pleasure past, or scorn To hoard the leaves still green in memory. Our happiest days, like frailest flowers must die; The winds that take the blossom leave the thorn: To some hard trouble all of us are born. Blossed a day wirn sighs, if we can dry The tears of those who have more cause to mourn How many hate, who might each other love, Did they but judge the living as if dead-Stretched cold before them with dim stony eyes! Diviner far than all the stars above Is one forgiving word in kindness said-One loving look that in the memory lies.

A good constitution is like a money box-the full value of it is never properly known until it is broken.

The Celestial Sisters.

Waupee, or the White Hawk, lived in a remote part of the forest where animals abounded. Every dry he returned from the chase with a large spoil, for he was one of the most skillful and lucky hunters of his tribe. His form was like the cedar; the fire of youth beamed from his eye; there was no forest too gloomy for him to penetrate, and no track made by bird or seast of any kind which he could net readily follow.

One day he had gone beyond any point which he had ever before visited. He traveled through an open wood, which enabled him to see a great distance. At length he beheld a light breaking through the foliage of the distant trees, which made him sure that he was on the borders of a prairie. It was a wide plain covered with long blue grass, and enameled with flowers of a thousand lovely tints.

After walking for some time without a path, musing upon the open country, and enjoying the fragrant breeze, he suddening came to a ring worn among the grass and the flowers, as if it had been worn by footsteps moving lightly round and round. But it was strange-so strange as to cause the White Hawk to pause and gaze long and fixedly upon the ground -there was no path which led to this flowery circle. There was not even a crushed leaf nor a broken twig, nor the least trace of a footstep, approaching or retiring, to be found. He thought he would hide himself and lie in wait to discover, if he could, what this strange circle meant.

Presently he heard the faint sounds of music in the air. He looked up in the direction they came from, and as the magic notes died away he saw a small object, like a little summer cloud that approaches the earth, floating down from above. At first it was very small, and seemed as if it could have been blown away by the first breeze that came along; but it rapidly grew as he gazed upon it, and the music every moment came clearer and more sweetly to his ear. As it neared the earth it appeared as a basket, and it was filled with twelve sisters, of the most levely forms and enchanting

beauty. As soon as the basket touched the ground they leaped out, and began straightway to dance, in the most joyous manner, around the magic ring; striking, as they did so, a shining ball, which uttered the most ravishing melodies, and kept time as they

danced. The White Hawk, from his concealment, entranced. gazed upon their graceful forms and movements. He admired them all, but he was most pleased with the youngest. He longed to be at her side, to embrace her, to call her his own; and unable to remain longer a silent admirer, he rushed out and endeavored to seize this twelch beauty who so enchanted him. But the sisters, with the quickness of birds, the moment they described the form of a man, leaped back into the basket, and were drawn up into the sky.

Lamenting his ill-luck, Waupee gesed longingly tipon the fairy basket as it ascended and bore the lovely maters from his view.

"They are gone," he said, "and I shall eee them

no more." He returned to his solitary lodge, but he found no relief to his saind. He walked abroad; that to look at the sky, which had withdrawn from his

sight the only being he had ever loved, was painful to him now.

The next day, selecting the same hour, the White Hawk went back to the prairie, and took his station near the ring. In order to deceive the sisters, he assumed the form of an opossum, and sat among the cud. He had not waited long when he saw the the ring; but the instant the sisters caught sight of

"Perhaps," she said, "it is come to show us how the game is played by mortals." "Oh, no," the youngest replied; "quick, let us

ascend." And all joining in a chant, they rose out of in his wings.

Waupee, casting off his disguise, walked sorrow fully back to his lodge-but, ah! the night seemed very long to lonely White Hawk! His whole soul was filled with the thought of the beautiful sister.

Betimes, the next day, he returned to the haunted very soul would leave his body in its anguish. He reflected upon the plan he should follow to secure use as the residence of a number of mice, who had the other side of the prairie. The White Hawk was so pleased with their tidy little forms that he they were by no means formidable to look at, and would not be at all likely to create alarm.

He accordingly, having first brought the stump and set it near the ring, without further notice became a mouse, and peeped and sported about, and kept his little sharp eyes busy with the others; but he did not forget to keep one eye up toward the sky, and one car wide open in the same direc-

It was not long before the sisters, at their customary hour, came down and resumed their sport.

"But see," cried the younger sister, "that stump was not there before."

She ran off, frightened, toward the basket. Her sisters only smiled, and gathering round the old she held in her hand, to put an end to it, too, the by our European costumes at the casement, has come form of the White Hawk arose, and he claped his up to perform. "Give him a dollar, A'Lin, and tell prize in his arms. The other eleven sprang to their him to begin." That dirty, half-clad wanderer would basket, and were drawn up to the skies.

her eyes; he related his adventures in the chase; heart glow with joy as he entered it, and from that moment he was one of the happiest of men.

Winter and summer passed rapidly away, and as

obliged to hide these feelings from her husband, ences in Europe, without the aid of grossness. She remembered the charm that would carry her up. and while White Hawk was engaged in the chase, root and stroll about? Don't make too sure, Mr. she took occasion to construct a wicker basket, Bull, that the gentleman in the Mandarin cap, whowhich she kept concealed. In the meantime she is holding you by the button and grinning in your collected such rarities from the earth as she thought face, is saying anything complimentary about vou. would please her father, as well as the most dainty In a journey up the country a fat Frenchman, who kinds of food.

readiness, she went out to the charmed ring, taking was leaning upon a bamboo spear, while his boat with her her little son. As they entered the car she was being drawn over one of those mud embankcommenced her magical song, and the basket rose. The song was sad, and of a lowly and mournful also was very much flattered at the politeness of an cadence, and as it was wasted far away by the wind, old man who prostrated himself three times before it caught her husband's ear. It was a voice which him, and chin-chin-ed him. Unluckily an interprespeck, and finally it vanished in the sky. He the story better than I can. then bent his head down to the ground, and was

Through a long winter and a long summer Waupee bewalled his loss, but he found no relief. The beautiful spirit had come and gone, and he should see it no more!

He mourned his wife's loss sorely, but his son's and the father's strength.

In the meantime, his wife had reached her home in the stars, and in the blissful employments of her father's house she had almost forgotten that she had left a husband upon earth. But her son, as he into the heart soured by wordly misfortune!—how grew up, resembled more and more his father, and every day he was restless and anxious to visit the scene of his birth. His grandfather said to his daughter, one day:

"Go, my child, and take your son down to his father, and ask him to come up and live with us. But tell him to bring along a specimen of each kind of bird and animal he kills in the chase."

She accordingly took the boy and descended. The White Hawk, who was ever near the enchanted spot. heard her voice as she came down from the sky. His heart beat with impatience as he saw her form and that of his son, and they were soon clasped in his,arms.

He heard the message of the Star, and he began to hunt with the greatest activity, that he might collect the present with great dispatch. He spent whole nights, as well as days in searching for every curious and beautiful animal and bird. He only preserved a foot, a wing, or a tail of each.

When all was ready, Waupee visited once more each favorite spot-the hill-top whence he had been used to see the rising sun; the stream where he had sported as a boy; the old lodge, now looking sad and solemn, which he was to sit in no more; and last of all, coming to the magio circle, he gased wildly about him with tearful eyes, and taking his wife and child by the hand they entered the par and were drawn up into a country far byond the flight of birds, or power of parital are to places.

Great Joy was manifested upon their arrival at the starry plains. The Star Chief invited all his people to a feast; and when they had assembled, he proclaimed aloud that each one might continue as he was, an inhabitant of his own dominions, or select of the earthly gifts such as he liked best the grass as if he were there engaged in chewing A very strange confusion immediately arose; not one but sprang forward. Some chose a foot, some a cloudy basket descend, and heard the same sweet wing, some a tall, and some a claw. Those who music falling as before. He crept slowly toward selected tails or claws were changed into animals, and ran off; the others assumed the form of birds, him they were startled and sprang into their car. and flew away. Waupee chose a white hawk's It rose a short distance, when one of the elder sisters feather. His wife and son followed his example, and each became a white hawk. He spread his wings, and, followed by his wife and son, descended with the other birds to the earth, where he is still to be found, with the brightness of the starry plains in his eye, and the freedom of the heavenly breezes

THE TEA-GARDENS OF SHANGHAE.

We bustle our way through the narrow streets. We pass the temples and the yamuns, unentered, for we have seen a hundred such before, and we reach the tea-gardens of Shanghae City. These are worth spot, hoping and fearing, and sighing as though his a visit, for they are the best I have seen in China. A Chinese garden is usually about twenty yards square, but these cover an area of ten acres. It is an irresuccess. He had already failed twice; to fail a gular figure flanked by rows of shops, rudely analog third time would be fatal. Near by he found an old gous to those of the Palais Royal. The area is stump, much covered with moss, and just then in traversed in all directions by broad canals of stagnant water, all grown over with green, and crossed stopped there on a pilgrimage to some relatives on by zigzag wooden bridges, of the willow pattern plate-model, sadly out of repair, and destitute of paint. Where the water is not, there are lumps of thought he, too, would be a mouse, especially as artificial rock-work, and large pavilion-shaped tearooms, perhaps twenty in number. Here self-heating kettles of gigantic proportions are always hissing and bubbling; and at the little tables the Chinese population are drinking ten, smoking, eating almond hard-cake or pomegranates, playing dominoes, or arranging bargains. There are interstices also of vacant land, and these are occupied by jugglers and peep-show men. From the upper room of one of these tea-houses we shall have a view of the whole scene, and A'Lin will order us a cup of tea and some cakes for lunch." The jugglers and gymnasts below are doing much the same kind of tricks which their brethren of England and France perform. M. Houdin and Mr. Anderson would find their equals among these less pretending wizards. I am told that those tree stump, they struck it, in jest, when out ran the peep-shows which old men are looking into, and mice, and among them Waupee. They killed them laughing, and which young boys are not prevented all but one, which was pursued by the younger from seeing, contain representations of the grossest sister. Just as she had raised a silver stick, which obscenity. Here is a ventriloquist, who, attracted make another fortune for Barnum. He unfolds his Waupee exerted all his skill to please his bride pack, and constructs out of some curtains a small and win her affections. He wiped the tears from closed room. Into this he retires, and immediately a little vaudeville is heard in progress inside. Half he dwelt upon the charms of life on the earth. He a dozen voices in rapid dialogue, sounds, and movewas constant in his attentions, keeping fondly by ments, and cries of animals, and the clatter of fallher side, and picking out the way for her to walk as ling articles, tell the action of the plot. The company he led her gently toward his lodge. He felt his from the tea-tables, who had gathered round, wag their tails with laughter, especially at the broadest sullies of humor, and at the most indecerous denousments. In truth there is no difficulty, even to us, in the spring drew near with its balmy gales and its comprehending what is supposed to be going on in many colored flowers, their happiness was increased that little room. The incidents are, indeed, someby the presence of a beautiful boy in their lodge, what of the broadest-not so bad as the scenes in What more of earthly blessing was there for them our orthodox old English comedies, such as "The Custom of the Country," for instance, or "The Con-Waupec's wife was a daughter of one of the stars : scious Lovers :" but still they are very minutely deand as the scenes of earth began to pall upon her scriptive of facts not proper to be described. The sight, she sighed to revisit her father. But she was man's talent, however, would gain him full audi-

"Ho lai"-" fire, there." Shall we light a che had equipped himself in an old Mandarin coat, a One day when Waupce was absent, and all was in huge pair of China boots, and a black wide-awake. ments, which serve the purpose of our locks. He he well knew, and he instantly ran to the prairie. ter was present, who explained that this old man Though he made breathless speed, he could not took our French friend for the devil, and was worreach the ring before his wife and child had as shiping him in that capacity according to Chinese cended beyond his reach. He lifted up his voice in rites. In fact, the Frenchman, in his antique disloud appeals, but they were unavailing. The basket guise, rather resembled a Chinese idol. But ask the still went up. He watched it till it became a small French Consul at Shanghae about this; he can tell

CHILDREN.

Christ, in blessing the little ones of Judea, blessed all children; and meant that we should reverence them as the hope of the world. How when life grows dark before us - when its woes oppress. and its crime appals, we turn instinctively to little children; with their brave, sunny faces, of still more; for the boy had both the mother's beauty faith and good cheer—their eyes of unconscious prophecy, and drink from the full fountain of their fresh young natures, courage and comfort, and deep draughts of divine love and constancy. How a child's pure kiss drops the very honey of heaven a child's sweet smile falls like oil on the waters of thoughts vexed by worldly care, and smoothes them into peace! - Grace Greenwood.

Children's Department.

ENIGMA-NO. 2.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 1, 2, 12, 7, is a cortain period of time. My 6, 8, 9, is a favorite drink. My 9, 6, 7, is a part of the body. My 4, 6, 7, is a vehicle.

My 8, 2, 3, 13, is a household article, greatly in use in the time of our great-grandmothers. My 7, 12, 18, often incites men to evil deeds. My 3, 12, 7, 10, 15, is a comfort to the sick.

My 2, 6, 10, is an instrument used to propel a boat. My whole is a celebrated Statesman and distinguished citizen of Boston. ANY LER

LEE, Jan. 7th, 1857.

TO A mace immortal is begun indeed; M-y hope, dear Cous; is to increase my speed, Y-our "New Year's" prize to obtain. Like the Sanhedrim: in a child's debate. E-xperts in Harvard may behold their fate, Bre theologians reign. From her affectionate cousin.

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Under this head we shall be pleased to notice these persons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism in its various departments.

Miss Rosa T. AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speak ug Modium.

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Museum.) Office hours from 9 A. M., to 5 P. M. Other hours
he will visit the sick at their homes. May 81-49
M. BS. W. R. HAYDEN, BAPPING, WEITING, TEST, IMPRINTING, (Letters on the Arm) and GLAIBOSYMPATHIO MEDIUM, 5 Hayward Place Boston. May 12-41

MISS R. A. HATVARD, Unconsided France Marie of Marie on Again to Be and the second of the second of