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HUCKABUCK:

AN UP-COUNTRY STORY.

A Picture of LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

BY JEREMY LOUD. AUTHOR OF "DOYECOTE," "GABRIEL VANE," &CO.

XXII. MR. AND MRS.

Judge McBride's wife was as persevering, when she set about doing a thing, as any woman that ever There was no obstacle that had power to dishearten fed upon.

Of course, in making such a confident of his mothhalf to a still higher pitch. They were tacitly in death the opposition, and even the indifference of the was n't married. Don't you see, Mr. McBride?" Judge. All their plots and counterplots were directed against the citadel of his obstinacy. If they could succeed in planting their colors on the crest of that fortification, they might flourish drums and bring your mind to consider what a great change trumpets to the end of their lives, for the day was theirs.

There was another thing that rather gave the Judge's wife the advantage over him, though she never presumed to claim it, to be sure; it was the deal better; for there he'll have a good many privifact that her situation in life was much superior to leges that he don't get here, and that you know as at the time of their marriage, and that people then allowed themselves to wonder why she was so strange in making her choice of a husband. It was ton and Huckabuck two very different places, I asnot considered such a wonderful match then, though matters had taken a different aspect since. Times for him. Variety helps make a person, you know. do change indeed, and we change along with them. Come, husband; you have n't any such great objec-But from the day when she promised to become his wife, this relative difference in their social positions was not without its secret influence. Many an in- his throat. dulgence was permitted Mrs. McBride by her husband, that he would certainly have hesitated or re- on his opposition to her wish, that his persistency what he first found her. And in this business of her took time to consider a matter, it was a pretty sure son, sho was neither forgetful of her peculiar privi- sign that he was not over-much prejudiced either for lege, nor backward about turning it to valuable ac- or against it. count.

Robert along with her. Her object was to make a ing after new objects at this time, for he will be apt from them to come up to Huckabuck again and pass man forget his aim, and he's adrift forever. That's a portion of the warm season. Under the circums his only compass. That's all he's got to steer by." stances, neither mother nor daughter required a "I know that, Mr. McBride," she soothingly asgreat deal of urging, but gave their word that they sented. "I know that very well." would refit their wardrobes with all disputch, and "Now," said he calmly, no doubt exulting in the hurry back after them for a few weeks' indolent en- self-command he had acquired in connection with joyment among the Huckabuck rustics. Robert im- this subject, "I'm perfectly willing to have Robert proved his visit to the utmost; and it never was do what's best for him, and I want to please and questioned that the two doting mothers enjoyed con- gratify you at the same time. It is n't for me to ferences and confidences such as they had each been oppose his interest, any more than I would my own. mission proved, on the whole, a profitable one.

heavens when Mrs. Willows and Anna drove up be- when do you want this thing to come off?"
fore Judge McBride's door, and the outside world! She told him that Mrs. Willows and herself had was in a pretty general fry. The wavering lines of set their minds on a day in October. heat simmered over the high grass, waiting to be | "As soon as that?" said he. "Oh, well; I sha' out, and countless crickets and insects filled the air n't object to any of your arrangements, if they don't with their summer croakings. The birds sang at seem absolutely foolish to me. I'll see the boy, howthe chamber windows of the old village trees early over, and talk with him myself upon it. If he's got in the morning, but refused to utter another note the right sort of an idea about the future, why, let till the red sun burned itself out behind the line of the matter go on. I promise not to stand in the western hills at evening. The Huckabuckers strag- way. The girl's mother is really rich, you think?" gled along the street in their shirt-sleeves, and drowsed and gossiped at the windows, and on the lars, certain; and I don't know how much more. lasy-beach against John Kagg's tavern. Everything Anna will get the whole of it!" seemed to be dead and dumb in the scoroling heat. One would have thought the people were themselves. but for the courage they discovered in facing down the weather as they did. The fact was, they had nothing to fear from it, because all their volatile juices had long ago been completely sweated out.

Mrs. McBride had been assiduously paying the way for her piftpose for some time. Having now got all the satisfaction she desired. her friend Mrs. Willows under the same, roof with her, she began to think that matters were suitably and there is little doubt that that was the coin focalized to warrant a final assault. So she set in Judge McBride received from his wife in exchange It was at night, of course; for it was only at that for his final acquiescence in her demand. time that she and the Judge were beyond the danger . After a few more mysterious consultations, occuof interruption. And Anna . the way to make uner

"Robert is been at his studies now a year, very mearly," said she," and I don't use what objection programme properly made out. The marriage was You can have to his getting married. They will be to some off in October, and Judgo McBride and his married at last, and why not this autumn ?!! whole family were to unite in the gay festivities of

at mBat he is n't ready to get married!" protested the cooseionate made have be the constant the Judge. "He ought to be admitted to the bar, it The foreste were all same with the bright autum-"healing his thinks of such a thing as that i It won't nat fired, when the auspicious day drew near. Such o dd. He must get ready for business first // tord . a delicious season had not been remembered for Anna, and resume his studies there?"

The Judge made no answer. His silence encouraged her in the new view she had taken, and she went on with a little more enthusiasm.

"Why, Mr. McBride," said she, "you know things lived. This affair of Robert's and Anna's she had are changed from what they were when you was a had on her mind for a good while. It grew in im- young man. Then, you remember, if a person thought portance very rapidly. To forward its development, of being a lawyer, he never dared to get married till she exhausted all the resources of her ingenuity. he had finished his education, bought his books, and worked himself into a profitable practice. Perhaps her. Her perseverance seemed to grow by what it that was a necessity then; but 'tis n't so now. Now a young man-like Robert, for instance-if he happens to secure a rich wife, can afford to get married er as he did, Robert imparted to her many a secret right off, and go straight to housekeeping, and keep that gave a proper one for her action, and dropped along with his studies at the same time. What he's many a hint that raised her enthusiasm on his be- going into the practice for, he has got already; and enough of it to support him without any exertion. league, to undermine, to wear away, and to worry to He can go on with his studies just as well as if he

> "Well, I don't know," he answered, in a highly pacified tone.

"Oh, of course you do!" she flattered him. "Just there is between this time and your time, and you'll be willing to make all allowances. For my part, I don't understand why Robert can't do as well with his law studies in Boston as he can here, and a good well as I do. He's had one sort of study here with you; now let him try another one. He'll find Bos. sure you; and his experience in both will be good tions, have you ?"

"No!" said he; and spent a moment in clearing

The truth was, she had wrought so indefatigably fused to grant, had she been another person than was almost gone already. When such a man as he

"I don't know what to say," he replied. "It does She went on to Boston early that summer, taking n't seem to be just the thing for Robert to go chasshort visit at Mrs. Willows', and exact a promise to lose sight of his purpose; and once let a young

wishing for ever since the previous summer. That I don't want him to stand in his own light, I'm sure. He'll make a good lawyer, if he does but make the The dog star was having his own way up in the right beginning. He's got it in him, I know. But

"I know she is. She's worth fifty thousand dol-

"Or rather," he improved upon it, "Robert will!" "Why, certainly. Then you won't object any longer, Mr. McBride?"

"No: not if Robert talks with me like a man about it." She knew very well what Robert's sentiments

were, and therefore her husband's answer gave her There was a sound like that of a kiss, in the dark.

pying perhaps another week in the ladies' visit at Huckabuck, the affair was all arranged and a family

d'Oh la !!" pleid his wife, tying the strings of her, great many years, "Robert, was, already in Boston, was the property of the settle now. in Boston with making the spoileding greatestions for the syent that was to give a new shape and coloring to his life.

Every moment of his time was fully occupied. With the high hopes that inspired his heart, and the pleasexperiences such as it could never before have entered into his thoughts to concelva-

desired. The air was soft, for that season of the year, and the deep sky was inlaid with the starry raven ground of the night. Carriages kept driving bring nothing but happiness! up and driving away again, and flocks of highly Nearly a month was spent in journeying over the cards as thick as the blowing leaves of autumn.

from town as she estimated the house would hold, and they seemed to have none of them slighted her up the rooms to their utmost capacity. The dresses splendor. India and the Orient had been subsidized with great freedom especially for this occasion. The variety of the costly sliks: the ethereal beauty of the the world, of the beautiful bride he had won. gossamer fabrics; the gauziness of the cloudy laces, falling like rippling mists over shoulders and arms a thousand times fairer than themselves; the blaze and splender of the diamonds, and other precious stones: these conspired to cheat the senses for a moment of their soberness, and to create all the delicious illusions of a fairy palace.

Mrs. Willows herself looked queenly, Though not

strikingly commanding in stature, it was an art with that promised good things for him. her always to make the most of it. If I had any The life that had now absorbed was dressed: but it is what I cannot do. Of course colors, that earned her the envy of many a lady last degree. acquaintance.

home as it was possible to be. He put off his Huck- pulse, that daily grew greater by what it fed upon. His wife appeared as the close friend of the bride's night, she always flew to meet him in the hall. and attention with the rest.

When the bridegroom entered the thronged apart. June ! ments with his bride: there was an immediate hush evening.

There was no tawdry ornament about her graceful One or the other in the end must succumb. person. She came in leaning on the arm of her intended husband; self-possessed, yet betraying a beautiful timidity. It was a sight to make the angels Turk and the imperiousness of a Sultana; she was envious. The glances she threw about her won all altogether a human being, endowed with every rich and loveliness, and innocence of her affluent nature. wayward prejudices that are generally understood

Robert seemed to feel that the prize was won at to belong to our poor weak nature. Anna was her last, though he was not altogether at his ease in so idol: there was no disputing that. Still, the idolalarge and dazzling a company. Still he deported try exacted perfect obedience as its chief condition. himself like the man of whom he already bore such The very love of the mother was infused with a abundant promise. His eyes were elequent of his strong element of her will, that rendered her influinward emotions. The evanescent smile that played ence over her daughter almost magnetic. about his mouth, like summer evening lightning . It was not a fear that Anna ever felt towards her feelings that swept across his soul. Boy almost as strikingly similar, that the casual observer might he still was, it was a proud look that sat on his face, possibly have mistaken it for fear. The powerful as if it bespoke his confidence in the resources with attraction of a superior will is never love. Anna's which nature had endowed him.

crowd, was truly enchanting.

bergelf gave Anna away. While the ceremony was In the course of the winter, Robert received a going on the slightest whisper or rustle of a fan visit from his mother and one of his sisters. could be heard anywhere in the apartment. The "As happy as birds in a neat!" she would exly in the sir and the snowy plumes on the ladice" "Yes, mother," was Robert's usual reply, "and heads just moved in the breath of the heated room. one of us just as full of song."

When it was all finally over, the congratulations that were showered upon the happy pair were beyond ant visions that swam in his brails, it may readily account for number or sincerity. Every one came up be supposed that he was the received them with the grace that became her, and the bridegroom returned thanks with an ease and ready self-posses-The evening of the wedding was all that could be sion that won him universal praise.

The rest of the evening was given to festivity. The wine went round, and pleasant sentiments dropped gems, of night. Occasionally a murmuring wind like myrrh from every lip. Wit flashed from one drew gently through the branches of evergreen that point to another, like the playful leaps of the electric sheltered the little villa of Mrs. Willows, but it was fluid. Joy was everywhere. . Especially with the a presage of nothing like a storm. The posts of the newly made man and wife. Especially with the two fence that surrounded the grounds were capped with mothers, whose pride and old affection had been so astral lamps, that burned beautifully against the gratified by this happy union. Pray God such unions

dressed ladies fluttered across the little patch of country, but the time went rapidly. When all is pavement into the open door. The bustle outside bright, the days never lag. They went wherever was really inspiriting and contagious. Such a com- their inclinations led them. They traveled now in ing and going; such calling and answering; such haste, and now at leisure. From one city to another. shuffling over the smooth flagging; such a shouting Up and down mighty rivers, still deep and free for to the horses, and such a crunching of wheels through | the passage of steamers, and glorified by the armies the deep gravel ;-it was enough to set a body to of trees that came down to dip their flaming banners wishing that weddings were plentier, and invitation in the flood. Across the land by railway, flying hither and thither like a weaver's shuttle across the Mrs. Willows had invited as many of her friends threads, till Huckabuck was gained, and then Boston, and then home.

Now they were ready to rest. The young girl had summons. Gentlemen and ladies crowded in, filling found her husband; the young man had embraced his bride. From this time their life was to begin. of the gentler sex were many of them regal in their From this start it was to go forward. Anna's soul was a treasure-house of affection and love. Robert's was fired with ambition to show himself worthy to

XXIII.

UNDER DIFFERENT CIECUMSTANCES.

Having entered his name in a lawyer's office in Boston as a student, Robert McBride proceeded to settle down with his young wife in the suburbs. He went into town every morning, and pursued his studies through the day with a zest and enthusiasm

The life that had now absorbed him, he thought skill in the milinery department. I mild not forgive all that was to be desired. He was altogether happy. myself if I refused to tell my fair readers how she What with his bride and his books, it would indeed be strange if he could not manage to fill up his she aimed to create a contrast between her own and time both with labor and enjoyment. The occasional her daughter's costume, and one that should heighten letters he received from his father, advising him by the beauty and effect of both. Nor in this was she no means to slight his studies, seemed quito needunsuccessful. There was a richness in her evening less, so far as their excellent counsel went, for he habit, and a taste in the selection and combination of was industrious, under all the circumstances, to the

younger than herself, and the admiration of many a Anna was an angel to him indeed. There could entleman who would have been glad to pursue the be no mistake that her love was as sincere and truthful as her own life. She had not deceived her-Judge McBride and his family were as much at self into this devotion: it was a spontaneous imabuck swagger now, and improved much of his time When he went to his office in the morning by the with careful observation and study of others. Even early train, she followed him to the door to bestow at a wedding party there is something to be learned. a last kiss. And when he entered the house at mother, and as such was the delighted recipient of Her welcomes and adicus were slight, though worthy a great many pleasant compliments and gallantries. witnesses to the singleness of her affection. Her And she looked her finest, too. Well she might, for face was bright all the day long. Her smile lighted this was but the scene of her own triumph. Nor up the house. The sparkles of song that rippled were her two daughters wall-flowers, either, that from lips, filled the apartments with melody. evening. They came in for their share of remark Oh, the nex joy of marriage! Its breath is sweeter than violets and its sky is deeper than that of

Mrs. Willows, affectionate as she was by nature, everywhere. Those who happened to be foremost, had nevertheless acquired certain habits of mind employed all the visual power they were possessed and disposition that sometimes forced her to stand of; and those who were in the rear, and in less fa-lin her own light. She loved Anna, for she was her vored positions for observation, crowded gently for- only child; and the affection of such a child would ward to witness the one great occurrence of the draw out the soul of any mother. But she had been obliged for many years to rely more or less on her Anna was a bud of beauty. No rose of May was own internal resources; and this feeling of selfever fairer, or clad in a sweeter simplicity. She wore dependence had begotten a class of firm and willful, a white dress, and her dark hair was knotted behind not to say masculine traits of character, such as and starred here and there with little waxen flowers. cannot always safely come in contact with love.

She was not one of those impossible women that one finds in tawdry fiction, with the frown of a hearts over to her anew. The hesitating step with quality that so beautifully illustrates maternity, which she passed the crowd spoke much for the trust, and subject to the same passionate impulses and

around the edges of a cloud, betrayed the changeful parent, but it wore at times an outward aspect so conscientious regard for her mother's slightest wish After the bride and groom, came the groomsmen was not at all times as impulsive as Love would and their maids. There were two couples of them, have made it. It arose from another shade of foel-Of course the maids copied the apparel of the bride, ing. And this was not to be placed so much to the and were nothing but draperies of purest, white, that child's, as to the mother's account. As much of fell down in wayy folds about them like the milky authority, or will, as one suffers to be introduced foam of a waterfall. The effect, in that parti-colored into her affections, whether voluntarily or involuntarily, so much of sweet and tendril-twining love must certainly go out. There is not room for both. ways so impressive and beautiful, and Mrs. Willows neither would they thrive together on the same soil.

Mrs. MoBride was carried everywhere. She studied Boston, and nothing but Boston, for a week; from the dome of the State House, to the terminus of every railway in New England. Anna devoted whole days to her, taking her to the picture galleries, the print shops, and all the places of popular renown. Winter though it was, the compactness of city life enabled her to see more and experience more than she would have done in the summer season. The thronged streets—the rich dresses the rattling omnibuses—the shop windows with their paraded wealth-the theatres at hight-the music festivals—the public libraries—the old Common, blanched in the Winter's snows-excited another life in her breast, and led her to wonder why it was she could so deny herself all these gratifications of the eyst and ear, and stay buried up in Huckabuck. Yet when she took another turn in her thought, and set that dear home of hers in Huckabuck like a living picture before her mind; she sighed not so much for envy of what she now

saw, as for thinking of what she left behind. "My son," she asked Robert, "which do you like est, Huckabuck or Boston?"

He looked over to Anna, whose face was coloring to know how he would answer, and replied: "Why, mother, considering that my wife is here with me, which should you think?"

Anna could have embraced him for his kindness, for she felt it keenly.

"Well," said Mrs. McBride, "I shall try to come and see you here as often as I chn; but I think I shall stay in dear old Huckabuck."

"What! not homesick so soon, I hope?" he inquired. "Fie, mother! We'll send for father and sister right off!"

"You needn't do that, though I'm sure I should ike very well to see them. I'm not going back today, exactly. I shall stay my time out. But what I mean is, I should soon tire of the city."

"Then you could take the cars and come right out into the country," said he.

"Ah, but in Huckabuck we do not have railroads

"No, nor never will have!" And he seemed to think this a good place to laugh at it.

"I trust I shall always like it so much the more on that account. They are noisy things, railroads are-say what you will. And-but I want to know, Robert, if you call this Country?"

"What is it, if it is n't country, mother?"

"Well, it's neither one thing nor the other. Half and half. But this is n't such a country as Hucka-

"No! Ha! ha! I should hope not. Why, this is the suburbs, mother. Wags call it the rhuburb Quiet and pretty, ---"

"Not so quiet as Huckabuck."

"Handy to business and town, -"A little too handy, for me !"

" As healthy as one could wish,

"Yes, but in Huckabuck there never's any sickness, the year round. We have a Doctor; but he could n't live if he did n't farm it, too,"

"And, in short," added the young man, "combining all the advantages of country and city existence together. Oh, I'm so glad I've got away from that dull, sleepy spot I was cradled in! Still, I shall always like to go there."

"Yes," said Anna, "I guess you will. Some of the happiest hours of my life were spent there. Mrs. McBride."

"And of my own, too. I'll stand up for it to the

The day after the departure of the two visitors was a long one indeed. The Judge had written on for his wife, or she might have been prevailed on to. stay longer. Anna went round the house alone. fetching long breaths all the time. Robert tried to fix his attention on his books, but the types were as obstinate as old black-letter. He could do neither one thing nor another. Between them, they managed to work up a good deal of private misery.

A few weeks afterwards, when Robert happened to be at home, too-for it was a pleasant Saturday, and he sometimes took that for a holiday-there was a ring at the door, and the servant showed a young female into the hall. She asked to see Mrs.

Presently Mrs. Willows came in.

"I've brought your birds," said the young lady. and will help you about standing them."

"Oh, yes," said the lady. "Come into this room here." And she stepped out to call Anna. The moment Anna returned with her mother, she

burst out with an exclamation of surprise. "Why, this is Patty Hawkins!"

Patty was as confused as she could be, and quite Z overjoyed to be thus greeted by a person whom she had seen but once or twice before in her life. But having even once seen Anna, she would never be likely to forget her. She did not know of the marriage of Robert, and the news quite surprised

Anna at once ran to summon her husband, and they came back together.

"Patty," said Robert, offering her his hand. "I knew you was in Boston; but I did n't know where." "Yes." replied she, modestly, "I'm at Mr. Lily's." "Where I went to buy these birds," added Mrs.

Willows, a little patronizingly. "I stuffed and mounted them," said Patty.

"Well, now, that's queer," observed Robert. "I

never thought of such a thing." He might have gone on and indulged in some of

the old-time familiarity, but he felt that the presence : of his mother-in-law was a check upon him. It:

would cost him a good many such little experience as this, always unpalatable to an ingentious made before he could discipline himself to his new souls position. Patty's instinct, however, was quiet to detect the present incongruity of their relative sitestions, and she ventured no advances.

They all set to work, therefore, and completed the arrangements of the beautiful birds on the mantels; the taste of Patty shining out above the taste of her customers, and throwing it quite into the shade. Anna stood and admired her.

"She can make such wonderful things as these." was her soliloquy; "but what can I do?' I can do nothing !"

"Do you like your place, Patty?" Inquired Robert, when Mrs. Willows was out of the room.

"Oh, very much. It's a business I always liked, you know."

She seemed to feel the lightening influence of Mrs. Willow's absence as much as the others did.

"I shall come and see you," said Robert, " for old .. soquaintance sake."

"I shall be glad enough to have you, Rob Mr. McBride ---

"Oh, call me Robert! I'm not changed, Patty. because I moved to Boston. And I don't see as you are. I guess we're about the same as when you lived with Mrs. Shadblow, and we went to school together to John Porringer."

Patty laughed, and felt in a moment vastly more at home.

"I shall bring my wife in to see you some day, too," he added. "She'll fancy your birds, I know." "My visit, I hope," said Anna, "will not be as unseasonable as it was in your little school-room at Huckabuck!"

"But I think you 'll find fewer natural curiosities there, and yet more to interest you," Robert broke

"Well I don't know," said Patty. "I like chil-. dren quite as well as I do birds."

And Anna liked her a thousand times more for the remark. The old interest that she felt in her when at Huckabuck, more than a year before, was now awakened again.

Her mother arrived at this juncture, paid Patty the money for her birds, and of course danked up the conversation. Patty, soon after she took her leave, walked back to the cars, and hurried off to town to her snug little nest again.

"I am so much interested in her!" said Anna, when she was once more alone with her husband. "It seems a pity she should be obliged to follow that

"Well, it's another thing if she has a taste for it," returned he. "But hers has been a dark history. I hope she has found the daylight at last!"

XXIV. THE BIRD FANCIER.

One evening towards Spring, Patty and Mr. Arthur Lily sat in the little parlor up stairs, discoursing on a box of things that she had just packed away for Mrs. Shadblow, and which he had been labelling for the Express carriers.

"There," said he, getting up from his knees or the floor, "that's all finished! I hope she'll think 'as much of it as you seem to, Patty."

"In leed," said Patty, "'t would be a very strange thing if she didn't think a thousand times more of it. Oh, Mr. Lily, how I should love to see her open it, and take out the dress, and the birds, and all the other things! I don't know but she will go crazy, she'll be so delighted!" It was a square box, of moderate size, into which

Patty had been stuffing her little accumulations for a great many weeks. There was a pattern of a blow? Have you seen her very lately? And how's pity indeed, if I should fail to see what there is worth modest silk, cheap, but pretty; one, likewise, of a Mrs. Banister?" neat print, a new style; a little flock of very small birds on very small boughs; a novel pattern of a cookey cutter in tin; a silver thimble; a half dozen great oranges, fresh from the Sicilies; an odd assortment of confections from the shops; a few receipts for making cake, and so forth; and a fancy workbox, with receptacles for everything a woman ever thought of working with. It formed a little curioslty-shop inside, and ought to have been placed on public exhibition before it was ever allowed to go away from Boston. It should, by good rights, have been temporarily deposited in the Museum.

"Huckabuck must be a pleasant place," said Mr. Lily, sitting and musing over box and all. "I've really taken a fancy to it, only from what I've heard you say. What made you come away from there?" She looked up into his face with a very earnest

expression, as she replied-"I never should, if I had not been obliged to."

"It was a hard necessity, to be sure," said he. "I know-I know." And he looked sad and thoughtful as he spoke. "But I don't think I'd like any better spot to live in myself, Patty, if I could give up and

"I shall always love Huckabuck," said Patty. "One of these days, perhaps, I may get back again." "Yes, one of their days. . Sure enough. Who knows?" shaking his head slowly. "Who knows? We all of us have a destiny, they say; but I've won-

dered very often what mine might be." A boy entered the shop one day, when no one was there but Mr. Lilv's precocious young salesman. The stranger were a very unique style of dress, with no pockets, and nothing in them. He seemed as independent as a millionaire, and in some respects a good deal more so. Some of his time he worked off , his hands with the assistance of his talented whistle; . and the rest of it was got rid of by means of acute

· observations and remarks to correspond. " Hullo!" saluted Mr. Lily's boy, seeing how much at home the youthful stranger seemed to feel-"What's up now! Want to buy some birds? Or would you like a half dozen parrots and ten cages o' rabbits? Speak quick, for I can't dwell! Hey,-

. what'll you have, sir ?" "Nothin'," answered the visitor; and went on with his observations and whistling with profound

"Well, we don't keep,it," said the shop boy. "Sold out day b'fore two weeks ago. Find some, I guess, inve doors beyond. Don't know,; haven't been in there very lately. Want to buy a box, or a cage, to keep

Birmys Boy. Whistling first half of Yankes

Shop Boy .- "Whose establishment do you patron. ize in the clothing line?"

Strange Boy. The other half of Yankee Doodle Shon loy Ray, what'll ye take for your whirtle? We're hat ours. Would n't you sell at a high depart the of the indep lant as the state of the st

tentificate partis ler not to carry any of 'em away in the next day, and promising so do what she could for your trap of a mouth 1. That's rather a flangerous him, she dismissed him into the busy street again. hole to keep open as much as you do Sh'd think Seeing Sam Propp was, to her, the next thing to you'd want a lantern hung by it dark night, so't seeing dear Mrs Shadblow. She thought that night, folks should n't fall in !"

Strange Boy .- You don't say so! my eye! Got any Chip-monk squirrel seed? Say !"

ticle of kitten's whiskers. Did you have an idea of testaining her. He was particularly fond of reciting going into the mustache line? But bear's oil is tales of the maryslons, and witnessing the effect they good for fuzz. Why don't you try it?"

to let the bears live. They say they aint very many of 'em left now. Have you got any soft soap in

Shop Boy .- "We're out o' that, too. Sorry, but can't help it. Sold the last we had to your fust cousin, and he haint paid us for it yet! Tell ye though, through the keyhole of the padlock. I guess you can go it. But I never 'd leave that suit o' clothes behind. If I was goin' below ground, I'd certainly take 'em along with me. What would you part with your boots for, though, if you was to put em up to the public auction'?"

Strange Boy .- (Whistling a little more Yankee Doodle, before answering.) "Wal, I'd sell for a silver mug shaped jest like your mug." And he broke out whistling again where he had left off.

Shop Boy .- "Oh, you're too hard on me entirely! mine, and there never'll be another. The phrenologists told me it never 'd do to think of improvin' on t. It's as near perfect as it ever can be."

Strange Boy .- " Yaas, I guess so." Shop Boy .- " If I had your head, now, it would n't be long before I'd have a copy in plaster. And, what's more, when I once got the plaster stuck on my face, I never'd let 'em take it off again. Aint you afraid o' scarin' horses along the street? Stop, though ; I guess I've seen that head o' yourn on some coal cart, or 'nother. Seems to me'l sort o' recognize the features. But you've freckled up wonderful since! Shouldn't stay out in the sun so much: 'taint good for ye."

Strange Boy .- " I guess I can lick you, though." The freckles were gradually becoming absorbed in he heat that burned in his face.

Shop Boy .- "Oh, I don't doubt it. You've got a tongue big enough to lick a whole side of a house! Wonder you don't go out paintin'. You could do up job pretty suddin!"

Strange Boy .- " I will lick you yet!"

Shop Boy .- " Wal, wait till Saturday night, then, and I'll save a quarter at the bath-house. 'T wouldn't be no great of an object for you now, for I aint very dirty. You stay round till Saturday, and I'll promise you a job."

It is more than probable they would have come to blows, but for the door's opening just at this moment, and Patty's coming down. She looked at the strange boy, and his gaze became instantly rivetted on her. "Sam Propp!" said she, holding up her hands in

amazement. "Is that you? Where in the world did you come from ?" " Huckabuck," he returned, half gladly and half

growlingly. "Run away from old Zigzag! Gi! You don't catch me stayin' with such a man as he is any longer !"

"Run away ?" said Patty. "I thought as much," broke in the shop boy. "I

l'clare! it came acrost me he was a fugitive slave!" "Nonsense! Be still!" chided Patty. "But how

Though his replies seemed to be sullen, yet it was plain he was overjoyed by an accident like this to have fallen in with his former schoolmistress again. "Don't know if Mrs. Shadblow is well, then?"

"I never knew't she was sick," said he.

"He's a know nothin', I guess," presumed the shop boy once more; in return for which compliment Sam bestowed on him a look fuller of grit than a burr millstone. The two youthful chips eyed one another at this juncture much as a pair of small dogs bestow their favors on each other, seeming not to look at anything in particular, and curling up their bristling tails like a watch-spring.

"Why," said Patty, "how did you find the way to Boston? Who did you come with? Did you get here alone?"

"You'll tell the folks to home, won't you?" asked "No; but what if I do? They can't get at you

now."

" I didn't know but what they'd come arter me; and I've no notion, Miss Patty!"

"Nonsense! You don't suppose you are worth all that trouble, Sam, I hope?"

"He thinks he's worth enough to buy us all out here and sell us over ag'in," said the shop-boy, "by the way he stands on his pegs and talks about it."

"If you won't tell, then," said Sam, "I'll tell you, Miss Patty. I come 'long o' Gosh." "What, Morgan?"

"M," he answered, nodding his head as hard as he bould. "'Long o' the nigger. We run away in the night!"

" Well, I should think so!" exclaimed Patty. "But L'm afraid you're a bad boy, Sam; aint you?" "There is worse," said he, hesitating upon it. .

"It'll take some little eddication, I guess," presumed the shop-boy, before you make an angel out on

Sam bestowed another gritful glance on his friend, and suggested once more the idea of the canine watchspring.

"Where do you stay?" Patty asked. "Boston is a very large city, and unless you have a home somewhere, you'll get lost. I'm sorry you did so, Sam; you ought to have known better."

"By Gi!" said he, in extenuation. "I wasn't a goin' to stay an' have old Ellery Zigzag flog my trowses off on me! I cleared! I'd steal for a livin' 'fore I'd stay with such a man as he is !'

"Why, Bam! You're a wloked boy! No. you wouldn't steal, either! You must never do that, let come what will. But who do you stay with?" "Long o' Gosh."

"And where's that? Where does he live?" mess of other houses. He knows. He gits the living for us both. Bymebye I'm goin' to git me's place."

Blop Boulem Well, will you lookin' at But effected at last; and hidding him some and see her

on retiring to rest, that she was a little homesick.

The shop boy, at this period of her life, was about all the society, outside of Mr. Lily's little family, that Shop Boy .- No, we haint; we happen to be out Patty had. Sometimes she ran down into the shop. o' that, but we can supply you with a first rate ar when he took upon himself the responsibility of enhall on her. He was a regular cit, whereas he knew ood for fuzz. Why don't you try it?" had on her. He was a regular fit Strange Boy. 'Oh, cause. Do' want to. Want she was timly from the country. "Never see an enjine, did ye, Miss Patty?" he

opened to her one day. "Playin' onto a fire, I mean ?" Nonthat she had n't. She thought a fire must be a

dreadful thing.

"Oh bless your stars, no! It's nothing of the where you'll find some, though; jest under the hay- kind! Why, a good fire, it's the gallusest thing out scales in Haymarket Square. You'll have to get in, o' jail!" But Patty did n't know now any better what he meant. "You'd orter go to one. I tell ye it wakes up your ideas. I wish there was n't nothin' else goin' on but fires. Crackey ! don't I love to run with the enjines!"

His hearer was instantly lost in the vivid imaginings of what sort of a scene it would be.

"But a military company," he continued, "ruther takes the rag off of a fire company! You never see 'em p'rade on the Common, did you?"

"Of course not," she answered.

"Wal, then, you haint begun to live in Boston. We There never was but one sample took of this face of Boston folks calc'late 'tour military goes ahead of anything 'tever was invented. You go onto the Common some day, now, and see for yourself. Jest get that music into your ears. Oh, my! it sounds as if somebody was a-playin' on a harp of a thou-san' strings! Never went to the theatre, either, did you?" " No," said Patty, more amused than he thought

for at his voluble forwardness.

"Then you've got it all to see yet, I can tell ye! I'll go with you some night, if you say so. I can git a cheap ticket easy enough, and I know lots of fellows that goes every night, too. Oh, you'd ought to see them Kings and Queens, all dressed out so in gold spangles, with great, heavy crowns on their heads, made o' Californy gold, and no mistake! It's somethin' to tell about, seein' 'em act as they do out on the stage, with that music and them lights all 'round 'em, and thousan's o' people lookin' at 'em, one side and the other: and one man a-takin' on so because they've took his child away from him, and another comin forrerd and makin' everybody laff till they 'most split themselves, and the women all beginnin' to cry round the house, 'cause they can't laugh no more, and the men stompin' their boots down on the floor, and slapping their hands together, and hollerin' out "steboy! steboy!" jest as loud as ever they can holler; and one lady, all dressed up in white clothes, layin' down and dyin', right before the whole; and then the bunches of flowers and things whizzin' through the air to try to hit her as she lays there, and bring her to life ag'in! I tell you what, now, Miss Patty, it's what you don't see every day up to Hardback, where you came from "

"Huckabuck," she corrected him. "Wal, it's all the same. But I want ye to go to the theatre some night; and I'll be ---"

"No, no, you won't !" broke in his listener. "Be careful what you are going to say !" "Well, I'll carry you along with me sometime, ony-

how. I was a goin' to say I'll be blowed if I wouldn't-and I'll be blowed if I wont!" "Perhaps we'll all go, by-and-by," said Patty. much inflamed by the manner in which he set forth

are all the people in Huckabuck? How 's Mrs. Shad- theatrical gauds and attractions. "It would be a seeing, would n't it?"

promise good. But it hardly suited her to place herself under the protection of the smart shop-boy alone. Mr. Lily was called in to lend his aid to the enterprise—a fact that doubtless had its influence on the sale of peanuts for the evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Poetry.

THE PERPETUITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

"At the destined hour, "At the destined hour,
By the loud trumpet summoned to the charge,
See all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, carthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines:—rocks eternal form
Their melted mass, as rivers once they poured;
Stars rush, and final Ruin flercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er Creation."—Youxe. Only the poet's frenzied eye

Shall see fierce Ruin's flag unfurled-The grandeur of a blazing sky—
The horrors of a burning world! Will He who gave the sun his fisme, Who lent the moon her silvery ray: He from whose hand the planets came,

Who gemmed with stars the milky way; Who rounded this fair orb called earth, And blessed with corn and wine and flowers: And gave that chrysalis his birth Whose later home is heaven's own bowers: Will He, with all the eternal years

Before Him, and the souls that might To bliss be born, yield up his spheres In desolation's awful night? Will He whom ovcles no'er can change In some few centuries narrow in

Divine benevolence's range-Let time a triumph o'er him win? Will He, whose foremost name is love, Guage down his blessings to an hour? Will God in goodness finite prove.

And infinite alone in power? No!-He who made the world for man, And man an angel-germ, will show No shift of purpose or of plan. No fear that Heaven may overflow!

And as upon creation's morn They singing shops, the tireless spheres Will, singing still, Heaven's round adorn, And roll through everlaiting years !

POVERTY. Oh, beloved and gentle Poverty! pardon me for having for a moment wished to fly from thee, as I would from Want;" stay here forever with thy charming sisters, Pity, Patience, Sobriety, and Solitude; be ye my queens and my instructors; teach me the stern duties of life; remove far from my abode the weaknesses of heart, and giddiness of head, which follow from prosperity. Holy poverty! teach me to endure without complaining, to impart without grudging to seek the end of life higher Oh, in a house. I'd'no where the but it's in a than in pleasure further off than in power. Thou givest the body strength, thou makest the mind more firm; and thanks to thee this life, to which Some lidy distorders came in here, and Patty our men attach themselves he to w root, becomes a bear ried has of with her up stairs, to get the latest of which death mile the table wishout awaken. Hackabeek intelligence of the life his tip the life his tip the latest of which death mile the table wishout awaken. Hackabeek intelligence of the life his latest like the latest latest

Written for the Benner of Light.

The first scene which we shall present to our readers is the handsomely furnished drawing room of a princely mansion, situated in the most fashionable street in the beautiful city of Savannah. Halfait. ting, half-reclining upon a luxurious lounge, which you again. You must send some one to meet me was drawn to the half-opened window, a young girl when the steamer comes in; I will not know where whiled away the tedious hours with a volume which she held in her hand. Now she glances at the elegant time piece upon the mantel, and we hear a half uttered exclamation of imputience. At this instant, when her impatience seemed to have reached its height, the door opened, and a kind, benevolent-looking lady came in.

"Where have you been, Aunt Lizzie? I thought you were never coming back," said the young lady, throwing down her book, and turning to her aunt.

"I have been visiting a poor woman, who has five small children and a sick husband to care for, while she herself is in very bad health. I think it would help to pass away your many tedious hours, and do both soul and body good, if you were to put on your bonnet and seek some one upon whom to bestow some of your wealth," replied the aunt.

"Well, so I will, auntle," and the gay, impulsive girl bounded off.

We see her now walking slowly along, looking cautiously about her. As she turned a corner, her eyes fell upon the form of a woman, beautiful in spite of the coarse, ill-fitting dress that she wore. It was a cold, damp day, very unlike most days in that land of light and warmth, and the woman was thinly clad. Drawing her tattered shawl closely about her, she hurried on. Emma Youmans followed in her footsteps, for her sympathies were awakened, and an interest kindled in her bosom for the frail-looking creature before hor.

Closely Emma followed her into an unknown part of the city, but carefully taking note of the many turnings, she thought she would be able to find her own home again.

Emma was beginning to tire of her long walk, when her guide stopped. The house which she entered was an old shattered frame building. Emma hesitated a moment, then pushing open the door she went in, and seeing there another woman, who stared with astonishment at the handsomely dressed stranger. she addressed her as follows:---

"Can you tell me who that woman is, -the one who came in just before me?"

"Why, yes, Miss, it's Mrs. Webb. She be very podg, and has got three children. She says she's got another somewhere, but she never says much to us down stairs. Just go up, Miss, and turn to the right."

"Thank you." replied Emma, and slipping a dollar into her informant's hand, she cautiously ascended the rickety stairs. She paused at a door on the right; what should she say? how should she introduce herself?

"Would n't they give you a bit of money, and have n't you brought my cake?" said a child in a low, sobbing voice. "No, my dear, I have not; but here is a piece of

bread for you and sister. Little brother is saleep do not wake him." It was a woman that spoke now. and, as Emma rightly conjectured, the one she had followed to the house.

"Mother, Angie has been coughing dreadful since you went away, and see, she can't eat this bread now, though she has n't had anything to eat since yesterday morning."

"Oh!" exclaimed Emma, "can it be possible that they are starving?"

A hollow cough and low sob fell upon her ear, in terrupting her reverie.

Frightened, and scarce knowing what she did, Emma shrank back and entered an empty room, the door of which stood invitingly open.

Mrs. Webb came out of her room with a small pltcher in her hand, and hastily descended the stairs. Emma listened intently; the child spake again:

"Sister, sister, speak to me! Can't you speak?" In a moment Emma was in the room. What a sight met her eyes! On a pallet of straw in one corner of the room lay a young girl, her eyes closed, and looking as pale and cold as a marble statue. Kneeling beside her, Emma passed one arm around the slender form of the fair young creature, and,

raising her up, leaned her upon her bosom, while she wiped the crimson drops from the pale lips. "Little girl," said she, speaking to the child, "put

the rest of that wood upon the fire." "Oh! ma'am, it has to last until to-morrow!" was

. "Never mind, I will get you some more; put it on." With a joyful smile the child obeyed. All Emma's attention was now bestowed upon the girl she held in her arms. Unclasping her cloak, she wrapped it about her charge, and was so busily engaged that she did not notice the entrance of the mother, until she was kneeling beside her, holding a cup of water to the lips of her child. Slowly a mouthful was taken, and then the dark blue eyes unclosed.

"Here," said Emma, handing Mrs. Webb her ports monnais, as she spoke, "go get something to warm your child, a physician, and anything you may need."

Mrs. Webb hesitated. "Nay, do not mortify me with a refusal," contimed Emma, "do you not see how ill your child is?" No more was said, but Emma's request was complied with, and in half an hour an able physician was prescribing for the girl who had been made comfortable by means of Emma's liberality.

"May I not ask the name of one, who, though as Emma was preparing to go home. "Never mind my name," replied she, smiling,

you will see me again, ___ " she paused, and then added; "You may call me Ella Hilton." Now behold her on her way home, with both heart and purse lighter than when she left it.

of the state of th For many weeks Emms visited Mrs. Webb, minis-And thus it went on from month to month, until winter dame again to live and the live

"To pretty Angels Webb, Emms, was much attached and often they might have been seen together in the carried of the latter of same or of a second disc

bet 1916 or Tencence, and on her real name, still surface who can her son queries also like sorble betting the college was the for the ports sinked, him, with her hand observed betting the first time she same, and jog have done so by the first surface of the first time she same, and jog have done so by the first surface of the first time she same, and jog have done so by the first surface of the first time she same, and jog have done so by the first surface of the fi

was convinced, was not her name, Ella she believed

One afternoon, Emma making her chistomary visit to Mrs. Webb's found them reloiding over a letter which they had received from the absent son. It ran thus the

"HAVANA, Nov. 10, 1856. Mr DEAR MOTHER-I have written to you again and again, yet have I not had a line from you. I will be in Savannah two weeks from to day. I have been absent two whole years, mother, and long to see In haste; your son, EDMUND WEED."

Emma looked up. The good old lady's eyes were filled with tears, and taking Emma by the hand, she exclaimed :-

"It is to you, under the blessing of God, that we owe all our present happiness. Had it not been for you, Angela might have been in her grave. I pray that God will bless you, and I feel assured that He will, for He has said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days shalt thou find it;" and again. "He that giveth' to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and I know that He will repay thee. 'Perhaps not in this world, but He surely will in the world to

Melted to tears, Emma hastily withdrew, and went home. Everything there was in the utmost confusion; the colored servants were gathered in the back drawing room, lamenting over "the unsartainty of life." Instantly her thoughts flew to her father, who had not been well for some days, and making her way through the weeping negroes, she hurried to his room. The first glance showed her that her fears were not without foundation. Mr. Youmans lay upon his bed insensible, perhaps dead. Emma kneeled by his bedside, and pressed his hands to her lips; they were lev cold.

sister, Lizzie. I said she had no brother; she had one half-brother, but for many years he had not been heard from. He left his home, and went to sea when Emma was but eight years of age. But to re-"Surely," exclaimed Emma, "he cannot, will not die when I love him so! Oh! God, spare my father!"

The next morning's sun shone upon the corpse of

Mr. Youmans, the insensible form of his sister, and

Emma's mother died when she was but a few days

old; and having neither brother nor sister, all her

affections were centered in her futher and her father's

the pale, agonized brow of his daughter. In two days, all that was mortal of Lewis Youmans was laid in the grave, and his sister was by his side. A week after the funerals, the heirs of Mr. Youmans were called upon to hear the reading of his will. Every one expected that he had left all his property to Emma, but what was their surprise to hear that he had left the paltry sum of one hundred dollars to his daughter, and all the rest, amounting to nearly two hundred thousand dollars, to a spend-

thrift and dissolute nephew, James Hartley. After the reading was finished, James stepped up

to his cousin, and said: "There is your money, Emma," taking two fifty dollar bills from his pocket-book, and handing them to her; "of course you can stay here to-night, if

you've no where else to go." Casting a look of withering scorn upon him, Emma arose, and quietly quitted the room. Hastily collecting together her dresses and jewelry, and taking her ports monnais, containing only five dollars, she called a man to take her trunk, and quitted, it might be forever, the home of her childhood. Her resolve was taken; she would support herself; she would go to Mrs. Webb, and work with her. She reached the room, and, with a light tap, opened the door. The

room was ampty. At this instant a woman from the next room came in, and handed her a note; it was from Angela, and ran thus :---

"DEAR ELLA-My brother has come, and insisted upon our leaving this place immediately. You may imagine how surprised he was to find us in this one room, when he left us in a fine house; however, we are going back to our old home, and you must call and see us at No. 375 State street.

Yours, devotedly, Angela S. Were." Calling to the man, she took her bundle, and paid him for carrying it. She determined to rent the room, and support herself by teaching music or embroidery. The next day she answered an advertisement for a music teacher, but was objected to on account of youth. A few more trials she made with no better success, and then turned her attention to embroidery. She had as much to do as she wished, for summer was near at hand, and light caps and collars would be in requisition. Thus she managed to exist very well until winter came on again. She could get no more work to do; she had sold all of her jewelry, and her least useful, and most expensive clothing, and yet she was almost starving. Many nights she went to bed cold and hungry, This living. accustomed as she had been all her life to every

luxury, soon made fearful inroads upon her health. Often, very often, Emma thought of "Cast thy bread upon the waters;" it seemed a prophecy of

brighter days in store for her. She had but one article of value left, and that was her silver ports monnais, which her father had given her. She was in want, and determined to sell this, also. Here we must leave her for the present, and visit our other friends.

. 0 The day on which Emma Youman's father was buried, Mrs. Webb's son returned to his native city after an absence of two years. During all this, time he had never heard from them, and of course knew not of their poverty. He had been traveling with an uncle, and at his death made immediate preparations for returning home. His mother met him, 48 stranger, has been so kind to us?" asked Mrs. Webb, he requested, at the steamer's landing, and took him to her house. How, surprised he was to find his mother in such a place, we leave the reader to image ine. They left it the same day that he returned and boarded for awhile in the "P.... i House " until

he could get back their home. This was soon soom plished, and they are now comfortably settled in their own house. Follow me, reader, while I look in upon them. A large, bright fire is glowing, in the grate tering to their wants, and giving them work to do. shedding its cheerful light and warmth around. In one corner sits a lady. The fire flashes brightly over her silver grey silk, and glanging upward reveals the bright, smiling conntenance of Mrs. Webb. By her side sits a young man, not over tyentrons with dark blue eyes and brown surly hair . We have All this time she had kept them in ignorance of never seen him before, but can easily tell who he is. her black of residence, and of her real name, still Mrs. Webb has her son baside her at

Emma, And then there are two little ones, Anna my heart is fulfilled."
and Arthur, easily recognized as the sleeping little "A message for Miss Emma," said a negro, openbrother, and the child whose scream had called Emi ing the door and handing in a note. algrand 法有的公司 建键的建筑 mix in to Angela

Emma, had done for them, though still calling her was dying, and wished to obtain her forgiveness be-Ella Hilton. Her mother spoke

" "I do not believe," said she, "that her name is Hilton her initials are E. A. Y." Then looking at her accompanied by Edmund, she went, son, she continued, "If among your friends and acmoves in the highest circles. I know by her conver- a "portionless bride."

Yes, brother," cried little Anna, "and she's got such beautiful grey eyes and block ourly hair. Oh! the 10th of February, 1867. It peeped into Emma's she's beautiful-looks like an angel!" Mrs. Webb window, reminding her that to night she was to be ismiled at the child's enthusiasm, but said nothing. . "We must look for her; and I am sure we will deck of the good steamer "Georgia," which was

she arose to leave the room.

mentioned-Savannah. after the lost Ella. The winter came on and still hurry, bustle and confusion. In the midst of it all ishe was not found.

a light hand laid upon his arm, and a low voice said, brought him to No. 875 State street. We are tired "Will you buy this, sir?"

... "What is it?" he hesitated.

side; "buy it, sir, for the love of mercy. I am in name-" William Waldhour." He hurried into the want"

He took it, and slipping five dollars into her hand, said. "Where do you live?"

"Thank you." passed swiftly away.

Edmund followed at a little distance, for she had I am sure you will like her." said, "I am in want," and he wished to help her. Emma was sick and faint; she had eaten nothing hour, "but tell me the fair lady's name." since the day before, and while yet a good way from her room, she felt her strength failing her.

She leaned against the wall for support and closed her eyes. At this instant Edmund came up, and bowing respectfully, he said, "You seem ill, madam, that she might be his friend's sister. Angels came allow me to attend you home. In what street, do you into the room at this moment, and when she heard live?"

"Indian!" gasped Emms, taking the arm he offered her. They walked on in silence, and slowly, sofor Emma could scarcely stand. At last Emma paused, and Edmund saw that it was before the house where he had found his mother and sister.

"Thank you," said Emma, gratefully. "I am home, now."

"Good night," said Edmund, as he left her.

Do not think, reader, that he left her forever. He was going after his mother. He reached his home in a few minutes, and going behind his sister, he dropped his late purchase into her lap. Mrs. Webb caught sight of it, and catching it from her daughter's hand, she turned it to the light. It was as she expected—the letters E. A. Y. were there. "Where did you get it?" cried she eagerly. Ed-

mund related all that had passed, and concluded with-" Now, my mother, will you get ready while 1 order the carriage? The poor girl is sick, and besides she may tell you something of Ella." The carriage came to the door, and Mrs. Webb,

Angels and Edmund left the house. They soon reached the place, and Edmund remained in the carriage while Mrs. Webb and Angela went into the house and ascended the well known stairs. They pansed before the door of their former home and listened. A low voice was heard, saying-

"I think I can almost hear it now- He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' and I know that he will repay you, not in this world, perhaps, but he surely will in the world to come. Oh! my Father, take me to that better world; yet not my will, but thine, be done."

Instantly Angela opened the door and went in. Emma was kneeling beside the only chair that the room contained.

"Dearest Ella," cried Angela, throwing her arms about her friend, "it is now for you to lean upon my bosom. Come home with me, and tell me how all this came about."

Almost stupified with surprise and joy, Emma clung to Angela's arm as they went to the carriage. Edmund sprang out, and as he helped the ladies in, Angela whispered in his car, "It is Ella."

That night, before retiring, Emma told them her true name, and much of what had befallen her since last they parted. Keeping from them the knowledge of her father's injustice, she merely said, "Contrary to my expectations, I found that I had no money, and was obliged to support myself. I sold everything that I had, even to my porte monnaie, for I had no money to put in it."

Angela then told Emma of her "adventures," as she called them, and smiling gaily in the tearful face of her friend, she exclaimed-

*And now that we have you here, we intend to keep you. Nay, Emma dear, don't say so; you are too proud to be dependent! Well, so be it; you shall be governess; we want one for Anna and Arthur. Will you?"

Emma gladly assented, and for the first time those two girls, so unlike and yet so beautiful in face and mind, slept in each other's arms.

Weeks passed away, and Emma rapidly regained a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a both health and spirits. All loved her -Mrs. Webb, thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has Angela, Annie, Arthur, and Edmund. Aye I and Ed shown that in birds the lungs have several openings mund, he loved her more than any of them did; and communicating with corresponding air bags or cells. ere she had been in the house three menths, he which fill the whole cavity of the body from the neek sought her as his wife. Emma was proud, and she downward, and into which the air passes and rehesitated. Should she go to him penniless? He passes in the progress of breathing. This is not all. saw her hesitation, and attributed it to the right The very bones are hollow, from which air pipes are

own and my happiness for the sake of a few paltry by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By dollars. I love you, and you alone. I have enough forcing the air out of the body, they can dart down for both be mine my, own darling Emma!" What from the greatest heights with astonishing velocity. woman could resist such words from the man she No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of loved? I assure you Emma did not. She placed their vocal powers, and at once resolves the mystery. has hand upon his arm and a low "Yes " fell from willardenes"s Munis of Nature. libr lips. He drew her closely to his heart; for the dest time pressed his lips to hers. Taking her by And important editor in Alabama wants to know the hand, he led her into the room where his mother when the intendito pay the debt of nature. We we with sented and besought her to receive his Ruima site inclined to Mink that when nature gots her dues as her daughter. The good lady caught her in her from him, it will be by an execution.

blue eyes. She was only seventeen just the ege of sarms and exclaimed, "Thank Heaven! the desire of

The note was from James Hartley, carnestly be-

Regictly Angels is relating to her brother all that seeching her to call upon him immediately, as he fore he left the world of an and the condest of a

Emma was not one to refuse such a request, and

With his last gasping breath, James told where quaintances you should ever meet with a young lady, Mr. Youman's will was concealed, confessing that whose name corresponds with those initials, let me the one which was road was a forgery. The propknow. She is wealthy-her dress tells me that and erty was Emma's, and she would not go to Edmund

The sun rose bright and clear on the morning of married. It throw its bright beams down upon the find her in the highest circles," said Mrs. Wobb, as slowly making its way to the wharf at Savannah. The sunlight stopped not on deck-a stray beam Ah! Mrs. Webb, even now while you speak, Emma | wandered into the cabin and bathed in its mellow is in your own old room as destitute as you were light the face of a handsome young man, some twenonce. Our readers must not think that in her and- ty-five years of age. He was returning to his native den prosperity, Mrs. Webb has forgotten the claims land after nine years of absence. What changes of humanity, or that she suffered once. No, she did might not have taken place? He would not know not; she visited the sick, comforted the afflicted, and where to find his father's house, and only one other was blessed by them wherever she went. I said was, did he know in all the thirty thousand inhabitants I should have said is, for our tale is true, reader, and of the city. That other was Edmund Webb, and to she is living still, and is in the beautiful city I have his house our new friend is going. We will follow him. The steamer touched the wharf, ropes were . The summer passed away in fruitless searches thrown ashore and caught by eager hands. All was our friend sought the shore, leaving his servant to One dark stormy night, as Edmund Webb was re- attend to his baggage, and slowly traversed the well turning to his home, his hasty steps were stayed by known streets of his well loved city. A short walk of calling him our friend, so, if you please, we will look at the card which he has given to the servant. .. "A silver porte monnaie," answered the girl at his Edmund took it and started, as his eye fell upon the drawing room, and catching the new comer by the hand, he exclaimed-

"Willie, my boy, I am glad to see you. I am to She heeded not his question, but uttoring a hasty be married this evening, and you will be here. I have a beautiful bride, and she is good, too, Willie.

"No doubt of it, my friend," answered Mr. Wald.

"Emma Youmans." "Emma Youmans!" echoed William, in surprise. "I had a half sister by that name. Can it be her?" Edmund told him all that he knew of her, and hoped the name of the visitor, she changed her formal bow for a friendly shake of the hand, saying as she did

"This is our dear Emma's brother. I will call her." A few moments elapsed, and Emma was folded in

her brother's arms. We have but little more to add. Emma was married that evening, and in less than five months the "Republican" said that Mr. William Waldhour and Miss Angela Laura Webb were married.

And now, in conclusion, let me remind my readers that "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Go thou and do likewise." Fear not to spend a few dollars; you are lending to the Lord, and " He will repay you."

OREATOR AND OREATURES.

BY ANNE K. HATDEN. You glorious Orb, his heavenward way ascending,

Bespeaks our Maker's wisdom, skill and power: The trees, their varied hues so sweetly blending, And lowliest flower, Raise in the heart of man an adoration,

That God should view, from his exalted station. Mortality.

The boundless ocean, which for years has flooded The unseen treasures of the world below,

The stars, which you pure dome for aye have studded, His glories show.

All, all that Thou createst, God of beauty, Is perfect, pure and typical of Thee; And we, if we performed our simple duty,

Thy heirs should be. Why hast Thou filled the earth so full of glory? Why hast Thou filled my breast with longings wild? Why have strange thoughts been ever sweeping o'er me, E'en since a child?

Why, when all others seem so full of pleasure, Does this dark, dreary void, in me remain? Why is this life, which should be deemed a treasure. So often pain?

Ah i surely we were made for something higher, Than to be born, to live grow old, and die; Else why this still returning, strong desire

For bliss on High? Nothing but love, and spotless purity. Can gain an entrance to that blissful land, Where Mind, through endless ages of futurity,

Bhall still expand. If in the thoughtless ranks of youth and beauty. My voice rings out in tones as gay as theirs, When it is past a storner sense of duty,

The joy impairs. But when, in blooming fields, or shady wildwood, My spirit communes with the God of love, I ever felt a peace, in youth or childhood.

Like that above ! Where waving trees, and flowery arch and column Breathe sileut praises to the Great and Good. Man, puny man, should view, o'erawed and solemn, The solltude.

All glorious One, eternal, pure and holy, Oh! wilt Thou deign to hear this praise of mine? Although it may be humble, worthless, lowly, It should be Thine !

VOCAL MACHINERY OF BIRDS. It is difficult to account for so small a creature as conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even "Do not, my dear Emma," he said, " wreck your into the quills and feathers. The air being ratified

FRANK NATHERBY:

WOOING BY TELEGRAPH!

"All wone morry as a marriage-bell."

Some men loan into matrimony, as if they were about to take a plunge in the dark, and cared not to cipitated step is not always the most agreeable Some people glide into the chains of Hymen gracerapturous delights. Need we say that they soon discover married life to be a far more presale affair poured into her car on the preceding evening, and feel the pressure of thorns amid the roses of their Frank Netherby gallop up to the door at that rapid matrimony as into a state which must be ventured sailors. on once in a life, and which is likely to prove, on proportion of cares and comforts, of sorrows and of many of its storms. Now Frank Netherby, the hero of my present "chapter," did not choose any of telegraphed himself into matrimony! a method which had, at least, the merit of originality to recommend it: and so I think it may interest my readers to hear the story of his Wedding Day.

Frank Netherby was the youngest son of a gentleman of good property, and of some consideration in the county of Sussex. The family estate being en- her daughter. tailed on his eldest son, there remained to the junior branches of the family but slender expectations of future wealth. They were, however, rich in the ad- poor to think of marrying for a long time to come." vantages of a good education and of a happy homeblessings which oftentimes exert their silent influence on the life long after more material riches may have taken to themselves wings and flown

Frank was an ardent and impeluous boy, full of strong affections and passionate impulses. He was his mother's darling and her overweening fondness for him contributed, perhaps, somewhat to increase the natural willfulness of his character. From his earliest childhood he expressed his determination to enter the navy-a profession which seemed so well suited to his disposition, that his father yielded a ready assent to his wishes; and right joyous was the merry boy, when, at the age of thirteen, he found himself in all the full-blown dignity of a Royal for the West Indies. The only drawback to his happiness was that there was no likelihood of his encountering a foe, for we were then at peace with the world. A more insidious danger, however, than sword or bullet, awaited our young sailor, who, at the expiration of three years, came home worn and wasted from the effects of West Indian fever. For awhile it seemed that home, with all its affections and enjoyments, had many charms for him; but, with the return of health and vigor, he became impatient for a more active life—so that great was his delight on being appointed to a ship then under orders for China, which was at that time the seat of war. In this new sphere of duty, Frank found ample scope for the ardent activity of his nature; and in the course of his Oriental campaign, distinguished himself more than once by the gallantry of his conduct, which was named with approbation in the despatches of his commander. How carerly those despatches were devoured at his paternal home need not be related here. Even the sire of the Lamily acknowledged that this "scapegrace of a boy" was a credit to his name; adding, that "he hoped he might live to drink his health as an Nor was the domestic circle less fovous when, at a later period, tidings reached them of the promotion to a lieutenancy of their "young hero," and of his consequent withdrawal for awhile from the active duties of his profession-a circumstance which would allow them the gratification of welcoming him home.

Frank Netherby had scarcely completed his twentyfirst year, when he returned home to be idelized by his mother and sis ers, and spoiled by the fairer portion of his acquaintances, who, like all others of their sex, had an inuate love of glory, and a passionate admiration of all those who had won it on flood or on the battle-field. Like most sailors, Frank was the devoted champion of womankind. Whether she were dark or fair, young or old, if only she were in want of help, she was sure to find in Frank a faithful and "preux chevalier." With such a disposition. been more than once successfully aimed at our bero's heart. But these attacks had heretofore proved so light and harmless that they had only

A graver peril was now at hand. By way of doing honor to her gallant son, Mas. Netherby had the world; and my mother is delighted at the idea invited a large party to her house a few days after his return home. The dashing young officer was gladly welcomed by old acquaintances, and cordially greeted by new ones. Amongst the former were Mrs. and Miss Fleetwood, the widow and orphan daughter of a gallant admiral, who had many years before sacrificed his life in the service of his country. Annie Fleetwood was a pleasant, bright-looking girl of seventeen. This was her first debut in society; and the simple freshness of her tollet, consisting of a clear white muslin dress, relieved only by blue ribbons, harmonized well with the artless expression dare say your father will agree with me in thinking of her countenance. Frank at once claimed old it will be time enough half-a-dozen years hence to acquaintanceship with both mother and daughter: reminding the latter how he had insisted on bestowing upon her a parting salute, when he had taken leave of her as a middy many years before, and how very prudish she had been on the occasion.

"You were really quite angry-at least you protended to be so," added he, saucily. Poor Annie colored deeply at this reminiscence, and only obbeen a very troublesome boy, and their games had been much quieter after he was gone away.

"Yes, and I dare say much duller too, if you would only have the honesty to confess it," was the her mother's prudent advice, she found it hard to young sailor's rejoinder. "But it makes us quite gainsay the arguments of her lover. old to talk of these days of 'lang syne;' and, after all there is no time so agreeable as the present," leed visit to Mrs. Ficetwood; and on his return added he, bowing gracefully; to his young guest home, after a lengthened interview, he met Frank at Then, touching lightly the blue, ribbon which floated his own hall door. "Well, my boy," said he to the from Apple's waist, he added, "I am glad to see, anxious youth, "we have settled all about you. Mrs. Miss Pleetwood, that you have the good taste to Pleetwood consents to give you her daughter when-

that he might possibly suppose she had adopted this color out of compliment to him; and, with a heightened color, she replied, "You forget, I suppose, that I am a sallor's daughter!"
"How could I forget it," was his reply, "when

looking at you; for sailor's daughters are generally the prettiest girls, and" added he, in a low voice, "make the best wives in the world!"

This nautical compliment brought a still deeper scan beforehand the dangers to which they might be blush to Annie's cheek; and yet, we cannot say that exposed. The waking up which follows such a pre- she was displeased at finding herself during the course of the evening the special object of the young sailor's attention. On the following day, too, as she fully-sentimentally-as if they were about to enact sat near the open window, busied with her book and a sort of life poem, full of thrilling incidents and her needle, her thoughts unconsciously reverted to some of the flattering sayings which had been than they had imagined, and that they occasionally she involuntarily started and blushed on seeing daily path. Some people walk deliberately into pace which is usually preferred by equestrian

Day after day found Frank Netherby the compan. the whole, a very tolerable condition-with its due ion of Annie Fleetwood. Whether in the drawingroom and the garden, or on horseback, he was ever joys. Such people often make what are called ready to attend her steps; and Mrs. Fleetwood, who sensible matches," and, if they do not enjoy much was charmed with the frank and kindly courtesy of of the sunshine of life, neither do they encounter the young sailor, placed no restriction on their intercourse. Many a prudent mother would have felt anxious at the growing intimacy between her youththese commonplace modes of getting married—he ful daughter and a younger son of such scanty, expectations; but Mrs. Fleetwood was one of those easy going people, who enjoy the present moment without troubling themselves about the probable result for the future. Great, therefore, was her surprise, when, at the end of a fortnight or three weeks. Frank Netherby craved her consent to his union with

> "You are not in earnest, surely, Frank?" said she. "You and Annie are both too young and too

"I never was more in earnest in my life, my dear madam," replied the young lieutenant; " you forget that I am a lieutenant in her Majesty's service, and have an allowance of a hundred a year from my father to boot. Annie and I would live like princes on such an income as this."

"Foolish boy!" replied Mrs. Fleetwood, "it would scarcely buy you both bread and choese.".

"Well, we will do without the cheese, my dear madam." replied Frank: "only give your consent. and you shall see how well we will manage."

"And what does your father say to this wise scheme?" inquired Mrs. Fleetwood.

"My father! do you suppose I would insult Annie by naming the subject to any one before I knew what were her wishes in the matter? But now that Middy preparing to join his ship, then under orders I have your consent," added he, gaily, " I will gallop over at once, and talk over the whole affair with him."

> "My consent! not quite so fast, young man. I never gave my consent to so foolish a business."

"Well, but you mean to do so, which is all the same thing. You are too kind and tender-hearted to make Annie and me unhappy by refusing."

"Really, I do not know what to say to the matter." rejoined poor Mrs. Fleetwood, in rather a doubtful

"Well, then, let me settle it for you, dear Mrs. Fleetwood," replied Frank, at the same time catching the good lady's hand, and hastily pressing it to his lips in a transport of delight. Then, without giving her time to collect herself, he exclaimed, "Now, then, I am off to my father!" and, in another minute, she saw him galloping past in the direction of his home.

Frank Netherby's father was made of rather sterner materials than the lady whom we have just left. On hearing of his son's engagement, he was, at first, very much displeased. "It was quite absurd for a pair of children like them to think of marrying at all. Besides. Annie Fleetwood, although a very nice girl, and a great favorite of his, was the eldest of half-a-dozen daughrers, who had not, he believed, ten thousand pounds between them." Fortunately, for Frank, his mother came to his aid, and smoothed matters so far that at last her husband gave a reluctant consent to the match-warning Frank, however, that he must not think of marrying for five or six years to come, and that, meantime, some lucky turn of fortune might occur, which would enable him to support a wife. "I will call on Mrs. Fleetwood myself, to-morrow," added he, "and tell her my opinion on the subject."

Frank, without attending too closely to the quali fying clause of his father's speech, thanked him for his consent; and, remounting his horse, galloped back to Rosemount, the abode of his fair inamorata. On entering the drawing-room, where Mrs. Fleetwood it may readily be conceived that Cupid's shafts had and her daughter were scated, he tossed up his foraging cap like a schoolboy, exclaiming, "Hurrah! I've gained the day." Annie, whose cheek had been rather pallid at his entrance, "blushed rosy red." given additional zest to the joyous days of his boy- while her mother requested him to sit down quietly and tell her all about it. "All's right," said Frank. "My father says Annie is one of the nicest girls in of having her for a daughter-in-law."

"Did your father offer no objection?" inquired Mrs. Fleetwood.

"Oh! he spoke very wisely, as all fathers are bound to do on such occasions, and gave me a word of good advice, which of course I mean most dutifully to follow. But he intends to call on you tomorrow, and I hope you will put your heads together and fix the day of our wedding."

"Nonsense! you foolish boy, you don't know what you are talking about," rejoined Mrs. Fleetwood. "I name that day."

Frank, instead of noticing this prudent insinuation, only cast an arch glance towards Annie, and merely observed, "Annie, do you know the horses are at the door; are you ready for a canter?"

We imagine that the conclusion formed by the youthful lovers during that evening ride was somewhat different from that which was arrived at by served in reply that she remembered he had always their parents on that important subject—for Frank urged most strenuously his determination never to leave England without first calling Annie his own: and however disposed Annie might be to attend to

On the following day, Mr. Netherby paid his prom-Annie's spirit was somewhat roused at the thought prise money."

"For post-captain, read lieutenant, my dear father," replied the sailor; and as for the prize money, I shall be sure to get it whenever our enemies are so good as to go to war with us."

"You are an incorrigible fellow," replied the old gentleman, laughing; "but I hope you will get a little common-sense some of these days."

The next few weeks sped rapidly away with our youthful lovers, as time usually does in the case of those with whom, as Shakspeare describes it, "time gallops withal;" they were happy in the present, and in full hope for the future. But a shadow came at last to fall upon this sunny period: an official despatch arrived from the Admirality to inform Frank of his appointment to the "Hercules," then stationed at Portsmouth. .

"Every one says that I am a monstrous lucky fellow to get this appointment so soon," observed Frank, when he acquainted Annie with the news. "And so would I think, too," added he, "at any other time: but now it is a terrible bore to have to go off at twenty-four hours' notice. Cheer up, however, my darling Annie," continued he, as he observed a tear to tremble in the eye of his betrothed, "the ship, Funderstand, is likely to be for some time on that station, so I may often contrivo to run up and see you for a day or two; and remember what I have told you-I shall never leave England without calling you my bride!"

Their hurried parting was a sad one; hope, however, was buoyant in both their young hearts, and they trusted soon to meet again. Many weeks, however, passed on without Frauk's being able to obtain the expected leave of absence, and the frequent, though hurried notes he contrived to write in snatches of leisure were but ill compensation to poor Annie for the loss of his daily visits.

Dreary winter was now come, and Annie was sitting one day in a musing mood looking out on the smooth green sward on which she had so often strolled with Frank during the preceding summer. when the servant entered the room and handed her an official-looking letter. On opening it, her heart was filled with apprehension by perceiving that it was a telegraph message from Portsmouth. She thought it must be some ill news from Frank, but her eye had no sooner rested on it for a moment than she perceived the tenor was far different from what she had anticipated. The message was as follows:-

"The ' Hercules,' under orders for South America -Three years' absence-One week's leave allowed me to get married-One line by telegraph to day-Say yes, dearest Annie-if not ----

Poor Annie sat with the open paper in her hands, bewildered and perplexed. Her first feeling was one of maidenly confusion at such a message having been sent to her by telegraph; then the possibility of being separated for three years, and those terrible, mysterious words-"if not!" what could they mean?. Mrs. Fleetwood coming into the room and observing her daughter's agitation, asked what was the matter. Annie handed her the message.

"What a mad fellow Frank is!" exclaimed Mrs Fleetwood. "Of course you will at once send him word that such a thing is quite out of the question." Annie only replied by throwing her arms around her mother's neck and bursting into tears.

"Don't be such a simpleton, my dear child." said Mrs. Fleetwood, in a half playful, half soothing tone, "three years pass away very quickly, and then he will be coming back again."

"Oh! but mamma," sobbed Annie, "he often told me it would break his heart if he had to leave England without being married." Mrs. Fleetwood felt at first inclined to ridicule her daughter's credulity on this subject, but Annie's tears fell faster and faster, and her sobs became more convulsive, so that in the course of half an hour, Mrs. Fleetwood's wise resolves had given way, and she at last yielded a reluctant consent, observing that she supposed "Frank must, as usual, have his own way in the matter."

Annie, with a trembling hand and beating heart, sat down to indite the following message:

"Mamma says "Yes"-Come-Ever yours-An-

The day after these telegraphic love-letters had been written, a large Christmas party was assembled at Mr. Netherby's mansion. I happened to be one of the guests, and before the party had met for dinner, I was chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Netherby over the drawing-room fire.

"How I wish Frank was here to-day!" exclaimed Mrs. Netherby, "he always so enjoys a Christmas

"Yes, and we should be all the merrier for his presence." observed Mr. Netherby, "young scapegrace as he is."

"And here is the young scape-grace come to answer for himself," exclaimed a merry voice at the door, which we quickly recognized in the evening dusk for that of the young lieutenant. He walked straight over to the chimney and gave his mother a hearty em-

"What has brought you here, my boy?" inquired his father, at the same time shaking him cordially by the hand.

"Only that I am ordered off to South America, and am come home to say good-bye to you all, and to get married before I go." "To get married!" we all exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes. to get married," replied he. "I have been at Rosemount for the last two hours, and settled all about it with Mrs. Fleetwood."

Many were the expostulations which followed this avowal but Frank contrived, as usual, in his playful, off-hand way, to win from the elders of the family a consent to his wishes, and before the evening was over, he had told his sisters to get their bridesmaid's dresses ready for the wellding, which was to take place in a couple of days, and which, he said, should be a very jolly affair indeed.

"Do not take out your pocket-handkerchiefs, my dear girls, as I do not wish to have any crying upon the occasion. I mean it to be a merry wedding, as I told Mrs. Fleetwood to-day."

"'My wife shall dance. And I will sing."

sang out the expectant bridegroom, in the words of an old-fashioned ballad.

Frank was as good as his word : for this impromptu . wedding, which actually took place two days afterwards, was one of the merricat at which I ever was . present. The first tears, probably, which fell on the occasion of Frank Netherby's marriage, were those hitter ones shed by his young bride, when, a week. later, she took leave of him at Portsmouth, and watched the good ship " Hercules" speeding its course towards the Southern main. The disconsolate creature accompanied her mother back to her early home. where she spent the years of her husband's absence in most sedate and matronly retirement.

Many years have passed away since then, and!

Frank Netherby is now the sober father of a family. Very recently, I overheard him exhorting his eldest son, a fine boy of twelve or thirteen, to be more diligent in his studies and steady in his conduct at achool. An involuntary smile probably flitted across my countenance, for Frank immediately turned towards me with one of his quick and humorous glances, and no sooner had the boy left the room, than he said to me, "I perceive, my dear madam, you have a very good memory for olden times; but remember I wish my son to take after his mother rather than after me in solidity of character. In one point, indeed, I shall be glad if he resembles me in after life. Heartily do I hope," added he, looking tenderly at Annie, "that, after many years of married life, he may be able to say, as I do, that-

"The wife's far dearer than the bride."

Banner of Light.

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TERMS.

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Fersons in charge of Bright Associations, and Lecturals, are requested to procure subscriptions, and will be furnished with blank receipts and certificates of agency, on ap-

CIRCINNATI.—B. W. Prass & Co. are our authorized Agents in the above named city, for the sale of the Banner of Light.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BANNER.

Our associates, Mr. T. Gales Forster and J. Rollin M. Squire, are now on a tour in the South and West, 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.

MORE INSANITY.

We thought that this fearful disease was confined to the ranks of the Spiritualists: that is, if we were to believe what our Christian enemies say about us. But it seems we were a little too fast. It is not so. The Spiritualists do not insist on enjoying all the insanity by themselves, any more than those who say so, keep all the goodness there is in the world to themselves. The lunatic asylums are not less plentifully populated now than they ever were; and careful inquiry will satisfy any one, that, out of all who receive the are of the attendants at those places, a very, very small fraction are taken from the ranks of true Spiritualists. The libel is an old one, and it has been employed till it has ceased to have its former influence upon those who have to sit and have it dinged into their cars.

It so happened, we remember, that if a person became cracked from one cause or another, and it could be shown that he or she had previously enterthined the least sympathy with the doctrines generally held by Spiritualists, the whole blame of the matter was laid upon the already overburdened back of Spiritualism. That was the scape-goat for all the misdeeds and misfortunes of the people. It was convenient, and so they made use of it. They would have used any other new thing with just the same readiness.

To show, however, that other sorts of people are going mad besides Spiritualists, and quite as certainly on account of their religion, too, we cite the following instance which we clip from one of our exchanges:-

DEATH FROM RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT.—The Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser says, Miss F. Farnum, of Wellsville, drowned herself in Grand River, on Monday, 14th ult. She was about 20 years of age, and was universally esteemed. Partial deraugement, superinduced by religious excitement, is supposed to have been the cause which led to this melancholy event.

Now, if it is true that this poor girl became insane on account of her religion, and actually went so far as to take her life in consequence, what, by parity of reasoning, is to be said of the religion itself in which she became so bewilderingly,-nay, so insanely interested? That is the style in which they attempt to argue down Spiritualism, and we intend to hold them to the most rigid and fearful consequences of their own logic.

But the above is only the case of a young lady. whose nature might have been more sensitive to powerful religious influences, and who may therefore have possessed comparatively less strength of will to control her than many others. We find another case in another paper, of a very distinct character; not the case, by any means, of a nervous and overexcited girl, for the first time in her life, perhaps, impressed by the preasking of what are termed the doctrines of Christ,-but that of a strong, wellbalanced and thoroughly educated man; a man, too, whose thoughts and studies had for years been confined to this single subject, and who certainly ought to have been perfectly consoled for all the tribulations and crosses of this life, by the richness of the grace that abounded in his heart. In other words, this man was a clergyman,—an Orthodox minister! Surely, if any one in the wide world should be free from the attacks of this destroying tyrant, which men agree to call insanity, it is just this man, and no other.

The Boston Traveller tells the following sad story sin relation to him :--

Rev. Mr. Lakeman, a clergyman of Abington, while wisiting at Middleboro', yesterday, (the 18th,) was itaken insane in the evening, left his lodgings, and took the railroad track to South Wareham, where he arrived about midnight. On the way, he threw off his clothes, and scattered them along the track. On reaching Warcham, he went to the house of Seth F.
Tober, broke geveral windows, and entered through a side light. The family were aroused, and found the Reverend gentleman in complete nudity, raving like a madman, his limbs and body out by the aper-ture through which he entered. He was of course immediately cared for, but he is still insane this

or all does not afford us the pleasure to chronicle the :- indecent antics of this unfortunate man, that it man-·ifestly does the Tribune, in reciting the fictitious per-Formances of ficticious circles of Spiritualists in this coity. We merely give the sad history, that others may be satisfied, there is no truth whatever in the oft-repeated charge, that Spiritualism is the religion sto all our lunatio asylums and private mad-houses. From these instances alone, it is apparent that the mountain is founded in pure ignorance, and proselesmed with of pure malice. And those who are; said have been, so free to being which an accusation should has node peels some house productives richt

consider how poorly able they are to defend their own religion against similar imputations, in the first account of the treatment of one of the first citizens place,—and, in the second place, what a wretched of Maine, however, that rather staggers our faith, tinkling cymbal."

SPURGEON.

This very "popular" revivalist of London, of whom there are two quite decided opinions—one paper from which we quote this sad piece of history, that he is a tremendous man, and the other that he goes on to sayis a prodigious something else—we took occasion to allude to in an article of last week. Some of his sermons have been published by bookmen of speculative tendencies, and they have "found their account in it" already. Yet that fact does n't go an inch toward sustaining the idea that he is a man of erable pauper! Time, which humbles the strength such vast power as is reported by his friends.

On the occasion of the recent national fast, which was proclaimed and held in England on account of the terrible sufferings of the English in India, the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon preached to an audience of twentyfour thousand persons in the Crystal Palace, and no doubt produced the usual effect on every one of them. He must certainly be an extraordinary man, extraordinary, for all that.

Those who, not knowing quite all about his power that they would like to know, have not read his statement of what he considers the gospel to be, will tract. Thus does Mr. Spurgeon define the gospel:

"If any man here should be in doubt on account of ignorance, let me as plainly as I can state the Gospel. I believe it to be wrapped up in one word-Substitution. I have always considered with Luther and Calvin, that the sum and substance of the Gospel lies in that word substitution, Christ standing n the stead of man. If I understand the Gospel it is this: I deserve to be lost and ruined; the only reason why I should not be damned is this, that Christ was punished in my stead, and there is no need to execute sentence twice for sin. Christ took the cup in both his hands and

'At one tremendous draught of love He drank damnation dry.'"

Then the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon cannot avoid the conession that he is a Universalist, if this is not such a confession as it stands. For he distinctly states that Christ has died for sinners-all mankind are sinners-and there is no need to execute sentence twice for sin. Hence all mankind are, and are to be, "saved." How will the thick-and-thin admirers of this precocious young gentleman of the cloth get him out of the dilemma he has thus got himself

Or, if he comes forward, or they come forward in his stead, and strenuously insist that he repudiates any such doctrine, but on the contrary still holds "with Luther and Calvin" what the other self-styled Orthodox creeds pretend to hold-it will be the hardest thing in the world to make out that the belief he thinks he entertains, is aught but the sheerest inconsistency there is going. Yet it would be no more glaring than all the rest of them. If Christ died to "save" the whole of mankind, and Mr. Spurgeon and his friends so believed, and still only a small part of all mankind are to be saved in the end,-where, asks common sense and understanding, is the proof that Christ's death is of any efficacy? Is it not, on the other hand, totally a failure in respect of the object sought and thought to be obtained? Has not the Saviour made a mistake? is he not disappointed? have not his and God's great plans in some way fallen through?

So bare, so bald, so entirely insufficient, -- nay, so absolutely childish is the "belief," to the formal repetition of which so many well-meaning persons pin their little faith. This Gospel, which is preached by Mr. Spurgeon, is summed up in that one wordthat this substitution fails, according to the creed, to effect its object, and becomes no more in the ears and tinkling cymbal" of which the Scriptures so aptly speak. This form of belief-if it is a belief. pretends successfully to reconcile, and with which befogged than they can be profited in their souls.

When will men learn that there is another, and than this which the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon and his co- its, they become insensible to improprieties which adjutoration out to us? Hew long before they will would shock their native good sense, when in its orsee that the human soul needs other sustenance than that which they so sparingly offer? When of Spiritualists organized, and lately disbanded, the will they learn that mankind can subsist on theo-logic chaff no longer, and that all the free aspirations itual papers. But that history is instructive and of the heart are bursting forth in the light and liberty of the true Gospel? If they will not see and admit it now, they will have to do it later. The day of the world's regeneration has dawned. Musty clothing for the purpose of concealing their persons, doctrines, of no other value than that they are old, and trust to the purity of each other. The proposihave come to the end of their influence. A larger and deeper way of thinking has turned all these old that these spirits were not safe counsellors, and it was traditions into the merest folly of children at their one of the causes of the ultimate dissolution of the play. They will answer neither for the age, nor the community. We hear also from the best authority wants of the soul.

side of things, rather than the dark side; and if we those that know the facts. We do not believe that s are told, as now and then we are, that some matters large proportion of the spiritualists approve these indecencies; but it will be a bad sign if they refrain have no bright side, then we reply that we instantly from indignant denunciation of them, or affect to set about making one. For it is not less possible to consider the exposure of them as an attack upon make that, than it is to make anything else. We Spiritualism itself, as it is not, unless the doctrine are perfectly willing to take the dictum of the great and its believers assume the responsibility.—N. Y. poet for all it is worth, that "there is nothing good Tribune. or bad, but thinking makes it so."

The world—that is, the world that lies outside of our readers may see for themselves the length to our own selves—is reputed to be a tough customer; which the blind and bigoted enemies of Spiritualism it is charged with treating its children roughly, permit themselves to go. To suppose it is possible sometimes cruelly; it gets the credit for a great for circles to meet here in Boston, in the condition many hard performances, no doubt, for which the the Tribune describes with such a gloating spirit, is credit does not properly belong to it; and we have it to betray an amount of credillty beyond what has ding donged into our cars early and late-first, last, ever happened to fall under our observation. Even and always—that, do what we may, if we come to the Free Love demonstrations in New York created

Many become misanthropes, just because they as we could ever learn, they were not to be compared nurse views like these. It is not right, and yet it for flagrant indecency with the proceedings above may not be wholly wrong. For ourselves, we have described by the Tribune. How much more likely great faith in human nature, especially if it is ap is it, therefore, if such indestables as are alluded to pealed to fairly and as it deserves to be; it is gen- in the above article serie priorised bere in Boston, trally when men neck to defraud one another that the knowledge of them would have been made at they find themselves unexpectedly the losers they in public as the dists on the seven blooks, and the olic

One of our Eastern exchanges comes to us with an illustration they afford of the very religion they pro- we must candidly confess. There is a venerable citifess, when they thus exhibit greater readiness to sen of the town of Gardiner, who is at the present assail others than to justify them, and a radical lack time in abject poverty. He has become reduced by of that true Christian charity, without which Paul no fault of his own, so far as is stated, but happens said all the rest were but as " sounding brass and a simply to have lived along to that period when the grasshopper has at length become a burden. He was once a member of the Legislature, Collector at Bath, and Mayor of Gardiner; and to day he is a common pauper, sold to the highest bidder. The

"What and where is he now? For no crime—for no sin-for no offence against any law of his God or his fellow men-shall we say it? must we say it? The sin of poverty is upon him in his old age; and for this ain he is sold by a neighboring town to the lowest bidder, to eke out his remaining days as a misof the strongest in intellectual and physical vigor, has brought him to a state of "second childhood," when no mother's care, no wife's attention can southe his weakened mind and frame. He can no longer be useful to the public, whose servant he was all his life long, and now, like an old horse, he is turned out to a back pasture to subsist, if feed he can, upon the brakes and brambles that usurp the place of a more generous forage. Our eyes have wept, our heart has bled, thus to see a business acquaintance of a quarto do even this; but what he says may not be so ter of a century agone—one who had stood so high extraordinary for all that. city he had served so long and well-one whose presence was a joy in the highest circles of life, now, by that very poverty which came of his devotion to statement of what he considers the gospel to be, will the public good, cast off as an incumbrance, put out be obliged to us for giving the accompanying ex. of sight and left to die, as soon as may be, upon a pauper's pallet."

Let the world read this grave accusation against itself, and henceforth be silent. There can be no palliation for meanness like this. That community has not yet touched even the outermost limit of civilization, which consents to a foul wrong like thisto this most unnatural crime against one of its own most honored and useful members.

> Written for the Banner of Light. I MAY FORGET THEE.

BY 3, ROLLIN M. SQUIRE. I may forget thee-but within my heart, When earth is still in evening's hour, And dew-drops kiss the sleeping flower, There is a mystic voice which tells of thee; It thrills my soul with all its mournful tone So like soft music heard in dreams, A full, round voice, which silent seems, And like a sigh from Ocean's distant moan. I may forget thee-but thy blessed face Beams on me, though I wander far;

Smiles in each flower, from every star, And lights me through the cold world's darkest place. If other hearts touch mine with sympathy, Or with a sweet, congenial power, Glid brightly o'er a passing hour, It binds more strong thought's guiden chain to thee.

I may forget thee—but thy latest word—____ Sweet melody for coming years, Hath placed my hopes high o'er fears; Heart may forget, but, ah! my soul hath heard. I may forget thee-but the hour must be When life's late thought shall gently fall To slumber 'neath death's transient pall; That moment lost, brings Heaven-Eternity.

SPIRITUAL INDECENCIES.

A few years since, there was a sect in Vermont calling themselves "Puritans," who left the churches because of their alleged want of apiritual life. These people professed entire purity of heart and conduct, and complete emaucipation from the control of human passions; and, to demonstrate and exhibit their beatific condition, men and women stripped themselves naked in the public assemblies and gloried in their shame. Men of considerable intelligence and good sense were swept away by this foul fanaticism, and participated in its heathenish orgies. Such con sequences as might have been anticipated followed this crisis of the fanaticism, and, having accomplished the ruin of many families, it became a stench in Substitution. Yet it is plain upon the face of it the nostrils, of society, and soon relieved the world of its vile presence. A similar history was that of the Cochranites in Massachusetts, within the present century. Their public exhibitions were even more of professing believers than the "sounding brass gross than those of the "Puritans," and the civil power was in some instances obliged to intervene for the vindication of public decency. The Mormons have followed in the same track. Polygamy was not or anything that approaches to it—is what nobody an original article of their faith. It has crept in comprehends, whose manifest inconsistencies no one gradually, through the absolute power granted to their unscrupulous and beastly spiritual guides, and all its nominal disciples are much more puzzled and it is not unlikely to prove, in a very brief period, the dispersion and destruction of the sect.

There is a decided tendency in the same direction It is nothing more nor less than an awful spiritual among a considerable portion of the new and rapidly nightmare, bestraddling the hearts of those who sub- increasing sect called Spiritualists. It would be an scribe to it, and riding them hard on to absolute injustice to most of the converts to this faith, to suppose that they do not dislike and discountenance these tendencies, so far as they perceive them. But the danger consists in the fact that under the pecubetter meaning in the Gospel of our Lord Christ | iar fascination of intercourse with disembodied spirdinary activity.

Within the past year there has been a community monitory, and we are promised an authentic account of it from one familiar with its details. One of the propositions made by "the spirits" through their seer," was that the community should cease to use tion was not accepted, but on the contrary, it start led the brethren and sisters into the consciousness that there are actually companies of Spiritualists in Boston who sit in circles, perfectly undisguised with clothing—that is to say, in puris naturalibus—men and women indiscriminately f. We should not credit this a habit with us always to look on the bright this statement, did it not come to us directly from

We publish the above entire from the Tribune, that want; the world will never consent to take care of us. a vast deal of excitement in their time, and, so near

demanded some sort of explation, that would have travels by steam; but said they hoped to avert it, so even the hint of a "free love" movement turned so time it looked threatening. This was given to Mr. D. nant excitement, what is it not to be expected that such performances as the Tribune declares to have occurred here, would have done for the public mind of Boston I

The Tribune claims to be a "metropolitan," or first-class journal. If this is a specimen of its poor- ... The hall was filled with a very intelligent audilaid on the shelf now as ever. To furnish such stuff was called to the chair. He said, by way of suggesas is contained in the foregoing, as intelligence, is tion, that he hoped in the conference we should cher-

rough reform from all such passions as cause the Lewis. effects herein depicted. The writer has been egregiously humbugged, or he is more infamous than any such party as he speaks of would be, did it exist. That is our opinion from what we know of spiritualists; and we can assure the writer there is not a man among them but would advocate proper either among their sect or any other. But where is the proof of this? Let us see that, or the Tribune, rests under a disgraceful charge. We do not believe it ever had a shadow of proof of the truth of the statement, or that it can obtain it to retrieve itself from the scorn it merits.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

Society cannot exist, unless a controlling power ipon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the ess there is within, the more there must be without lt is ordained in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters .- Dr. Dick.

Dr. Dick has stated the case just as it is. The less restraint one puts upon himself, the more he must submit to be restrained by authority from without him. This is one of the necessities of our social state, in which we all consent, as parties to the understanding, to yield up a certain part of our freedomthat is, our natural freedom-for the benefit of the whole. Paul spoke in a similar spirit, when he spoke of being a law unto himself; and it is only they who occupy too low a plane of existence to apprehend such a law, who flout and fling at those that aim to so live as to be above the reach of all human enactments.

We must all learn self-control, sooner or later; to this end has God given us His rules with accompanying penalties, and to the same end have the statutes of men all been directed. It is for each of us to say how far he is to be controlled by the legislation of others, and show how far he will remove himself from its reach. The question is simply between controlling one's self, and being controlled by others. It is whether the government shall come from without, or from within. The more thorough the subjection to which we reduce our own passions, the freer we become in all other directions. The interior government is of course the only true and abiding form of government; that from without is merely a hint, a finger pointing to the true and proper dominion, which the soul must, somer or later, establish for itself within. These words of the Scottish philosopher, therefore, deserved to be made much of. They are the result of deep and wide experience, the wealth of which it is the privilege of all men alike to enjoy.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 3, 1858. . I am still on the river, though we expected to be in New Orleans before this. We left Cincinnati on the 26th ult., with a promise of arrivday morning following, we ran aground off Louisville, as it comes nearer. a little above the Louisville Falls, in the Ohio River. seemed inclined to go with the river among the rocks, has builded to avoid them.

This was a most dangerous position, and here we It was sad to see, and I saw so many, in whose lips natural unfolding of your appreciation has discovbut a short time before lingered the wildest oaths and whose breath exhaled the evidences of participation in the vices of the day, with changed cheeks. beside which the whitest page would have blushed shaming the aspen leaf with their trembling knees. The Captain told us we could find barrels enough on the hurricane deck to buoy us up, and at this, nine out of ten on board became as helpless in their fear as witless children,

I thought of all I felt, and of what I had been led to believe, and blessed the hour when Spiritualism stole from death its sombre mantle, and threw upon it the shining garment of a better life.

In our most critical moment, when children were weeping, and strong men quaking, thanks to our unseen friends, I felt calm and strong.

"What have we to fear?" asked l of the passen-

"Everything," they replied.

"Well," said I, "let us meet whatever presents itself calmly; if you go I go, and I do not fear, for there is an Eye watching over us, which holds our destinies in its power. If He has written change upon us, we must bow to His will, and go to a brighter world beyond."

Thanks to my spirit friends for the strength my faith gave me, for it was no virtue of my own; I was MEETING LAST SUNDAY AFTERNOON taken at once into the favor of the passengers, who familiarly called me "Boston," and, in the Western style, say, "he's a heap ahead of us." All are willing the undisguised language of the soul, and he thought to do for me, now that we are all safe, the only that spiritual teachers should use this language. damage sustained being a harsh frightening, and a Then our thoughts would be the true expression of longer passage than we calculated upon.

I should not omit to tell you that we were saved by the Kentucky people, who are rightly called noblehearted and brave, who, with great efforts, extricated us from our sufferings.

I shall be in New Orleans on Thursday, the 8th, if

we meet with no more mishaps. J. Rollin M. Squire.

made talk here quite as soon as in New York. If that nothing serious would come of it, though at the victous a place as New York upside down with indig Farrar, who spoke to us of it at the time!

WEEKLY CONFERENCE AT 14 BROM-FIELD ST., ON THURSDAY EVENING.

REPORTED BY DR. CHILD.

liar merits in that line, its claims may as well be ence of ladies and gentlemen. Mr. A. E. Newton preposterous: and to give it as a piece of news, even ish a love for truth, for useful knowledge, rather than if it were well authenticated, argues but little for a desire to oppose different opinions to defend the the character of the journal that is compelled to rely correctness of our own position, and expose the inupon the publication of such matter to insure its correctness of others. Remarks were made by Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Williams, Mr. Coolidge, Dr. Child, The tendency of Spiritualism is to effect a tho- Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. Edson, Mr. Wolcutt, and Dr.

> The subject was " Human Progression," continued from last Thursday evening. The following are a few of the many thoughts spoken on this occasion : Science never admits the fact of miracles, for it traces all effects to a legitimate cause.

Reason in the human soul is the highest authority restraint upon such assemblages, did they exist, for that soul. Revelation, from whatever source, must be referred to reason.

> Wisdom is a condition of soul, which condition opens the soul to the influx of truth from the eternal fountain of knowledge; and that knowledge may be called forth at the desire of the soul, which desire is created by its demands—and humility leads us to this condition.

The three brightest adornments of the soul are-1st, humility; 2d, humility; 3d, humility.

The progression of the soul is a new birth; had we been better born, our new birth would be more

Man was never forced into goodness. The soul of the Divine in every man in time unfolds, and he is good : this soul exists in deformity and in beauty, in the atom as in the universe. Progress is the effect of the unfolding of this Divine spark,'

Progress is an effect, but not the legitimate offspring of belief, as many suppose. Belief is the cause of errors innumerable; it is a thing over which a man has no control.

A long speech was made, full of fun on the prevailing faults of others. Such speeches are all right for those to make who are faultless themselves.

VISION.

[The following vision was given to Mrs. A---- a lady truly humble and indifferent to the sensuous love of all earthly things, by Dr. Child. She has suffered severely, both in mind and body, which is thought to be in consequence of her great susceptibility to spirit influence.]

I see your spirit oscillating between two planets; one is dark, opaque and solid; the other is composed of liquid light, transparent and lovely; one is matter, the other is spirit; one has only the dim light of reflection, the other the unreflected light of a transparent sun!

Your physical form is attracted to one, your spirit to the other. The physical attraction is weakening, diminishing and wasting away, and in a corresponding degree the spiritual attraction is strengthening and increasing, growing in power and beauty. Your physical body is of the nature of the opaque planet; your spirit of the spiritual.

The attractions of the two planets seem to be at war with each other in their claims upon your person: the lawful power of each is at work, and in these conflicting attractions your body and spirit, both, are torn and lacerated. Your spirit now has the victory; it is moving towards the spiritual, and its velocity will increase as it moves on towards the ing in New Orleans in seven days. But on the Sun-spiritual, as a body falling to the earth falls faster

The ties that bind your affections to earth are almost broken; they have become so stretched by fuel, and out of steam, of course, and as she was the rising of your spirit that they are almost like constantly slipping from the rock on which she "the spider's attenuated thread." You cannot gravgrounded, (to speak in river parlance,) we were in itate again to earth in your love. I now see on the danger of going to pieces' among the rapids. There earth a multitude of people. How they adhere to its is a canal which turns these falls, through which surface! How strong the attraction is that holds steamers pass, entering the river just below; but we them there! A vapor rises from the earth just as did not happen to get into the canal, and the boat high as their heads, which almost envelopes them. Here and there, from out the multitude, I see one rather than turn her head towards the device man rising above the vapor, caused by the same attraction that has drawn you up. Spirit flowers are ever falling on this dark vapor; they are cards of inviremained, the most intense excitement prevailing tation for all to come to the planet of transparent among the passengers, for two days and three nights, light. Your spirit has read these flowers. The ered the love and the truth therein written. You have accepted the invitation, and your spirit is mov. ing on to those gardens from whence these flowers have been borne.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With this number we have issued notices to those of our subscribers whose term has expired. Such will please bear in mind that this issue is No 17. of the 2d volume

We commenced our paper with the understanding that all subscribers who did not renew at the expiration of their term, by immediate payment, should be stricken from our mail list, after this notice had been sent. But the "hard times" wirch visited us, in. duced us to continue sending to several in violation of this rule. Now, as the prospect is brightening and the promise of the future is good, we call upon our friends to remember us, and respond to our call on them for arrearages.

After this month has passed, we shall decline to continue the paper unless the proper remittance is forthcoming, or some special arrangement has been made to forego our rule, in consequence of present inability to comply with it, on the part of subscribers.

AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, MA

Mr. Goddard said that spontaneous utterance was practical life; we should do more and talk less, week

One of the subtleties of self-love is impatience with the faults of others. Spiritualism teaches us to bear and forbear. The business of the spiritual ist is to work upon his own heart! To pull weeds out of his own garden-not to scold about the weeds that grow in a neighbor's garden. He is made conscious that his soul is as yet but very remotely atte-The above extract from a letter written by our nected with his brothers by love or harmony; and "junior," furnishes the solution to a prediction or the cultivation of this love, and harmony shall the prophecy made thy a medium in this city, while Mr. the fruit of well directed afforts to correct and make the climater of the plant of

Pedded to make others, single-large of our next tree reget sentiment of a difflight community would have the medicine sew danger, threatening Mr. S. on this su Bet. Mr. Kimbell said threatening Mr. S. on this su Bet. Mr. Kimbell said threatening to a medicine sew danger, threatening Mr. S. on this su Bet. Mr. Kimbell said threatening to a medicine sew danger, threatening Mr. S. on this su Bet. Mr. Kimbell said threatening to a medicine sew danger, threatening Mr. S. on this su Bet. Mr. Kimbell said threatening Mr. S. on this su Bet. Mr. Kimbell said threatening to a medicine sew danger, threatening Mr. S. on this su Bet. Mr. Kimbell said threatening to a medicine sew danger, threatening Mr. S. on this su Bet. Mr. Kimbell said threatening to a medicine sew danger. on her daughter. The good lady enough her in her from him, it will be by an excision.

the remarks of Mr. Goddard. He thought spiritual teachers should abandon labored and studied ser-"mons, and speak from emotion, trust to the inflowing of spirit power, though our susceptibility to this anybody, impression may be but feeble at first: Spiritualism reveals this great primal truth, that all spiritual crucified? teachings should flow from the heart,-from the soul of the speaker.

Rev. Mr. Porter said that the true church the church of Christ, could not be instituted on earth, while men held earthly treasures in self-possession. small.

*THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Mrs. Henderson selected as the topic of her discourse, Sunday afternoon, "Fore ordination, and the free agency of Man."

There is a beauty in this idea of fore-ordination. hidden beneath the old religion, that many in the present day do not see. Who shall say that man present ideas may build up for his hereafter?

v. God is the great first cause of all laws, and He fixes all laws for man's government. Man is a part of God-has a portion of the divine-and, therefore, cannot be destroyed. This fact of man's divine discourse. They presented two, from which the aunature, alone, does away with the doctrine of unending punishment, for nothing divine can be put out of existence. God creates nothing in vain.

Man is created after the form of God spiritually, as he is after the form of his parent physically. The parent may send his child forth to the world investing him with perfect freedom to act for him. must attribute it to the condition of the medium. self; but the circumstances and influences under rather than to general Spiritualism. which that child is born, attend and govern it The Bible records many manifestations, and at throughout its life. The parent is responsible for the first they were alleged to come directly from the traits transmitted to his offspring; and the God; but this became unplausible, so they were child cannot be a free moral agent. He may decide for himself-make his own choice of pursuits and and man, and then they were said to be produced by friendships-but in that he is influenced by the angels. hereditary will; he goes forth seeking for that state which is adapted to his pre-organized condition.

The organization given to the individual says to him, it is impossible that eternal misery can be yours, for by virtue of the divinity in you, you must be drawn up towards its source.

As we see man's life, it would seem as if there leads him to the evil, and that narrow path which Jerusalem. leads him to the source of good. Man goes forth to obey his own will, and travel his own road, but that will is governed by an immutable law.

by natural law, as the effect follows the cause, so ruled sometimes with one influence, and sometimes retribution follows the offence. There is no absolute evil. All that God has made is good; but evil re-No man is free from God's laws. Influence drags Luther saw the Devil standing in his room, and man down to the seeming perdition; and that per- threw his inkstand at him. dition is only seeming-it vanishes before the high development.

Man is not free, but free only to eternal life. Nothing can be destroyed. Taking this view, how great a responsibility man has, in the influence he have too much power for one man to possess. Washsheds-whether good or evil! When you give heed ington was a type of this kind. In his various to dark voices, you are drawn back from the pure phases he had talent and energy enough for a nation. development; but such obstacles must be overcome - We must allege this to the spirit influences at work these barriers must be hewn down by the man him- around him.

Whatever is, is right. If man does evil, it is because he cannot avoid it. The influences around him compel him to it—and good is born from it, in footsteps followed the family. the punishment which is sure to follow a disobedience of God's law.

Man pictures bright dreams. Why may he not love of the external. When he breaks from this dition. bondage, that will be a reality which before was daguerreotyped on his own soul.

Let us go forth, and when we see men opposing tion as there ever was. the new dispensation, let us know that all is well: believing that God's power is mightier than theirs. up the spirit of Samuel, through the mediumship of Their sphere is to oppose, and in opposing, give the the witch of Endor, and the same style has come truth a firmer growth.

Man is not a free agent, because he is employed governed by the true within. Everything is divine sequence. that we find in true natures.

At the close of her discourse, she appealed to the Spirit Divine to dwell in man forever, and keep him almost infidel. in the paths of truth and happiness. After which she answered the questions propounded.

Question .- From what sphere came the spirit who dictated the address we have just heard?

Answer.---We do not divide ourselves into spheres because we cannot accommodate ourselves to mortals. . If we said, from a high sphere, you would expect heavenly wisdom; if we said, from a low sphere, you would discard us as evil. Judge yourselves. If the discourse is good, receive it; if evil, reject it.

Q.—ls man responsible for any evil he commits on earth?

faculties, yet does not, and surrenders to evil, he is to search, and he will find the truth, -- to ask, and so far responsible. Man is responsible so far as he he will receive. takes a step conflicting, with his ideas of right-no farther.

.....Q.—If such is the case, why are we told to investigate the spirits that control us, and learn what their influences be?

A-We have not said that man is not competent to control the influences; but the world is composed of individuals, and every one has aspiratious given him by the father of souls. Is it not necessary that name sometimes applies to spirits in man, and is an individual should know his own responsibility? Q.—If man has free will, then, in a degree, may he not prefer to go down forever, rather than up?

We think no man can have such a choice; but we do not know that such a man would be able

to choose. Q. In free will a real thing, or a myth?

A:-Will comes from God; he is the source of all will. So far as man possesses will, he receives it from God.

Q. Is the murderer responsible for his orime, under this law?

Perhaps there are persons who may wilfully raise their hands against another's life. What gave them' the power? The influences and traits they have inherited are responsible. The iniquity of the reposes quietly, his spirit wanders off to commune father is visited upon the children even unto the with kindred spirits, though it not always brings third or fourth generation. Is there is not a good. of which this is the absolute negative? Murder is same law must the question be explained. always murder, when life is taken, whether by the assassin or by the constituted authority of the gallows rope.

Q. Is not the greatest good done to the greatest that consciousness is followed by memory? number, by putting the murderer out of existence? A-We see no such law.

Q. Is not self-defence right?

Q.—Why is not capital punishment really self-

A.-We do not know that murder by law defends Q.—Had Christ any right to allow himself to be

A.—He had his mission, and came doing good to the world. But he was betrayed by a seeming friend, into the hands of enemies, and if he had attempted to escape, his chance would have been

Q .- Is it not the same whether you murder yourself or your fellow man?

A.-We know not why one life is preferable to another. In a broad sense, man has a right to defend himself, but only when his rights are in

Let those who stand, take heed lest they fall. Men are governed by conditions. Those that have may not be destined to something beyond what his beheld the most of wisdom, best know their own

> In the evening, a committee, consisting of Mesers. Farrar and Dow, was chosen to select a subject for dience selected the following:-"Spiritual Manifestations in different Ages and distant parts of the

The friends must be aware that spirits have to adapt themselves to the faculties of the medium, and if the discourse given be not satisfactory, you

compelled to admit of a medium power between God

According to natural law, all were compelled to pass through the material before they became spiritual; so the angels were mortals once.

Away back in the Mosaic dispensation, we see an eminent sphere of spirit manifestations, under the influence of the Urim and the Thummim-and through these mediums they were enabled to foretell were two paths before him: the broad road that the coming of the Messiah, and the downfall of

Then false spirits came. There was a time when men were governed by false spirits-and we read frequently of devils being cast out. We see mediums God does not go out of his way to punish sin, but to-day under the control of just such spirits; and with another.

After the day of Christ, when reform began to sults from misapplication of his laws by mortals. spread, and his religion to be demonstrated, Martin

Socratés was controlled by familiar spirits, and in his public efforts a demon attended him, whispering in his ear words of great truth.

Whenever great men spring up, we think they

John Wesley, the father of Methodism, was much annoyed by the Devil, and he once fired his pistol at the evil one. He heard sounds around him, and

They prayed to God to protect them from the cvil influences, and, if any one of the family was the subject of God's displeasure, let that individual be realize them? Because he has not thrown off the punished, rather than send the whole family to per-

> Old religious teachers claimed to be inspiredbut in the present day there is just as much inspira-

> In old Jewish history we are told that Saul called down to the present time

The wise people of early ages communed with by God. But go forth, guiding others and being spirits, and many have become superstitious in con-

Stories of ghosts are firmly believed by most old people, and they who question them are considered

In the Catholic religion, prayers are offered to saints, who, they believe, are agents of intercession

between themselves and God. Every religion teaches it,-Methodist, Orthodox,

and all. The Mohammedana and the Mormons have faith in the inspiration of their prophets.

To us, Spiritualism comes as a science—to convey a knowledge of the true God,—to teach the infidel his error, to cheer the disconsolate and the brokenhearted, -to teach loving kindness and charity.-to replace evil influences with good. It comes bringing glad tidings of great joy. You ask, Let there be A.—He is in one sense. If he could control his light, and light is the result thereof. Man has but

After she closed questions were asked and answered, as usual.

Q.—Can you mention any spirit manifestations in

other countries? A .- We have cited various kinds, though we can-

not enter much into detail. Q.—What were the demons cast out?

A .- Demons are spirits, whether good or bad. The sometimes used in a figurative sense.

Q.-Will those that are called devils ever become A.—We see none so low that the Almighty cannot

reclaim them. Q.—Christ says, "I saw Satan like lightning fall

from heaven." What heaven did he mean? A .- He spoke allegorically. Q.—Somnambulists sometimes rise from their beds

and perform work in the dark far surpassing their ordinary waking ingenuity, and of which they have no memory afterwards. Is this the work of spirits through them, or the work of their own faculties?

A.—Theirs is a state of clairvoyange. The spirit never sleeps. When the body is resting, and man back to the outward memory its doings. Under this

Q.—If this is the case, how can we understand what we are so often told by Spiritualists, that the mind cannot act without its own consciousness, and

A. We do not believe that man is entirely divested of the influences around him. Man's soul is as separate from his body as his body is from other Though the law of love is now resistence, yet things. The body is a medium between the soul and God has given to man life, and man must protect the outward world. The spirit works continually, and the distance of the outward world. The spirit works continually, and distance it is not to the spirit works continually, and distance it is not spirit works continually, and distance it is not spirit works continually. Adollikatinghodi, higheth i shalite historphysician is the group. I should not the history in a real colors

always remembered, but it does not follow that they fact, the two expeditions may be looked upon as enthough not outwardly.

Q .- Entranced mediums attribute their speaking Times. powers to spirits, while entranced mesmeric subjects by self magnetism?

be entranced, because it is not. But let the medium French colonies with negroes. be examined, and it will be seen that there is a power over her beyond any mortal agency. You see the spirit's individuality.

Q.-In Mormonism, is polygamy a doctrine they owe to spirits?

A.—Men attract like spirits, to themselves, and the spirits of the Mormons may have taught just such things as they in their former lives practised. teach Methodism, and those who are free from sectarianism teach accordingly. The teachings are adapted to the medium. The sun, shining through M. Bosch, who goes to Constantinople. blue glass, casts blue rays.

Q.—Who was the first to teach Mormonism? thought reaches out in every direction.

Q .- Has the time ever been when those did not exist who believe in polygamy?

A .- David was called a man after God's own heart: but he would stand low in morality to-day. Q.-Will mediums preserve their identity here-

A.—Yes. When man becomes a spirit, he is in a trance state continually. He sees with the spiriteye, and speaks with the spirit voice.

Q.—Some spirits are reported as occupying the stand by her side and whisper in her ear what she is to say. What is the case with those who speak to us to-night?

A .- In the form of the medium; they quicken her

Q.—It has been said that while Mrs. Hatch was speaking in Boston, her spirit was seen and communed with at Buffalo. Will you explain this? A .- The spirit could have represented by a tele-

graphic message the action of thought.

THE "INFANT DAMNATION" CASE. The Woburn Journal learns that the Ecclesiastical Council which met at North Woburn on the 18th of December last for the ordination of Mr. Nickerson. held an adjourned meeting in Boston recently, Mr. N. came before that august body once more, to submit himself to a further examination; and the result of their deliberations was, as before, not to proceed to landed on the 7th under a salute from the fort, and ordination! The authorized report of the doings of with a guard of honor. All was quiet at Hong the Council are to be given to the public. Meantime Kong. Mr. Nickerson continues his former relations with the church of North Woburn, who insist on having him for their pastor. This trial and condemnation—as it were-of a very worthy clergyman, solely on the ground of his disinclination to swallow the old "infant damnation " theory of the Calvinists, creates, as it deserves, no little stir in ecclesiastical societies. We rejoice it is so. The sooner all these soulless dogmas are blutted from the book of memory, the better will it be for mankind.

LORING MOODY

Will deliver a course of lectures on the Scientific Relations of Spriritualism, in Concord, commencing on Monday evening, January 25th—and in Acton on him the philosophy of raps. Monday evening, February 1st-with Magic Lantern | So says the Courier. By the way, that ghostly llustrations. Friends are requested to co-operate.

Nate European Items.

By the arrival of the Cuuard steamship America at this port, which left Liverpool Jan 2, we have three days later intelligence from Europe.

The America brought Col. Charles Burthgal, of Philadelphia, bearer of dispatches to the United States Government from Paris; Thomas Allibone and family, of Philadelphia, and the Countess of Lansfeldt (Lola Montez,) who was lately married to Prince. Shalkosky, of Paris, with her whole suit.

The London Times' city article says: "The year has commenced favorably in all the stock markets, and Consols have experienced a further improvement of nearly half per cent., the last price to-day being exactly the same as that on the 1st of January, 1857. At the Bank, notwithstanding the approach of the 4th, the demand for discount is very light. In open market, the rate for best bills ranges between 6 1-2 to 7 per cent. The 45,000l from Australia, by the Suffolk, has arrived in London, and is expected to be sold to the Bank. The Royal Mail Steamship Co. have received telegraphic advices of the arrival at Suez, on the 27th ult, of the City of Sidney, with a further sum of 195,000l from Australia.

The wedding of the Princess Royal is definitely fixed for January 25th.

The London Times reviews the report of the U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and endorses the

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST CANTON.-By the present time, probably, Canton has been attacked and captured. It has been determined to make the dispute entirely local. Should the Emperor answer the capture of Canton by the expulsion of the English traders from Shanghae, then, indeed, matters will grow serious. But should be determine that the Canton governor and the mob have been justly punished, it s possible that hostilities may be confined to operations which were to be commenced in the South. The British force seems to be sufficient for the purpose of meting retribution at Canton! In a few days, says our correspondent, we may reasonably expect to have 700 guns and 7000 men in these waters, and of the latter we shall probably be able to land 4000. The blue-jackets were being crilled for service on land.

We learn that the French have also determined to resort to hostilities against the Chinese. It should be understood before hand that such a union is by no means analogous to the combined operations in the Crimes. There is no military convention. Baron Gros has with him a naval force, from which he can banks are strengthening themselves, and will reland 600 seamen. He has therefore, resolved to join sume specie payments before the time fixed by the operations against Cantonav Thus we shall have the Legislature singular spectacle of two nations prosecuting hostil. Mr. Thomas H. Small, of Truro, raised on a farm lities against the same people on different grounds, of seven acres, the past season, 100 bushels of corn, that without any formal contention of alliance. In 80 bushels of potatoes, 50 bushels of turnips, 10

are dead. The memory is stamped upon the spirit, tirely separate. It is well understood that the Americans are to retain their position of lookers-on .--

FRANCE.—The Paris Constitutionel boldly defends do not, though the performances of the latter are of the system which the French Government has adoptten as surprising as those of the former. If the ed, of purchasing negroes on the coast of Africa and mediums are conscious of spirits, why are not the carrying them to compulsory service in the French subjects? What proof have we that speaking medi- Antilles; argues that in no other manner can prosums are not persons having their powers intensified pority be restored to them, and ridicules the opposition of English philanthropists. A despatch from A.-We do not understand the principles of self. Paris, however, says that there is no doubt the Emmagnetism. The measuric subject does not claim to peror will not renew the contract for supplying the

Mr. Carroll Spence, United States Minister at Constantinople, arrived in Paris on the 28th.

The French Government has recognized the Charge d'Affaires of Buenos Ayres, thereby disposing of the reports current of hostile feelings on the part of Franco towards Buenos Ayres.

BELOIUM .- The Moniteur announces that M. Blondel, who was recently expelled by the Turkish Gov-Orthodox spirits teach Orthodoxy. Methodist spirits ernment from his position as Belgian Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople, has been appointed Belgian Minister Resident at the United States, in place of

Naries .- Letters from Naples give graphic details of the late earthquake. Official accounts leave no A .- Every individual can originate thought, and doubt that several thousand perished, and some estimates reach as high as 10,000 to 20,000.

SARDINIA.—The Sardinian Parliament is about deal with the clerical interference in the late tions, and will make moral pressure, as well as sical violence, invalidating defects in candidates.

Spain:-A letter from Spain says it appears certain that the Spanish government will consider the mediation of England and France in the Mexican affair as broken off, if Mexico does not accept all its conditions. In consequence of this resolution, preparations are being actively made, both in Spanish medium's form, and faculties; others are said to ports, and in Cuba, for an expedition against Mex-

PRUSSIA.—A Berlin letter says the American crisis caused such serious effects on the commerce of Thuringen, that the government of Weimar has thought senses, and make use of her faculties. Modiums are it necessary to convoke an extraordinary session of as different as individuals. Many suppose that the Diet to regulate commercial affairs. Apolds, spirits can say one thing as well as another. It is which is the principal manufacturing town in the not so. The medium stands between you and the Grand Duchy, contains a great number of stocking weaving establishments, the productions of which are exported to the United States via Hamburg.

India.—The Calcutta mail has reached London. The details of the news add little information of importance. The accounts of the relief of Lucknow are meagre. The loss of the rebels between the 13th and 17th, is estimated in one account at 7000.

CHINA .- According to advices in French papers, negotiations entered into by the English representative with the Chinese government, have failed. The persecutions by the Chinese against the Christians were increasing, and several of the latter have fallen victims. The U.S. steam-frigate Minnesota reached Hong Kong on the 5th of November. Mr. Reed

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

MADAME GRISI. — Madame Grisi, they say, has turned "medium.". She was always a medium sing-er, and now she proposes to act as a medium. This is a pity. Grisi is a woman of high spirits, everyone knows, but she should not let the spirits over-come her. Think of Norma, or Semiramis, or Donna Anna upsetting tables, and ringing tea-bells with her toes. Mario should interfere, and constitute himself a medium to communicate with Hume, who is "instructing" the prima donna, and expound to

joke with which the paragraph terminates, expresses the (un?) Christian sentiment of the organ of Harvard to a T. How fortunate it is for some writers that the people they have vented their Billingsgate classics upon, do not hold to the same Christian mode of dealing with an opponent. How many "Raps" they would hvae Felt-on their backs, and how Pierce-ing would have been their cries.

KANSAS.—Thee Lavenworth Times of the 9th inst. states that reports indicate the success of the Free State ticket in Kansas, and that the vote against the Constitution will probably exceed 15,000. The Lawrence correspondent of the Missouri Democrat says, that so far as heard from, the Free State party has secured 31 out of 44 Representatives, and 14 out of 19 Senators. The vote against the Constitution is about equal to that polled at the October election. The St. Louis Republican learns that General Calhoun had returned to Lecompton under an escort of United States troops, and that he would leave Leavenworth on Wednesday last for Washington, with the Lecompton Constitution.

A New York punster challenged a sick man's vote at the recent election, on the ground that he was an ill legal voter. Probably it was the same person who challenged a squint-eyed voter, because he was not natural eyes-ed.

At Lockport, N. Y., on Friday night, about half past eleven o'clock, a slight vibration was felt, accompanied with a loud rumbling noise, resembling the rolling of wheels over a pavement. It was heard by policy which looks to the civilization of Indians in a number of persons in different parts of the town, and woke several from their sleep.

The steamer "Philadelphia," from Havana and New Orleans, has arrived at New York. Her news is not of importance, except as it contradicts the reports of the yellow fever prevailing at Havana.

The Legislature of Alabama has instructed the Governor of that State to "call a Convention, if Congress refuses to admit Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution." The Combined Court of British Guinea has passed

resolutions to receive, under certain conditions, " for life, such members of the East India rebels as the Home Government and the authorities of British Guinea may agree on," &co.

A folly old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments, always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them.

Measures are in progress for the organization of a Clearing House for banks, at Philadelphia, differing, in some respects, from that of New York. The

and have reflect the sold to sold the control of the sold

bushels of beans, 20 bushels of rye, 200 bushels of carots, and 1000 cabbages, which netted him \$450.50, and sold \$20 worth of squashes and pumpkins, \$125 worth of milk, \$75 worth of eggs and fowls, \$50 worth of pigs-in all \$720.50. His son, a lad of thirteen, was all the aid he had, except what labor was had for one dollar and a quarter. Mr. Holden and Mr. S. Knowles', farms were nearly as productive. Think of this for sandy Cape Cod !

An Indiana paper says that during a trial in Lawrence court, a young lad, who was called as a witness, was asked if he knew the obligations of an oath, and where he would go if he told a lie. He said he supposed he would go where the lawyers went.

Virtue is no security in this world. What can be more upright than pump logs, and editors? Yet both are destined to be bored.

The loss of the Boston ship "Cambridge" is confirmed, and it is reported that the sailors have preferred some charges against the officers.

A letter from Omaha, Nebraska, states that the Mormons at the settlement on Loup Fork, in that Territory, were committing depredations upon the property of their neighbors, destroying their crops, and ravaging their fields. These Mormons contemplate removing to Salt Lake in the spring.

A destructive fire occurred at Clinton, Ill., on Saturday morning, property to the amount of \$60,000 being destroyed.

FROM YUCATAN.—The schooner Tallahasse, from Sisal, Yucatan, 6th inst., arrived at New Orleans the 16th. The place was blockaded, and a change in the government had taken place. Peace negotiations were progressing, and hopes were entertained that the revolution would soon end.

On Saturday afternoon, the city of New Orleans was visited by a sudden and violent storm of wind. accompanied by rain. Fifteen ships broke from their moorings, and were considerably damaged.

"The man who attempted to catch the speaker's eye with a steel trap, was ordered to take the floor by the sergeant at arms.

A train of thirty cars, each car containing 400 bushels of potatoes, 12,000 bushels in all, passed over the Passumpsic Railroad, on Monday evening of last week, destined for the Boston market. Mr. Hyde, of Newton picked a full blown butter-

cup or crowsfoot, January 15, beside a road in that town. Violets are in bloom in Hingham. Some of the papers are describing a new counterfeit bank note as having for its vignette a female

with a rake in her lap. Noticeable.—The Providence Post notices the fact that not a single murder has been committed in Rhode Island during the past year, notwithstanding

capital punishment is abolished. THE WORLD, -- Horace Walpoleonce remarked, "The world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel."

T. W. HIGGINSON ON THE CAMBRIDGE INVESTIGATION.

The undersigned is prepared to devote a small portion of his time to lecturing on "Spiritualism."

His object is to present an impartial and careful statement of the facts and arguments on the subject, as they new stand,-with especial reference to the Cambridge investi-

For farther information as to his mode of treating the subject, he would refer to those who have heard his recent lectures in Portland, Portsmouth, Montreal, and elsewhere. T. W. HIGGINSON, Worcester.

ROOMS FOR MEDIUMS.

To let at No 6 Warren square, two parlors, furnish shed in handsome style. Will be leased singly or together. Also an office on the first floor, suitable for a healing medium, and several chambers. tf

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS.

MRS. HENDERSON will lecture at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 2 1-2 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 Cincin for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations 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

field street, every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All luterested in this benevolent work are invited to attend. CHARLESTOWN.-Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 60 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening, The mornings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spirit-

neetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Brom-

ualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock, P. M. MERTINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, t Guild Hall, Winnisimmet street. D. F. Goddard, reg-

CAMBRIDGEPORT.-Moetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'-

QUINOR.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hall every Bunday morning and afternoon.

BALEM.-Meetings are held in Creemer's Hall, Essex street Sunday afternoon and evening. Circle in the morning. Miss S. A. Macoun will lecture at East Foxbore' on Sunday, January 24th. Also at Lowell, on Sunday, January 31st.

MANCHESTER, N. II .- Regular Sunday meetings in Court

Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours. LIST OF MEDIUMS.

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

Miss Sarah As Magoun, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 7 North Fourth street, East Cambridge, Mass. Miss Rosa T. Ameny, 82 Allen street, Boston, Tranco Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 82 Allen street, Boston. 22 She will also attend

Mrs. B. Nichtingalz, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will receive callers at her residence in West Raudelph, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week. Terms, for Examination, 50 cts. Bitting for tests one dellar per hour. 8mº ' Jan 16.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Hoston, answers scaled letters. See ad-A. C. Brilles, Independent Clairvoyant. See advertisement. Mrs. W. R. HAYDER, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Me dlum, will respond to calls for a locturer in the New England States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.

H. N. Balland, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burling-L. K. COOMLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this

WM. R. JOHLYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa. H. B. STORER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New

Haven, Conn. John H. Cunnian, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No 87 Jackson street, La rence, Mass. 12 22 220 1 2

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. SORROW NOT, MOTHER. BY COAMOS

Sorrow not, mother, the child of thy love Is now a bright angel, sushrined above; The tear-drops of grief which flow from thy eyes The child spirit sees, from its home in the skies.

When the sun-light dances, and June flowers wave, O'er the mosses that cover the new made grave; While the dew-drops glisten in morning's glad light, And the song-birds carol with Joyful delight.

At swilight's dim hour, when the pale moon's rays Beem soft as the ripple of happier days, And the mild wind sings through the casement door, The heart that is stricken must sorrow no more.

When a spell comes o'er thee, as musing at eve, And a breath soft as zephyr thy senses perceive; ... Thy child hovers near thee, with affection as strong As it cherished while hearing its infant song.

Borrow not, mother, it whispering said, Though in yonder church-yard my body is laid; My spirit immortal from thraidom of earth, Roves freely at last in the joys of new birth.

Borrow not, mother, I'll come to thee of L And fan thy pale cheek with love-kisses soft; I bring to thee comfort, sweet mother mine,-May the life light of faith on thy pathway shine.

The mother clings close to the spirit she feels, And the voice thrills her soul as its music-tone steals O'er sense, tuned to harmony's keenest delight, As the vision of faith bursts fresh on her sight.

Correspondence.

DR. ADDISON DAVIS'S REPLY To the letter of our Salem Correspondent, published in the Banner of Jan. 2d. :

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER: -- My attention has been called to an article in the Banner of Light, over the signature of N. O. Archer, in which that gentleman pretends to give an account of a lecture in opposition to Spiritualism, recently delivered by me in Salem, and also an account of subsequent events which happened in consequence of my having made a "pledge" to produce spiritual phenomena. It is quite unnecessary that I should deny having used the egotistical nonsense attributed to me in that article; and I doubt not that the rational portion of my audience on that occasion will feel that little reliance can be placed upon any statement of facts made by a person capable of such gross perversions of the language of another. His ability to pervert language seems fully equalled by his ability to misstate facts.

In regard to the statement that the audience expected I would put my "assertions to the proof by actually producing the manifestations," I would say, first, that the "audience" who "expected" this were only a few clamorous Spiritualists, and, secondly, that they had no right to expect any such thing. I had made no promise to that effect, not being in the habit of advertising to perform tricks of legerdemain, and those of a similar character, on Sabbath evenings. I had advertised to "deliver a lecture in opposition to Spiritualism," promising, among other things, to "give some account" of the expositions of mediums by myself and others. In fulfillment of my appointment, I had spoken uninterruptedly for nearly two hours, and was drawing my lecture to a close, when I was interrupted by the demand that I should give an exhibition of the modus operandi of the physical manifestations. I make no complaint that I was interrupted, as I had given liberty, at the commencement, to all who desired, to interrupt for the purpose of eliciting truth.

In vain was it demonstrated that I was under no obligation to give such exhibition. The rational part of the audience were satisfied that I had done all I had promised to do. But the Spiritualists were not satisfied. They had come there, they said, with the "expectation" and the "impression" that I would give such an exhibition, and they should be disap-pointed if they did not have it. Though they clear-ly had no reason for their "expectations" and "impressions," I concluded not to let them triumph in any seeming failure to fulfill all I had promised. cordingly, when silence was restored, I put my fingors apparently, but not really, in contact with the top of the desk behind which I was standing, and in the same manner, and by the same means, that the most successful mediums employ, made several raps, loud enough to be heard throughout the hall. A Spiritualist near by said I struck the top of the desk with my thumb. But neither my thumb, nor any part of either hand touched the table at all. No person in the hall dared question that the raps had every characteristic of the genuine ones. They were genuine -not an imitation, but the thing itself-made by the same means, and accompanied by the same de-

ception as to the source from which they proceeded. Mr. Archer not only fails to notice this most important item, but he states an absolute untruth when he says I declined to give any physical manifestations. The raps are certainly first in order, and about the first in importance of the "manifestations." Mr. Archer did not then deny, and will not now deny, that my success was complete in producing them.

After this exhibition, I said that all the other manifestations could easily be produced-that I could produce many of them myself, and could find persons who could do all that any medium could do. Mr. Archer wanted to know if I could exhibit any phenomena that would be exhibited by a medium he would procure. I told him I would either do it myself, or find some one who would. He then wanted to know if I would pledge myself to come to that hall and do it. I told him distinctly that I would not. I would do it in Lynn, but was too much occupied to visit Salem again for such a purpose, within a reasonable time. The gentleman who accompanied Mr. Archer to my office, recollected that I made this statement, and told Mr. Archer so in my presence. Yet he persists in the falschood that I pledged myself to go to Salem. I gave no such pledge.

Now let us examine the declaration that I "dared

not meet Mr. F. or any other medium, and honestly and fairly put to the test his [my] extravagant de-clarations." When Mr. Archer proposed by a note that I should meet Mr. Foster, I found, upon inquiry, that a proper sense of self-respect forbade my entering into any such arrangement, and this for reasons better known to both those gentlemen than to myself. But I distinctly declared I would meet any medium " against whom there were no personal objections."

The reply I received to this answer was a visit from Mr. Archer, in which he was accompanied by Mr. Foster and a Mr. Parsons. Their first movement was an attempt to induce me to betray the confidence of those friends who had given me such judicious advice—advice to the propriety of which, every sub-sequent inquiry has added new proofs. In this, of course, they were unsuccessful.

Mr. Foster then began to expatiate, in a simpering and silly manner, upon his abilities as a medium. According to his own inflated account, he was a real prodigy. He said: "I can aththure you, Mr. Davith, that my character ath a medium ith unthurpathed." Had there been a doubt remaining in my mind as to the propriety of my course in refusing to go to Salem to meet such a person in public, it would have been dissipated: by shis interview. Indeed, I suspected then, and still suspect, that Mr. Archer wanted to get up a kind of Daniel Pratt exhibition; and wished me to aid in it. At any rate, it was quite evident that the medium was but "a second Daniel."

"Thom inquiring of Mr. Foster the character of his sich lattions. I found they consisted of rapping out manages, the thousand times exploded "ballot trick," and the as often exploded trick of spirit writing un-med the as often exploded trick of spirit writing un-der the table. I immediately propared a table, and favired him to a sitting, promising him, if he would emissibility perform any own of his tricks, that I would confees it, overlay own signature, in the pub-lic papers of falons, and thus serve all necessity for

of mine, who was present, offered him a hundred dollars on the spot, if he would successfully perform one of the above-mentioned tricks. He did not dare to make the trial, even with this tempting offer to induce him. He could do all these things in Salem, he said, but would not undertake them here. My friend offered him the same reward if he would perform any one of them in Salem, and a meeting was arranged by them, of the results of which I shall speak before I close.

Finding the Salom gentlemen clamorous for a public meeting, and being determined that Spiritualism | ma, by pledging himself to perform the tricks of any should reap no advantage from any seeming fault of mine, I told them I would waive all personal objections to their medium, and meet him either publicly or privately, as he might prefer; but as I was the challenged party, I should claim my prerogative to name the place of meeting. Mr. Archer insisted that I had pledged myself to go to Salem. In this he was contradicted by his friend Parsons, who candidly admitted that I had made no such pledge, but had distinctly avowed the contrary. In the course of the conversation which followed, I jocosely remarked that I had once, at considerable trouble and expense, been to Salem to enlighten them on this subject, and thought it their duty in turn to come to Lynn. This remark Mr. Archer perverts, and gives the impression that I am actuated by mercenary motives Where is the bound to spiritual misrepresentation?

Now let it be particularly noted, that I accepted Mr. Poster's challenge, and proposed a trial at once upon the spot, which he declined; and that I then accepted his challenge for a public trial, which he also declined, upon the pretext that he did not like the place assigned by me for the trial. It will thus be seen that it is Mr. Roster, and not myself, who has de-clined to "honestly and fairly put to the test his exdium does not accept the terms which I am willing to consider still binding, it will show plainly enough that "one of the best test mediums in the country is afraid to have his pretensions examined in the

manner proposed by me.

But this "test medium" has already been examined, and found utterly wanting in ability to do even the shallow tricks by which others succeed so well. The gentleman who offered the hundred dollars, as above stated, called upon him at his room in Salem, and had a seance with him. He detected him in making the raps by a simple trick, with which he was perfectly familiar. He then, by his manner of calling the alphabet, deceived him into rapping out a name purporting to be that of a deceased relative; but the gentleman had no such relative in the spirit land. He then made him rap out a name composed of consonants only, which, to use the gentleman's expression, would probably break a Russian's jaw to prohounce. The medium then proposed that he should hold a piece of paper under the table, to have the spirits write upon it; but by a close examination selves off, which they did after informing the gentleman that "when his motives were pure, his wishes would be gratified," and expressing a doubt if the spirits would ever talk with him again. It is hardy necessary to remark that the medium did not attain possession of the one hundred dollars.

A few days since, another person, a Spiritualist called at the rooms of the wonderful "test medium," and, finding him absent, wrote something in his own private cipher, and left it upon the table. Returning oon after, he found him in. Taking up this cipher, he asked the medium what it was. He replied, not suspecting that the gentleman himself had written t, that it was a medical prescription he had received from the spirits, and proceeded to read it as though were really such. The gentleman confessed to my informant, that this circumstance had completely pened his eyes in regard to the character of Mr. Foster's mediumship. Thus vanish the pretensions of this "one of the best mediums in the country."

In conclusion I would say that the Spiritualists are welcome to any advantage they have obtained in this affair, from the beginning until now. If exaggera tion and falsehood are to he taken for simple truth, they doubtless have an advantage. But the better portion of community are generally supposed to prefer fact to fiction, and such being the case, nothing will be gained in the end, to their cause, by the mis-statements of its friends. I will only add, that it would be unreasonable to expect a correct statement of facts from persons whose imaginations are so disordered that they think they see tables and chairs nating in the r without human contac trivance, though the tables and chairs themselves. obedient to the laws of nature, remain quietly in their places. ADDISON DAVIS. Lynn, Jan. 7, 1858.

REJOINDER TO DR. DAVIS.

Since the above was put in type, we have received the following replies to the Reply of Dr. Davis, published in the Courier, and copied above, at his re

SALEM, Jan. 14, 1858. MR. EDITOR-In the Boston Courier of the 8th inprofessor of legerdemain, Dr. Addison Davis, who sive messenger of God unto the aspiring souls of men, columns of the Courier are not open to the presenta- robed, rose-garlanded scraph walks the earth. unadvanced by this class of minds, I will avail myself arrows of malice and detraction; smiling serenely in aforesaid communication.

I would here premise, that in thus noticing Dr. D.'s efforts to overthrow Spiritualism, I am not actuated by any apprehension of his immediate success in that | diance lingers around his footsteps; a kindling glory direction, but, on the contrary, consider him as fill- decks the upspringing flowers, beams from the proming precisely his proper sphere-although a low one | ising sky, dwells in the sunshine's fervid ray, and -and doing more for the growth of Spiritualism than he could possibly do by becoming its advocate. Opposition is certainly more favorable to progress than indifference, though it is not very pleasant to the mediums to be classed with knaves and impostors. of discouragement and falsehood; that the glowing Yet truth will appear all the brighter for the ordeal, though there is danger that such immaculate philosophers as the Courier contributors, may, in the end, | tears ! find the knavery nearer home, and, like the two Harvard Professors in the Cambridge investigation, who tice that Dr. D. finds but little fault with my report forsaking the flowery, sunlighted shrine of Nature, physical manifestations which he could see per- belief. formed through any medium." He says he refused to accept the proposition to come to Salem for this gel, they have placed a bandage, darkening those purpose.

had stated in the Banner. It was not until after dread tyrant's approach. he returned to Lynn and received the "judicious extreme. The special country to state position the colorial life-beams of thine in a state of the special life-beams of thine in the special state of the special spec

further proceedings. He declined the trial. A friend | pose Spiritualism on that occasion, and to make an expose of the trickery and knavery of the mediums, and when called upon to demonstrate the truth of his assertions, by showing how the tricks were performed, he begged off; and when pressed by the audience, stepped up to the desk, leaned his arms upon it, and made what he called the raps, which was apparent to all were produced by his hands or feet, and when called upon to produce some tangible or intelligent manifestation, he crawled out of the dilemmedium whom we might hereafter , produce; and when we procured the medium, and offered to guarantee a full house to witness the exhibition, and to secure him from any pecuniary loss, he makes another crab movement, by denying flatly that he had so pledged himself! I would not have the public think that we were much surprised or disappointed, as was the Irishman who put his fingers on the flea, for we were assured by those best acquainted with Dr. D. that our efforts to bring him to the proof, would result precisely as they have. One thing however resulting from this, if true, is much to be deprecated.

It is reported that Dr. D. has suddenly become

disgusted with lecturing in public against Spiritualism, and that "Othello's occupation's gone." This is much to be regretted, for since the knee and toe joint theorists have vanished from the field, Spiritualism has not met a more redoubtable champion among that class of opponents. I hope, however, that he will continue his valuable contributions to travagant declarations." And, since the matter has the Boston Courier; and though he cannot hope to gone so far, I say now to Mr. Archer, that, if his me-obtain the distinction acquired by a certain Greek Professor, who is the Don Quixote of anti-spiritualism, he can safely claim the honor of being its Sancho Panza. The Doctor is incorrect in supposing that I intended to characterize his lecture as "egotistical nonsense.". I had no idea of criticising his style, but since he has called attention to it. I cannot forbear remarking, for the sake of the once respectable and conservative Boston Courier, that a change in this respect would be desirable, the "egotistical" being altogether too prominent an element in Dr. D.'s effusions. A friend of mine, who is more of a connoisseur than myself in the "curiosities of literature," discovered in about one third of a column of his last communication, that the pronoun I, with its co-relatives, occurred no less than eighty times. This, however, is of secondary importance, though it makes manifest the fact that however much the Doctor may become involved in the fog of of the piece hauded him, by the medium, he found it his own reasoning-in the labyrinths and metamoralready written upon by a sharp pointed instrument phoses of his legerdemain theory—or in the dust.

The spirits about this time concluded to take them—which he release in the case of the public he makes in the case of the public here. which he raises in the eyes of the public, he never, for one moment, loses sight of HIMSELF.

N. O. ARCHER.

SALEM, JAN. 14, 1858.

Mr. EDTOR-Having seen in the Boston Courier a statement from Dr. Davis, in reply to Mr. Archer's account, published in your paper, of Dr. D.'s lecture here against Spiritualism, and also of an interview held with him by Mr. Archer, Mr. Foster and myself, I feel compelled to say-although not a Spiritualist -that Mr. A.'s account is substantially correct; and I would also say that the remarks imputed by Dr. Davis to Mr. Foster on that occasion, were grossly GEO. W. PARSONS. misrepresented.

> Written for the Banner of Light. GOD WATCHES OVER ALL

BY LILLA M. CUSHNAM. Oh! lonely heart-despair not, God heareth overy moan; However dark thy pathway, Thou art not all alone. Oh! trust Him-He will lead thee Where the still waters flow; Then lonely heart, despair not, But onward trusting go.

He marks each throb of anguish: He sees each failing tear; And ne'er a sigh unheeded Shall fall upon His ear. Then trust Him, and His mercy, Though waters o'er thee flow-Oh! lonely heart, despair not. But onward trusting go. EAST BOSTON, MASS.

LOVE.

Love, as the exalted dwellers of the better worlds explain, as the spiritually elevated of earth receive it. stant I find a communication from that indefatigable is the surest revelation of Immortality; the persuastill insists upon spreading the broad regis of his that with holiest invocation and angel watchword favorite science over all the "physical manifesta- opens wide the Elysian portals and admits the transtions," whether they be regarded by vulgar mortals ed soul to the celestial dwellings. With majestic as spiritual or mundane, odylic or diabolic. As the tread, yet with all an angel's humility, the whitetion of any other views of Spiritualism than those harmed amid a thousand wiles; untouched by the of your paper to say a few words suggested by the the consciousness of indwelling purity, trampling under foot the manifold, crouching forms of selfishness, that shrink from his eagle glance of power! There is beauty in the angel's hallowing touch; a poetic rasoothes benignantly from the moonlit heavens.

Alas! that the white wings ever fluttering with a prescient heart's unrest, ever plumed for the heavenward flight, should droop beneath the worldly breath heart's deep thoughts should be doomed to silence, the clear eye's radiance dimmed by bitter earthly

They have erected alters, whereon gleams hideously a golden image of colossal form; and mortal worwere groping about the darkened room in search of shippers throng its unholy shrine with life-sacrifices. knaves, seized upon each other! I am happy to no- with offerings of broken hearts, and ruined intellects; of his lecture, and that the only point at issue be- with its heavenly incense and overarching summer tween us is in regard to his "pledge to perform any skies of beauty, for the hollow worship of a base

Upon the glorified brow of heaven's brightest anclear-seeing eyes; they have misrepresented that I have since seen at least twenty of the audience seraphic form of beauty and holiness, and trembling who say otherwise, and substantially confirm all that mortals shrink from his healing touch, as from some

What were life, immortality itself, without thee, advice" of his friends not to meet Mr. Foster, that guiding angel of humanity ! presiding spirit of the he refused to come to Salem to perform his vain and Beantiful! The artist's life-tints are borrowed from Quixotle boast. He thinks I should have given him the flashing splender of the visible glories. From credit for having produced the rape during the the perennial spring that laves thy ever youthful evening of his lecture. This rapping on the table form, the poet-heart imbibes its life-draught of inwith his hands or feet, is what any simpleton might apiration, the glowing utterance is drawn from the have done, and unaccompanied with any test, and choice fragrance of thy divinest flowers, from the the positive referal to preduce one for the very soul-awakening whispers of thy spirit voice, from the

breezes, gushes in the free warbler's song, and at- used, but simply the innate, magnetic, magnetic, tunes the minstrel's soul to power and ecstacy.

brother's wrongs and a sister's tears—they have Scott. It is a strange and unaccountable thing, but never felt thy ennobling influence, thy divine assur- nevertheless a fact. admittance to the seraph guest, that would have Cleveland Daily Review. beautified their lives, and exalted their every aspiration. And now, as the new Era dawns, the light of Brotherhood and Peace advances, thou, angel messenger, art the prophetic leader in the onward and upward march of heart and intellect; thy unacknowledged influence leads the aspiring soul of thousands into a knowledge of immortal life and destiny. Led by thy benignant hand, the exalted dwellers of Elysium revisit the homes of earth, and whisper holiest consolation to bereaved hearts. Where thou art, there is Heaven, and while wealth trumpet voices give no joy, thy smile, thy magic touch, thy heavenly utterance brings life and joy and peace, alike to the statellest hall and lowliest hovel, and through the mists of toil and care and many trials, thou, guiding angel! leadest the soul

From the Ann Arbor, Mich., Local News. EXTRAORDINARY SPIRITUAL DOINGS

IN ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN. Mr. Epiron :- Permit me, without holding you or your readers responsible, to refer to the extraordinary spiritual doings at the Court House in Ann Ar-larguments against Spiritualism, and although it has bor last Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Mr. and Mrs. U. Clark, editors of the Spiritual Clarion, Auburn, N. Y., lectured to large audiences on the alleged facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, Mr. Clark ceived with more favor. closing each evening with illustrations of clairvoyant, psycometric or spiritual delineations of the leading traits of the life, character and disease of persons present, selected by the audience. All the persons selected were entire strangers to Mr. Clark. He was not permitted to make any external examination of them, but closed his eyes, took their hand, and then gave the description.

The first person the audience selected was Mr. Sabin Felch, and every detail was given with striking accuracy. The next person was Judge E. Lawrence, though when the Judge was called out he was called Mr. Lawrence, so that Mr. Clark might have no clue to his profession. Mr. Clark began by making motions indicative of handling over papers, arranging them and deliberating as though in the act of summing up, motious precisely similar to those the Judge is in the habit of making, and they were made by Mr. Clark over that part of the identical table in the Court House where Judge Lawrence has frequently sat.

On the second evening, the first individual selected was our well known German citizen, Mr. C. Krapf. Among other things said of Mr. Krapf, was that he was a very courageous man in the midst of danger; and Mr. Clark stated that in the past he saw a scene of fire or flood, in which Mr. K. had rushed in at his own peril and had saved the lives of others. Mr. K .. at the close, stated to the audience, that many years ago, in Germany, he did pass through a perilous adventure like that described, and saved the life of a went on to describe Mr. Krapf as a remarkable healing medium. At this moment Mr. K. began to shake and tremble all over, as though under some strange and powerful invisible influence. Mr. Clark here said that he felt some rheumatic pain on his left side, and said it belonged to some in the audience. alluded, although it is quite certain that the latter had no external knowledge of Mr. Bedell's case. Mr. B. took the platform before Mr. Krapf, but Mr. K., in a state of bewilderment, told Mr. Clark he did not know how to proceed. Mr. C. re. thought is possible, and the world does move. Indequested him simply to follow his own impressions, and let the invisibles control him just as they pleased.

Immediately Mr. K. began to shake violently from head to foot, and his right arm was controlled to shake and pass rapidly from the back of Judge Bedell's neck down over the left arm of the Judge. The movements of Mr. K. were exceedingly powerful and eccentric, and of such a character as to baffle imitation by any man not under the control of extraordinary influences. The audience became exceedingly interested, and the suspense to know the result was deep and intense. After a few moments, Mr. Clark announced the operation over. Judge Bedell was then called upon to state the result. He arose and declared to the audience that for three months he had not been able to raise his left arm from the shoulder. He then stretched out his arm at full length, and demonstrated to the assembly that he could raise it with ease, and said it felt nearly as well as it ever had been, although there was some lingering sensation of pain and weakness. His physician and several persons in the house testified as to the previous condition of the Judge, and it was remarked that the Judge's own word was evidence enough. Now when it is remembered that Mr. Krapf and Judge Bedell were total strangers to Mr. Clark, and that Mr. Krapf himself knew nothing of the Judge's affliction, and that this whole performance was entirely impromptu, it must be confessed that the phenomena are well worthy the investigation of all honest and liberal minds. If these are the fruits of Spiritualism, let us know it. If not. what are they? The people wait for an explana-

At the close of the meeting on the last evening, to wind up all, Mrs. Clark came under some strong influence, and gave a burst of eloquence so thrilling that none who heard will ever forget.

WONDERFUL CURE.

Marcus Burr, living at the toll-gate on the Kinscians of various kinds had exhausted their powers, and as a last resort he called on Dr. Scott. His first visit was on Saturday. He has called each day since, and he now has the use of his arm. His fingers, which before were numb, are now sensitive, and he is gaining strength through the entire limb.

The sore is also healing. No medicine has been The fact is notorious that Dr. D. advertised to su- tive home-yearning music; it sighs in the twilight The sore is also healing. No medicine has been of Christianity. Chalmers.

clairvoyant, or spiritual power, as one may choose They who deny a God, and turn pitilessly from a to call it, possessed in so eminent a degree by Dr.

ances, thy revelations of unending joy. They have For farther information relative to Dr. Scott, and drawn the barriers of selfishness, the mists of world- his measures for the relief of the sick, we refer the liness before their soul's visions, and have denied reader to his advertisement in another column.

> STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM, TAUNTON. From the Superintendent's Annual Report, we quote the following paragraph:-

"It is an old delusion under a new name, affording food for a class of credulous marvel-seekers, who formerly were fed with the mysteries of animal magnetism, mesmerism, witchcraft and fortune-telling, and who, after this delusion has faded away, will find some new form of wonder. But its influence in the production of mental disease has probably been much exaggerated. Anything operating strongly upon the mind, and fixing its attention for showers in vain its golden treasures, and Fairies a long time to the exclusion of other objects, may produce insanity, whether it be religion, love, sorrow, or the excitement of any of the sentiments or pas-

In its first sentence we probably have the honest opinion of a man who is ignorant of the subject on which he speaks. Probably he has never investigated "Spiritualism" as a man should who essays to write upon so important a subject.

We can afford to publish the fling at Spiritualists for the sake of availing ourselves of the truth Dr. C. states in the concluding half of his paragraph. This disarms our opponents of one of their most powerful been frankly stated by them hundreds of times, and is no new truth, yet coming from the Superintendent of a State Lunatic Asylum, it will probably be re-

Farther on in his report, Dr. C. states that of two hundred and seventy-one patients in the institution one case only is ascribed to Spiritualism.

DOES THE WORLD IMPROVE?

The oldest English Catechism, of which we have any account, was called the "Master of Oxford's Catechism." Copies of it still exist.

The following extract of questions and answers will give some notion of its character, and the condition of religious thought in the people by whom it was used:---

Q.—Say we now, where was God when He made heaven and earth?

A .- I say in the further end of the wind.

Q .- Whereof was formed the name of Adam? A .- Of four stars; this be their names-Arcax Derx, Arostolym, and Memfumbres.

Q.—Of what state was Adam when he was made?

A.—A man of XXX winters of age. Q .- Of what length was Adam?

A .- Of four score and seven inches.

Q.—How long lived Adam in this world?

A .- Nine hundred and thirty winters; and afterwards in hell, until the passion of our Lord God.

Q.—What is the best herbs that God loved? A .- The Rose and the Lily.

Q.—Wherefore is the Sun red at even?

A .- For he goeth toward hell. This Catechism was in use in the time of Henry V. Could it now be used there or here? Have we child from an overflowing floor. Mr. Clark then any College Professor who could write and bublish such a Catechism? No. It is too far below the present coddition of religious thought. Yet theologians who encouraged the use of such books, felt vastly wise. They had quite as powerful a consciousness of infallibility, and quite as keen and fierce a soent for heresy, as the most famous theologians of our He requested the individual to come forward, and time. They, too, were sturdy watchmen of the pressaid that the spirits through Mr. Krapf would re. ent, who mourned a little for the past. They. too. lieve the pain at once. Thereupon Judge Bedell forbade men to preach or believe anything different arose, who it seems was the afflicted person to whom from the established notions of religion, and they had faggots and fire to enforce their prohibition. and let the theological Mrs. Partingtons stare, soold, lift up their hands with holy horror, and do battle till their breath is gone, if they will-progress in

From the Vanguard, Richmond, Ind. TESTS.

pandent Press.

La Constant While at Mr. P---'s house, in Winchester, I saw several spirits. On Sunday evening I described one which was identified as Mr. P.'s father. He was then asked if any of Mrs. P.'s relatives were present; instead of answering in words, he pointed to his right. I turned in the direction indicated, and saw four spirits. One, a young man, with blue eyes, calm in expression, prominent forehead, and light brown hair, thick and bushy, medium size, and dressed in farmer's clothes. Mrs. P. was satisfied from these and other particulars, that it was her brother. I then told her he was leaning against a tree. The last time she saw him, he was leaning against a tree, near her father's home. Hs was going out West-went, and died there.

A CHILD MEDIUM .-- In Winchester I met with a girl of about ten years of age, who is an excellent clairvoyant medium. - She is a sweet-looking, intellectual child; her lungs are weak, but after she has been in the clairybyant state, generally feels better. Her mother is in the spirit world. She lives with her aunt. While I was present she saw several spirits. She whispered to her aunt, that her mother was behind her chair. Not hearing this, I described a lady whom I saw in that position, and she was recognized by my description as the mother of the òbild.

She frequently describes spirits so that they can be identified.

INFLUENCE OF A HOLY LIFE.

There is an energy of moral sussion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiman street plank road, has called upon us to make ness beaming through the life of a loved relative or note of the wonderful relief afforded him by the friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do 'Spiritual" physician, Dr. John Scott. He has, at stand in virtue's ways, and raise up those that are times, in various parts of his body, been afflicted bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or with scrofulous cores, and a year since one made its warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes by far appearance on his left wrist, which soon paralyzed the greater part of its moral power, not to the moral his arm so that he lost its use entirely, and could cepts or parables of Christ, but to his own characternot lift his hand nor bear any weight in it. Physi- The beauty of that holiness which is enabrined in

Communications

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LOVED ONE OF KARTH :-- I come at your call; the desire of your spirit echoca unto mine, and with joy I respond. Some time has sped on since we have enjoyed this channel of communion, but often have our spirits drank from the same fount of inspired thought, and unitedly have we breathed forth our aspirations of gratitude, to the Great Source of all blessedness, yearning after more and more of the divine light of holiness and truth. Thanks be unto our God for the eternal unity of spirit worship! It is the magnetic tie that binds all earth and heaven to His most glorious presence! Those who worship the Father, must worship him in spirit and in truth. Worship is the great door of reception, opened for the regeneration and salvation of Man. There are assist in welcoming one hundred and twenty five desires inborn and inherent, implanted within the spirits to my bowers of happiness to-day. Many deepest fibres of existence, which nothing earthly or material can satisfy. They call for communion and reunion with the Great Parent Source of all being, istence, for which they were fitted, according to their for of Him and to Him they ever tend. They grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength; dred were prepared to enter the circle. for it is the decree of His providence that no other worship can elevate or purify. Look at the various forms and imaginings of devotion, matured by this very want of the soul in its strivings after rest. They have each the glimmerings of truth; but how far they fall below its own aspirations! The spirit joy from their different grades of development. To has ever struggled upward and onward towards present this in a vivid light to your mind I will God, and it will rest only in the bosom of the great Jebovah !

The day is dawning, when the mists of error and ignorance shall fade away before the true light of harvest for the suffering and needy. The veil of the heart shall be rent, even as was that in the temple, and spirits will mingle with mortals, bearing the benevolent, true thought and action.

leave the opinions of science and education, and let on all. the voice of God within you utter its own sentence! Comes there not up a holy thrill of joy, unknown before ?--- a strength of purpose, an energy of will, in langer knew no bounds. With horrid brutality, inall the higher attributes of your soul, claiming kindred with immortality?-a holiness and peace that responds only at our call?

Has there not before, in hours of sacred communion, the shadow of the fatal hand fallen on your spirit as it traced its " Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," upon the walls of your faith? Did the outpourings of the soul unto God return with their response, satisfying to the fullness of desire? Has not the truth of heavenly love been more distinct and individual since it has reverberated through the heretohis sceptre of terror as he comes to bear the spirit the walks of moral and intellectual being. scenes, from time to eternity! Eternity now re- tyrant and libertine? Does he still pursue his vicsounds with the songs of affection, and the fromise | tim in her new life? Can his power still reach her. of hope. Does not A. stand forth there before thee, to persecute and to bind down? Ah, no! The with all truth and gentleness, not to glorify herself. heart, which hardly contained a single virtue cannot or gratify him she loves, but because her God and throb amid the purity and bliss of her region of beyour God hath given the power to show His un- ing. Blackened by crime and lust, he stands forth searchable riches to the sons of men, and, individu- revealed to the gaze of the spirit world in his true ally, that your soul might become a fountain of light; from which nothing can be hid. He sees truth and salvation, through which might ever flow himself as others now see him,—a being shrouded in the waters of divine grace?

Every heart, illuminated with this grace, is a iquities. Enjoying the favors of the so-called respectshrine of prayer and praise, on whose altar is able of earth, he thought himself eminently superior lighted the flame of faith and hope, where incense to his victim, and as possessing the right to tyrannize goes forth continually, purifying the life-current of and to oppress. But the crushed and heart-broken humanity. Hope and faith are not only individual girl rises to a condition above him, and he realizes experiences, but their hallowed influence is ever that, whatever it may be on earth, in heaven there flowing in and through the hearts and homes of is a no respecter of persons. earth, forming an open channel through which his messengers can teach of truth and righteousness. We leave our homes burdened with love and promises of God's mercy to the children of earth; we need a pict one among the many missions which occupy the reciprocal faith and affection on their part, that we attention of "rapt celestials." Hoping that it will may leave our rich gifts in appreciative soil. We interest and justruct you, need that our presence should be felt and acknowledged, that our efforts may be understood and appreciated. Love is blest; affection purified; heaven more beautiful; and, may I not say, earth is made more happy for this blessed privilege of communion; but, oh, my dear one, the goodness and glory of God our Father, is supreme over all, through all and in all—to Him be all the praise!

We are all children traveling to the home of His love; let us become like little children, that we may receive the bounty of that home. As a Father, he is ever sending us rays of light and love, that we may volume by the editor); "The Pine-tree and the reach the divine rest of His presence. His Son, our Zephyr;" "New York in 1858" (poetry); "Song Saviour, taught of Him, and brought Him nigh unto the hearts of men. In the spirit of his mission we that saves Souls, and the Preaching that wrecks come, that mortals may partake with him the rich- them;" "Who and what is Jesus Christ?" "Hymns ness of his Father's kingdom. The same spirit of self-devotion and self-sacrifice which he exemplified must we accept, to labor in his vineyard. To teach as representing one of the phazes of Spiritualism, his precepts acceptably, we must practise and prove are worthy of attention. them, even as the spirit itself with you must over come, to understand the things pertaining to the STARTLING SPIRIT LIGHTS IN ADRIkingdom of God. The same law that elevates mind with you is an eternal law with us. You have greater obstacles to overcome; we, higher incentives, unfolded in various sections of the land. Reliable holise dims, more true peace and rest in our nearer witnesses recently related an extraordinary mani. approach to the Perfect Ruler of life. Everything festation of spirit light in Adrian. A small com-"about us inspires, originates and demands an in- pany was convened. The medium was a young lady creased exercise of the highest faculties. We ever of undoubted character. The room was partially see the beauties of the spiritual, and hear the hisr darkened. After the company had waited some time monies of the celestial, and taste of the river of life without any manifestations, one of the number proas it flows full and free around.

"that when cast saide, we may draw some thorus, continued some minutes, and gradually disappeared. Settying immortal blossoms in their stead. Let the British Olivion.

memento of friendship be no longer a broken shaftwhose ragged and torn surface is bleeding with disappointed hopes-but let its pure shaft tower up and on till it shall pierce the skies. By faith, let the earthly traveler ascend its proud summit, and then smid the green wreaths of immortal hopes and undying affections, gather strength for the unfinished chord of earthly love-giving praise to God for all his bounties-saying. He is above, we beneathbut the tendrils of His care encircle all. In His name we are one evermore!

In this friendship and love, Ever thine,

A COMMUNICATION ADDRESSED TO AN UNCLE

J. D. S., MEDIUM.

DEAR Unous-It has been my happy privilege to hundreds beside have passed from the earth life to the spirit, departing to their various spheres of exinterior development. The above mentioned one hun-

Why I make mention of this circumstance, is, for two reasons: first, to show the number of immortal souls who are daily passing from the earth form into the glories of the Celestial existence; second, the various degrees of happiness and glory they must enchronicle two instances of individuals who left the earth life to-day.

One was a hard-hearted tyrant,-a man in whose breast scarcely ever glowed the beautiful power of the Sun of righteousness, who shall arise with heal- love; one whose heart seemed steeled against every ing in His wings. Spirits and mortals shall together generous impulse of human nature, cankered by walk the New Jerusalem of promise, gathering divine avarice, fraud, licentiousness, and almost every fruit in the vineyard of truth, and gleaning a rich specie of villany in the category of crime, even by murder itself. The other was his slave, as he termed her,—a beautiful girl of some sixteen years of age; beautiful in body and soul, as beautiful as it is posbread of life and the water of salvation, saying to sible for one in her enslaved condition to bc. She every one that thirsteth, "Come ye to the waters was the victim the tyrant's lust, subjected to the and drink." And man, feeling this illumination of coarsest brutality of his lecherous passions, made to spirit sympathy, and love, will gladly hear their endure sufferings almost insupportable. At last the voices, look up and beyond the narrow limits of self. shorn spirit could endure her martyrdom no longer. interest, and expand himself in the divine glow of Feeling that there was a land where her soul could roam through everlasting fields of freedom, decorated Think me not enthusiastic or visionary. Trace in with every beauty pleasing to spirit's vision, she reyour own true heart the effect of this spirit com- solved to free herself from her captivity, and go munion. Descend deep into its silent chambers; where the Star of Universal Liberty beams smilingly

The indurated tyrant was so exasperated at the loss of his beautiful but crushed victim, that his dulging in oaths too shocking to imagine or relate, he kicked and mutilated the poor spirit-freed body, and committed other indignities too degrading to narrate. But that cold, lifeless clay was insensible to his foul abuse, for its youthful tenant had departed, and had entered on a life of unalloyed happiness and freedom. So violent was his passion, that he ruptured a blood-vessel, and bled to death in two

The victim of his lust was borne to a circle of glory far beyond his, to be educated for even higher fore silent tomb? Has not devotion been more like spheres of blessedness, to dwell with those exalted the natural instincts of spirit worship, bounding minds, who made their study, even on earth, to forth in its own life, to seek and to adore the Great benefit and instruct humanity. Her soul, pure and Parent Source of all life? Has not life on earth had undefiled in itself, the home of noble and elevated. a charmed and holy significance, since its pages of virtues, was not accountable for the indignities commemory were the hallowed tributary of your own mitted against it. Possessing an innate love of and others joys and sorrows, to be re-read amid the purity and nobleness, which not even the tyrant chants of the angels in their immortal courts? The could blight, or smother, in its immaculate state, it links of affection are now brightened by the tears of was borne to a more ennobling and beautiful condiseparation, and the sighs of bereaved love are mes- tion, where, far away from the atmosphere of slasengers to the spirit world, bringing therefrom the very, it will breathe in there pure and blissful hardews of grace and consolation. Death has laid down monies, which will lead it on higher and higher in

But how is it with the opposite character, the darkness, and calloused by a long series of sins and in-

This, dear Uncle, is but one among the many cases which come under the supervision of angelic eves. I related it, thinking it might interest you, and to de-

I remain your affectionate and immortal niece,

HANNAH LINCOLN HUMPHREY.

HERALD OF LIGHT FOR JANUARY. The January number of this monthly, edited by T. L. Harris, and published by the New Church Publishing Association, N. Y., has been received. It contains articles with the following titles: "Conversation with Angels;" "The Mysteries of Sleep:" "The Arcana of Christianity" (notice of a new of the Guardian Spirit" (poetry); "The Preaching of Spiritual Devotion."

The articles are entertaining and instructive, and

AN, MICHIGAN.

New spiritual phenomena are continually being posed that they should have light. Instantly there Thus, in the strength our God gives, we come to arose upon each corner of the table a brilliant light, you, bearing for a time the body of your infirmities, and the whole room was in a dazzling glow, which

RODGERS. THE PAINTING MEDIUM. Mr. E. Rodgers, the painting medium, who resides in Cardington. Ohio, is now employed in tailoring. Let those who never pay mediums take note of the fact that if they are not sustained in one way, they must be in another, or their families are beggared. Among the mediums in the same place are Miss C. Guisse, healing, and M. Gray and J. Watson, healing and lecturing.

The Messenger.

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

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. 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:

I died at the poor house in Worcester. Once people respected me and they loved me-once I was happy. Poverty brings unhappiness with it always. have been in the poor house for a long time in Worcester. I am not there now-I'm dead, have been dead a week. I come to day on purpose to let the the present time. friends know I died very easy, was happy and knew I was going to die. I did not poison myself. I nover beautiful calm i Those waters are emblematical of took a thing; some thought I did. I knew about death. You have looked upon that as a grim messpiritualism before I died, and I thought if I lived in senger, heretoforo—now it comes to you as pure and me ill at the poor house, for they did well by me: but the dependence, and the name of being there, made me unhappy. I am most fifty years old and upon it, and quietly sail to the opposite shore; and have a husband in the spirit land; and he was very glad when I came here.

People on earth should not worship money, but They do now, and people respect the man who has money, no matter how bad he is.

as any man on earth. People respect him and bow to him, but I did not, and I told him I never would, for I knew his heart.

I have but just left my body-this is the first place came to after I saw it buried all right. I did not know where I was coming, but I thought I would go to the best medium I could, and if I could talk right would stay, and if not, would wait till I could. The doctors here (spirits) say I died of paralysis of the brain. I never felt bad there, never was crazy, but they say people are sometimes taken very suddenly with it. I have no recollection of being sick only about an hour before I died. I was all alone—that it has been so, and shall it now cease to be? No! brain. I never felt bad there, never was crazy, but is I had plenty of angels about me, and could hear them and talk to them. I am very happy now, and I want my friends to know it. I want them all to do right, so that they may be happy. I am glad I was poor, for I am rich now, and poor folks may be glad they are poor, for they will be rich here, while rich people are apt to be poor here.

My name is Ruth, and I died at the poor house in

Worcester. Write to the overseer of the Worcester poor house and see if I am not right. Everybody knows me by that name, so I wont give you any other. I died the last week in November. Will you write? Well, I know how long it takes to go to Worcester, and I shall watch it. They will be very prompt to answer it, I know. You'll write, will you? Then

We wrote, but after waiting, some days, received no answer, when this message came from the same

'No 2. '

How do you do? I was here the other day, and told you I was coming again. My name is Ruth. I some to tell you a little about it. They think it is nysterious, and don't know but I've got some rich relations outside. They don't know what to think about it. I did not think it would take them so. They will answer the letter, but I don't like to wait so long. If you have any friend you can write to, and let him go to the poor house and ask for me, 1 wish you would. They think I have some rich relation who will say something about my being there, as I was put there under singular circumstances, in

They will answer you, I think, more like thisasking you questions than answering yours. You see if I am not correct. Dec. 8.

We then received a letter from a party connected with the Institution, stating that no such person was there, or had been there, and had a faint idea that we had been duped by the spirit. But we did not like to give up the inquiry there, and thinking that human testimony might not be reliable, we sent to Worcester by a friend, and by him ascertained that a woman known as Aunt Ruth, got up in her sleep and walked out of the window and was killed. It was said she had been insane for a year prior to this. Now it seems the spirit denies this, but it does not follow that she is entirely sane at the time she gives this, for on returning to a physical form, that of the medium, she might throw upon the brain a part of her earth difficulty, and give a confused story of her life. In time this will wear away. if it really does exist, and she will be able to control without bringing any traces of her mental disease.

William Sayles.

All is strange now to me. I desired to come, therefore I am here. Yet you are strangers, every one of you. I wish to communicate to my friends. you any objections, or any rules which shall aid me? This is my first coming. I was one of the unfortuin the doctrine of Spiritualism, some are mediums; nate ones on board of the Lexington. My name was but others, who are near and dear, are bound up in William Sayles. I belong in England, and have a wife, who is now in America. Once she was going as or rather will not. To those last I come more espestewardess with Captain Howard. I am not so far from earth but that I can see in part what is going on. My wife was saved. I was lost to mortal sight. but it seems I am here, lost or not lost, an unexpected guest, I take it. I was second steward-seeing as you asked, me I tell you. How are you to know who am? No one knows me here, I can give you referonce in Liverpool; but you can go to Enoch Train, knows no sorrow, but is all happiness. I would tell and he will tell you about my wife and Captain Howard, for my wife went with him for about two years,

I want my wife to conduct herself so that she may not dishonor her own connections and mine. My wife is a medium, therefore I can tell of her whereabouts. I cannot write or speak through her, but I can give physical manifestations. I do not give anything about my wife from former prejudice, for I had none of her. I am a hard, rough customer, but I give so; I could not reconcile myself to any of the dogmas you truth. I suppose you don't care if it is written and creeds of earth; they did not come up to my you truth. I suppose you don't care if it is written and creeds of earth; they did not come up to my on marble. I almost wish the connection between standard of right and justice; I knew nothing of the two worlds was not so close, for then I should not Spiritualism, and I about came to the conclusion that see much that displeases me on earth. I have stood there was no hereafter, yet, at the same time, fearing still almost ever since I left earth—that is, I have if there was, there was a hell, and I was in danger grown no wiser or better to speak of, though I am of falling into it. What could I do? I could not going to try to do both.

I was told months ago I might come here and manifest, but I thought I would see how it was done, and treat all as I should, and to be honorable. When I I have been at your circle ever since, watching the awoke in the spirit land, I was frightened almost ou

Do you know Captain William Howard? Well, if you do not find him now, you can ask Train's agent at the present time if he knows me or my wife.

I belong to a decent family in England, so does my wife. My wife understands something about Spiritualism, but she was once told some things which did not suit her very well, and she dropped it. I come back, not from malice, but to make some people wiser and happier. You'll find me as true as any spirit that ever manifested to you. As regards time, I am not very positive, though if you give me time I will give you dates of these transactions within two hours. am coming again when I get a chance, to see how this pebblo-stone has struck, and perhaps to throw another-for the time has now come when secret things shall be made manifest. Dec. 7.

We have not been able to ascertain much about this, as Capt. H. is in the spirit life, having been lost at sea. It seems the spirit did not know of this. We do not feel either like endorsing this for truth or pronouncing it error, but print it, as we have others we have had doubts upon, most of which have proved true.

Rev. Thomas Naylor.

The following communication was received in February, 1857. A friend accompanied us who had been relating to us a very vivid dream he had a few nights previous, and which had so much the semblance of reality, that it was deeply impressed upon his mind. How true it is, and yet how strange, and yet how

simple! Your old men shall see visions, your maidens shall prophecy, and your young men shall dream dreams everything in time, and that seems to be

Not a ruffle upon the surface! nothing to mar the heaven I'd come to a medium. I have come and clear waters, and if you have faith, you shall walk shall be happier for it. I have been in the poor house upon its surface, and safely land upon the other side. long time, dependent upon others. I once had Death is but the end of heaven! 'tis only the knife plenty; now those old times have come to me again that outs the cord which binds the soul to the mortal and I am happy. I do not mean to say they treated casket, and if you have faith, you will suffer no death. casket, and if you have faith, you will suffer no death. So come, be of good cheer, and when you stand upon the brink of that beautiful stream, calmly step

then return to your earth friends, bringing good cheer to man. If prepared to do this, it matters not how quick you go, so long as you bide God's time, they do, and will, as long as there is money, I think. and are called by Him from earth to the life beyond. I have been called here this morning, and am assisted by one who seems to have been wound into the I know an old man in Worcester who is rich, and circle of your affections. When I crossed the Jordan people respect him, but he has got as black a heart of death, it was dark, and the shore beyond was to me dreary. Yet I lived a life of charity, I believe, on

earth. I believed in a lifetime of eternity, and yet

could not tell where or how. Now I return with

what I gathered from the land whither I went. Christians, when you shall feel love to all men, without proscription for opinion's sake, when you shall follow his footsteps, and be guided by his teaching, who said, "Love one another;" then shall discord sease; then shall the age of murder be changed to

only strive to live so that men looking at you may become perfect—so that strife and discord may cease—that the lion and the lamb may lie down together, and the kingdom of Christ, which is love, shall be ushered in.

My name, on earth, was Rev. Thomas Naylor, but as titles are not recognised in heaven, call me a Spirit of Peace.

I came from New Hampshire. I passed away many years ago at a place which I do not retain in my memory.

Rev. Charles Torrey.

Verily I say unto you, ye must be born again; you must put off the old man, and put on the new; clothe yourselves in the garments of righteousness, and put off the filthy rags of sin. Slaves to sin, how guilty and terrible is your path-every footprint is marked

My friend, I sought to liberate the Southern slave -now I wish to God I had sought to liberate the Northern slaves. Slaves! Ah, yes, to povertyOand crime; and they bow not only the knee, but the neck, and become the humble servants of wickedness.

Death seems to have marked its victims, but false education is daily branding the brow of new subjects. Infamy and shame stalk abroad in your land, and the lovely female becomes a slave, to what? that lovely form the wherewith to sustain itself, she would not fall-it is the lack of that which causes her to put on the voke of sin. Was it born there, or did it spring into life in the cradle or was it poverty that planted the rank weed there? Ah, yes; and it

found the soil genial, and it grew there.

Pity the Southern slave, but pity the Northern slave first. Release them from all that binds the soul to sin.

When in the earth form I erred, for I passed by the Northern slave to reach the Southern slave; but too easily the cry of the Southern slave reached me. Teach mankind to read the human face at home : and if they find sorrow there, wipe it out with a kind word and a ninepence-for money must liberate the slave to poverty.

Let those who have wherewith to give, give freely;

and let those who have it not go to those who have, and ask of them means to knock off the chains of poverty which bind your own slaves, and to alleviate human sufferings. Those who have gold, and have wrapped themselves up in it, must remember that there is a power that can penetrate that wall, and see the black soul beneath. Thank God! I had not riches; but oh, had I worked at home!

I am again in a form of flesh, defending the slave the slave of the North. Those of the South may need kind words, but they are much more needed at home. Oh, reach not forth the hand to Southern slaves, till you have liberated all you have at home.

Manly Abbot. I wish to give a communication to be published in

the Banner of Light, so that my friends in Augusta, Have Maine, may know I am yet alive, and can speak to them. Some of my relatives and friends are believers the creeds of earthly religion, and cannot understand, cially, to say a few words-to tell them that when the mock ceremony with my body was being performed, I was in a better and happier state than they knew of. Tell one who went in sable weeds for me, that she had better have arrayed herself in her brightest apparel, and decked herself with flowers, in commemoration of my advent into a life that her to believe in what I say, in what Spiritualism teaches, and it will make her happy-it will bring a calmness to her soul, such as nothing else can giveit will enable her to pass through all trials with submission, and come out bright at last, when her duties shall have ended in the earth life. And not only to her would I speak, but to her family, to all who are unbelievers, and they will be spared the misery my unbelief brought unto me. I was an Infidel, or nearly find the religion my heart yearned for, and I felt unsafe : but I tried to do as near right as I could. to operation of other spirits, and have now made up my, of my senses. I knew that I had died, but I did not mind that I can come properly, though it is harder know where I was, and my greatest fear was of going work than I thought for.

to hell. I will not describe to you my dreadful mis-Service Matthews to the profession of the service o

ery; but I come to warn you in time, to learn, and be saved from any of my trials. I am very happy. Oh, I can see now how foolish I was in many things. When I found my health delicate, why did I not go out doors, and stay there—have plenty of fresh air and good exercise-instead of confining myself in an office, studying day after day, bending over, when my chest was growing weaker all the time? Foolish man that I was. May my experience be a warning to others. Let the lesson sink deep into their hearts -then shall they grow wiser, and commit no more self-murder, in ignorance of Nature's laws; then shall there be happiness and long life to all-and earth will be a licautiful garden, and her inhabitants wise and good servants-just to themselves and their Creator. The friend of Truth, MANLY ABBOT.

Laura E. Trask to her friend W-Laura would say a few words to you-Laura, who s your friend still, and ever will be, for the good she sees within your heart, though that good lie dormant and be not brought forth. She knows that her words are not in vain, for they sink deeply into the heart that wants sympathy, which, perchance, no mortal gives. She knows that soothing words, like balm to a wound, have the best effect, and when all else fail, love alone will call the wanderer home, and throwing aside all selfishness, he will live for those who wept and prayed for his return, and so be a man. Self never should be first-it should be second. A truly noble man thinks of the happiness of others before himself, and in their happiness makes himself so. When you have noble and pure thoughts, you make one step towards good; when you have dark and evil ones, you descend one step back, from which the return is hard. Think how essential it is to be pure of heart and hely of purpose; let not temptation, with her fascinations, lure you from what your conscience tells you is right, for I tell you truly, as you well know, that every pleasure has a thousand pangs. The soul retains all impressionsons wrong committed will live long after repentance comes-will cast a shadow over your happiness for ages—and do whatever good you may, that wrong is not forgotten. Though the good may lessen its pain, the brightness of pure worth will in time dissipate the shudows of evil. But all this you know-I am not talking to a child in intellect, though to one in progression; I am talking to a man in years, a man in knowledge. . I would tell him that it were better to know little and practice it, than much and abuse it. for according to the gifts received will the improvement be required. Laura comes not to blame youothers can and will do that; but she comes to soothe you. She must speak plain, though it may give you

Augusta Kendall to Sena C. W-

pain, for in order to heal the wound effectually, it

must first be probed to know the extent of the injury.

I come at the call of friendship, and am glad to tell you that the grave is no barrier to our meeting. Death is not annihilating, but the passing into a more beautiful and purified state of existence. I had always a sort of feeling that there was a better life beyond the grave, where all would be happy who desired it, and I was right. It is not such a horrible thing to die, my friend, especially when one has had the opportunities of knowing about Spiritualism as you have. The pain of dying is more of the mind than body; it is the uncertainty of the fate afterwards; the bodily pain is mere nothing, for as you grow weak the acuteness of feeling is lost, and the passing away generally quiet and pleasant. Therefore fear not to die. You may suffer more in the drawing of a tooth, than you would at the severing of the soul from the body, for the silken cord which binds these together is very slight, and the angel of death severs it quickly.

I am very happy here; I enjoy all those pleasures I delighted in on earth, and have no fear of doing wrong. I am learning much. I found myself very leficient in everything. Ah, how much must the soul learn—it is beyond comprehension—but we go on progressing forever. I am glad to meet you, and will give more at another time. We shall meet again in a world where no friendship is lost.

From a Spirit Sister to her Friends in the Earth Sphere.

When the storms of earth assail you, be not fearful for no harm can befall you; no outward trial need move or affect you, if your heart is strong in aith and love-faith that God will never forsake you, and love to your brother man. Were it not for trials, we should be like children: it is those that strengthen and develope the spirit, causing it to expand and grow. Our noblest men are those who have faced danger and adversity, who have been tried in the furnace of affliction, and not been found wanting, whose virtues, like gold, have been purified of the dross of earth, and shine forth in all their native beauty. How few who have the luxuries of life at their disposal, can throw them aside as worthless, and labor for the cultivation of mind and spirit! They must be driven forth by adversity, which a hard master worketh for the future good of his pupil, at the expense of all clse; whose clear, penetrating vision, is fixed on the prize to be won, and will not relax any efforts to obtain it. Then murmur not at the hardships of earth. Rather bless them as they come, for they teach you to know yourself, and draw forth qualities you never dreamed of possessing.

Ludwig Wigers.

Music! sweet essence of all that is glorious and lovely, whence comest thou, and where dost thou go! Come unto us more closely—let us embrace and clasp thee to our hearts, that thy divino influence may ever be with us. Can we not charm thee-can we not hold thee—wilt thou not stay? Must ever be roving, be seeking new votaries, to bow at thy Will not one heart satisfy thee? Or art thou like an ambitious monarch, ruling all nations, and yet not content? Can we not learn to understand thee-can a life entirely devoted to thee, win thy smiles and favors? or art thou coquettish, and must have the adoration of all? Let this be as it may, still we must love thee-still bow to thee and adore-thankful for the most fleeting smile, the most trifling of thy gifts.

Ah! thou art too grand and mighty for our comprehension. We cannot understand thee; we may study forever, and yet learn of thee. Our small minds expand under thy care, and vet we cannot grasp thee. We grow mad-we are nothing, and wake to find ourselves but men-never at rest, never perfect

Oh. God! from whence cometh all things! We bow in adoration, in wonder, when we' at our distance behold Thy gifts. Music cometh to us like Thyself-we cannot see it, neither grasp it, yet we feel it in our hearts; we know we have it there; we are filled with overflowing love to Thee, who has spoken through this to us. Callous indeed must be the heart, to whom Thy voice in music cannot enter. But Thou, whose we all are, to whom we belong, can in time open all hearts to Thy divine blessings.

To Mediums.

Ye favored of mortals—chosen of God, a channel through which His inspiration may flow unto His children-I would speak to you a few words; would advise you that you may so deport yourselves in your mission, as to be an honor to the work assigned you. I would have your lives pure and stainless, like the unsullied snow: I would not there should be a spot or blemish at which men could point the finger of scorn; I would that you should live up to the principles instilled through your instrumentality. The more pure you are, the higher will be the teachings through you. But of one thing beware. It is this: take no pride unto yourselves for what you receive, for it is nothing of your own, and you should receive it in meckness and humility. Look up to Christ for example. The more closely you follow him, the higher will be your gifts. Improve these to the utmost; hide not your light under a bushel, but let it so shine that all men shall see the light, thereof, and glorify the Father which is in Heaven.

Though swiftly Time, with rapid wings, Has borne us from old scenes we know, Yet memory oft the picture brings In glowing colors back to view: Thus early friends remember when They first as schoolboys met in play, And yet, though years have passed since then, It only seems "the other day," Those friends nowar no more the same

That shared our mirth and dried our tears. Or taught us childhood's favorite game-The dear old friends of early years; But when we ask if they forget Those memories of the past, they say-

"Though time has wrought some changes, yet It only seems 'the other day.'

He, who, awakened to the inward exercise of thought, delights to build up an inner world in his own spirit, fills than wide horizon of the open sea with the sublime idea of the

Under an oak, long years ago, Watching the sparkles on the stream, List'ning the music of its flow, We sat in love's delicious dream. Under the oak I stand alone, And hear the moaning wind go by; The sparkles of the stream are gone.-Its music hushed, its fountain dry.

The beauty of the soul is dependent solely upon the good affections. It is this fact which opens such visions of leveliness when we contemplate the forms of the Blessed'in the future life.

Sometimes God's strength its presence round us furls, Bearing us and our sorrows far apart. And soft-winged allence drops her hely pearls Down deep into the dim well of the past; Bilence, that soul-subduing in its might, Brooking above the spirit's burning bars. Would lay its finger on the lip of night, And hush the holy hymning of the stars.

The cultivation of a right spirit removes all deformities from the interior person.

O holy night! from thee I learn to hear What man has borne before! Thop layest thy fingers on the lips of care, And they complain no more.

Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer; Descend with swift-winged flight; The welcome! the thrice prayed for! the most fair! The best beloved night!

If you would not have affliction visit you often, listen at once to what it teaches.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE DREAM-VOYAGE,

BY CORA WILDURN.

Into the flower-decked, lightly-swaying bark of dreams, stepped the loving and exploring spirit of a maiden, prompted by a pure desire for the knowledge that is revealed in sleep. As she seated herself beneath the gauzy drapery that, filled with Heaven's delicious breath, served the fairy bark for sails, a sweet and plaintive strain of melody arose from the blue sea's bosom, and Minna's blue eyes were upraised to the glorious moon lit sky, in trust and faith. Amid the holy stillness, all unbroken save by the dips of the sea-bird's wing, the bark sped swiftly on; and to the heart of the silent voyager came a flood of tender recollections, of holy aspirations, and bowed that

And as she prayed-not with her lips, but with the spirit's intensest fervor-her upraised eyes reflected the supernal glory of the far-off star-worlds; a descending flood of inspiration laved her seeking soul, and the inmost spirit of the beautiful revealed itself to her comprehension, and sang aloud for ex-

ultant joy!

From the blue, ceaseless ocean arose intelligible melody, that to the balmy wind's accompaniment sang, "God is love!" From the receding shorefrom mount and forest-arose the same worshipping strain, proclaimed in joyous triumph, and from the distant waterfall and dripping fountain-from the beating of the surges on the shore to the distant music of the chiming planet worlds-from air, and sea. and land, arose the hymning glory-"God is love!" And preludes to strange, heart-stirring songs-

songs that would arouse the dormant faculties of the God-endowed,-were proclaimed across the blue expanse; chords of delicious melody lingered on the midnight air, and beautiful, consoling promises of the future, were confided to that holy hour.

The heart of Minna expanded with emotion-with a sense of power-with the consciousness of the spirit's lofty, unfolding destiny; and voices, musically low and sweet, chanted in her ear, "Thou must be strong for this, thy mission and ours; thou must be bold, and brave, and true, as down-trodden women seldem dare be. Thou must cast off the shackles of tyrannic fashion, of heartless conventionalities. But thy heart is pure. We will this night lead thee through many scenes. Come, and behold the hidden motives of action, the incentives to wrong, that warp mankind, and make thy earth the battle-field of contention. Be brave, and fear not; far away from the scenes of strife and discord, we will lead thee to the realms of the unseen, thou dost vainly yearn for."

A dark cloud obscured the gloriously-studded dome of night. A wailing wind swept by, and for a moment the angry waves dashed against the frail bark's side. Then a looming and barren shore appeared, and frowning upon the dark, sluggish waters, a proud castle reared its many turrets, and a broad flag waved from it battlements. The boat touched the shore, and fearlessly Minna stepped upon the unknown ground, and passed up the dark grey stairs leading to the gloomy portal.

It was a spacious building, with many halls and corridors, and luxurious chambers, all extravagantly decorated, supplied with all the appurtenances of wealth and case. Rich pictures graced the walls, but they were representations of kingly festival or courtly games, scenes from the lives of earth's powerful and noted ones-her kings, and queens, and blood stained warriors; portraits of mailed knights and scornfully-smiling aristocratic dames. No peasant maiden's girlish and innocent beauty smiled from the golden frame; no lowly child of God asserted there the nobility of Nature's loveliness: no sunmy infant head shope there, garlanded with the offerings of maternal love; no wildwood scene or rural Sectival there delighted the eye; no exquisite, grouping of flowers no imitation of Nature's smiling or record president no artist's lofty inspiration; no principle of the princi was in accordance with the distance of a collect un-

was in keeping—the downy cushions, the yielding to untold wrong, to premature death. velvet lounges, the claborate gilding, the costly, showy She wandered on, guided and upheld by unseen the precious moments of existence in indolent apa- thing he was. And Minna sighed and pitied him. thy, indifferent to the weal or woe of others. Around their luxurious repose Minna beheld fantastic shapes the promptings of idleness—the whispering forms of brought the sorrow. premeditated wrong, twining around unguarded hearts-around souls unwatched by prayerful effort. restrained their holy tears. Nature's holiest gifts had been perverted to unholy uses; at the shrine of fashion, beneath the crushing despotism of custom, they had offered up their unperverted feelings-their womanly emotions, their loftiest, tenderest aspirations! Artificial aid had supplanted the natural roses, chased from their pallid cheeks by nightly feast and unseasonable revelry. At the holy name of Love they thrilled not with the spirit's consciousness; they sought earth's holiest tie with him who owned the broadest lands and the largest retinue.

even amid the dazzling light and perfumed air of the dawn of light! festive hall. She heard the tones of discord stealing the seeming affection; and the triumphant music seemed to ring with a mocking echo to the feigned laughter of breaking hearts! For she saw mothers, vanity into innocent, receptive hearts. Matrons and daughters that wealth and fashionable display were the only good attainable; that worldly distinction was earthly happiness, and was to be pursued as angel face with the evil eye of lust. With the soulsoft voice of adulation. And she saw the withered | truth." hearts that lived in outward semblance of the world's unconscious of that soul's deception.

On, amid the gay, laughing throng, the dreamwanderer beheld sweet smiles beaming approval on fulsome flattery and coarse witticism, the maiden's never wears rested in open admiration on her face ground! and form. She saw husband and wife studiously polite to each other in society, while she read their wife reached not their souls. Mothers turned away ed, she knew she was in-heaven! their appealing infants, to the courtly flatterers bestifled the accusing voice within.

repulsed her!

the desecrated love, the broken vows, the ruined peace, the bleeding hearts; and she wept to think clime; and all the fabled treasures of the Eastern that in pursuit of a false happiness, God's children lands pour forth; give expression to the most ex darkened their souls, and extinguished the beacon, alted vision of the poet and the seer; take the lights of heaven.

shade; no purling streamlets wind. But miserable the angel glory of its blest inhabitants! huts were creeted there, that shook with every meaning blast; and within them dwelt wretched despairing creatures; children of the same God that formed those carcless revellers. But the miserable dependents of the heartlessly rich, were not admitted to the great castle's gatherings. Their doom was to toil and wear out life in the service of their fellows; to weave and spin, and sew, and wait, and beg; that the favored ones of fortune might rest on downy cushions, and eat from golden plates. In those creaking, tottering huts, dwelt wretched mothers, augging skeleton babes to their wasted breasts; and men, whose energies had been extinguished by bitter adversity, whose household loys and comforts had forever gone, whose faith had fled, to whom love and sympathy seemed a bitter mookery; to whom annihilation were happiness.

And the tall steeple of a fashionable church loomed heavenward: and the dainty congregation sat in velvet-covered pews, and the atmosphere was redo lent of perfume, and satins rustled, plumes and jewels gleamed; while in those sunless dwellings of the poor, prayers gave place to curses, and the once imploring hand was upraised in implous menace and

The dreamer saw and shuddered, as she beheld the curse of selfishness darkening the homes and hearts of earth. She beheld labor, that boon of heaven, perverted and made a heavy burden. She saw strong men staggering beneath Its accumulated load, and frail women bending wearily beneath the dread infliction, while the aristocratic drones, the privileged idlers, lived upon their life-blood, and clothed themselves with vestments that were stained with tears and anguished suffering; vestments over which dying eyelids closed, and death-oold fingers loosened. They dwelt in palatial mansions, erected by fraud and force, by the withholding of earth's universal, boundless gifts, by the few from the many.

ture, all bent to the heartless sway of custom. All heaven from the soul, and doomed millions to slavery,

vaces, filled with rare exotics, the lace and damask powers. She saw the miser clutching his gold, hangings, the gleaming marble, the mirrors that and exulting in the happiness it gave, and she read were reflected on every side. And along the arching his soul, and saw there remorse, and fear, and corridors passed a jostling, hurrying throng, eager anxiety, and she knew that human sympathy had for display, and for the search of pleasure. On been withheld, and stern disappointments had warped downy sofas reposed youthful forms, frittering away the affections, and made him the spring unnatural

She passed through darkened, loveless homes, and saw the false smiles hiding a breaking heart, and of Error, huge and distorted, hovering. She beheld she knew that the mistaken search for happiness had

She beheld the holiest relations of life perverted, and law and custom sanction wrong and wretched-The brains of beautiful young girls were marked by ness. She heard the true God vilified by profane, the signet of falsehood; they smiled false smiles, and unworthy lips, calling themselves His exponents and in sacredotal robes she beheld bigotry enshrined, unrebuked, giving forth its mandates of oppression.

She beheld the white ensign of religion waving above the graves of the early dead, of the youthful martyrs to fanaticism and cruel superstition. She saw the barriers of a mocking belief, upraised between loving devoted hearts; and in blazing letters of fire, the denunciations of fallible men given unto their brethren! The wandering, seeking spirit, wept in pain, and the voice of her soul called aloud to God for redress, for light, and truth, and love, to illumi-Gazing on these faces, so decked with hollow smiles, nate the earth! And the Father's mighty spirit Minna's spirit shuddered; an icy chill pervaded it, answered with prophetic tone, and heralded the

From the darkness, and the surrounding sorrow amid the whispered flatteries, the ardent declarations, the spirit of Minna emerged, and a brighter landscape lay before her. Large forests stretched along the sea-bound shore, and ascending pathways led to opening vistas of beauty and delight. There were perverting their sacred ministry, instilling pride and vine-enciroled cottages along the path, and carefully tended gardens told of cultivated taste and beautygrey-haired men were there, teaching their sons and seeking eyes. Little children sported in the fields. and by the glassy brooks; mothers, young and beautiful, held angel-babes within their arms. Old age was vigorous, and manhood's brow unwrinkled life's chief aim. And young men turned from the by the disfiguring hand of care; the maiden's eye Ideal of God within their souls, to worship the famed was bright with inward joy, the living rose of health and toasted beauty of the worldly belle; and with re- bloomed on her cheek; the young man's face wore pelling scorn they turned from the modest, winning no degrading impress; for the reign of purity had loveliness of the lowly maiden, or gazed upon her commenced on earth, and the laws of being were understood. Beside God's altar stood true, plighted reading eye of the spirit, Minna beheld how the pure hearts; no perjured wows were ever uttered there. nature of woman, can be led astray by the constraints | Pain and disease were banished; the transition hour of artificial life; how she exchanges the love of home | was one of quiet and holy joy. From other spheres and true beauty, for the excitement of fashion and and planets, angels came, and communed with men; frivolity-the melodies of nature and truth for the and God was truly worshipped "in spirit and in

How the heart of the dreamer expanded beneath standard of happiness, beneath this tyrannic rod. the paradiscan skies and scenes of the regenerated She beheld affianced lovers, sitting hand in hand, earth! How throbbed her heart with holy thankwhile the maiden's heart beat loud and indignantly fulness, as she beheld the vain distinctions of creed in protest of the inflicted wrong that bound her to and station swept into deserved oblivion, and the an uncongenial mate; but her lips smiled falsely, and brotherhood of man established; as she beheld the his eyes resting her face, saw naught but its beauty, newly founded cities of the world basking in supernal light, and found that intelligence, love and goodness was to all awarded.

"Come, come up yet higher!" whispered a strain of melody, and from earth's highest summit, the eye wearing no rebuke as the bold gaze that true love happy dreamer looked, and fell in worship to the

There, where the rosy, golden, and azure clouds formed a veil of glory, the waiting angels stood, with thoughts, and knew them harsh, cold and cruel, in smiling, extended hands, with brows flashing superthe retirement of home. Children trembled at a ty- nal lustre, with the white robes of immortality, the rant father's approach. In society, the wealthy palm branch, and the consecrated crown! And the gamester and inebriate were courted-no one re- veil was withdrawn that hid that inner glory, and proached them, and the spirit eyes of the departed when, her dazzled vision restored, the dreamer look-

There-oh! the breezes were melodious; it was side them; and when pure young girls smiled on the hymn to which the earth-songs were the prewealthy libertines, mothers nodded approval, and lude—that angelic voices sang; and from a silvergleaming temple in the distance delicious music In one deserted chamber, Minna found a wretched, rolled, and joy-bells chimed. The golden light, fighle haggard old woman, bent with age, and clad streaming from heavens yet above and remote, ilin rags. Her youth had been passed in fashionable lumined the interlucing bowers, where the spirit of gayety-in devotion to the world. Now that age had poesy brooded, beside the crystal founts of inspiracome, coupled with poverty, she was deserted by the tion, that reflected the jeweled flowers of that land very society that once had knelt in servile homage to of joy. Afar the ocean stretched in blue, majestic her wealth and beauty. And this pitiable, abject, beauty, and white birds skimmed athwart the dazdeserted being, lone and tottering on the verge of sling sky, proclaiming the Great Creator's praise in transition, begged alms of those that now scornfully ecstatic floods of melody. And the homes—the vales. the gardens! mortal pen may not portray, language Minna wept and passed on; pondering over the fails to give their divine, undreamt of beauty. Gaze holy gifts perverted, the pure aspirations crushed; upon the painter's highest conception of ideal realms of blessedness; blend all the gorgeousness of India's splendor of earth's assembled royalty, the wealth of As she passed the gloomy, portals, she saw that all nations; the conceptions of beauty and sublimity he land around was waste and arid. No flowers of all past ages -and fail to convey to earthly undercould bloom in that heartless soil; no trees give standing the supernal beauties of that divine abode;

> The angel throng surrounded the enrapt and silent dreamer, their hands blessed her for the initiation began, and their counsel thrilled and herved her woman's soul. "Return to earth," their chaunting voices said: " be thou one of the pioneers of the new light about to be shed on the world. Faint not nor falter, though many storms shall assail thee, and many arrows pierce thy side. Thy home awaits thee, here. Go, now, fulfill thy mission; let thy feeble voice be heard in defence of God's laws, in defence of truth and purity. A few years of earth wandering, of painful effort, and the crown shall be thine, the angel's call !"

The rosy and golden weil was spread before her longing gaze, and the delicious music ceased. Through mist and clouds the trembling dreamer passed to where the light skiff was moored on the sanded, barren shore, over which the castle darkly frowned. Silently she entered and unloosed the sails, and the dream-bank drifted slowly o'er the murmuring ocean, whose melody was tame to her who had listened to the hymning of celestial choirs. The moonbeams were pale to one who had basked in the sunrays of the spirit land; but with white hands meekly folded across her breast, Minns vowed obedience; vowed to live for Heaven, for the fulfillment of her glorious mission.

The flower-decked, lightly swaying dream-bark stayed its course. On the shores of the actual life it rested; the day of labor and effort awaited the sleeper; but Minna's soul guarded the revelations of night—the Ideal which is the true.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7, 1858.

We know a very worthy wife who was recently half frightened out of her senses by an ominous sentence in a letter from her hinsband. He said, "There is no telegraph office in this willage, but, if I do not The dreamer weps; and said knew that earth's write to you to-morrow from Pittsburgh I shall ourse was selfishness, that it shut out the view of " despatch you."

Among the "Notices to Correspondents" in a journal not remarkable for its regard to propriety, there appeared the following: DECEMOY came too late to ROMANCE, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INhave a place in our paper this week." Another

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 9, 11, 3, 9, 11 is a vegetable. My 12, 10, 11 is a weapon.

My 4, 3, 1 is the sail of a vessel.

My 5, 6, 7 is a kind of cured meat. My 1, 2, 8, 12 is a sailing vessel.

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Answer to No. 2:-- Hon. Charles Sumner.

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