

BANNER LIGHT.



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AGNES,

THE STEP-MOTHER:

OR

THE CASTLE OF THE SEA.

A Tale of the Tropics.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Chapter XXII.—Continued.

Soon the youthful figure was attired in the soft, cloud-like, floating dress, which was of white satin, with an over-skirt of richest lace. This skirt was looped up at the sides, with sprigs of orange flowers, and clusters of pearl. A fall of lace, of the style now known as *Berthe*, adorned the neck; it was gathered on the shoulders with knots of pearl. The soft lace of her sleeve fell to the elbow, leaving bare the round, white arm.

A ribbon, thickly studded with pearls, terminating in two long ends of fringed white silk, was passed around her waist, and confined by a diamond buckle. White satin slippers encased her fairy-like feet; a costly bracelet of pearls and diamonds glittered upon her left arm; pendants, and a brooch of diamonds, and a necklace of pearl completed her attire—all but the crowning veil and emblematic wreath.

"Where is my veil, Nelly?" said the beautiful and radiant bride; "it is not here, with the rest; please get it for me, or stay; I will go and ask grandmother myself—she has the keys of my wardrobe."

"Shure! an' that's a fact, Miss Eva, darlint! the ould—I mane the ould mistress, has the keys of everything; an' meself seed her a-folldin' away the vale, an' a strokin' of the garlin' as was bobbin' about like live flowers, bedad! But ye looks—Miss Eva—like an' express how I feels, to look at ye, darlin', ye're like a pictur, or a beautiful himage, or a dressed-up saint—ye are, honey! bedad, you is!" said Nelly, in an ecstasy of admiration.

Eva entered Mrs. Greyson's room, softly, on tiptoe. The old lady was seated in her easy chair, a table drawn up before her, on which burned a lamp of cocoa-nut oil. She held her prayer-book in her hand, but her spectacles had fallen off, and as she sat with her back towards the doorway, Eva, stealing behind her on tiptoe, smiled mischievously as she saw that her grandmother held the sacred volume upside down. Eva lightly touched her shoulder.

"Good Lord! what's that?" she shrieked, suddenly awakened from her reverie.

"Why, it's only little Eva, dear grandmother!" said the young girl, advancing, and with difficulty restraining a laugh.

"Eva!—is that you? Good heavenly mercy! I was so scared! oh!" she drew a deep breath; "don't do that again, child! I'm getting old and nervous; you might be the death of your old grandmother. But what have you got on? Going to a ball? Come nearer, pet! As I live! she's got her wedding dress on! oh, gold pet! You've tried it on ever so many times; it's ill luck to keep it on that way, lovey! I'm not superstitious, but what made you put on that dress to-night?"

"Felix wishes to see me as I shall appear to-morrow. Come, dear grandmother! do indulge little Eva once more. Let me have my veil, please! I must present myself in full array. Please be quick, dear grandmother—Felix is waiting."

"Oh! child, child!" cried the old lady; "you make me do all you want. Well, darling! here's the key. Nelly, go open the wardrobe, and bring me the tortoiseshell box, Eva's veil is in it." She surveyed her granddaughter with tear-filled eyes, and, extending her arms, exclaimed: "Come to your poor old grandmother's arms, my pet! my merry, golden singing bird! my little joy! my innocent darling! You are your poor old grandmother's only consolation! My little angel! my Emilia's child!" and the sobbing old woman tenderly embraced the young bride, whose heart, touched to its inmost depths by mention of her mother's name, melted in tenderness, dissolved in tears, as she clung around her grandmother's neck, weeping with mingled joy and regret.

"Hush, hush, darling!" soothingly said Mrs. Greyson, while she controlled her own emotions; "don't cry, love, it's ill luck! Come, put on the veil, and hurry to your Don Felix; don't keep him waiting."

Nelly assisted Eva to arrange her veil; the trembling fingers of the old grandmother assisting also.

open-mouthed admiration at the beautiful bride. At sound of the "old one's" voice and her name, she crouched down behind the curtain, shaking her ebony fist, making most irreverent grimaces at her old mistress.

Eva looked resplendently beautiful. The rich blonde veil fell cloud-like and silvery around her form. The rich dress, with its waving folds of lace, the glittering gems, the pure white wreath of orange blossoms, that trembled with every motion of her graceful head—to the eye of poet or of painter, Eva, with her dewy eyes, her resplendent, yet gentle beauty, would have served for poet or painter's embodiment of the spiritual lustre, the love-like beauty, and poetic radiance of the evening star. So bright, yet cloud-like, so serene and trembling with its own love-guarded joy.

Eva would have appeared before her step-mother, as she then was, as she then felt; but she must no longer keep Felix waiting. As she neared the wardrobe, she heard voices. That of her betrothed, raised high in anger or displeasure, and the quick, deprecating tones of his French valet, Pierre. As she passed the threshold of the moon-lighted verandah, she saw that the countenance of her lover was flushed and perturbed; Pierre was standing in a respectful attitude before him, his hands folded upon his breast. She would have retired, but his eye was upon her; he saw her in her resplendent beauty and bridal array; he hastily ordered Pierre to depart, and composing his troubled features, a hypocritical smile played around his lips, as he advanced to meet his bride.

"What is it, dear Felix?" she said, extending both hands, and looking anxiously into his face; "what has occurred? you appear vexed."

"It is nothing—nothing of importance, dearest!" he replied, pushing back the jet-black hair from his forehead. "That scamp Pierre has been been disobeying orders—never mind. I can forgive; you know how merciful I am," and a gleam of malice shot from his deep, black eyes.

"I know you are good and forgiving!" fondly replied the young girl.

"Come hither, Eva! I must talk to you. I have much to say to you. Come, take this seat; you will be half in the shadow of these trailing vines and sweet jasmines, while the flickering moon-beams will play around you, forming a poetic picture. You know I possess an artistic eye. How beautiful and regal you look!" he continued, seating himself beside her, and still holding her passive hand.

"Eva, my angel! you have often vowed your love, not with superfluous words, but with looks and tones and sweet kindling glances—dearer than any wealth of words! I am about to put this love of yours to a test. What happiness is mine, to behold you thus, that loving heart in its pure, guileless innocence, all dedicated to me! those beaming ornaments, that virginal attire, in which you bloom—a queen in grace and beauty—all for me, for my love! is it not so?" he said, in his softest tones, while he tenderly gazed into her soulful eyes, upraised to his, in timid questioning.

"Yes!" she murmured, modestly veiling those speaking eyes; all—all for you, Felix!"

"Listen, Eva!" he said; and he drew her close to him. "To-morrow was to have been our wedding day, but evil fate has ordained otherwise. Do not start, my beloved! Circumstances, which, at present, I cannot detail to you, have occurred. We must postpone our marriage."

"Has anything occurred to father, Felix? Oh, you look so anxious! tell me—oh, tell me, I entreat you!"

"Pierre Malin saw your father six days ago; he was somewhat harassed with business cares, but quite well."

"Thank God!" sighed Eva. "But what has occurred to trouble you? will you not tell me?" she implored.

"I cannot—at present, darling! And I must leave you to-morrow."

"Oh, Felix! something dreadful has occurred! oh, tell me at once—I implore you! You do not look as if your worst—oh, let me share your sorrows!"

"Eva, is your love strong enough to bear sorrow and privation for me?"

"Try me! oh, try me!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "You have, perhaps, lost your fortune. It is that that troubles you! Fear not to tell me!" Again the mocking smile disfigured his lip; he

looked at her searchingly, as if to read her very soul. She colored beneath that steady, ardent gaze.

"Eva! beware of what you promise! you may retract."

"Never! never! so help me heaven!" she fervently replied, her eyes upraised to the moonlit and starry tropic sky.

"Eva! circumstances forbid that I should raise you to that grandeur, elevate you to that station I once proudly hoped for and offered you. I stand before you impoverished, forsaken by fortune! Do you retract your pledged faith?"

"No! oh, no! I love you now as ever. I will share your humblest lot! My father is wealthy, he will assist us."

"My poor Eva! Thanks for your magnanimous love! your unfaltering constancy. But, must I lift the veil, and let you see the stern reality? I must. Your father, my Eva, has met with severe losses; he, too, stands upon the brink. We must be poor; can you submit, my Eva?"

"Poor, poor father!" she cried, with tear-filled eyes, and palling cheek; "that accounts for his abstraction, his troubled looks! oh, poor, dear father! alone, and in sorrow, dear father, would he were home again!"

"But your answer, Eva!" cried Felix. "You speak only of your father; he is well, and may retrieve his losses. Why mourn for him, when I am rich?"

"Is it not my duty?" she replied in a gently rebuking tone. "Do I not owe all life's best gifts to him? has he not sanctified my love for you! Oh, Felix, can I do less than sorrow for my poor, troubled father? Can a bad daughter, ever become a good wife? Need you ask me whether I submit to forego the glitter and the falsities of life for you? Felix, do you doubt me? Do you think I prefer wealth and indolence, to love and toil? Oh, you mistake the heart of Eva!"

"But, child! innocent, unworried child that you are! there is no poverty in poverty; you, so refined and elegant, you would have to wear the plainest dresses, and live on coarse, plain food! There would be no beauty in your surroundings; but toll, rude, unaccustomed household labor would await you. Eva, reflect!"

"Felix!" she replied, rising and standing before him, and speaking in solemn, measured tones, "I'm a young girl, unaccustomed to the world, used to luxury from my very cradle. I love the sweet repose, the indolence of this my tropic life. I know not what want, or labor, or privation is. But there is in me an inexhaustible fund of endurance, that called forth, can battle severely with adversity, and win in the contest. I think deeply, dear Felix! You know I am unlike most young girls of my age; and I have always felt that there are elements in my nature that needed calling forth by some powerful appeal. Let then adversity bring to light my slumbering energies, my soul's capacities! I have been delicately reared—I can be strong for those I love! Some call me proud—it is only scorn that I manifest against falsehood, against calumny, against wrong! I can be—oh, so humble, where my heart reveres and loves! Doubt me not, beloved! I can be happy in the humblest cot. I can cast off these trappings without one sigh of regret. I can be gloriously, divinely happy, in the sunshine of your love!"

"Then you retract not your love me still?" Don Felix cried, as if overjoyed at the discovery, and again possessing himself of her hand. She gazed upon him with her whole soul in her face, its rapt enthusiasm and high resolve impressed on every feature, glowing on her cheeks, flashing in defiant courage; in all-conquering love, from her deep starry eyes!

"My love is unchangeable, and will last while life remains and you prove worthy," she said, the crimson deepening on her cheeks.

"While I prove worthy!" he exclaimed, as a pensive shadow settled on his fine face, and he rolled quashed the hand he held, with a long-drawn sigh.

"But if I were to tell you that I am unworthy of the love and trust with which your pure eyes regard me—that I have committed wrongs—faults—errors—how then, my Eva? Could you forgive me and love me still?"

And he gracefully knelt before her, in a humble posture of repentant sorrow. The full moon's light played on his upturned face, revealing its faultless outline, its perfect beauty.

A shade of regret, a quickly passing flush of astonishment were all the signs she gave; but her voice was sweet and clear, and love-laden, as she replied—

"I should forgive you—pray for you—love you still! I know you are worthy—repentant man. You have done wrong, my beloved! You cannot have sinned deeply, your soul is too pure—your aspirations are too elevated. God pardons even the vilest sinner; can Eva even harbor a doubt of your worthiness? Kneel not before me; that is a posture to be assumed before God alone! Have you aught else to ask me?"

But he remained at her feet, gazing pleadingly, admiringly upon her, as if mutely questioning her heart. Eva smiled sweetly, proudly, reassuringly. Still holding her hand, kneeling at her feet, he gazed upon her innocent face; still Eva smiled unconscious of evil, no doubt within her breast, no presentiment upon her soul. Poor Eva!

"Then I have read aright!" he said at length, with all the fascination of his nature thrown into look and voice. "You love me! you will not retract."

You will not believe them, if accusers encompass me, and seek to render me vile in your eyes?"

Eva replied not in words. She smiled, that sweet, confiding, reassuring smile of love and faith!

"One more proof of the angelic goodness that is to gild my future life with joy! You will be mine in spite of all obstacles, all opposition, all outward influences? You will accompany me, to-morrow, to Valencia? not as we first had planned—but at night, when all is still—when all are sleeping?"

"Then you renounce your first idea of—you will not remain at *Cutiglio del mar*? I will accompany you whither, and whenever you choose. But my dear grandmother, Agnes!"

"I shall explain all. But you consent—you will go with him you love?" he queried anxiously, eagerly, still kneeling at her feet, still showering the magnetism of his glance upon her.

"I will!" she fervently replied. "I will go wherever you lead, and prove to you—the love—that words!"

She blushed deeply at her own confession, and Don Felix rising to his feet, strained her to his breast in a sudden, passionate embrace.

"You will not retract; you will be firm and faithful!" he whispered, smoothing back the waved chestnut hair from her candid brow, and imprinting there a long and fervent kiss—the first!

"I will! so help me Heaven!" she said. "But the company that has been invited—the preparations—would I had known!"

"The company was not to assemble until ten o'clock, and we were to proceed to the *Ermita del Carmen*; is it not so, Eva?"

"Yes, and Mr. Olden was to come quite early."

"Well, dearest! in the morning send your people to those invited, and let them know that circumstances have occurred that render the postponement of your marriage necessary. I will also tell Isabella to let the *La Toma* people know."

"They will think it strange; but I see, you wish to have no ostentation, no false appearances. I honor you for this proof of manly independence, Felix!" said the still unsuspecting girl.

"Yes, my darling! let us have no false appearances. And do not say a word to Agnes or your grandmother; they are—well, I will not say aught. Oh, no! they would not. Grandmother is somewhat peculiar, and rather fond of ostentation; she will be disappointed, but her heart is good, dear old soul! She will not oppose her little Eva's happiness. And Agnes—I must tell her all you have decided on."

"Eva, do I understand you aright? You would tell Agnes, who is my sworn enemy! tell your grandmother, who is such a stickler for forms and customs?"

"Why not, dearest?" Surely you would not counsel me to keep our departure a secret, because our circumstances are altered. Wherefore should I refrain from letting them all know? I know your pride recoils from confessing that you cannot take your bride to a stately home. Grandmother knows how much I love you; Agnes has herself felt poverty. Fear no opposition from them."

"I do not fear them," he replied, encircling her waist with his arm, and speaking in low, tender tones. "But I ask this one proof of my Eva's devotion—tell them not. Leave this place with me! Circumstances compel me to leave it. Leave with me—bless me with your love—your angel self! He had enfolded her in his arms, her drooping brow rested on his shoulder; but a strange disquiet stole upon her heart, even in that close, secure embrace. She turned her full grey eyes in sudden questioning upon him; he interpreted rightly their mute inquiry.

"Leave with me, my love! heedless of the world, its sarcasms and its judgment! prove the strength of your affection. Leave home and friends for me!" "I will, for God and you!" she solemnly answered; "but not secretly, never clandestinely! Wedded in the sight of God, why not proclaim our intentions to the world?"

"Because present circumstances prevent it, Eva; because I cannot wed you to-morrow, as I stated before. We must wait, and I am going to leave *La Toma* to-morrow night. Yet I would not leave without my bride!"

"Felix—I do not understand you. You cannot mean—how can I leave—what do you mean—I cannot comprehend!"—faltered Eva with rising disquiet, blushing, she knew not why, while she quietly strove to disengage herself from his encircling arms.

"Eva! is it possible that I have been misunderstood? that I shall have to battle with your prejudices and superstitions? Eva, can you refuse so small a sacrifice to me? I—who can win the richest lady in the land? Will you retract after your solemn promise?"

Eva passed her hand across her brow, as if to cool her thoughts; a dread weight seemed to have fallen suddenly upon her heart; the color died out of her face, she turned her eyes full upon him, his own yet unfaltering bent upon her; the magnetism of his glance striving for mastery over her soul. She said in a calm, deliberate manner, never withdrawing her gaze from his face, bending not, coloring no more beneath that fixed and ardent look—

"What is it you ask me, Felix? I do not comprehend you. What is it I must do to fulfill my promise, to prove my love?"

Again he pressed her to his heart, and whispered in her ear—

"You must become mine, without the sanction of

priest or custom! You must fly with me, leaving all for the love you bear me."

No sound escaped the lips of the young girl; she rested, cold, still, and passive within his arms; he thought the triumph gained, one more soul added to his list of victims. The hand he held grew cold as ice; he gazed down upon her face; it was bent forward, hidden by the folds of the bridal veil. The orange flowers of the emblematic wreath waved and trembled in the night air; the moonbeams falling through intermingling flowers and foliage, shed fantastic dancing gleams athwart the bridal dress. The pearly ornaments shone with the native lustre of sea-born beauty, beneath that glorious, softening light.

"Speak to me, darling! You consent—do you not? You are mine, mine forever!" he whispered. But the demon triumph was short-lived.

With strength that could not have been sought for in one so young and delicate, she cast aside his encircling arms, drew her imprisoned hand from his, and retreating some paces stood still, confronting him, with arms crossed resolutely over her bosom, with face pale as sculptured marble, with great dilated eyes and quivering lips!

He advanced towards her, entreating her to speak. She gazed steadily upon him, life and expression gathered into her deep eyes; she looked at him, fixedly, unwaveringly, a scornful, bitter smile upon her gentle lips, her bosom heaving with the rising tide of indignation.

"Eva, my love, what ails you?" he cried, endeavoring to possess himself of her hand. She drew back haughtily—imperially defiant! her form erect with the pride of insulted womanhood, a withering scorn darting electric flashes from the erst love-like eyes. She spoke in a voice at first deep and calm in its very concentration, that gradually grew passionate and shrill, and loud and menacing, as that of an ascending angel!

"Have I heard you aright, Felix Rivero? Did you mean to propose to me, Eva Golding, to leave friends and home, your unwedded companion? Do you dare to impute to me forgetfulness of my highest duties? Do you call this love? Is this your promised protection? What mean you? You could not have been in earnest! This insult to me, your betrothed, who was to have been your wife to-morrow! foot woman's loftiest obligations—your honor! You dare not so far forget yourself!"

Dark clouds gathered on the brow of the baffled Felix, his eyes gleamed with a lurid fire, pallor overspread his countenance. To toy with human hearts, to revel in the desecration of human souls, had become a necessity to him. But he had never before met with such determined opposition, such bold defiance! This startling energy enlisted on the side of injured purity, it was indeed a novelty. He had found woman weak and yielding beneath the spells of his fascinations. He read in Eva's scornful glance the death seal of his unhallowed hopes. The overwhelming fact startled him, that the proud, pure girl before him, would be the victor, while he was compelled to retire, a baffled schemer! As is usual in such cases, and in such perverted natures, a feeling that was almost hate, in its bitterness and intensity, filled his soul; and he determined on that last resource of disappointed cruelty—revenge. He could not win to sin, he would bend to sorrow, that proud young head, so undaunted and erect in virtuous majesty.

"Yes, Eva!" he replied in distinct, emphatic tones. "I meant all I said. I cannot marry you—and I judged your love all powerful. I would have you fly with me—unknown to friends or guardians. I see that I have mistaken you."

"You have mistaken me—false! vile! treacherous that you are! Approach me not! Oh, Agnes! Agnes! your gentle warnings were all too true! You thought to win me to sin? Oh, mother! sainted guardian mother! you have shielded your mistaken child. Poor father! you have been sadly misled! my grandmother, too—this poor deluded heart of mine! to enshrine one so unworthy. Go, sir! I would be alone. Leave my presence, sir! I command you!" and Eva pointed to the stairway, impatiently stamping her foot. He stood, silently regarding her, with folded arms, his lips curling with a smile of mockery.

"Softly, softly, my little tigress!" he said; "this is a new phase of your character, quite unlooked for. Angry, angelic Eva?—it becomes you, however. So you definitely refuse to follow, my fortunes?" Eva looked her reply in a withering glance, with a gesture of repelling scorn.

"Well! so be it. You retract from your promise. Well, you may do so: you dismiss me from your presence too? you may do so to-day; to-morrow I shall return, and we shall see who is master in *Cutiglio del mar*! But before I leave you, I must give you a lesson, fair lady! it will serve you for future contingencies. You are altogether too confiding, too credulous; and then again you are not half confident enough; you are very enthusiastic in your worship of holiness, a zealot in your admiration of all noble traits. Ha! ha! ha! Don't shudder because I laugh, 'tis natural for me to scoff at human credulity; you are not the first woman who believed me an angel. Listen now, and mind you don't scream or faint, for I'll neither attempt to pacify you or catch you in my arms—now. All that Frank Wylie, that accursed blue-eyed fool, told your proud step-mother of me is true; every word of it! And that is not one half of the noble achievements of my life. Ha! ha! ha! Am I worthy of your love, pure angel?—say, snow-white seraph, spiritual Eva, dreamer! fantastic fool! am I worthy?"

I have noticed that purses will hold, rather than
leak as pounds.
I have noticed that tombstones say, "Here be
resteth," which, no doubt, is often the truth. But
one could see the epitaphs that friends sometimes
leave, they would surely believe they had got the

Poetry.

THE JESTER'S SERMON.

The jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair;
The parson laughed, the women screamed, and tossed their heads;
The sexton whistled, stag-hounds bayed, the lap-dog barked
without;
The sexton dropped the piteous brown, the cook called at the lout.
The steward, counting out his gold, let his pouch and money fall.
And why? Because the jester rose to say grace in the hall!

The page played with the heron's plume, the slowest with his chain;
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they turned red,
But still the jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head;
And when they grew a little still, he read half-a-yard of text,
And waving hand, struck on the desk—then frowned, like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.
In a thousand pounds of law, I find not a single ounce of love.

A blind man killed the parson's cow, in shooting at the dove.
The fool that eats till he is sick, must fast till he is well.
The wooer who can flatter most, will bear away the bell.
Let no man halloo, he is safe till he is through the wood.
He who will not when he may, must tarry when he should.
He who laughs at crooked men, should need walk very straight."

Oh, he who once has won a name, may lie a-bed till he is old,
Make haste to purchase house and land. Be very slow to fold.

True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.
The friar, preaching, cursed the thief, the pudding in his ale,
To fish for sprats, with golden hooks, is foolish, by your leave.

To travel well—on ass's ears, app's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.
He does not care a pin for thieves, who limps about and begs.
Be always first man at a feast, and last man at a fray.
The shortest way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.

When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's not much for the clerk.
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up, the storm grows dark.
Then loud they laughed. The fat cook's tears ran down into the pan;
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can;
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed.
And why? Because the motley fool so wise a sermon made!

Written for the Banner of Light.

ELLA MAYWOOD;

OR,

The Vision of the Tower.

I doubt if there is anything more appalling to the human mind than the fancied sight of a spectre; that bodily ideality, yet seemingly embodied reality, which rivets the gaze, while it freezes the warm current of the life-blood. In vain we try to grasp and reconcile with reason this illusion as a familiar and tangible thing.

Thus it was with the inhabitants of the village of Deerfield, when their peace was disturbed by the appearance of such a phenomenon on and around their old church tower, that highly revered and respectable place of public worship.

This sacred church, endeared by time, service, and association, as the foundation whereon was grounded in faith the spiritual ladder of the soul's salvation, leading to the very gate of heaven.

It still bore, in outward appearance, points and arches of its old gothic architecture, whose corner stone and religion were established by the devout pilgrims of primitive Deerfield, yet had a modernized aspect, which gave evidence that some latter-day saint had admitted new lights, with more aspiring faith, in the tower and steeple, if not upon the altar.

This was accomplished by an eccentric, yet eloquent preacher, who, for many years, filled the pulpit with gospel dignity and piety, swaying the hearts of his people, and building up the church, materially and spiritually, in his own peculiar faith, doctrine, and ideas of church architecture. At last, his soul having grown to the height of immortality, his body was laid to rest in the old vault beneath the church tower.

The church stood upon a rising eminence—as all true churches should, spiritually, if not materially—looking over, but not overlooking, the inhabitants of Deerfield. The old sexton dwelt in a small chapel adjoining, formerly consecrated to service, now made useful as a lodging. The parsonage was but a stone's throw from the church, and the tall shadow of the steeple, at sunset, fell over its threshold in holy silence, leaving its sanctity on the hearts of its inmates.

One of the church's own members, a communionist and vestry exhorter, a charitable fund subscriber and doer, a woman of respectability, of good position in church and society, a woman of large liberality, of imagination and counsel, yet somewhat remarkable for credulity, in passing the church one eve, at sunset, was nearly exterminated by some awful spectacle which she beheld in the church tower.

The report spread like fire on a prairie—as village gossip ever does—that Miss S—, in passing the church, had seen a vision on the tower, "a woman in her grave clothes, which had so frightened her, that she ran all the way home, without stopping or looking back."

This report, idle as it seemed, reached the ears of her pastor, and, given to her astonishment, and the people who had much to her credence, they were religiously chastised for their morbid state of spirituality.

The next visionist was a wee lad, returning home in full glee with his father's cows. He, also, was seen running through the village at full speed, pale as death, without hat and all his hair on end, "like quills upon the fretted porcupine," his cows in full chase after him, which drew the attention of every housekeeper, wife, mother, and guardian, who were anxious for the boy's welfare.

The story ran thus: "He reached his home, fell at the feet of his mother, pale as death, all of a tremble, his teeth chattering so that he could not speak for half an hour or more, and then, between tears, fright, and shakings from his mother, who feared this wee lad had lost his wits, he related the awful affair."

how, just as he was passing the church, whistling and thinking nothing at all of the white woman that Miss S— had seen, he took up a stone, and just flung it, to see how high he could scale it; and then the woman came right out of the tower and looked at him so awfully, that he never could go to church again—no, never."

This lad's story added much to the strength of the report of Miss S—, and many believed fearfully. It also elicited another sermon from the pastor, more severe than the former. "But as moral and spiritual flagellation seldom cures the weak eyes of child or woman, so, in the case of the vision of the tower, neither Miss S— or the lad retraced; but asserted it as a positive thing.

On the very same day that the parson preached his sermon on the Holy Sabbath, while the shadow of the high tower fell across his threshold, while the last rays of the setting sun yet lingered on the golden vane, kissing his good night, the parson's wife was looking forth in holy meditation on the silent sleepers in the church-yard, and on one little grave where the mother's eye loved to linger; but as her eyes turned from that little grave to where his spirit, in imagination, had fled, on the tower stood the vision. The parson's wife shrieked. The pastor came; the maiden came. "The vision on the tower," said the parson's wife, and fell fainting into her husband's arms.

This was bringing matters home. He who had so soundly lectured his church, must bring his philosophy to bear upon his household. The parson's wife was a strong-minded woman. She had never been known to faint before, under any circumstance. She had held her boy in his dying hours, and closed his eyes, and clothed him for his grave; now she faints at the sight of a vision—she, whom all the church and people of Deerfield, acknowledged as a sensible, upright, pious woman.

In vain the parson tried to hush up this one weakness of his wife, and attribute it to a delicate state of health. Before the week ended, every man, woman and child knew, through the maid, that the parson's wife had seen the vision on the tower, and had fainted in consequence.

The next sermon of the pastor was more lenient. He preached on the purification of spirits.

The visionists increased daily, until nearly all Deerfield had, or thought they had, seen the vision of the tower.

Some, less fearful than others, had lingered purposely to look upon the phenomenon, and one, by the aid of a telescope, declared its face to resemble the features of "Ella Maywood." It was just her height, and the color of her eyes and hair were the same, though dreadfully emaciated, and possessing all the required properties of a ghost; and thus a name was given to the spectre, which was now an established fact; but why Ella Maywood should disturb the peace of the inhabitants of Deerfield, was a question that theology nor philosophy could fathom.

Ella Maywood was born in the village, had always lived in Deerfield until the time of her death, which was not a very long time—only three months ago—in the early spring. She died suddenly, while at her daily labor, of an affection of the heart; but all knew it was a broken heart, and an affection which terminated her youthful existence.

Everybody went to her funeral, and paid that respect which is due to the dead. Thus it was with Ella, and she now slept in the family vault of her fathers, under the old church tower, whose ponderous iron bolts and bars no soft hand could unlock and withdraw; these were keeping her body safe, until the resurrection morn, that auspicious day which the pastor, at her funeral service, asserted would dawn at the judgment. Therefore, it was understood thoroughly by the people of Deerfield, that she was not expected to appear before the appointed time, and it was rather to the discredit of the parson's statement, and much to his especial disturbance, that she had taken upon herself the responsibility of raising before that great day. No one doubted now that it was her spirit in the tower, and her vision began to be a source of great alarm to the inhabitants of Deerfield, and it behooved the pastor to administer the gospel yet more earnestly to them; inasmuch, that through his eloquence many, very many, were brought to see the error of their ways, and repent of their sins. Whence grace, awful fear or sublime reflection, and Divine truth, many were converted, was not written on the church statute, or proclaimed in the plea for admittance, sufficient to the church was the additional members thereof.

These became converts to a saving faith, which all believed to possess affirmative qualities with the elements of heaven, the reward anticipated by the righteous.

But this great revival, which drew everybody in Deerfield to church, did not allay the spirit of Ella Maywood.

The bell tolled more frequent, and at the consecration and holy communion, above the choir was heard a voice singing, whose tones were recognized as Ella's, adding much to the devotion as well as consternation of the pastor and people; for it was affirmed that no mortal could sing like that, and Ella Maywood was never known to sing a note in all her life—hence the conclusion of the converts that spirits are above mortals in ability and facility.

After service of this memorable day at Deerfield, when sixty souls were added to the church, as they proceeded out of the portals of the sanctuary, every eye involuntarily upturned to the tower, a shriek among the female portion gave alarm, and many cried, "Where, where?" "There, there!" cried an enthusiast, "at the top of the church spire;" and here the pastor came forth and lifted his reverend eyes with his congregation, and there in white ornaments, where the eye hardly dared to venture, stood motionless the form of Ella Maywood; when all had seen, suddenly she vanished into thin air; some asserted that wings were visible.

Pastor and people were alike in earnest supplication, prayer and fasting to avert the calamity which they felt sure was impending; whether by sword, famine, or pestilence, they knew not, but stood in readiness with the daily and hourly expectation.

Those who had never called upon the name of the Lord but in blasphemy, were now the most devout, and earnest in divine propitiation, desiring to be the first elect, at the coming of the Lord; the first to wear the white robes of righteousness. Not a living soul in Deerfield acknowledged a natural cause for the appearance of this phenomenon, but attributed it alone to the vengeance of the Lord, whom they strove to appease.

The history of Ella Maywood was nothing uncommon; she was grandchild to the old, eccentric parson who modernized the church. She was early left an orphan without inheritance, save that of health and beauty and quiet energy, with much pride and inde-

pendence of character, a sad dowry for a penniless orphan; but Ella lived in the even tenor of her way and made no pretensions above her lot, however her spirit might struggle.

All Deerfield grieved for and sadly missed her skillful hands, quiet grace, swift labor, with ingenious elegance. All, for the living, when Ella died, for no one could fill the place of her soft, plastic hand in making artistical shapes and fitting the drapery accordingly; her soft gaze and quiet smile never could be rivalled in the memory of the inhabitants of Deerfield.

But did any body remember, while she was living, that she had a soul within her body? No, nobody in particular of all the people she daily labored for. Why should they? She was properly clothed and fed, and was excellent in her profession; always suited everybody, and everybody expected it of her. What more could Ella ask for? She was never heard to complain or heave a sigh of impatience—always seemed content. If the inhabitants of Deerfield had omitted anything due to her in appreciation while living, they knew it not, and thought it extremely hard that her spirit should trouble them without rendering them former assistance. They had paid their respects to her when she died, by attending her funeral, although she owed almost everybody an engagement of work, and it was very hard for them to look up a new mantuamaker to fulfill her engagements. This was Ella's only fault; that they remembered her premature death and resurrection of spirit.

But there was one who did know and understand the whole soul and inner beauty of the spirit of Ella Maywood, one who had been the leader of her infant steps, the companion of her childhood, the lover of her youth, who had won her promise when she was but twelve years of age, to remain true and become his wife at the age of twenty-one, one who had gone forth from the village of Deerfield proud of his strength, talent, manliness and honor. He it was who had won the heart of Ella and promised in a little while to come back and give her that position which she so well deserved.

Antony Raymond had gained his heart's desire; his cup of joy was full, his name was on every lip; it was written on the scroll of fame; he had won station, wealth, honor, all that he had promised Ella; but alas, for the human heart in the hour of triumph; strong must be its faith, pure its love to resist the power and effect of adulation.

Antony Raymond yielded to its fascination, spell-bound with the attractive splendor that his celebrity had won, as a successful author. Ella Maywood was neglected, and once usurped her place in his heart, endeavoring by her smiles to wholly eradicate her image, the life-long loved, and possess herself of the prize. She had loved and luxury to offer; Ella had neither, only her pure soul, her ardent love. Soothed, flattered and caressed in an evil hour, Antony Raymond listened to the voice of the siren, who offered him life, fortune, station, and Raymond uttered and accepted vows which perjured his soul, yet could not be recalled, or lightly broken.

Not until he was alone with his own conscience and its still small voice whispered of Ella Maywood, did he comprehend the depths of his iniquity, the folly of his delirium, or the chasm his madness had placed between himself and the only being he had ever loved, or could love with fidelity.

With the full sense of this misery, in the deepest contrition, he wrote to Ella, begging, entreating, imploring her to assume her right, her first claim over him, and release him from the bondage into which his folly had precipitated him.

Ella Maywood received and read the fearful epistle—and died. Antony Raymond was free to follow his own choice. He received the intelligence of her sudden death with an indifference bordering upon insensibility; the utter scorn of himself and bitter contempt of everything that had blighted his honor and withered his heart's dearest and purest joy, moved him to thanksgiving that the sufferings of Ella had so happily terminated. She did not live on, dying daily, as he himself must, or to curse and scorn him as he deserved.

It was less painful to marry another now that Ella was indeed dead.

She who had rivalled Ella Maywood, was also a native of Deerfield, and to render her triumph complete, she proposed that their marriage should be celebrated in the old church where her fathers had worshipped.

Indifferent to life or death, but daily praying for the latter, Raymond bowed acquiescence.

But three months had elapsed since the death of Ella Maywood, before Antony Raymond, returned to Deerfield with his bride elect, to be united in the old church.

The pride of his native village, all Deerfield welcomed him with one accord; they had read his books and lingered over familiar scenes recorded there, and his name had become dear to every heart. Not a soul in all Deerfield in open words blamed Antony Raymond for his broken faith, or in any degree charged him with being the cause of Ella's death. He was a man, and therefore had a lawful right to marry whom he chose. He was famous also, and could not with worldly propriety fulfill his engagement to one as poor and divested of merit as Ella Maywood, even though she had lived; but a kind Providence mercifully removed her, so their theory ran.

Antony Raymond shuddered as he passed through his native village; each familiar scene partially awoke him from the dull apathy which denuded all his sense, and the keen torture he now endured was but a foretaste of what he must endure until his heart ceased to beat, for while its pulsation lasted there must burn the agony of memory!

The vision of the tower was in full fame and credit when Antony Raymond returned, and though his bride elect shuddered at the fearful repeat reached her ears and made her repent of coming, yet Raymond, scorned the idle superstition and gave no credit to its appearance, attributing the phenomena, if such appeared, to some elementary cause, as the foolish fears of the people.

And yet, as he looked upon the old church from the pastor's study, and knew that Ella slept beneath the tower, something of the superstition of the people's belief in her re-appearance crept over him; and as he talked indifferently with the pastor of his marriage in the old church on the morrow, his eye was scanning the tower, and his heart with Ella in the old tomb of the tower, and he yearned for a place of rest as cold and quiet, but saw no spectre above or below. As he went from the parsonage, he lingered around the church, and gazed wistfully upon the graves of the silent sleepers, wishing he could indeed behold Ella in spirit to confront him. Was it indeed imagination, or did he hear his name whispered near by? Surely it was the voice of Ella as

in olden days; her gentle tones had fallen on his ear; but all was dreary and desolate, and imagination is strong to conjure. Ella slept the sleep that knows no waking.

The old sexton gazed upon him curiously and contemptuously from the doorway of his dwelling. Raymond approached him; a new thought broke over his despairing soul, and he uttered it, unbidden of the stern, scornful eye of the old sexton.

"You buried my Ella," he gasped. "For the love of God, let me look upon her face once more. I am dying too, old man; would that I could sleep by her side."

The sexton paid no heed to his supplication, and Raymond renewed his entreaty. Slowly and severely the old man answered him.

"Let the dead bury their dead." Ella Maywood sleeps in peace; disturb not her repose. Marry the living, if you die, disturb not her heart," and the sexton went within, closing his door, and Raymond returned to his home more wretched than before, with the sexton's truthful words knelling upon his breaking heart.

Antony Raymond's wedding hour arrived, and such a storm as welcomed it was hardly ever seen by the oldest inhabitants of Deerfield. Wind, rain, hail, thunder, lightning, were his attendant witnesses, yet he was punctual to church, braving the fury of the storm, with wild, torturing madness; clenching the arm of his fearful bride to uphold her as she shrank back from the awful denunciation of elements, she who had thus betrayed him, felt in her sinking heart that her hour of retribution had come, and if now a choice had been left her she would have fled from him. She knew too well that his heart was riveted with chains everlasting to Ella Maywood's spirit, that Ella had died of broken heart, when she heard of his unfaithfulness. True, she had not hesitated to hasten her death by appropriating that which she knew would prove an instrument of torture to one so truly loved and loving, worse than the inquisition or rack to olden martyrs. She had won the promise of Raymond from the poor girl, but not his heart; therefore, with a consciousness of the fullness of her sin and its consequences before her mental vision for a life-long inheritance, she hesitated, and now shrank from Antony Raymond, whom she had lured on to destruction, as she would have recoiled from the touch of a fiend. And yet these two stood before the holy altar, ready to utter blasphemies which would destroy life and souls together.

In spite of the warring elements, many people had gathered to witness this singular marriage.

The pastor was in attendance, and while the tempest threatened destruction of the church, and the bride and groom stood like captives about to be sacrificed, yet the pastor began the ceremony and was proceeding, when scream after scream, from the people, amid the howling of the storm, interrupted further progress, and every eye was turned to behold the cause of this sudden outburst.

To "the vision of the tower," pointed the affrighted assembly. It stood palpably before every beholder, high above their heads, within a narrow arch of the old tower, leaning upon a figure of the crucifixion, on a narrow base where no mortal could possibly suppose for one moment to rest with safety. The identity of the vision was no longer doubtful—it was that of Ella Maywood, as she had been buried; her large, lustrous eyes were fixed upon the bride and groom; her thin white hand was stretched towards them. The false-hearted bride shrieked and fainted as she beheld the spirit of her so deeply injured. Antony Raymond stretched out his arms as cried:—

"Ella! sweet spirit!" But as she suddenly faded before his gaze, he groaned, "Oh God," and swooned, falling upon the altar.

Thus terminated forever the false union of Antony Raymond and his betrayer; the bride recovered quickly, but Raymond was borne senseless from the church to his home.

Weeks elapsed before he again returned to consciousness; although his life was long dispaired of, yet through a strong constitution, and excellent medical skill, he at last, after a sickness of three months, was able to leave his bed.

Strangely were the people of Deerfield affected by the attempted marriage of Antony Raymond. They recorded it as the interposition of Divine Providence; that the injured spirit of Ella Maywood was allowed to rise as a proof of retributive justice.

The spirit of Ella Maywood was at last allayed; since that hour she had never been seen in church or tower.

But stranger things were coming to pass, and had begun. Antony Raymond was rivaled in his authorship, while his talents had been rendered useless by his indiscretion and folly; another had risen, casting his efforts entirely in the background. Raymond's works were written with strength, vigor, and talent; but his rival's were burning truths, kindled from the heart, flaming from the hand of genius.

Antony Raymond read scenes and passages familiar; the high-hopes of his boyhood pictured; his own thoughts and feelings, which but one heart had ever responded to, one loved being had ever listened to.

One work rapidly followed another, until the third brought the inhabitants of Deerfield all standing. The title was "Deerfield," and every soul in Deerfield wept over its pages, illustrated to life-like existence—the old church and its beloved, eccentric pastor, his life and death; Antony Raymond, the hero of Deerfield; Ella Maywood, the broken-hearted; "the vision of the tower," and the superstition of pastor and people, and at last a solution of the mystery.

The eccentric pastor, who had caused the church to be remodelled, had built for exclusion and devotion a study in the tower, which was concealed and known to no one but the old sexton.

Ella Maywood, who died of a broken heart, was not dead, but life was suspended for many days; and as the sexton was about closing the tomb, he heard a groan issue from Ella's coffin; returning, he removed the lid, and to his unspeakable joy, found life in her system; bearing her to his rooms, she soon recovered.

She listened to the recital of her death and burial with indifference, but aroused by the appeals of the kind-hearted sexton, who not only implored her to live and assume an interest in life, but to arouse her dormant talents, and live a higher life; not to be a slave as hitherto to the people of Deerfield, but to live in seclusion until she had accomplished something worthy of merit. Aided by his ingenuity in elucidating herself—having no relations to mourn over her departure—and Antony—here the old man paused as he was about to utter great indignation, and Ella comprehending all he had said, and feeling

a sense of returning life, gladly availed herself of his advice and assistance. The sexton then carried her to the room in the tower which her grand father had inhabited, which she took possession of, finding a library and every material suitable to a life of literary labor. The sexton supplied her with raiment and food, and Ella remained dead to the world, though she sometimes started them by appearing in her coramets, ringing the bell, and joining the choir in singing; and one Sabbath eve, finding a narrow flight of steps, she ascended the entire steeple; lifting a trap-door, she stood upon the narrow space beside the wane, and enjoyed a sublime view of Deerfield and the surrounding country, much to the discredit of her spirit and the horror of the people, whom she looked down upon from her height, seeming to her no larger than children.

Then was described the marriage and the success of her sudden appearance, effecting what she desired. Then her journey to the city, and success as an author.

This was, indeed, too hard an imposition upon the inhabitants of Deerfield, and when it was made known to them through the pages of a novel, they rushed en masse to see if those things were so. And much to the discredit of their piety and common sense, which they held in high estimation, the old sexton gave them proof undoubted. They were allowed to look into the little study in the tower, and also into the empty coffin of Ella Maywood.

The joke was too severe to be enjoyed; and some had wickedness to wish within their souls that Ella Maywood had never been born, or at least had not come to life a second time—they had been duped. Pastor and people, and the plot, could scarcely be forgiven, though it had added much to the upbuilding of the church and an increase of the worship of God, as long as the vision of the tower presided in terror over each heart; whether perchance backsliding after its disappearance and disclosure of facts was caused by a dereliction of such constant devotion, or that they came to the consciousness that they had worshipped under wrong emotions, and so withdrew for a season to correct them, is not recorded on the church annals. Suffice it to say, the inhabitants of Deerfield were deeply mortified, and the congregation dwindled down to a very small, though respectable number; and the pastor thought it prudent, under all things considered, to accept a "call" in another part of the vineyard of the Lord, some distance from Deerfield.

This last work and revelation came to Antony Raymond while in a state of convalescence, just as he had been able to arise and say within himself, "I am a man once more, and though Ella be dead, I will wed no other, but live to her memory and the spirit so deeply injured." He gave no credit to the truth of the romance beyond its familiar descriptions powerfully portrayed, until he was assured by witnesses of the proof of its reality, and that Ella Maywood was living in great style in the city, and grown so beautiful that she was hardly recognized for the former Ella of Deerfield; and now indeed had Antony Raymond returned to life, health, and happiness, for he knew the spirit of Ella was his.

Ella Maywood stood before the public as an authoress of high celebrity, a tried, faithful woman. She had indeed died and risen to newness of life, but with unchanging fidelity her every thought, action, and feeling, was with the spirit of him to whom she had pledged her faith; and, when he stood before her, his pale brow bowed in deep contrition, acknowledging his unworthiness, Ella, with woman's divinity in a pure heart, forgave him generously, without appearing to notice that he had in any degree merited censure—admitting him as her mortal and spiritual guardian. Thus tried in the furnace of affliction, they were worthy to be made one soul and spirit blended in harmony, and a long life of domestic bliss attested the truth of their spiritual union.

A PROPHET AT FAULT.

Mundy, the Prophet, as he was called at one time, used to preach against theatres, and entertained the Quixotic idea of converting all the managers to his particular faith.

On one occasion he went to the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and inquired for Mr. Burton. The call-boy was the only person in the office at the time; and he, knowing the character of the inquirer, did not choose to answer him satisfactorily, until he had indulged his own curiosity by putting a few queries to the Prophet.

"What do you want with Mr. Burton?" said the boy.

"I am sent on an important mission, to save his soul from utter ruin, and I must see the man of sin," replied the Prophet.

"Who sent you?" asked the boy.

"The Lord of Hosts," blasphemously exclaimed Mundy.

"Then it is a pity the Lord of Hosts did not know that Mr. Burton is in New York, and has been for a week;" and with that the door of the office was shut in the Prophet's face.

INFLUENCE OF MOUNTAINS.

Climbing lofty mountains brings our minds and bodies together nearer heaven than any other human enterprise, and we admire those who make it their summer occupation. They are never *misleading* people. The act of ascending develops the superior energies; the nerves are braced; the ideas gather purity from the snows around; and the mind liberality from the vast scale of the mountains, and calm from their solitude; while the receding earth, with its sinking adjuncts, is a type of how things assume their proper proportion and places, when contemplated from an elevated point of view. But the arrival at the summit is the culminating moment—then all these sensations mingle together, perhaps bewildering at first, but with delightful force; we feel a touch of superiority run through our nature, and we defy any one who has been raised 10,000 feet in the vault of heaven to descend and talk scandal, or do any other pettifoggish meanness for a day or two.

A VALUABLE LIBRARY.

A correspondent from Springfield, Vt., writes us:—"I will here state some facts which no other man in the world, perhaps, can state. I have taken newspapers constantly for more than forty-six years, and usually from three to six at a time, amounting, in the whole, to more than one hundred and fifty volumes, which I now have on hand, mostly bound, having never lost a regular paper which I have received. I keep constantly a supply of other paper for my family to use for patterns, wrapping, &c., and my newspapers are as carefully preserved as my Bible. I have ever paid in advance, having never owed one dollar for newspapers."

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BEECHER ON FLOWERS.

Henry Ward Beecher, we always said, is a man a great deal too big for the little, one-sided creed he preaches under. His grand nature dislikes the petty restraint, and therefore defies it. It is evident that he is not one born to make a pulpit paragon; he feels the force of his mission too sensibly to stop and surrender his noble nature to the picket-guards of Calvinism or anything else. In spite of many faults, we still like the man. He is hearty, whole-souled, fervent, and strong. He sometimes forgets himself, egotistical as he may be at other times; and that is what your little men were never known to do.

The "talk" which he gave those who assembled at the close of the exhibition of the Horticultural Society of Massachusetts, in Music Hall, was to our mind exactly. He chose a simple subject—Flowers, and he descended upon it at random, yet beautifully. No man could sit, or stand, under such good, honest, manly sentiment as that which fell from his lips, without either being ashamed of himself for his want of a love for nature, or else resolving to change the course of his sentiments on that subject at the earliest moment available.

A report of his off-hand remarks it would not be easy to give, even had we the space to spare in our columns; but the gist of his speech is worth laying by to be revolved in the mind at leisure, and for future reference. He thought God showed more evidences of loving thought and care in flowers than in anything else, even the birds. He liked to go through the fields, and see what God most approved of; and he certainly approved of the yellow dandelions, for they were as thick in the spring grass as the stars in heaven.

He would have the stiffness and formality of religious worship relieved by the presence of flowers; they should decorate the pulpit from which the love of God was preached. Flowers are most appropriate at a funeral, strewn over the bosom of the corpse. They also served to bedeck the blooming bride, of whom the pure white rose was emblematic. There is no one so poor, as to be obliged to deprive himself of the presence of these blessed ministers.

Mr. Beecher rambled off upon esthetics in general, and said that he could tell a man by his choice and use of furniture; he could read his nature by seeing what things he loved the best. It was a wise and gentle disposition of a man's wealth to raise flowers to distribute among the poor. Yet in the country every man might have flowers in plenty. Only let him take the pains to cultivate them. A flower in a garden is a wild flower with an education.

The address called down frequent applause, and the humorous hits interspersed told upon the audience. It was a capital plan of the Society to initiate the practice of having annual addresses, and they were particularly lucky in securing the services of such a distinguished lover of Horticulture to begin with.

THE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

It is a pleasure for us to announce again that a State Temperance Convention will be held at Fitchburg on the 7th and 8th insts., and that a large representation of the people of Massachusetts is expected to be present. Undoubtedly those who interest themselves in the doings and discussions of the Convention, will confess, whether tacitly or openly, to the discovery that legal restrictions and punishments are not going to do the work on which temperance men rely for the advancement of their noble cause, but that they must return to the good old ways of moral suasion, convincing argument, and persuasive example.

The Temperance Reform is one of the most glorious ever devised by man for the rescue of his fellow-man. It took its origin outside of the creeds, outside of all conventional organizations, and went directly about its work. They who first gave themselves soul and body to this blessed movement, were the noblest missionaries the world ever saw. For they sacrificed everything for the time, reputation, fortune, comfort—all. They became martyrs in every sense of that expressive word. Their feet walked over no paths strewn with flowers; the applause of no approving populace greeted their ears and cheered their hearts; they found only unrequited labor, self-denying effort, and relentless persecution, out of which to make up their reward.

But times since then have changed. This cause, whose laborers and promulgators have done so much for humanity, became popular after awhile, and its orators grew to be favored men, taken kindly by the hand by those who were afraid to do so in the first place, and received into circles from which they would once have been ejected with scorn and contempt. So much power over the human heart has persuasion, working patiently, silently, and lovingly.

Finding themselves to be at length so strong in numbers and influence, the temptation was too great to be resisted that they should exert their power in another way. Accordingly they gradually allied themselves with politicians and ambitious men, who on their part were too ready to avail themselves of such a powerful element; and they afterwards were led into certain measures, which, to say the least of them, are to-day estimated by the temperance and respectable portion of the friends of temperance to have been ill-judged and erroneous. The cause is

thought to have gone backward, since it fell into the hands of men who employ it only as a political foot-ball.

Probably, among other matters, this question of the propriety and final expediency of legal enactments on behalf of the temperance reform, will be discussed at the approaching State Convention. There is certainly a divided opinion respecting the benefits of legislation on a subject that had already gained so much before legislators got hold of it, and the serious and thoughtful portion who differ from those at present controlling the fate of the cause, are entitled to a candid and complete hearing.

We believe ourselves in nothing but moral suasion for the remedy of that vast evil, Intemperance. Under that banner it has fought the bravest battles, and won the most victories. With that title the movement has gone where it would else have been shut out. Breathing that almost divine spirit—divine because so full of the love of humanity—it picked up the fallen, it assisted the unfortunate and undecided, it took the tempted quite out of the reach of temptation, and it pledged those who had never been tempted and had never fallen, to a purity of life and habit that proved the very soul's salvation.

Under the present name, it has not succeeded as well. Hence the general inquiry respecting the secret cause, which now does not seem such a secret at all. There are those who believe that no legal restrictions, founded only in power and arousing nothing but a spirit of opposition and hatred, can ever avail to advance a cause which, after all, must rely alone on the power of persuasion, on pure examples, on self-denying effort, and on love, and patience, and faith in the human soul for its ultimate success.

Whatever may be the immediate results of the deliberations of the Convention at Fitchburg, they have our hearty sympathies for the promotion and growing strength of their cause, and the pledge of our undivided efforts in its behalf. The welfare and happiness of a community depend on their purity; and this can be secured only by freedom from those debasing and demoralizing habits that not only destroy the spiritual aspirations of the soul, but hold both body and mind in the grapple of a stern and unrelenting tyranny.

THE WORK OF THE CREEDS.

A promising young lady died in Providence last week from no disease but religious excitement and intense conviction of sin.—*Exchange.*

This is only one case in a thousand such. The real trouble is not generally investigated as closely as this is represented to have been, and hence the secret remains a dreadful secret still. Here is a young lady, in the full tide of health and happiness, apparently without a thought of guilt, of a delicate and sensitive nature, beholding only love and beauty in all the works of God which she was permitted to enjoy, trusting and hopeful, her life like the opening of a sweet white rose—who, the instant her mind is brought down to contemplate the gloominess and tyranny of the creeds, and is forced to consider the iron conditions that are sought to be imposed on the professed believer, shrinks from the thought with a revolting horror. The iron literally "enters her soul." She tries to view the horrid pictures of unending torture that are sketched by the revivalist preacher, and she draws back in deadly affright. It is too much for her nature, and reason and strength are forced to give out together.

The clergy are in the habit of beholding such melancholy murders year after year, and yet they persist in promulgating those damnable doctrines that are fit to be fathered by none but Satan himself. All the terrors of the old mythologies, and all the horrible visions to be found in Dante's Inferno are oddly mingled and conglomerated, for the purpose of "arresting the sinner's attention;" and when it has once been arrested, they either have to admit that they have made him a convert through fear, or else that he is ten times worse than he was before. This practice of "getting to heaven"—as they style it—by wading through the fiery billows of the Calvinist's hell, is one that, we opine, will not result in showing many redeemed ones safe on the other side.

Now if preaching of the spiritual kind had had the effect even to make a man, neglectful of his family, or his business—which it was never yet known to do—the fact would have been bruited about by all the religious and quasi-religious press from California to the Passamaquoddy. It would have been charged against the pure doctrines of Spiritualism that they were destructive of the welfare of the community. All manner of comments would have been offered, agreeing in one particular—and that, the utter viciousness of the new revelation.

But this is quite another case. It makes some difference which side of the house one sits on in these days. Choose the religion that happens to be popular, and fashionable, and wealthy, and strong, and you will go through in as cushioned a style as if you were riding through the air; but adopt opinions that are in advance of the popular mode of thought, and so of course put yourself in the heroic, self-sacrificing minority, and the road is jagged and the ride jolting from beginning to end. This young lady happened to have been killed by "orthodox" preaching, and she was of course killed in the "orthodox" way. It is all right, and nothing more is to be said about it.

We thank God from our hearts that these things cannot always be so. Instances like this single one are sufficient to determine the thoughtful portion of the world to subscribe no longer, which they now do but automatically, to the creeds that produce such fiendish results; but to do all that lies in their power to overthrow and annihilate them. The hellish pictures that are drawn so vividly by revivalists, and set before the sensitive imaginations of youthful and immature minds, deserve the indignant reprobation of the age. Mature people are not so affected, because they do not believe in their truth, no matter how seriously they may pretend to, and think they do. They could not receive these infamous doctrines, so revolting to every need, every principle, and every quality of the human heart, and live in possession of their reason. Hence they let them go, though for appearance's sake making an outward profession of belief.

Christ never preached in this way. He attracted none to him by any such methods. In seeking to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, he did not terrify the sufferers. All life became a burden to them. He never told his followers of a hell like this famous "orthodox" hell; nor indeed of a heaven, which was to be reached by the methods so much in vogue among those who trust they have an exclusive right of admission. His religion was a pure religion. It is exactly what Spiritualism is preaching to the hearts of all men this blessed day.

SOMETHING TO SPEAK OF.

Human nature is not altogether bad. We are not so mean at the bottom as we have all along been described. More than this, denouncing a man never tends to make him better. Nobody is excited to noble endeavors by being told what a miserable wretch he is.

Especially are the American people, with all their tendency to exaggeration and overdoing, just the bravest, the noblest, the most gallant, and the most generous people on the face of the earth. Our gallantry is already acknowledged; and although we will split in the cars, and all over the floors and stairs at hotels and on steamboats, yet the respect that the American man instinctively pays to the other sex is not to be passed over with a sneer, nor denied with a swaggering bravado.

On the gloomy and spray-washed decks of the ill-fated Central America, while she was about to go down to her silent home in the bosom of the stormy Atlantic, were gathered more than five hundred men, women and children. They knew too well the fate that impended, so like a sullen cloud, full of thunder. Their hope of safety lay in nothing but five little boats, which, in the boiling sea, would be tossed hither and thither like eggshells. Of those five boats, two were destroyed in endeavoring to launch them into the sea, and only three remained to offer them still dimming hopes of relief. The chances for life were indeed meagre and few. The little vessel lay to, more than a mile away, and which could just be seen with the rising of every gigantic billow, looked smaller than ever, and hovered near, as if to tantalize them with hopes they were never destined to realize.

In an hour like that, three boats only on which to depend, and no prospect of their ever returning to the steamer after they had once pushed off, these brave and true men nobly made a passage for the women to go through and be let down into the boats, nor presumed to dispute a privilege on whose possession they well enough knew life itself depended. There was no crowding, no high words; they were calm and resolute; the women and children were to be saved, if any were, and the remainder must take the chances that a kind Providence might offer.

No noble scene is more than worth the devotion of genius to render it immortal on canvases, as it cannot fail to be in history. Such spectacles do not present themselves every day, nor are the natives of other countries particularly remarked for having qualities any more resplendent with the highest courage. We go across the dashing waves to paint the scene in our own imagination; we stand on the deck of that doomed ship, rolling and plunging in the mad sea all around her; we are one of that calm and self-sacrificing band of men, and scan their faces, reading the expression of their countenances, and finding nothing but resignation and an unselfish resolution there; the stillness and order that reign there are the best proofs we could ask of the nobleness of the hearts that beat with such true manhood around; we see the women and children handed down the ship's side, and safely stowed away in the boats; we see the boats in the distance, rising and falling on the surges; and the scene becomes one at that point which pen of man could never hope to describe. Every man prepares himself for his fate, and no murmur is heard because it has overtaken him so soon, or in such a way.

The bravery of these five hundred men is beyond the reach of praise. They who rode into the red jaws of Death at Balaklava were not such heroes as these; doing a great deed tenderly; repressing selfishness in the most trying hour; and calmly giving up their lives for others, because their sense of nobleness told them that to do otherwise would be meaner than a thousand deaths. The rescued women will never forget that their lives were purchased for them at the most costly rates. Nor will the memory of that brave ship-load of passengers pass very soon out of the heart of the people of this country, who are their brethren.

"BETTER DAYS."

The weather is warm and bright and glorious for the crops. Corn is ripening, flour is falling, freights are rising, and—better days are coming.—*New York Mirror.*

The cry always is of the "good time coming." We hope it always will be the same. For as long as the world lasts, we doubt not there will be need of just as much hope, and just as much effort, and just as much faith to sustain and renovate its inhabitants, as there is now. If it were not so, then stagnation ensues; and what kind of a life for the soul is implied in that word? We are always hoping and struggling for the better days; it is not the days that shall be better, but we shall seem to ourselves far more glorious in having become better as they advance and reach themselves out to us.

Yes, whether corn ripens early or late—whether flour falls or rises—whether freights go up for the shipper's sake, or go down for that of the consumer—the "better days" are certainly coming. We see them already in advance of us. We catch, in imagination, the first rosy streaks of their dawning. There will be delay, and our patience will be sorely tried; there will be harassing obstacles thrown in our way, and we shall almost give over from time to time to despair; enemies will rise up in unexpected quarters, to impugn wrong motives to us, to traduce our character, and to misrepresent our conduct; but still the "better days," if we will have it so, will be all the while coming.

Heaven and happiness are within our own reach, because they are within our own selves. We need not become slaves in the pursuit of wealth, thinking that happiness lies concealed for us there; it is right on the highway, right around and before us. Like the humble daisy, or the golden buttercup, it grows close up even to the poor man's door. If we journey into foreign lands for it, we find to our surprise that we carry this thing which we call ourselves all the while around with us. There is no escape from our own thoughts. If they are what they should be, they can yield us only joy and contentment; they hold the "better days" in the grasp of their airy fingers.

It is a mistake to look for the good time in the approach of some material good; we shall always be deceived if we do. Once and for all the sense of life, the poise of the being, the balance and nice adjustment of the character, and the "better days" have come. They may bring poverty with them, if it is true; but they are just what is needed to rob poverty of its sting. They may not add greatly to the list of friends; it is astonishing what a secret satisfaction there is in knowing at last what real friendship does and does not mean. Let us all pray for the coming of the "better days," and they will be right here at our doors before we know it.

THE STATE FAIRS.

The several Horticultural, Agricultural, and Horticultural Fairs that have been held in the various towns and cities of the Commonwealth during the past week, have called out very full attendances. In spite of hard times and nothing to pay, men, women and children—horses, sheep, and horned cattle—pigs, poultry, and potatoes—flowers, fruits, and fancy things—have filled the eyes and delighted the imagination. Standing in the groups of farmers and culturists, we felt that it would be a blessed thing always to live among such peaceful surroundings, and to let our thoughts forever flow out over a landscape where trees shaded the meadow-brooks, and the sleek cattle came down to them to slake their thirst and ruminate.

These fairs do great things for farmers by way of stimulus; but farther than that, they are not good for much. Yet we should not forget to record the benefits they work for the eyes and hearts of the city-bred and city-imprisoned. There is no doubt that it does them a great deal of good. Better for them is it, a thousand times, to revel amid these agricultural pictures, feeding upon the full fruits of the land, than to make forty voyages to Europe and saunter inappreciatively through the galleries. These sights are capable of touching them. Gatherings of this sort simplify their tastes, and silently work a thorough purification of the nature.

How any man not a farmer by profession can visit these annual assemblages, and fail to catch the spirit of the scene, we are not astute enough to comprehend. In truth, they profit them quite as much as they do the agriculturists. The latter see only through their own spectacles, professionally, more as a jockey is in the habit of looking at a horse; but those who go to see such sights from the same motive that they go to see all other sights, are apt to be inspired in quite another way. We undertake to say that pretty much the entire crop of our fancy farmers are graduates of our County, State, and National agricultural fairs.

As we love the country at all times, and in every mood of the weather, so do we wish these sweet and enticing pictures of country life brought into town. There is the whole of it in epitome. You hear the calves bleating in their pens, and Spring opens before you with its babbling brooks. The flows cackle, and crow in their coops, and you are saluted in imagination with the sounding notes of chattering at Summer's faintest dawn, and the dropping of sundry sly, white barns in out-of-the-way nooks in the hay on the old barn scaffold. The squashes and pumpkins ("some" in their own line) make the mouth water, and excite the wish that at the next Thanksgiving you may sit at the grunting board of your uncle, or your grandfather, fifty or a hundred miles back.

In every scene you stumble upon there is a suggestion; a picture; something to stir new feeling in the heart, and make "a fever in the blood" for the pleasures of a life that dwellers in cities insist on styling only "quiet" and "monotonous." God give us such monotony as long as we walk the earth! If there is happiness in any single occupation, it is in agriculture. There is hard work in it, too; that we understand very well, and do not undertake to dispute it. But what is there, for conscience sake, in the way of an occupation, that is not packed full of it? If a man expects to get his living by laziness, no matter what calling he finally settles down upon, he will some fine morning open his eyes to his egregious mistake.

We like the Agricultural Fairs very much, and should be loth to give them up. We could not think of surrendering the pleasures they afford. The farmers should not rely too much upon them for aid, however, for if they do they fall of their effect. Stimulus is all there is in them for the farmer. They teach lessons. They inculcate sociability of the better kind among workers of the soil. They suggest—open the thought—point the way—tear down barriers—and spread out the most exquisite and attractive rural pictures. And if this be not enough, then let some one come forward and suggest a sufficient substitute.

DISTRUST.

One Autumn's eve a rich-plumed bird I saw,
High-soaring, outlined 'gainst the sunset gold,
And shrill the note, his native grandeur told,
As from some cloud his presence did withdraw.
Proud bird, I cried, canst thou thy spirit chain?
And as I spoke loud echoes woke the dell,
And whirled at my feet the eagle fell;
One shriek, it died, and felt no more its pain.
So with the love my soul from thine imbued,
I felt it high o'er all that could overcome,
But thy neighbor hath sped an arrow home,
And though that love no shaft has e'er subdued,
Thine wounded deeply, all its blood was stirred:
I suffer, that it will not die as did the bird.

BOWEN

AVARICIOUS LANDLORDS.

There is an old saying about biting off one's nose to do despite to his face, and we find a fair illustration of it in the way the landlords are going about their rents. When everything else is being down at railroad speed, rents are going up. Beef, pork, flour, sugar and potatoes are coming within the reach of moderate means, and the prices for houses and stores either remain where they were—at their old price—or go up still higher and higher. It is as unmerciful as it is absurd. There is neither rhyme nor reason in it.

Landlords spite themselves, when, because they find they have got a good tenant, they seek to "put the screws" to him, and raise his rent. There is a certain point of burden, at which even the camel will not endure the weight of another straw. Penny wisdom and pound folly are more common than are thought for generally. We know of one case now, where a couple of deacons owned a building suitable for business purposes, and secured a tenant of the most unquestionable character; but finding that he was making money rather faster than they thought to be possible in such a locality, what must they do but rise on their rent? They thought, of course, that he would bear it, and quietly submit. Their idea was, not to obtain from him what they considered in the first place a sufficient rent, but a certain percentage, as it were, on the profits of his business. But their avarice happened, in this instance, to over-reach itself. He left their premises at the expiration of his lease, and from that day to this he has stood empty. A fair reward for their grasping and mercenary disposition.

No policy is so short-sighted as that which operates to push out worthy and prosperous mechanics, and force them to look their commodities beyond the city limits. It is death to any place, and of course it ruins the property of the landlords. Stores and dwellings are held at an exorbitant rate. The prices asked are more than they are worth. As long as tenants consent to accede to the exactions of tyrant

landlords, so long will the latter presume to demand more and more. There is no limit to their avarice. It is the sole cause of so much of the suffering that presents itself to the view in crowded cities, and will be till more just and equitable views are taken. No one objects to a fair profit on everything; but if there is any particular system of slavery in the States that style themselves free, odious above all other systems to those who are obliged to suffer under the weight of its hand, it is that which this day obtains in our cities in the matter of rents. The landlords are our masters, and they hold the whip over our heads continually.

WHERE WE MISS IT.

The Germans who have left their own country and come over to dwell among us, are in the way of teaching us some very valuable lessons. Especially is it so in the matter of amusements, and exercise. We are so hard-worked, in the pursuit of fortune or a living, that we allow ourselves no time at all for recreation. We grow diseased and dyspeptic, our spirits get down to a low mark, we take blue views of the world and all that belongs to it, and on the whole we permit ourselves to be just about as unhappy as we well can be. All because we imagine that if we can only realize a fortune in five years, the balance of our lives can be given up to exercise, recreation, and those other pleasant and necessary matters altogether.

The Germans have more sense. They are slower, we acknowledge; but they get their enjoyment out of it as they along. And what does our boasted haste amount to, if, after it is all over with, we find ourselves both physically and mentally wrecked hulks, lying high and dry on the sand. In New York, where there is a large population of them, and where they sustain their own schools, newspapers, saloons, and gymnasia, the contrast between their way of life and that of the crazy crowd around them is too striking not to provoke constant comment. They are as laborious as our people, and will perform as faithfully and steadily; yet one half day in the week will they give to recreation, when they take their wives and children, obedient to the customs of Fatherland, and make excursions over to the pleasant fields of Hoboken, up the North River, across to Staten Island, or along on the green banks of East River. These are healthy and beautiful practices, and from the public attention they continue to attract we trust they are making their proper impression on the minds of the people.

Of a Saturday afternoon, you can see the happy Germans, with their families around them, rolling on the grass, strolling in the luxurious shade of noble trees, playing at the invigorating games they learned in their boyhood in the old country, and giving themselves up to unrestrained enjoyment. And thousands of citizens of American birth pass by, envying them the leisure and the recreation they enjoy, and wishing from their hearts that similar scenes were ours also.

We wish they were. We shall never be a healthy people, till we have learned to take care of our health. What we most need is, more leisure; more diversion; more recreation; more time in the open air, among the trees, and over the grass; more free mingling with each other; more laughter and cheerfulness; more fun and not so much biting satire and gossip; more charity; and more of a determination to recuperate and enjoy ourselves. If some one can only make the move in this direction, and certain others would only resolve to follow, the character of our people would change, almost immediately, and assume a breadth and geniality from the lack of which is at present suffering so much.

But to think of bringing about this revolution simply by preaching up its need, is hopeless; it will soonest be initiated by the quiet example of people like the Germans, who show too conclusively the benefits of the change on which we insist. They work well; they enjoy themselves socially; their spirits are always even; they are hopeful; and they can think as patiently as the best of us; and all this comes as much from their way of life as from anything else. An experiment in the same direction would not do any harm; it could not fail to pave the way to a life for each one of us that would stand thick with its own compensation, as trees hang thick with fruit in the Autumn.

F. L. H. WILLIS.

This young gentleman, whose suspension from the Divinity School at Harvard, on account of the exercise of his mediumistic powers, has caused such a sensation throughout the country, is announced to give a history of his mediumship, and the affair at Harvard, next Sabbath, at the Music Hall. He will also speak in the evening at the same place.

Mr. Willis is a young man highly esteemed by a large circle of friends, is a pleasing speaker, whose heart glows with true piety and genuine love of God, and we welcome him heartily as a lecturer in the cause to which he has been made a martyr.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

We have on file a number of letters from different parties requesting communications from friends through Mrs. Conant. We procured some prior to her sickness, to gratify our friends, although Mrs. C. does not aspire to the power of answering letters. Since she has been sick, however, it has not been deemed practicable by her spirit guides to influence her in this manner. A much stronger influence is necessary than she can bear. As soon as her guides see fit to influence her, we will publish any answers which may be sent.

SPIRIT PRESENCE.

A gentleman and lady of this city, while on a visit to a relative in Buckfield, Maine, recently saw a spirit manifestation at the tea-table, by the speaking of the hand, &c., the medium being entirely ignorant of Spiritualism, excepting occasionally hearing a lecture upon the subject. The spirit was anxious to write through him; but, having no knowledge of this matter, fear prevented him from allowing it. If the gentleman in question will sit quietly he may prove to his own satisfaction that spirits can and do come to us in this way.

The Courier devotes three columns, and a half to another attack on Spiritualism and "mediums," in which are included a half-dozen lines respecting the BANNER OF LIGHT. If Spiritualism is a humbug, and so transparent that every body can at once see through it, then why doesn't the Providence Journal, or the single blow? Instead of that he does little else than hammer away at this business from one month to another. We should think that if he had a right to do so, he would have complained to the Editor, and not have neglected in their Great

EARLY TEACHINGS.

While listening with the most intense interest to the words of inspiration as they fell from the lips of that gifted apostle of Truth, Thomas Gales Forster, I was most forcibly struck with the truth and applicability of the following sentiment:—"Keep your children from those nurseries of Fanaticism and Bigotry, the Sunday Schools, as they are now managed."

However radical and seemingly severe this sentiment may have sounded to the ears of many, I for one, felt within my inmost soul, that if the truth had never before been uttered, we had at last received it. It seemed to me that the controlling spirit had even planted his axe at the very root of the tree. I wished he might have entered more fully into that part of his discourse, and shown to the minds of his audience the momentous effects of erroneous teachings upon the youthful mind, as it is growing up, and preparing itself to battle with the stern realities of an earthly existence, preparatory to an eternal one. My mind was carried back to the scenes of childhood, when (whatever else was left undone) I must be sent to Sunday School—there to receive false impressions, that it has taken years of severe mental labor to eradicate.

I can say with truth, as I look back, that the teachings inculcated by those into whose charge my spiritual education was placed, were productive of more harm than good.

Now I would not be uncharitable enough to charge those teachers with intentionally endeavoring to propagate evil, although I must say I believe they reiterated much which they could not believe, and was entirely antagonistic to reason and common sense; but yet I can find an excuse (although a small one) in the fact that they themselves had been taught to believe the doctrine of eternal damnation was in the Bible, and of course must be taught, even though God-given reason should rebel against it.

So the love of God, and the fear of the Devil, were used alternately as arguments for our salvation. They also believed the doctrine of election was in the Bible, therefore children should be taught that our Heavenly Father, who is sometimes represented as all love, and at others as possessing hatred for his children, should predestinate from the foundation of the world, some to be saved and others to be lost. How well can I recall to mind my first attempt at argument, when I dared to ask my spiritual teacher how he could reconcile this doctrine with the free moral agency of mankind, upon which he would dilate, almost in the same breath. What answer did I receive? "This is one of the mysteries of Godliness, and you should not inquire into the wise decrees of the Almighty." Thus winding the iron fetters of Bigotry around that noblest gift of God—Human Reason.

Again, would he hold up to my mental vision the death of our Saviour, who gave his life upon the cross that he might appease the wrath of an angry Father.

Yet, when I dared to think and ask my spiritual guide how it was, that our Father, whom he had represented at times as overflowing with love for his creatures, could yet at the same time be so angry with them as to require the sacrifice of his innocent Son, to atone for a guilty world—thus placing the standard of human justice infinitely above his own, for what earthly father would require this? The same response as before awaited me. "You must not let your reason, which is finite, attempt to solve the mysterious of God." Thus it went on, until at last I found, in order to believe what he called the living truths of the Gospel, I must blind my eyes, and stop my ears to all the appeals of human reason, and say with my lips, I believe; when if reason was enthroned, she would most emphatically rebel against such teachings.

At times I can recollect, I would say to myself, this must be true, since those who are farther progressed in the scale of human existence than I am believe it, but before I could fairly entertain the idea, reason would interfere and whisper: "You had better believe nothing, and keep your soul free from the iron fetters of bigotry, by yielding assent to a positive error." I followed the dictates of this true friend, and rejoiced as I to-day for it. Yet before I became settled firmly in my present opinion, I went through other trials, mentally speaking.

I had been taught to believe that there were two places or conditions of future existence. One of perfect happiness, and the other of misery. I could not believe, nor make it appear consistent that God, whom I considered to be indeed our Father, could willingly inflict eternal punishment upon any of his creatures, and yet bear that love for them which he has expressly declared he possesses. So with these conflicting emotions, I rushed forward, and took refuge in the Ark of Universalism. Here, said I, to myself, I am safe, and comforted myself with reflections like these—if God is indeed our Father, and desires not the death of the wicked, he can, and will, devise some means in his Omnipotence, whereby we can all be saved. Yet at times even this position was not entirely satisfactory. Yet it was the best of the two evils. The most inconsistent feature in this position to my mind was, the act of transforming, as it were, a demon into a saint, merely by removing the breath from his mortal body. This I could not make appear consistent with the unchangeable operation of organic law. However, I preferred even to trust in his ability to do this, rather than attempt to believe the doctrines which my reason and judgment condemned, as entirely inconsistent with the character of the all-wise Father.

Thus have I been led from one position to another, at times almost bordering upon rank Materialism, until the beautiful truths of Spiritualism have been opened to my vision. Thank God, I have at last found the key to the wonderful lock.

The safe which has so long held in its iron grasp the real, consistent, living, truth, has been opened, and I have helped myself to its contents. I have opened the day-book, and there I find the daily and hourly record of the work performed by the great Master Hand. I see there the operations of Divine Laws, as worked out in human existences.

I have even dared to glance at the ledger, wherein I find summed up the account of every individual existence in the form of debt and credit. And in contradiction to what I have been taught, I find there is no bankrupt law, by means of which we can avoid paying our debts against Nature's laws, even to the uttermost farthing.

Every man must settle his own account, individually, and obtain a receipt in full of his own conscience, before he can be in perfect harmony with the laws of his own Spiritual being.

Thus working out his own salvation, he may enter into and behold the presence of his Father. Thus

have I given you a general outline of my past and present position regarding the theological teachings of the age. In thus doing I believe I have described not only mine, but that of thousands, who have labored severely, to rid themselves of the effects of erroneous teachings, and a great part of them directly attributable to the Sabbath Schools as they have been conducted in the past. As was said, in the discourse alluded to, "do not teach your children that they cannot of themselves do anything good, and then expect them to be in after life patterns of purity and virtue," but rather teach them that they were formed in the image of their Divine Father, and that which proceeds from his hands, although at first in its embry condition, yet it is capable of being unfolded to the greatest capacity, and that this jewel is entrusted to their care. That their Father looks to them, and them alone, for its return, in all its purity.

Therefore, let the standard of purity and virtue be placed high before them; and instead of seeking to intimidate them, by picturing an endless Hell to their imaginations, show them the glorious and happy results, that must naturally follow from a pure and holy life, ever keeping before them the beautiful picture of the life of the gentle Nazarene, which should be presented as an example for them to imitate, rather than expatiating so fully upon his ignominious death.

Then shall we have a better generation of men and women, whose lives shall be replete with good acts, as well as professions.

God help the spread of the truth now being unfolded, through the teachings of spirits who have gone before us—and may we be favored with more apostles of this glorious reform, who shall stand side by side with Thomas Gales Forster. H. W. B.

ERROR IN A NAME.

Some months since a spirit manifested to us through Mrs. Conant's organism, claiming to be the wife of a well-known jeweler on Washington Street. We are not acquainted with him or his family, and the communication was on matters which we knew nothing of. We found there were four distinct statements in it which proved true, but she gave the name of her husband as George, when it was Peter.

We did not intend to publish it, but wait for an explanation, without mentioning the error to any one; but it was inserted, and the public have it. These errors are undoubtedly owing to various causes, one of which is found in the fact that spirits control by power of will, and where many spirits are met, as in the case of our sittings, for the purpose of obtaining control, the spirit often finds it difficult to overcome anxiety and stronger willpower of other spirits, whose exercise of their wills cause error to creep into the communications. There are four truths to one error in the message alluded to, and we knew nothing of the party, her death, her disease, her sister's name, or time of her death.

MUSIC FOR FAMILIES AND SOCIETIES.

"THE PSALMS OF LIFE." As the season approaches when meetings will be held and social and family circles convene, we will be doing our readers a favor by commending to their attention "THE PSALMS OF LIFE, A Compilation of Psalms, Hymns, Anthems, Chants, &c., embodying the Spiritual, Progressive, and Reformatory Sentiment of the Present Age, by John S. Adams." We noticed this work at its first appearance, about six months since, and at the time alluded to its superiority as a volume of poetry and music for Spiritualists. It has since been adopted by nearly every gathering of Spiritualists, and likewise used in the choirs and congregations of numerous Independent Societies. It is found on the table of every Spiritualist's family, and even where music is not a part of daily exercise, is read with much pleasure and profit. Great research was expended on the selection of the five hundred and more pieces combined in "The Psalms of Life." Hundreds of volumes were examined, and every great Spiritual thought embodied in verse was gleaned and wedded to appropriate music. As a book of poetry alone it is worth ten times its price to every one who believes that the doors of heaven are open, and that angels descend to visit those they love on earth.

Music is the most harmonizing influence that can be brought to bear upon our souls. Its public performance, concentrates the spirituality of all persons present, fixes the thought, and elevates each and all to a nearness to the spirit world which is heaven to realize. In the family circle its effects are equally beneficial. Our spirit friends find in it one of their best avenues of access to our homes and hearts. The work we have alluded to is admirably suited to our wants as Spiritualists, and we would, for this reason urge its adoption and constant use upon every individual, family and Society whose faith recognizes the ministrations of angels and the principle of eternal Progression. "The Psalms of Life," is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., in this city; it contains 262 pages, 522 Selections of Verse, and is handsomely bound in cloth, embossed and lettered. Price 75 cents, from which a discount is made to Societies. Let every Sabbath gathering employ it, and every circle open and close with its use. Persons wishing to examine it can receive a copy by mail on forwarding its price to the publishers, with their address.

HOPKINTON, Sept. 14th, 1867.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Spiritualism began its onward march in this town, on the evening of the 7th of September, on which occasion it had been arranged that Thomas Gales Forster, a Trance Speaker, formerly of St. Louis, now of Buffalo, should address the meeting.

Sickness, however, prevented his attendance, and his place was supplied by J. Rollin M. Squire, a medium somewhat known at Harvard. It was ten o'clock in the forenoon of the day upon which the lecture was to be delivered when I spoke to Mr. S., a fact which will disabuse the minds of many of our people, who thought the lecture had been prepared.

The Town Hall was filled, completely crowded, and this young man, (he is not yet twenty) held the audience closely riveted to his discourse. I doubt if that audience would have remained so attentive to any other than a Spiritual Medium throughout an hour's lecture.

One thing which struck me as rather a mark of progression on the part of the people was this. One of our ministers, after reading the notice of the lecture, advised his hearers to keep away from the Hall, and not to be present at a discourse against it, and the other would not give it a reading. Now the advice to stay away was not heeded, as it would have once been, but, on the contrary, served to fill the Hall.

After the lecturer concluded, the people seemed

loth to leave their seats, and when it was announced that the services were over, little groups were formed and the matter earnestly discussed. All agreed that they had listened to a fine lecture, and the clergy and other cultivated minds paid the high compliment to its ability by saying that the youth had been well trained and had learned his lesson well. Would to God they could only know that they were listening to the same spirit of inspiration which spoke through men of old, and on which inspiration and manifestations of the Spirit hang all their hopes of a bright beyond. O. P. Monax.

A GOOD TEST.

New Haven, Ct., Sept. 26, 1867. Messrs. EDITORS.—Permit me to give a short account of a circle at which I was present. The circle consisted of three beside the medium, who is a young girl about nine years of age. She cannot write of herself, but when controlled, writes in a good round hand, which is a great test of itself. Several spirits wrote through her hand on various subjects, as "I am not dead," "Come to heaven," "I am happy," &c. But the best is the following: One of the circle asked, "If there was any more spirits than one present?" when all present plainly heard "no" spoken in a low voice. While debating the cause of the voice, the medium was influenced to write, "The spirits influenced him to say no," meaning a young child about five years old, who was asleep in an adjoining room, to which the door was ajar. I understood that the child had spoken out on several times when asleep in the room where a circle was sitting. The medium is a young girl who has had only a few lessons in writing.

Yours, &c., A.

The writer, whose name is appended to the private note accompanying the above, writes that the statement of the phenomena he witnessed can be vouched for by several citizens. It is a very strong test.

A GOOD PAPER.

One of the best papers now published in Boston is the Daily Bee. Its editorials are able, spirited and spicy, its news department complete, its reporters superior, and in every respect the Bee is up to the times, and rapidly growing in public favor. This paper is the only one in Boston that zealously and fearlessly advocates the election of Hon. N. P. Banks, in which advocacy it displays much ability. The friends of Mr. Banks should give the Bee a cordial support.

ERRATA.—In the "Invocation" on our sixth page, second stanza, third line, the reader will please substitute "time" for "twice" in the sixth stanza, last line, read "paths" for "path," omitting the period after "trod."

Dramatic.

THE BOSTON THEATRE, with the attraction of Mr. Edwin Booth, has done a very good business the past week; he has appeared in some of his best characters, giving additional proof that he is an actor of no ordinary merit. It was with no common degree of pride that we hailed the advent of young Booth to the Boston boards; it was with no common regret that we listened to his farewell.

We mean no fulsome flattery when we speak of Mr. Booth as the most promising actor upon the American stage, and it is with no unkind feeling that we warn him of his dangers. A reputation, which the bearer has been years attaining, may be darkened by one public act of imprudence; an exalted reputation destroyed by one hour's heedless folly. The mantle of the elder Booth has fallen upon the son, and Heaven grant that he may wear it with honor. The path of a young and promising actor is too often rendered thorny, by the folly and indiscretion of pretended friends. An actor's true friends and supporters are not to be found in the tap room, or at the gaming table, or at any other resort where those who have but little brains, and less wit, are too often found. Such men think that they evince a wonderful friendship, and a most noble support, by tendering to such actors only rum tokens of their interest; these, if accepted by the actor, will prove as ruinous to his reputation, as the fulsome flatteries of such people prove nauseous at last to the recipient of them. Such friendships are the foundation stones of that monument which is raised too often to commemorate a blighted reputation, and a premature decay. But why sermonize? Surely Mr. Booth knows well enough how to shun the rock upon which many a noble intellect has been wrecked, and many an enviable reputation ruined.

The selections at the Boston Theatre this week have been very judicious, and the farce entitled a "Conjugal Lesson," was very entertaining, and extremely well performed. Mr. Davidge grows nightly in favor with his audiences, and has established his reputation as an actor of sterling merit.

On Monday Mr. Barry revived "The Life of a Woman, or the Curate's Daughter," so successful at the (old) National, some years since, under Mr. Barry's management. It is a dramatic version of Hogarth's celebrated pictures of the Harlot's Progress.

THE HOWARD is doing a tolerable good business, and the public seem very well pleased with the juvenile delineations.

Mr. Marsh will soon bring out Cinderella and Fra Diavolo, the Honey Moon, and Don Cesar de Bazan, all of which will be noted by the children for the first time.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—The Keller troupe terminated their engagement abruptly on Thursday last, and left the same day for Montreal.

On Monday night Mr. and Mrs. George Pauncefort commenced an engagement. "Green Bushes," and "Little Tiddiekins" were played. A fair house welcomed them, and the audience seemed well satisfied with the evening's entertainment. Mrs. P. evinces talent of a high order.

ORDWAY'S place of amusement is in the full tide of prosperity; in fact, all things considered, the probability is that Ordway is doing a better business than any other place in the city.

Tax Museum prospers as usual; the pretty Mrs. Gladstone is a card for Kimball, and a great acquisition to his "corps dramatique."

At a whole, we should consider theatricals at rather a low ebb at present in this city, and something astounding in the way of novelty is required, to make the tide rise, and cause money to flow into the boxes.

Mr. Wallack delivered the tragedy of "Hamlet" at the Melodrama on Saturday evening last. We cannot speak with regard to the performance, as we were not present.

The Busy World.

The farmers out West are offering their crops of corn at fifteen cents per bushel. Why don't the speculators purchase, and hold on for a rise? Have they discovered the bottom of the strong box? Justice is slow, but sure.

The California gold shipments are but a small proportion of the productive wealth of the year. We have now in the crops a valuation of fifteen hundred millions of dollars, in a state of maturity, to pay up debts, wipe out losses, and re-establish our affairs on a stronger basis than ever.

DR. KIRK and NEALE have both returned from their European tour, and were at their desks last Sunday.

This delightful weather is enough to make everybody contented and happy. It is the smile of heaven upon the earth.

The present is the beautiful Harvest Moon.

HALL'S Dining Rooms, in City Hall Avenue, are the most popular and elegant of the kind in Boston. He is a caterer calculated to suit every shade of appetite.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has presented to the Hon. Thomas H. Seymour, the American Minister at his Court, a beautiful table, made from a peculiar stone or marble, taken from the Siberia Mines. The entire cost of the article was seven thousand five hundred dollars. It has arrived at New York, and will probably be sent to Hartford, Ct. The Grand Duke Constantine has ordered a vase for Governor Seymour, the cost of which will be five thousand five hundred dollars. The Governor is very popular at the Emperor's Court, and he is quite intimate with the brother of the Emperor, the Grand Duke Constantine.

ENGLISH capitalists were a good deal alarmed with regard to the security of investments in the United States, in consequence of the late failures, and particularly that of the Ohio Life and Trust Company.

LIVERPOOL is nearly as large as New York, is without a daily paper.

A CHINESE sugar cane mill has been put in operation by Mr. J. F. C. Hyde, at Newton Centre. It is quite a curiosity.

HENRY DWIGHT, who recently died at Geneva, bequeathed \$100,000 to the American Board of Foreign Missions.

The necessary repairs to the Norwegian barque Ellen, which rescued a number of the passengers by the Central America, are very properly to be made at the Gosport Navy Yard.

A letter from Berlin says that Chevallier Bunsen is about to publish a new translation of the Bible, with explanatory notes, and that the first volume of it will appear at the end of the year.

WITHIN the past three months 8,600,000 new cents have been issued from the mint in Philadelphia, weighing forty-three tons.

CORNELIUS S. BOGARDUS, for a long period Deputy Collector, and subsequently naval officer at New York, died on Monday, of consumption, in the 46th year of his age.

In Decatur, Missouri, Mr. Charles Shepard was so much excited by a fight between T. A. Green, a young lawyer, and Mr. Davis, editor of the Gazette, that he expired in a few minutes.

MR. HENRY WALLACK, who has just returned from Europe, will soon commence a series of entertainments, entitled, "Evenings with Shakespeare."

It had rained for ten days in the vicinity of Galveston, and fears of injury to the cotton crop were entertained. The receipts of new cotton had been 900 bales.

The banks in Philadelphia and Baltimore have suspended specie payment, and the excitement is intense.

It is thought that the hull of the Central America can be raised, and her specie recovered. It is said she is in only forty-three fathoms of water.

A fight between a wild boar and a dog came off in Commercial street the other day. The boar whipped.

The officers of the Navy and Marine Corps are going to erect a monument at Annapolis to the memory of Captain Herndon.

THE FIREMEN'S Muster in Hartford, Ct., turned out to be a great affair. Over 3000 firemen were present from abroad.

"FIGHTING AGAINST GOD."

Saint Paul advocated doctrines opposed to the opinions of some of his hearers, and so enraged them, that they would have strove with him, and probably have put him in prison, if not, indeed, have condemned him to the fate of Stephen, had they not been restrained by others; who, more gentle, less self-confident, said: "We find no evil in this man; but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God." In this they admitted the possibility of spirit communications. The same scenes are now enacted. Men of intelligence and sound mind, men whose evidence is taken on any and all other subjects, positively declare that spirits or angels have spoken unto them. But the doctrine is so opposed to the popular belief that many who hear them are impatient to condemn, while others, more considerate, seeing nothing positively wrong in these individuals, say, "We find no evil in these men; but if a spirit or an angel hath spoken to them, let us not fight against God."

T. G. FORSTER'S ADDRESSES.

Now published, and for sale at our counter, and at Bela Marsh's 14 Bromfield street, the following discourses, delivered through the organism of Thomas Gales Forster, at the Music Hall, in this city:—

Sunday, July 26. Text, Job, 32, 8. "But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

Sunday morning, August 2. Intercourse of Spirits with Mortals, as recorded in the Bible, and witnessed in modern days.

Sunday afternoon, August 2. Science and Religion—their dependence each upon the other.

Sunday morning, August 9. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into Life Eternal."

Either of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of four cents. Retail price: three cents each at the above places. Postage is one cent.

Wisdom cometh unto her children, and her children hear not, heed not, until the serpent of Folly has fastened its fangs upon them. Hear, oh ye children, and ye shall do well; profit, by what you hear, and ye shall do better.

Made all around you happy by being happy yourself; for sorrow is sometimes contagious.

The Pacific Coast.

The latest California news is by way of New Orleans, in the papers of the 14th ult.

The Settler's Convention adjourned on the 6th ult., after nominating Stanley for Governor, and endorsing a number of names on the Democratic ticket.

The Pitt River Indians in the eastern portion of Siskiyou county have committed many depredations of late. Lieut. Crook, of the United States Infantry, with a force of twenty-five men, had chastized them so severely that no further hostilities are apprehended.

The van of the overland immigration has at last crossed the Sierra Nevada, and for the last week trains have been pouring into California through the various mountain passes. All accounts agree as to the great numbers on the way—more than any season since 1852.

Throughout the interior the heat had been excessive. On the 9th ult., the mercury in some portions of the State, ran up to 120° in the shade, and in very few places beside San Francisco did it fall below 100° on that day.

Of murders, affrays, suicides and other deeds of crime and violence, many more are chronicled than it has been our misfortune to record for a long time past. A number of culprits have explained the extreme penalty of the law for their offences, and many more have been sent to the penitentiary from various parts of the State.

The United States Branch Mint, in San Francisco, reopened and commenced operations on the 10th ult.

Late European Items.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

The British steam propeller Jura, from Cork, Ireland, Thursday, 17th ult., arrived at St. Johns, N. B., Sept. 28th. She brings London dates (telegraphic) of the 16th, and no papers except the Cork Examiner of the 16th ult.

The cholera prevails extensively in Hamburg. Out of 239 persons attacked, 130 had died in eight days. At Apelan, more than 200 persons have died. The disease is also prevalent at Stockholm.

INDIA.—BOMBAY, Aug. 14.—The news from Delhi is to July 29. Sorties had been repulsed on the 14th, 18th, and 23d of July, with great loss on the part of the rebels. The British had 600 killed and wounded.

There has been no fighting since the 23d. The Neemuch mutineers have arrived at Delhi.

Brigadier Nicholson was expected at Delhi on the 16th of August, from the Punjab, with reinforcements.

Gen. Read has relinquished his command to Gen. Wilson, on account of ill health.

Gen. Havelock occupied Bithoor on the 17th, without encountering any resistance, and captured 13 guns. Nena Sahib escaped.

On the 29th of July, Gen. Havelock defeated 10,000 men on the road to Lucknow, and captured 15 guns. The British loss is not given, but is supposed not to be very great.

The butcheries at Cawnpore have been confirmed.

Amusements.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. B. WARD, Assistant Manager. Parquet, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM.—R. G. MANSIE, Lessee and Manager. Return of the MANSIE CHILDREN. The Curtain will rise at 7 1/2 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission: Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cents; Dress Boxes, 75 cents; Family Circle and Gallery, 25 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—W. D. ENGLISH, Lessee and Manager; J. PILGRIM, Acting Manager. Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 7 1/2. Boxes, 25 cents; Pit, 15 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Engagement of Mrs. D. P. BOWEN. Doors open at 6 1/2 o'clock; performances commence at 7 1/2. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season—commencing Monday evening, August 31. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children half price. Doors open at 7; commence at 7 3/4 o'clock.

J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D., ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN, respectfully offers his Professional services to the citizens of Boston, and the public generally. He may be found for the present, at the National House, Haymarket Square. 15-25 Sept. 18

SPECIAL NOTICES.

BOSTON.—SUNDAY SERVICES will be held in the Music Hall, on Sunday, October 4th, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M. F. L. H. WILLIS will lecture. Singing by the Misses Hall.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Lowell, October 4th, and in Manchester, the 11th. He may be addressed at this city till October 15.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 6 o'clock.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at Fremont Hall, Winthammet street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

LECTURERS, MEDIUMS, AND AGENTS FOR THE BANNER.

Lecturers and Mediums resident in towns and cities, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers, and, in return, will be allowed the usual commissions, and proper notice in our columns.

CHARLES H. CROWLEY, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls to lecture in the New England States. Letters, to his address, Cambridgeport, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

IL N. BALDWIN, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.

L. K. COOMLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

WM. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN H. CUMBER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

II. B. STONER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

These celebrated Mediums for Physical Manifestations of Spirit Presence and Power, have established themselves at commodious parlors, No. 6 La Grange Place, (leading from Washington street) in a quiet, and respectable part of the city, where they will give public exhibitions of their powers, at 3 o'clock P. M., and 7 1/2 in the evening.

Private circles if requested.

This is one of the best opportunities to witness this class of Spiritual Phenomena, ever presented to our citizens. Every man can now satisfy himself as to whether these manifestations do take place, leaving the question of their spirit origin to be settled after.

"Are these things so?" is the first question to be decided.

Ladies will find this a good opportunity to witness the manifestations, as they are given at a private residence.

Price fifty cents each ticket, admitting one person to the circle.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTES OF AN INQUIRER, KEPT BY J. W. EDMONDS.

NUMBER SEVEN.

April 23, 1856.

The circle met this evening, and the following was received:—

Let us now resume our teachings. We were speaking of the great principle which pervades all of creation, and lies at the foundation of the phenomena which you behold around you, and many of which you suppose to be causes, when they are but effects.

That great principle is Motion. This is the life and spirit of all created things.

I do not mean by this, locomotion only—the power of moving from place to place. That constitutes but a small part of the great principle. To you, while bound to the earth by your material bodies, this locomotion is a matter of importance; but to us who have thrown off the earthly surroundings, it is of no moment; for we pass from place to place at a wish—with a speed that literally annihilates space, and which lags not behind the celerity of thought. To us the passage over the circumference of your globe, is but the speed of a thought, and we may, in what seems to you to be the same instant of time, be here and thousands of miles distant. The swiftest motion of which you have any conception—a cannon ball flying with a velocity which renders it invisible to you—the ray of light which passes its thousands of miles in a second—the lightning which streams from heaven to earth as with a flash, are but laggards compared with the velocity of our motion, which belongs to our spirit nature.

Marvelous as this may seem to you and wonderful as it effects your existence on earth, it is, I repeat, but a small portion of that all pervading motion of which I speak. The iron, as it rusts, moves on to a change of its nature. The clay, as it congeals into rock, in like manner moves on. The plant, as it springs from its germ and lives to the full-grown tree, moves on. But why enumerate the instances of this motion, when enough has been said to show you what we mean by it.

But it is not merely while things live, while the plants grow, while the animals breathe, that there is motion. Even in death they move on. The tree decays and crumbles to dust. It moves on in that decay in the path of its destiny. The animal, in becoming a putrid corpse, moves on. The elements of which it was once composed all move ever on. The life-principle, having gone through its process of progression while occupying the animal form, passes forth into the atmosphere of life which surrounds you, and moves on until it again unites with some physical conformation and proceeds in its eternal pathway of progression.

The material particles of which the animal was formed, move on in their decomposition to unite themselves with other particles of matter more progressed, and they in turn again unite with some animal organization, and thus proceed in their pathway of progression.

The atmosphere you breathe is ever moving on, not merely with the locomotion which it possesses in connection with your earth, but in its appropriate pathway of progression. Its constituent qualities are constantly changing and constantly becoming fitted to sustain a more progressed form of life.

The time once was with your planet, as it now is with some of the worlds which surround you, when your atmosphere was incapable of supporting animal life. Nay, the time was once when it was incapable of sustaining even vegetable life.

Pause now one moment and imagine, if you can, the awful scene of dreary desolation which the surface of your earth must then have exhibited. No life, no vegetation, no green thing to break the dreary monotony—no humming insect to speak of life—no song of bird to cheer the heart—no perfume of flowers to charm the senses, but one all-pervading fall of dreary desolation wrapt around the form of the earth and holding it in its appalling embrace. But even amid this solitude and desolation, there was motion still. The great principle of creation inhabited there, reigning in lovely grandeur and performing its task. The rocks were crumbling from the beetling cliffs and filling the dreary chasms below. The melted minerals which had flowed over its surface and congealed there, were crumbling to dust, and thus moving on to the formation of earth. The subterranean fires were performing their work, throwing up from the burning volcano the ashes which their motion had created, to fertilize the earth and fit its surface for the mighty task it was to perform. The atmosphere, though filled with elements that were fatal to organized life, was passing on to a great and almost radical change in its nature.

Thus as it was with the air and the earth, so it was with water. It was then uplifted by reason of the grosser elements which composed it, to sustain life even in the coarsest reptile on the rudest planet. But it moved on in its pathway of progression, slowly indeed, but surely, until it obtained the capacity of sustaining life. And then amid its turbid streams, and in its muddy beds, was animal life first developed, and developed as the legitimate result of that law of motion which from rude chaos had converted disjointed matter into an organized world prepared for animal life by the workings of the universal law of motion.

Ages upon ages ago, far beyond what your imagination can reach, this process began. Degan! Yes, of your world it may be said, "it began," but not of the universe of which your world is one of the latest creations—for who can speak of the beginning or the end of eternity? Far back in the distant vista of time this process began. It has gone on performing its mighty work in obedience to immutable laws, until it is daily giving birth to vast hordes of beings who are destined to live forever in the presence of the great Creator. And it will pass on still for countless ages beyond your capacity to calculate, working with accelerated speed its great task of moving on forever. I say with accelerated speed, for it has attained that condition of development when each particle helps its fellow on, and feels not, as of yore, the heavy load which unprogression imposed on this great principle of motion.

Pause here again a moment and throw your imagination forward to the condition which must in time be the result of this motion of your earth. Man's physical form will become so purified of its earthly grossness, that what little there may be for the soul to drop aside in its onward progress, can be cast off from time to time and no death be necessary to shake off the impediments to its progress, which now retard it so much, but the man when born on earth be born forever, to meet no death, but destined to pass on without interruption to his high destiny in obedience to this universal law of motion.

In the meantime your earth, in obedience to the

same law, will have moved, until, in all its elements, it shall be fitted for such a race of beings. The mountains shall have flowed into the valleys—the dark places of the earth shall have sprung forth to meet the light—the desert shall have assumed its soft carpet of verdure—storms and clouds shall have passed away—the hurricane shall have sunk to rest forever, and your atmosphere, once agitated by fearful commotion, shall gently fan the brow with its genial breath, and be prepared to bear upward to his home the man of earth with all his material surroundings.

Then indeed shall man have arisen from the dead. Then indeed shall the old earth have passed away, and a new earth be born as the legitimate offspring of that great principle of motion, which, springing from the bosom of God, is ever performing its grateful and most momentous task of bearing upward to His throne all things which He has created in His wisdom.

SEVEN YEARS WITH THE SPIRITS IN THE OLD AND NEW WORLD: BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE VISIT OF MRS. W. R. HAYDEN TO ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND; WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HER EARLY EXPERIENCES AS A MEDIUM FOR SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN AMERICA.

BY DR. WILLIAM R. HAYDEN.

CHAPTER XII.

Robert Owen.—The Manifesto.—The Anniversary.—The Bishop of Durham.—St. John's Hall.—A Letter from Mr. Owen.

The next most important convert to Spiritualism, after Dr. Ashburner, was no less a personage than the venerable and renowned Robert Owen, the socialist, the philanthropist.

Mr. Owen's experience, in some respects, was extraordinary. The first time he called on us, it was not for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, but simply to purchase a copy of Mr. Ballou's book, which we had just republished, he being acquainted with the author. Mr. Owen was personally unknown to us at that time, and as we stood by the fire, talking of America, raps were heard upon the table, which was some distance from where we were then standing. So loud were the sounds as to attract the attention of Mr. Owen, although somewhat deaf; and he inquired of Mrs. Hayden the meaning of the sounds; to which she replied, that they were produced by spirits, and that some one desired to communicate with him.

"Very well," said the old gentleman, "if they have anything to say to me, let them say it; for I am always ready to hear all sides of a question." Seating himself at the table, he desired to know if any one wished to communicate with him, to which he received an affirmative response, together with the maiden name of his mother, Mary Williams.

So far, so good; but a single test was far from being sufficient to satisfy a mind like Mr. Owen's, and proof followed proof, and raps followed raps, until there was no hinge upon which to hang a doubt, and when once convinced of a fact, a great truth, he was not the man to let his light be hid under a bushel, and the result of his investigations was the appearance of his celebrated Manifesto, which has already been published in this country in one or two of the spiritual papers, hence we simply give his narrative of an interview with Mrs. Hayden.

THE NARRATIVE.

Many would-be-philosophers, and some who forget their own difficulties in their first attempts to introduce a knowledge of electricity, magnetism, mesmerism, and clairvoyance, as well as those of others in introducing any new, great improvements—who do not know what has been attained and proved in other countries, and who have not calmly and perseveringly investigated the facts long since ascertained as undeniable—will hastily decide that these new manifestations, although apparently mere extensions of animal magnetism, are cunningly devised deceptions.

Against any such crude and premature conclusions I strongly protest, knowing how long these same objectors have opposed the introduction of the system which I have for half a century advocated—a system based solely on self-evident facts, and built up of self-evident deductions from those facts—a system having in view solely the permanent good of all from birth to death—a system, and the only system, calculated to compel all from their birth to become gradually as good, wise, and happy, as their organization, given to them by the Great Creating Power of the Universe, or God, will admit.

I protest against the conclusions of these would-be-wise philosophers, because I have patiently, with first impressions strongly against the truthfulness of these manifestations, investigated their history and the proceedings connected with them in the United States—have read the most authenticated works for and against them, with much desire to disbelieve those in their favor—and although, against strong evidence, I long continued to doubt, and thought the whole a delusion, (but in many cases I was obliged to admit it must be an honest delusion.) I have been compelled to come to a very different conclusion.

While in doubt upon this subject I heard of the media in this country, and was casually introduced to Mrs. Hayden, an American medium, without having any intention to ask a question respecting the spirits; my object being to purchase a book which Mr. Hayden had for sale, written by a valued and most truthful friend of mine in America—Adin Ballou, who has written a plain, practical, common-sense history of this new revelation to the human race.

While conversing with Mrs. Hayden, and while we were both standing before the fire, and talking of our mutual friends, suddenly raps were heard on a table at some distance from us, no one being near to it. I was surprised; and as the raps continued and appeared to indicate a strong desire to attract attention, I asked what was the meaning of the sounds. Mrs. Hayden said they were spirits anxious to communicate with some one, and she would inquire who they were. They replied to her by the alphabet, that they were friends of mine who were desirous to communicate with me. Mrs. Hayden then gave me the alphabet and pencil, and I found according to their own statements, that the spirits were those of my mother and father. I tested their truth by various questions, and their answers, all correct, surprised me exceedingly. I have since had twelve sittings, some of long continuance, and during which I have asked a considerable number of questions; to all of which, with one exception, I have had prompt and true answers so far as the past and present, and very rational replies as to the future; but those last have to be tested by time. The exception was my own afterwards discovered error.

In mixed societies, with conflicting minds, I have seen very confused answers given; but I believe, in all these cases, the errors have arisen from the state of mind of the inquirer. ROBERT OWEN.

London, 5th April, 1853.

"The Manifesto fell like a thunderbolt upon his followers and the religious world." To them the great pillar and giant of infidelity had fallen—the most mortifying part of which was that he had been converted by the Rappers, the Spirit Rappers, and not by the Clergy or the brothers of the Church, and

great was the tribulation thereof. But Mr. Owen was as calm, and unmoved as the rock of ages. The celebrated Bishop of Durham said on one occasion at a dinner party at which the subject of "Spirit Rappings" was introduced,

"That a monument ought to be erected to Mrs. Hayden for having made a Christian of the infidel, Robert Owen!" Would to God that the learned Bishop was a thousandth part the Christian, in the common acceptance of the term, that the despised Robert Owen truly is; it would be a glorious day for mankind; there would not be so many starving, dying and ignorant poor in that great capital of wealth and poverty. If the noble Bishop followed half so close in the footsteps of his Divine Master as does and has Mr. Owen, he would not require eighty thousand pounds per annum to support his extravagance, to keep his brood, and parks, and yelping blood-hounds, while many of the poor clergymen almost starve for the want of sufficient bread to support the cravings of nature. Robert Owen does not roll round in a luxurious carriage, with liveried, and powdered, and bedizened servants—he does not simply preach, but he does a thousand times more, and better—his practices what he preaches.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE STONE AT THE SEPULCHRE.

Boston, Sept. 23, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—The following communication was made through a medium, an accomplished lady, residing at West Roxbury, in answer to a long article which recently appeared in the Independent, from the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe, under this same caption.

Respectfully yours, L.

"Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

Beneath this door are gathered the purest, the deepest affections of the human heart. Their softness, saddened shadows linger and play upon it. It is consecrated by tears, and embalmed in the regenerating promises of the future. It is the holiest shrine of thought. Death has been in our midst; life, in its beauty and strength has passed before his mystic touch. The little cherub, scarce lisping his parent's name; the youth, in the new promise of Hope; the aged, full of years and honors, all become silent at his bidding. The sepulchre is ever ready to receive the trophies of our love.

Watchman! what of the night? we ask, in troubled accents. Is there no reply—are we left standing in mournful groups—awaiting its re-opening, only to receive another victim of its power? Are the divine aspirations of our affection thus blasted and torn in all their clinging tenderness; no more to cheer and bless the heart? Our God is love. "If ye love me, ye will love the Father also," said the Saviour; and also, "a new commandment I give you, that ye love one another." Is this love born of God, and centered in the holiest instincts of our being, to be restrained and quenched by the stern monarch of the grave?

Is it the body that lives and loves, or the spirit that quickens? The body we reverence as the temple of the soul; the encasement of that divine spark which is sown in corruption, to be raised in power, first, a natural, then the spiritual body. The natural must first perish ere the spiritual can be enjoyed; such is the beautiful order of the divine economy of the laws of life. The leaves of the forest fall, and the earth cares for them; the earthly body falls, and the sepulchre is its home. Shall we rest with its decaying embers, or shall we arise in the newness of life, and rejoice in the spring of our immortal existence? Our loved ones live and love; that divine spirit which beamed here with the faint gleamings of affection, is now animated with immortal strength to be and do all its Father's will.

"As I live, ye shall live also," said Christ to his disciples; and that he should live and reign till he had subdued all enemies; and the last enemy, even death and the grave, should be prostrate before him. When death is subdued, is not the stone rolled forever from the sepulchre? Comes not his voice back to us, saying, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? Natural life is the seed of death—in its very perfectness, it must be resolved back to its native element. Who could ask for the dearest one ever to dwell upon the shores of time, in sight of the promised land, but never its blessed waters taste? Death comes from our Father's love, saying to the weary, here is rest; to the beautiful in youth and joy, here are beauties and joys that fade not with the using; to the sinner, repentance and forgiveness are the gifts of God. There are graves deeper in the human heart than e'er hewn from the rock of nature; let these be purified, and there is no longer an impassable gulf between us and the spiritual existence of our loved ones. Sin is the rock our own folly and imperfection has placed there, and our own reformation and repentance alone can remove it.

The body dies, but the spirit lives to realize its nobler being, its budding powers, all opening to the renewed life and hope of an eternal day.

The mother there shall clasp her infant dear, 'Not mid the changing scenes of earthly strife, But in the sure eternal calm of heavenly bliss. Death could not reach, with his cold touch, That breathing immortality God so freely gives. Unto the mother and the child she calls her own. He has bound them with the tie in union strong. That reunites each living atom of his spirit life, And what is sealed in Him, is perfect, infinite.

Let the sepulchre then be to us the gateway of spiritual life. May we bring to it hearts pure and unregenerated, with the love of all our Father gives, in earthly experience or heavenly hope. As nature weeps her severed ties, let the spirit follow and rejoice in the new-born life of immortal progress. All life is the gift of God to be enjoyed in his spirit, whether drank from the often bitter cup of earthly trial, or tasted by the clear waters of the river of life eternal. Is the sepulchre then the closed granary of treasured hopes and aching hearts? Are there no green vines twining around and through its walls, telling of life and love beyond? Is not the smile of purified affection still beaming upon us, saying, "Why weepest thou?" Can we not take up their unfinished anthem and say, "Glory be to God in the highest?"

The Saviour promised the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, to his disciples; and his presence imparts that peace that nothing can disturb. It is as hope, an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, through all the surging storms of life. What though our loved ones pass on to the spiritual gathering before us. One day upon earth is as a night, while the eternal ages are rolling on—our joy and pleasure shall lighten our pathway, and bring heaven near as their rejoicings echo there. Blessed be God that love, hope and promise, springing in earthly soil, may be matured in its spiritual life, and shed back their own fragrance to soothe and elevate. Let our dead be no longer strangers, in a strange land, but

let our own hearts receive and cherish them, and they shall become messengers of truth, purity and life, and the tomb itself the sanctuary of affection.

INVOCATION.

[The following was spoken through the organism of J. ROLLIN M. SEYMOUR, at a circle held in this city, being the last of a series addressed by THOMAS GALEA FORSTER.]

Oh, God! 'tis thee we thank for every joy, That glides and gladdens mankind's lonely hours; 'Tis thee we thank that death cannot destroy Our sense of life, nor dull the spirit's powers.

On wings of morning's glory o'er the world, From thy high mansions speed the spirits forth, And as the flags of day twice are unfurled, From their bright wings drop down thy truths to earth.

And man beholds after the manna fall, And strides with deep desire to gain thy prize; Once gained, the chains of earth no more enthrall, And every wonder some new truth implies.

'Tis thee we thank for our discernment now, For all our faith, our deeper sense of peace, Oh, God, we pray thee, still thy strength allow— Our faith thus realized, our hopes increase.

Thy grandeur and thy glory brighten still The many cold and cheerless paths we tread; We know, oh, God! without thee and thy will, Were chaos all where once our planet sped.

We gaze upon the lights that on the skies— Bright stars of truth that point the soul to God, And as a lonely wanderer who desires A place of rest, we know the path we've trod.

Though full of thorns, have made us love the way Which thy right hand hath marked for those who feel That thou art God indeed—and that thy way Shall nations bind, and nations' glory seal.

Oh, God! above all rule and reign to-night; O'erlook the gates broad down—thy truths are great; Not us alone, but nations fill with light, That every tongue thy majesty relate.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR ANGEL DAUGHTER.

The following communication was written on the blank leaf of a family bible, recording the death of a little daughter; the second part added later, as will be seen by the date, shows a leaning to the Spiritual and sensible view of such events. The raps referred to are a matter of fact and of some months' notice, and the thought suggested by them is certainly a pleasant one.

MILTON.

Dec. 9, 1856.

Our little girl who used to sing "I wish I was an angel, and with the angels stand," has gone to the spirit land, and is now beginning her angel experience. How melancholy the thought that we shall never see her here again. How solitary our home, now her bright little spirit has departed from it. Her delicate and nervous body, hardly fitted for enduring the ills of life, is now hushed and motionless, and is no longer the receptacle of her young and interesting spirit. Quick in her perceptions, her bright little mind took an interest in everything about her. Her natural goodness, and infantile fascinations have so endeared her to us, that it seems almost impossible to be reconciled to the will of God in depriving us of our little one, now in the cold embrace of death. She was a frail and delicate child, requiring constant watchfulness, which tended still more to make her our idol. But frail as she was, she had been spared to us season after season, that at the age of six we had looked for a longer lease of life, than in her more infantile days we had expected. 'So bound to us had she become, that the home she has forever left, and the world in which we still sojourn, have in our eyes a gloom, a shadow cast over them.

Sept. 9, 1857.

Can it be, that that little form, so sublimated as to be invisible to her parents' devoted eyes, still haunts the familiar spots of her earth life? Something within tells me so—something within makes me wish it so. Can it be that in spirit existence her little identity, her immortal part, still lives, and in this new state of being is still round us, to impress her image on our thoughts, to whisper to us in our dreams, to grow in knowledge under the guardian care of angel aunts and good spirits, free from all mortal pain, and happy in the thought, that those who loved her too well, will meet her again in God's good time, never more to be separated? Something now whispers to me, that the thought is true: is it the voice of our child? Who makes the little, faint raps that daily and hourly strike upon our ear, suggesting to us the image of our little one? Oh, can it be her little spirit, fainter at first, but now plain; seeking to let us know that she is with us still? How dear those solitary raps—soft, like a drop of water, yet heard amid the bustle of living children and in the still hours of night. Hark! always the same muffled sound—sometimes near our head, and sometimes distant; how dear to us are the inanimate walls and furniture, that seem to be the selected spots for these solemn sounds. Can it be our little Hattie, by some power not understood, making the cold marble and the cold walls whisper to us? How dear those raps, though what their import is we know not. The first sound went deep into our hearts, and seemed to tell us it was Hattie, calling mother; and they have continued. There were no raps when she was with us, but after the first grief for her departure had settled into the calmness that time will sooner or later bring, we heard the first rap on the table, so familiar to her in life; and they have continued; and they have grown to be pleasant sounds; they seem to us like the voice of our child now. We hail them as evidences of her unseen presence; and she is with us every day; and the gloom and the shadow is not so heavy upon us as it was.

Oh, Philosophy! I destroy not the charm, That has silver'd my hours of sadness; Dissolve not a spell, if 'tis but a dream, That changes my sorrow to gladness.

Those little soft raps I now and then hear; I feel, is the voice of my daughter— I think they are saying, dear mother, I'm here. Though they sound like the dropping of water.

Our two little boys, when they hear these raps, Too young, like us, to have missed her; Look up with a smile, and say, do you hear? The voice of our dear little sister.

She visits us daily—she raps in the places Most frequented by her when here— And something within, as soon as we hear it, Impresses us, Hattie is near.

Oh, Philosophy! destroy not the charm That has silver'd my hours of sadness; Dissolve not a spell, if 'tis but a dream, That changes my sorrow to gladness.

The wisdom of God is not the wisdom of man. His ways are not the ways of mankind. Search for the hidden things, and ye shall find. For God says, "Seek, and ye shall find; live so that ye shall pass from death into triumph, and live in darkness."

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Written for the Banner of Light.

THE MORNING LIGHT TO HEAVEN. The pall of night was rent and gentle wafted on beyond the gleams of morn, which slowly rising into space its silver bands unfurled, and clothed all the east with early day. The first golden streaks, which now were fast mingling into one, pierced the clustering leaves, which, drooping from the tall elms nearly hid an elegant gothic cottage. It was the home of retired wealth; plenty smiled on its inmates. Within, everything had an air of careful neatness. The sapphire stole their perfume from crowded flower beds, from the orange and the tulip tree. And the graceful fountain, that stood within the garden, sent forth its foaming waters in the sunshine, furnished by a purling brook that stole away to the south of the cottage, through the precise hedges, out into the broad carpeted fields. From the trees came the voice of many a songster, and on no other spot had nature and art combined produced such results to gladden and make happy the transient dwellers of earth.

But amid all this richness and apparent happiness and comfort, a shadow had fallen upon the house. A bright eyed girl of fifteen springs, the only gem of the fireside, lay, weary and sick, upon her couch. Every means had been taken to draw her back from the verge of eternity where she had stood so long, but now the truth was known—no earthly power could save. Through the long and starry night beside her couch the weeping mother sat; and early morning, bright and beautiful, has found her there weeping still.

Behold around the pallid lips of the child wreathed an angelic smile, and grasping her mother's hand awhile she calmly raises her own above, pointing to the skies. "Mother, I am weary, very weary with my stay, and I long to go away among the lights I used to watch in heaven. I love to listen to the voices of the—hark! I hear them now, cannot you? their song is so fraught with richness;" and she moved her aching head and the sunlight fell upon her golden hair; "I mean the angels, mother. While you slept last night, mother, methought my little sister stood beside me and beckoned me to come, and I wept to think that you would be left alone, and she stooped upon her golden wings and kissed my tears away. And I saw beyond, to a land of flowers, where they told me that faith and love forever bloom, and virtue wears a holy crest. They said, tell thy weeping mother, child, that each tear that she shall shed shall return to her a rich pearl of joy. And so when you lay me in my grave, mother, pluck some of the daffodils that bloom within the level meadow, and strew them on my last bed, for the angels say that when I rise to God I shall go mid the sweetness of eternal flowers. They bid me come; see you little cherub face with heavenly love aglow; she hears me; my sister—list, mother, she says that I must go! I go!" Around the wasted form of her child the agonized mother twined her arms.

"Speak once again, Elise; oh! speak and say thou hast not forever fled; with thee goes all my joy; for thee I've lived; speak and say thou art not dead. No answer came, 'twas but the day still beautiful to which she spoke; far above, that guileless soul revealed mid new scenes divine. Beside the clay-cold face the mother lay her head and slept, and the advancing sunlight through the casement fell softly on the sleeping and the casket dead. And before the sleeper's eyes there stands a band of beings bright who welcome the bird so shortly flown from earth. She sees them cross into the spirit land, and while loud peans fill the air, a beautiful spirit pointing to a distant star, crowns her child with everlasting leaves of bay.

And now she leaves the spheres, and with her blessed companions the sleeping mother nears, and in a voice of sweetness calls upon that mother to dry her tears, for "Mother, thy child Elise is not dead, but lives to guard and guide thee till time shall unite us once again." That mother awoke. She believed and felt the force of her vision, and when she laid the worthless casket in the earth, and left the daffodils blooming o'er the grave, she looked beyond and saw her child within the Saviour's keeping. And with the early sunlight that trembles through the dream of leaves that hides the cottage, comes a golden haired, bright eyed form, and sits beside the mother, and together day finds them in sweet and trusting communion—the one waiting, and the other yearning to go; looking upon death as the angel who kindly opens the door to the spirit land and smiles at the blissful reunion of kindred and friends.

Who shall deny or underrate the joy we reap in holding communion with the departed? Though strong the ties, they must be broken, Which bind us closely here on earth, But by those ties our God has spoken; And we inherit angel birth. RAYMOND.

LETTER FROM OHIO.

DAYTON, OHIO, Sept. 21st, 1857.

Messrs. Editors.—After a long time many incidents of wandering life have passed before me, and I find opportunity to fulfill the promise which I made to you, with the good intention of being more prompt in that engagement.

I am very much pleased with the prospects that are indicated in the unfolding of the spiritual philosophy, in this and the surrounding States. It seems that a world of minds have awakened from a long sleep of unconsciousness, and are now eagerly striving to gain the truths which thus they have lost. There is a lack of good philosophical reason in the field. This plainly indicates itself by the cries that burst simultaneously from smothered souls for "light, more light."

The "Boston Investigation" is looked upon, not as a failure of the powers of spirit, but rather as an exercise of truth and justice; and the falling of the committee in the performance of their stated and assigned duty, is but an additional truth confirming the weakness of their position.

The Middle and Western States are with glorious New England in this affair, and are in themselves an insurmountable barrier to the enemies of truth and progress. Love and truth are inscribed indelibly upon their banners, and the moving army is guided and advised alone by exercise of wisdom and reason.

We are using the "Big Temple," not merely by mortals, to an extent not known before, showing that it is truth which we seek, and not a quiet "nay," and the great questions which our day craves which so sparingly fall from their lips.

We certainly have no reason to despair of reason to lead, but reason to be thankful for the fact that we are progressing, and receiving the truth, the evidence of our immortality, and the eternal glory of heaven. Hope beams upon the future, and the

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angel-whispers tell us onward, and upward is our course to the realization of principles and truths not yet comprehended by mortal man.

Since I left you, I have spent my time in New York State, on the line of the Central Road and this (Ohio) on the Lake Shore, and in Cleveland, and Columbus. I have had constant enjoyment with good indications. I have spent but a short time in the place so far, but my enjoyments must necessarily be of greater length. I leave this place for Richmond, Indiana, to-day. We have a grove meeting there on Sunday, 23d inst., from thence I pass to the northern part of the State to speak to the friends at Delhi, Lafayette, &c., returning to this place to speak on the 20th of September, and to Columbus to commence an engagement of six weeks on the 27th; after that, I shall return slowly eastward, on the same line that I came, to fulfill my many engagements there made.

All things are well, and I am glad that I am what I am, for I am enjoying myself as a Spiritualist all can enjoy this life.

Yours,
F. L. W.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.

CHELSEA, Mass., September 12, 1857.

Mrs. BURTONS—Having for the last three weeks attended almost every evening of the circles of the Davenport mediums, whose circles are, and have been, attended by a large portion of the community. It would be useless for me to spend time to relate what I have seen and heard in public and private sittings with these mediums; but I will relate a few of the things that have been done by the spirits through them. One evening two gentlemen brought two pairs of handcuffs and fastened the hands of the mediums behind their backs, tying them also with ropes, so that it was impossible for them to move. The keys of the handcuffs were then placed on the top of the box in which the mediums were tied; the room was darkened, and in less than ten minutes the handcuffs were unfastened, as also were the ropes, and the mediums were entirely free, with the exception of one knot on one of the mediums, which the spirit John left tied. The gentlemen who brought in the handcuffs, being skeptics, were much surprised, and perfectly satisfied that the mediums had no hand in the matter, inasmuch as the handcuffs were so small that they barely fitted the wrists.

If any one doubts this, by calling on Mr. Stodder, Provision Dealer, on Commercial Street, or Mr. J. B. Dillaway, of the firm of Grover & Dillaway, St. John Dealers on the same street, they will testify that the above is true, as they were the ones who carried the handcuffs to the circle.

On Saturday evening after the mediums were tied by the spirits, two hammers and some nails were put into the box, the room was darkened, and the spirits went to work nailing up two doors which had been made on each side of the box in order that persons might see how the boys' hands were tied behind their backs. When the lamps were lit, there was the same ruck for the box, but the mediums were tied the same as they were before the spirits began to nail up the doors. There being some few skeptics in the room, they were completely astonished; and what was still more wonderful, the nails were large as board nails, driven with small hammers, (such as are used for driving tacks and the like).

The same evening one of the mediums got into the box alone, and at the request of the spirit John—the door of the box was fastened with ropes, and nailed also, so that it was impossible for any one to get in or out without being heard. The light was then extinguished, and in a few minutes the gas again lit, the door unfastened, and the medium was fastened from head to foot in such a manner that it was impossible for him to move two inches from the seat in which he was tied. Those who were skeptical in regard to the spiritual part of these manifestations, were completely surprised, and satisfied that the medium had no hand in producing them. One of the most singular of the manifestations, is the spirit hand which is shown, more or less, every evening, when the room is perfectly light. It is generally seen over the top of the box. During the time it is shown, the mediums are firmly fastened, and what is still more astonishing, the hand seen is nearly twice as large as either of the mediums' hands. I have had the pleasure of a friendly shake with the hand; and if I had my right senses at the time, (which I am inclined to think I had,) the hand to me felt like any human hand, and was so large that it covered mine completely up, which, by the way, is by no means a small one.

I have related all that is necessary, although I could tell of things far more wonderful than anything that I have here related, things that have transpired in private sittings with these mediums. I can only say to those who look upon these manifestations as the work of trickery, humbug, &c., to go to No. 6 La Grange place, Boston, and see for themselves.

E. M. G.

The Messenger.

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

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

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life; that they are not to be deceived by the erroneous notion that they are "any thing but spirits," liable to err like ourselves. It is hoped that this will influence people to "try the spirits," and not do any thing against their reason, because they have been advised by them to do it.

These communications are not published for literary merit. We shall be all we ask for. Our questions are not noticed only the answers given to them. They are published as communicated, without alteration by us.

NOTICE.

We are continually in receipt of letters, the contents of which show us that many skeptics are in the habit of testing these messages. We have a letter before us now, which proves this. Now there are many tests here published, of which we obtain no clue which enables us to prove them. Our correspondent suggests that, for the benefit of those who read our paper, we publish the proof of the truth of the messages. It is a good hint, and if those who read them, and are able to inform us of their truth will write us in reference to them, we will notice the facts. Perhaps in no way could a private individual do more to convince skeptics, than by corroborating our tests, if correct. If there are errors in them, we should like to hear from them, for we like to hear both sides.

Abner Kneeland.

I'm sure all nature should rejoice with exceeding great joy, because darkness is fleeing away before light.

When I was among your number, dwelling in earth, I was obliged to take up my cross and put on many crowns of thorns, on account of my belief. And, as I drew nigh to you this morning, for the purpose of guiding your circle, I saw a division of thought—light and darkness coming together; and they could not abide together, hence the display of uncharitableness you saw. I could only say to myself, I wonder how so many will seek to dwell in darkness, rather than in light.

When on earth, I was wedded to Infidelity; my soul went out against all Christianity, as called for, among the church men, I found so much darkness, so much of the spirit of Retaliation, that I chose Infidelity to Christianity. I was marked as an infidel, spoken against, and no man seemed to look upon me with love; but I cared not for it. It was willing, at all times, if I knew myself, to converse with them upon Theology my favorite study. But when you

find persons so wrapt up in darkness, that they will not hear, will not see, will not stand alone, like the person who was conversing with you a moment ago, it is almost useless to argue with them.

Now I cannot see that I was in error, only in regard to one point; I doubted the existence of a Supreme Being, never fully disbelieved it in my soul, and where I erred. But what brought this doubt to me? Why, Christianity. If I was standing without a hope of a Supreme Being, it stood me there; and, at the present day, it clothes thousands with robes of darkest hue. Deny it if you can, oh, ye churchmen! Your systems are founded on air—good for nothing, and, like the churches of old, they are like white sepulchres, fair without, but full of filth within. Now, they will tell you these words do not apply to them, when Jesus expressly told them it applied to churchmen. But men are always willing to put the burden of their sins upon others—never willing to acknowledge their own deformity.

If I were on earth again, I should embrace Infidelity with all its errors, rather than Christianity as it is. Yet I love the churchmen, and would not see one of them dwelling in darkness, if I could aid him. But mortals are oftentimes too anxious to impart light to them, and thereby give them too much, not thinking that eyes which are accustomed to darkness, can bear but a few feeble rays at first.

My friends doubtless you have many professed Infidels dwelling about you. Let me say they are so many free thinkers dwelling among credulous men. Go to them with truth, and see how eagerly they will accept it, if they see it. God bless all Infidels, I say; look upon them as a class of brethren dear to me; for they are open to receive anything which God sends them.

When on earth, I made myself conversant with your Bible; but as I could not see spiritually, I could not believe it. Had I been surrounded with angels coming down from heaven, as you are, I should have believed it, not as coming from God, the Father, directly, but as true in the main—a record of the past, worthy of being my guide, so far as it comported with my own Reason, and not one step further.

Now, there is light enough for all. Heaven is large enough for light, and hell is growing smaller every hour; for, as heaven expands, hell grows smaller. I speak of the Christians' hell—the hell they have fashioned, and as one after another comes out from misallied Christianity, and embraces true Christianity, hell is being circumscribed—or that portion they are clinging to is cut off.

You all have hell enough here, quite as much as you need; and yet if you carry hell away with you, you will have it in our sphere; so see to it that no stain of sin is attached to you when you come here, but that every act of your life has been one, showing that you had love for your brother.

That old personage, the devil, too, is fast becoming, as it were, a phantom—a nothing. I doubt if there be any on earth at this time, who actually believe in a personal devil; and yet they erroneously cling to many dark ideas as bad as that. Tell the mother her child has gone to hell, and she says, Oh, no! somebody's else child has gone there, not mine. They are willing to make bells for others, but not for themselves.

Come, ye Infidels, and bring together all your forces, and see if you cannot annihilate this hell, for it is by you that it is to be annihilated. What if you are branded with a thousand ignominious names. You know they are in darkness, and you are not—so if your brother meet you with anger, say, get thee behind me, Satan, to his anger, and strive to let the light of Love so beam from your own characters, that he will be forced to borrow of you.

My friends, I'll leave a blessing for my own dear children on earth, and request that they march on steadily in this world, with brilliant hopes for their future existence.

I am Abner Kneeland—the old Infidel. Bless God, or Infidelity.

John Swan.

Much remains to be said in regard to spirits coming to earth and manifesting to its people. I have dwelt in the land of spirits but a short time, but quite long enough to be fully satisfied that the spirit world is a perfect counterpart of the natural world. To the spirit it is as tangible and real as anything you have on earth; while to the mortal it is vacancy, space, nothing. All classes of society, from the lowest even to the highest, are anxiously investigating the new phenomena. Some are doing so in secret, and many publicly. I have many friends on earth; a portion of them are rabid against Spiritualism, and a portion look towards it in a favorable light, seeing beauties in it they find in nothing else, and yet they do not declare themselves believers. I say they do not—I mean the mass of those who, in reality, believe in Spiritualism. But the time will come when they will not only believe in secret, but acknowledge it openly.

This being my first attempt with you, I hope you will consider my imperfections charitably, for I do not like to be thought an impostor. When I was on earth, I always preferred to think my brother man was honest; I suppose I often derived in consequence, but I could not bear to think him untrue. And now I am divested of the mortal form, I would like to be looked upon as an honest man; seeking not only my own good, but the good of all who may have been changed to know when on earth.

Spiritualism is true—and it is false—yes, true and false. Religion is true—it is false, also. Everything mixed with materialism is filled with falsehood, and if you throw away Spiritualism because part is false, you might as well throw away the whole material world.

He who sits at the table and calls for those who are out of sight to manifest to him, and does so honestly, in the fear of God, will seldom get untruth. I say seldom—there may be times when the surroundings are so imperfect as to cause error in the communication—not because the spirit is untrue, for he may not be aware of it. But seek for truth, and receive it wherever it is to be found. My friends will understand this, and appreciate it. Methinks if I were living on earth again, I would constantly strive to go higher and higher in wisdom; but you know that persons who pass from earth, change their views very materially.

I have been here but a short time, as I before said. I am happy; and, were I offered all the wealth of earth, it would be no temptation for me to return. I once feared to die, for I had no light to carry me beyond the grave; but, if you fear to die, you may know that your faith is no faith at all.

I have manifested before to my friends, but never in this way. It is my wish that those friends who have privately called upon me to respond to their call, through your paper, now to respond to mine. I want those friends to sit at the table calmly, easy in mind, and happy; if they have developed mediums, it is well, if not, we will endeavor to develop some of their own circle. But everything must be harmonious. That God will bless you, and them, and all mankind, is the wish of

JOHN SWAN.

John Henry Stevens.

Well, I like this much! First of all, tell me where I am? Well, I expected that, but I was not sure. Well, now just favor me with the time of day? Now the day—the week—the month—the year—now let us have the year. Good God! I have not been here more than ten days? Now, if your time is right, it is but that since I came, I have a sister, who died when I was a little fellow, and she was the first one I saw when I came here. She kept saying to me—go to a medium.

Do you know where Ann Street, Boston, is? Well, as the devil would have it, by the way, I have not seen him yet. I went down there and got a little light; then I went to go on board the schooner Rhodora, and I fell; but I was sober just after. Well, where do you suppose I found my body some days after? Well, my God, it was in one of your hospitals, and the doctors were cutting it up! Now, I don't like that. It was taken to some place, I don't know where, and many people called to see me, but I did not know me. And I didn't know them. Now,

I want that body buried; if those doctors can get any knowledge from it, I suppose they have a right to, but, after that, I want it properly buried.

I belonged in Biddeford, Maine. I left that place when I was young, and have been cruising around ever since. Somehow or other I got to drinking about eight years since, and I have been in trouble ever since. Now I should like to have them take good care of that old carcass. There I was stretched out on some sort of concern, about three feet long, and six or seven wide—a great big table, about three feet high. There was a lot of books and pictures there, a lot of instruments, and six or seven doctors. My God, I don't like these things! I have no friends, except shipmates, that I know of, on earth, except a brother, who ought to be in a foreign port, and an uncle somewhere in the State of Maine. All my shipmates are scattered. I was left here to have my time out. This is Spiritualism, is it? Well, I'll just tell you a bit of a yarn about it. I went in a house down Ann Street, where they told me there was a spirit medium. Well, there was about twelve sat around the table. They were very solemn, then, but I thought what they would be soon. We got tips and raps. My sister came to me and wrote the best communication you ever saw through the medium. Now, she did not know me nor my name, and she was not a good woman; but she told me I should come to them soon if I did not do better. Now, I had that communication with me somewhere, I think when I was drowned. But I thought she was hitting on a run; I did not think it would come true so soon. Well, I suppose it is right enough to be huckled up in that way, if friends don't come to claim the body, but they might have waited till I had got away. Every time they out, I felt it, just as if they were cutting me, and my God, I wanted to get hold of them. It was quite early in the morning when they began, as I was carried in the night. Now, I tell you what it is, if that job is fixed up all right, I'm satisfied; but if it ain't, I am not.

But how is it? I expected to write as my sister did through that girl. She's a hard one, I tell you, but it was a good communication. She wrote, and then said—Who's here by the name of John Henry Stevens? I said, that's me—and there was my sister's name signed to it!

The uncle in Maine was named William Stevens, he was my father's brother, but they dissolved partnership when I was young, and I don't know where he is. I used to spell my name Stevens.

Now, do what you can to give me a Christian burial, will you, and I shall be happier. Sept. 19.

Rather a singular manifestation. A man was found in the water about the time he indicates, near the schooner Rhodora. It was supposed he was intoxicated at the time he fell. We possibly saw the incident in the paper at the time, but such things are taken slight notice of, and at the time of our sitting, it certainly was not in our mind, nor had it been thought of, if we had ever known of it.

The circumstances he details after speaking of his death, as the communication, and the proceedings at the hospital, there is no way of verifying, a genuine spirit manifestation, made perfectly independent from any influence of our mind.

Part of it does not seem true, for it is out of place, that all bodies of strangers picked up and unclaimed by relatives, shall be buried, and it is an offence to deliver them to hospitals or physicians for dissection. Probably any dissecting-room would appear to him a hospital.

Now, we believe this rule is obeyed by our officers, who have charge of such matters, and there would be no reason in charging them with delivering this body to the dissecting-room. Neither is it rational to think that it could have found its way there in any other manner, for bodies are too plenty now for doctors to steal them. Thus, discredit is at once thrown upon this statement of the spirit, though there are some who are not so charitable as we are, who would think the entire statement likely to be true. There is some truth in it, and the reader will select it for himself, and throw the balance away.

If any of our Eastern readers can shed any light upon the spirit's antecedents, we should be glad to hear from them.

Nancy Hobbs, Cambridge.

I came to speak, but not to strangers. My name was Nancy Hobbs; I died in Cambridge in 1848, and was 31 years of age. I wish to communicate with my husband. I have slept well, and am refreshed and happy. The past has been to me a pleasant dream; the present is beautiful, and the future is a dream of peace. Yes, I have repented long enough, and I was told by coming here I might do much good. I wish my husband to know that I am almost constantly with him, striving to benefit him; that I am acting upon him constantly, and have been for the last five months. And now it is wisdom that I came here, although I expected to find him here. But I see I am to communicate to you, and that you are to be a messenger for me to him; and many things to say to him which I can't give to you; and if I could find a suitable medium I would give him much. I have not lost sight of earth, for those who have dear ones there should be expected to lose sight of them. Say to him, when evening comes I come also; when he sits down to rest I am there, though he knows it not, and I would speak to him of the past, the present, and the future.

George Cheney to James Grace.

First come first served, I suppose, so you'll please serve me. But I do not seem to know how it is I cannot do any better.

You see I belong to the anxious class, and wish to communicate something, if it is not quite as good as others who have been in the habit of coming to you. Now don't expect a great deal of me, for if you do you will get disappointed. I have only been here four years. I died in San Jose, California, and my name was George Cheney. You see I left Massachusetts about seven years ago for California; and as good luck would have it, I took sick and came to the spirit land. I want to let them know that if they choose to give me a chance to come, I shall be glad to embrace the opportunity. I am rather a hard boy, but I am good after all. Here is something I want to give, and it is the principal thing which draws me here. My friends suppose that I was murdered—but it is not so; I was sick and died a natural death, and the money was stolen while I was sick. I didn't leave much, but what I did leave should have gone to my near relatives; but I suppose the persons who took care of me when I was sick, thought that they might as well have it as my people. It is all right now, but we are not dead, as they supposed, and many things are coming to light at this time.

There is a friend of mind on earth in Central America, whose name is James H. Hamblin. He belongs in New York State. So he told me. He met him on the passage, and we were chums together. He knows more about this than anybody else. He belongs somewhere near Buffalo, but I do not know the name of the place now. He is now in Central America, keeping a place which might be called a public house. It is a little shed out of town, which is the same as a tavern here.

I should like to have him give that \$200 to James Grace. He owes it to me, and I want Grace to have it. I suppose he thinks his debt is cancelled, but it is not so. Now I think this should be as far as I can. I want that money paid, as I said, and I want my friends to know I died a natural death, and that I am as happy as I can be now, though as I grow better I shall be more happy. I want my friends to know I will seek out a medium, I will seek them out and communicate. My father and mother are in the

spirit land. I have a sister living in Massachusetts, who is married since I died. Her name is Emily Cheney, but who she married I do not know. I was born in Duxbury, Mass. I started from there and went to Manchester, N. H., worked there a while at a mill. Not liking that business very well, I went to tending bowling alleys. I did not like that, and went to Lowell and staid there some few years, working at various things; and then I sported a little, but not much. After I left Lowell, I went to Boston, and then went to New York, thence to California, and from there I came here.

I suppose you will think it strange that I do not want that money to go to my sister. She has got enough, and I owe that money to Grace, and want him to get it, for I never forget a friend. I know he will get this paper, for he is a great chap to read the news.

Hopkinson.

I was suddenly called from earth. I have been a dweller in the spirit life about one year, and I feel doubly indebted to a friend I have on earth, for his kindness, which has been my saviour. I was not in need of me of Spiritualism when I was with him, but he has called me to him since that time, and has given me light, and thinks he to him, and to God, I am now happy. I lived to be upwards of sixty years of age. The most of my time was taken up by mental labor. The faculties given me by nature and the God of nature were considered. I sought to do good in my way—was misapprehended. I honest, moral man—but, like Mark of old, I was careful about many things, yet lacked one thing, and that was, Charity.

Our brother Paul used to say something like this:—Although I speak with wisdom, and although I have the gift of God, and although I am a righteous man, if I have not charity, then am I good for nothing. Charity with him seemed to be the redeeming trait in mortal organism. Now charity, with you people, seems to be small, and my judgment is right—because made up of materials of my own selfishness.

I left on earth a large circle of acquaintances, of friends, of relatives, and of those so dear to me, that were I to die a thousand material, natural deaths, I could not be severed from them. I come to them, but they see me not, they hear me not, they heed me not. I love them, but a portion of their love for me is lost in the grave, and a portion of it too far beyond earth. That portion of the love they bore the body is gone down to the grave where that lies. The other portion is gone far beyond where that they bore the spirit, cannot reach it.

I want them to know that I am with them; and let them show the love they bear me, not by stretching out over a thousand years into the kingdom of the Father, but by recognizing me as one of them now, and be willing to receive me as I come to them at the present time.

I have communed before, and shall continue to do so at intervals, until I succeed in opening the doors of the hearts of those I love. My name was Hopkinson. I died in Cambridge, and my disease was dropsy upon the chest, and upon the brain.

Sept. 10th.

We neglected asking the Christian name of this spirit.

Charley Adams.

I suppose I am dead, but I can't understand very well how I am. My folks lived in New York City. I should like to be buried. My body was not buried; it is in the water, for I was drowned five days out from San Francisco. I was going after mother. Father was with me in Sacramento, and was drowned with me. I have got an uncle in the spirit world who brought me here. I have been to New York since I died. My mother went to a medium, and she cried very much. She said she knew I was dead, for she felt me. The medium saw so much that she cried, and did not tell so much as I wanted. I was almost fourteen years old—my name was Charley Adams. Mother has lost all—father said so—I do not see him at all. I can't remember well, I'm frightened so—so astonished. It was very hard—I don't think somebody done right—I mean Mr. Parsons—he told me to go down stairs, and he drove me down—it wasn't right—I think I might have lived if he hadn't. He said there was no danger, and I must not make such a fuss. I could find father. I had letters in my pocket for mother; father told me to keep them there safe. One had a piece of gold in it, which I got the first time I went out with father. I was taken sick with the dysentery and wanted to come home, and father said I should; so, as I was sick, he came home with me. Something fell upon me, and I was squeezed. I wish I knew you; I know mother will cry her eyes out. I must go to God now. Sept. 21.

We see no way of testing this, and we are not sure that the control was perfect enough for the spirit to give us truth. We throw it out, with the request that if it meets the eye of any person knowing to facts bearing resemblance to the statement, they will inform us.

George Clark.

This place is Boston, I believe. I wish to manifest in some six years. I have been in the spirit land some six years; I find everything new, strange, and incomprehensible to me. I died of fever in California, but belonged to Exeter. I have been anxious to manifest ever since I left earth. I have a brother who was in Exeter when I left. I should like to have him acquainted with my whereabouts—to have him know that I am waiting for some demonstration on his part towards me, that I may manifest to him. I have traveled much over earth since I have come to the spirit life, for I find my spirit is still on earth. I find many things in foreign lands whose beauty astonishes me, and I think there is some superior power, the Creator of so much beauty.

I am told when I again leave the earth sphere I shall pass on higher than I have yet been. I have a dream of this, for I fear I shall not be fit to go. All things here are beautiful. I was always a lover of nature, and when I looked abroad upon its beauties, my soul was in delight, and went out to him who created it. Some thought me strange, some foolish, but most all looked upon me as one always in deep thought. The thought which went down through many different channels when I was on earth, now seems to be roaming over all creation, and it seems to me I cannot be fully happy until I am perfectly acquainted with all the creations of God, and then with Him.

Tell my friends I have not changed in regard to my religious views. I felt, when on earth, that to be true, which I know to be true now. I cannot talk to you as I would to my friends; when I meet them where I can commune with them, I shall most fully manifest.

Sept. 24th.

Solon H. Tenney.

Good morning. Doubtless you may think it strange that I call upon you so unceremoniously. On the 10th day of the past month, I was called for at a certain place in your city by one of my particular friends; and being unable to manifest there, although I was present, I bade the spirit who seemed to have the control, to say that I would be present again, and speak to my friend. But it seems I am not capable of controlling that medium, and I have come here to-day to say to my friend that I am quite as anxious to speak upon certain things as he can be to hear me; and I will speak of them to him as soon as an opportunity presents itself. I am happy, far more happy than I expected to be. The only source of unhappiness; I have, springs from reflection; I have been striving to sever the chord of affection that binds me, and she who was my wife, together, but I find it impossible, and I am told that it will remain unsevered until we are re-united in the land of spirits. If permitted, I shall devote a great portion of my time, in making her happy, for she, of all on earth, is most dear to me. The peculiar circumstances attending her at my demise, render her an object of

ply, and it is my wish that all about her make her happy, and I wish to see it carried out in full. I want all those who love me to love her—and give her above pure and unselfish love, which will raise her above earth and its sorrows, as well as that other love which cares for things of earth.

I have much that I should like to say to my friends, but the time is not yet. I trust that my friend who called so loudly upon me, will receive this, and know it is positive proof that the spirit can manifest apart from those who seek to be manifested to. There can be no collusion between his mind and that of the medium—this must be positive proof to him. Good morning, sir.

Mary Prescott.

I thought I should get here this time. My name is Mary Prescott. I want to talk to my friends. I want Harriet to sit, so I can talk. I want to tell Harriet's father that everything is right—not to worry—and that little George is with him most of the time. Tell him I was with him when he was with that medium a little while ago. He thought it strange I did not manifest to him, but I could not. I was a little girl when I died. I didn't know much about earth, but I like to stay here, for I can help lots of spirits and mortals, and I love to do it.

George is sick—the George that is on earth, not little George—and the doctor here tells me he must be very careful; during the present winter he will be liable to have chills and fever, and he must avoid colds, for if he does not he will not stop long on earth; and we don't want him here yet, though we love him.

Now you see I only know these people since I came here, but I went to them, and they treated me so well I love to go to them.

Tell Harriet's mother not to work so hard, and to be happier. Tell her how much her father wants to talk to her—his name is Abner Kneeland, and he will sometime. Now I'm going—good-bye.

Sept. 3.

William Parker.

My name was William Parker. I have friends living in Roxbury, Mass., and I wish to manifest to them. I wish my mother and brothers, and other friends, if they see fit, to sit at the small table in the front room, every evening in a week for manifestations. I wish my mother to take more rest, and be quiet, and not worry about anything on earth, for she shall be well taken care of. I wish my brothers to be ever kind to their mother, remembering that she once suffered much for them. Tell them that John, who has lately come to the spirit life, is happy, very happy, and will manifest to them soon. He was a relative, only a friend. I want that old lady, who comes in to see mother, to sit at the table—she is a medium. I don't know who she is, for I never knew her on earth. They have often wished that I would manifest through your paper, but as I have had nothing particular to say, I did not do it. Tell them that I have no desire to return to earth to live. I am a stranger to you, sir, and to all in the room (spirits) except a grandfather. Good day, sir. I will come again when necessary.

Charles Taft.

I am very anxious to commune with my friends who remain on earth, in regard to affairs pertaining to worldly possessions. I have been in the spirit life but a few years, and my spirit often comes to visit those I left on earth, and I seek to do them good so far as they seek to do right, and no farther. I wish my affairs to be settled—not on my own account, but on account of my wife and children—of her husband, also. All will end in good time, yet it is my wish that they make that time short as well as good.

With many blessings to all, I will come again. Please favor the spirit by publishing this as soon as possible.

Dr. Benjamin Billson.

The above name was written, and after this the spirit asked, "How is this?"

How long have you been dead? We asked.

Five days. I was 81 years old. My wife has been dead some years, and is far above me. I lived in Taunton. I had no idea of returning in this way, after I left.

There was much more conversation between this spirit and a friend who dropped in at our circle just at this time, and he was much surprised at the manifestation, as he had known him, but had not heard of the death of the party manifesting. The manifestation was not important to us, but the spirit evidently was sent to gather some ideas of life in the spirit world.

Little Freddy.

The medium saw a little spirit child, and said:—There is a little girl here, who says she wants to write. She is a black-eyed, pretty little child, about six years old. It is a girl, with lots of hair, parted in the middle.

Then was written:— "Little Freddy sends much love to Aunt Wells." After this she became again visible, and the medium said:—

She says Mary is here with her. Her mother looks some like a French woman. The child is a girl, but she says her name is written right, and that Aunt Wells will know better than you do. She has on a white thimble dress, and says "Aunt Wells made it." Ask Aunt Wells to give her a needle, she says. Mother says, direct to Fanny Wells, with blessings from Mary.

Mary Pitman.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and Jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore finger of all Time,
Sparkle forever.

Where Claribel low-leth
The brocade pauses and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall;
But the solemn oak tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-leth,
At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone—
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the mossed headstone,
At midnight the moon cometh
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lute-white swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The fledgling thrush leppeth,
The slumberous wren outcraeth,
The babbling raven outcraeth,
The hollow gnat replieth,
Where Claribel low-leth.

Our temples are like an opera-glass, which makes the
object small or great, according to the end you look through.

The past is very tender at my heart;
Full as the memory of an ancient friend
When once again we stand beside his grave.
Basking amongst old papers thrown in haste
Mid useless lumber, unawares I came
On a forgotten poem of my youth.
I went aside and read each faded page
Warm with dead passion, sweet with buried June,
Filled with the light of suns that are no more.
I stood like one who finds a golden tree
Given by loving hands no more on earth.
And starts, beholding how the dust of years,
Which clings all else, has never touched its light.

Thistles, though noxious things in themselves, are usually
signs of an excellent ground whereon they grow; so bashful-
ness, though it be a weakness and betrayer of the mind, is
yet generally an argument of a soul ingeniously and virtu-
ously inclined.

City! I am true son of thine;
Ne'er dwell I where great moraines shine
Around the beating pens;
Ne'er by the rivulets I stray,
And ne'er upon my childhood weigh'd
The silence of the glens.
Instead of shores where ocean beats,
I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

Compliments are the coin that people pay a man to his
face; sarcasms are what they pay him out with behind his
back.

Love weepeth always—weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may befall;
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?
Fate whispered sorrow, sorrow is your lot,
They would be rebels—love rebellious not.

A coquette is a rose-bush, from which each young beau
plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.

When some beloved voice, that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope, what help, what music will undo
That silence to your sense.

Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality com-
plicity.

For the Banner of Light.

ONLY A SEAMSTRESS.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

BY CAROLINE B. STANTON.

November 18.—It is a cold, dreary, November evening. The wind sweeps past my window in fitful gusts, and the beating of the rain makes my heart ache with a gathering sense of loneliness and despair. There is a dull pain in my breast, like the suffocating pressure of restrained tears. Three months ago—surrounded by every luxury that a fastidious taste could desire—I heard my only surviving parent—this father, whose happiness was as dear as my own life-blood—breathe his last word of blessing for his orphaned daughter. Darling of his heart, as I was, I had been so carefully shielded from all knowledge of misfortune, that I had scarcely dreamed that my foot could press aught but the unresisting velvet carpets that were wont to tread, or that any but the finest textures could clothe my delicate frame. Oh! how like a dream are these last months. The news of my father's insolvency, the hasty sacrifice of all the property, even my own jewels, to the demands of the creditors. Thank heaven! my longing to be free from debt made me brave enough for all sacrifices—all these things seem like the unreal phantoms of my imagination. But one glance at this narrow, plainly furnished chamber, gives me a sickening reassurance. I am indeed poor, and dependent on my own slender exertions for support.

At last my fate is decided. Over and over again, through the last dreary weeks, I have revolved all my available powers of earning my own livelihood, and debated what I could do to gain myself room to live, while in this dreary world; and over and over again has the prospect of galling dependency on a purse-proud relative stared me in the face. At last I have accepted Mrs. James' offer to furnish me with plain sewing. At least I shall keep the solitude of my chamber while I ply my needle, and this seems the only way open to me. May very few know the utter desolation that I feel to-night, at the thought of the eternal barrier raised between myself and the old associations I have held so dear. I know that to-morrow, faces that used to wreath into smiles at my approach, will wear a look of ill-concealed disdain, as their eyes meet mine, yet I feel I might bear all this, if Gilbert Leeson, who won my heart in the days gone by, had sent into my exile one token of his remembrance and love. But not before me lies his father's letter—harsh and cold. I will read it again, till I have tortured myself into repressing my groan that this last and keenest agony could wring from my crushed heart. It runs thus. I can almost repeat it:—

Miss Hunt—I sincerely regret to inform you that your father's bankruptcy, and the subsequent steps. It has obliged you to take, will dissolve your connection with my family. I need only appeal to your good sense to convince you that, under present circumstances, the relation you sustain to my son would be rather irksome to him than otherwise, and I think I may trust your generosity to release him from all engagements. If you need pecuniary aid in your laudable desire to obtain a livelihood, I shall be happy to advance it.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY LEESON.

Miss Ellen Hunt.
This has no power to make me weep; my tears
were turned to gall, as I read it, but I can hardly
keep back the tears when I remember that the proud
and selfish man who wrote this letter, was the same
man who once loved me.

old letter in which I told Gilbert Leeson that I re-
linquished all claims on his affection, had never
brought me, in return, one parting word. This man,
who had declared that nothing could ever dim the
sunshine of his love, deserted me at the first shadow
that crossed my hitherto unclouded path. Well, it is
better thus, perhaps. I will never break my heart
at a man's perfidy.

To-morrow the new life of toil commences. A pas-
sionate prayer surges up to my lips from the depths
of my troubled soul: "Oh, God! give me strength
to bear these privations, and if it be thy will, permit
the merciful hand of Death to remove this cup from
me."

December 22.—I am half sick with fatigue and
discouragement. Mrs. James told me a week ago
she did not like the idea of sending her sewing to
my boarding place; she preferred I should come to
her house, as she should direct the work in person
there. I have spent a long, dreary week in her
splendid mansion, and am glad to be back to my
narrow little chamber. I had endeavored to wrap
myself in an armor impervious to all remarks that
would wound me, but I find it impossible to entirely
subdue the pride that torments me with comparison
between my past and present.

Mrs. James' children have not forgotten the Miss
Hunt who used to come there so splendidly dressed,
and who dined with papa and mamma as a guest.
Little Anna called out one day, as her mother de-
scended to dinner:—
"Mamma, why doesn't Miss Ellen go down with
you?"

"Hush," she whispered in a sharp tone, "she is
only a seamstress now, Anna."

I wish she would not ask me to sew in the
nursery. The noise of the children half crazes me,
and I do so long for solitude and quiet. To-morrow
is the Sabbath—delightful season of rest—and then
I am to go to Mrs. Pelham's for a few days. They
are new people, I do not know them, and I dread
strange faces. Perhaps it is better, however, for I
shall not find that cold civility in their manner
which is wont to teach me I must not presume upon
old acquaintance to be familiar with those who were
once my friends.

December 25.—Is this the same world that I
opened my eyes upon yesterday? I can hardly
believe it the same—joy has so transfigured it.
How happy I am. I cannot realize that the wan,
dejected girl, whose tired fingers traced the words,
prompted by misery, upon these leaves, is the being,
glowing with happiness, that now bends over this
page. In these few unoccupied moments I will
transcribe all the events of yesterday, that by re-
calling past afflictions I may enhance the joy of to-day.

Last Tuesday I went to Mrs. Pelham's, as I had
promised. There was a more than usual bitterness
at my heart as I rang the door-bell and was ushered
in by the supercilious servant. I felt more crush-
ingly than ever the oppressiveness of my life of
poverty, and a dull sense of pain at my temples
warned me that a day of blinding headache was
threatening me.

"This is the new seamstress, I suppose," said a
pleasant-looking young lady in a morning-dress of
quiet colors, as she stepped into the hall; "show
the young woman up stairs, Richards, into my par-
lor."

I followed Richards up two flights of the broad, wind-
ing staircase, into a charming little boudoir, whose
furnishings showed its owner to be imbued with cul-
tivated, if not intellectual, tastes. Its carpet of soft,
dark colors, its quaint chairs covered with damask
of deep crimson, the carved bookcase filled with
whatever was rare and valuable in literature, and
the various articles of *bijouterie* about the room,
formed a charming picture to my eyes, so long used
to my plain chamber, and the occasional glimpses
of luxury I had obtained through the half-open door
of Mrs. James' drawing-room. In my heart I blessed
the kindness that consigned me to a more agreeable
place than an over-heated nursery or comfortable
back chamber.

"Cousin Julia," said the sweet voice of the young
lady whom I had seen below, and who followed me
into the room, "this is the young person whom Mrs.
James recommended for plain sewing."

The lady addressed lifted her handsome black
eyes from the rich silks she was examining.
"Oh, you are come," she said carelessly, "I am
glad, for we are so much hurried—the wedding is to
be in a fortnight, and there is so much to do. I
hope you are quick with the needle, Miss—, I
cannot recall your name."

"My name is Hunt," I replied with forced calm-
ness. I felt a rebellious pride crimsoning my face
at the patronizing tone of my employer, and I could
not help questioning the justice of the social laws,
which forced me to stand as an inferior, in the
presence of those whose superiority was only meas-
ured by their wealth.

"Well, Miss Hunt, you may take the plain sewing.
I expect Miss Barber this morning to attend to the
making of my dresses—perhaps you can assist her
also. I will send you some work immediately."

All that long forenoon I pined the shining needle
through the length of cloth with my heart filled with
the bitterest discontent. Miss Barber was detained
till the next day, as an apologetic note explained,
and I was not disturbed from my meditations to re-
pel the gossiping familiarity, or disagreeable patron-
age, of a fashionable dress-maker.

When the dinner hour arrived, and the servant
had brought in the tray on which my dinner was
arranged, I felt, for a time, I was secure from intru-
sion, and burying my face in my hands, I gave way
to some irrepressible tears. The picture over the
mantel, which had met my eyes whenever I had lifted
them from my work—the pale, wan face of Geo-
thes Mignon, with its mingled look of unutterable
longing and settled despair, had not helped to win
me back to a brighter mood, and as I looked at the
little book-case opposite, filled with the choice gems
of literature, and saw my favorite authors in the fa-
miliar bindings looking down upon me from their
shelves, I felt them more than ever far off and un-
approachable, and myself more than ever an outcast
and alien.

"I wish I could die," I cried, in a sort of phrensy.
"I am weary of this life."

But even these moments of despair have their lim-
its. Some of my grief was swept away in that wild
gush of tears, and when the young ladies re-entered
the room, I was outwardly as calm as ever.

It seems now as if years had passed since the
events transpired of which I write. Happiness has
so flooded my life to-day, that I seem to have lived
only in its sunshine for years.
The rain fell fast and heavily that afternoon, and
I sat there like one in a dream listening to that, and
other voices, as they discussed the fashions in which
the rich materials for dresses
should be made. The half-hour's indulgence in tears
had increased my dull, throbbing headache, and it
flushed my cheeks with a painful crimson, and swelled
my eyes to an unwonted fullness.
As a delicate piece of work progressed in my
hands, I could hardly see the needle with which I
wrought. I worked like an automaton. Miss Ham-
mond approached, as I finished the last stitch, and
as she took the work from my hand she examined it
closely, and I thought I saw a dissatisfied expression
on her face, as she walked across the room to her
cousin.
"Mary," she said, in an under-tone, yet audible to
my acute ear, "doesn't this work look shockingly?"
The rest of the conversation was lost in whispers.
I took up the next garment in desperation, as Miss
Hammond came back a little hastily.
"I'm afraid you are careless," she said; "this
does not look like the needle-work Mrs. James showed
me as a specimen of your skill."
I tried to reply, but my tongue faltered; at last I
raised my eyes to her face.
"Julia," said her cousin, coming forward, "I think
she is sick. Doesn't your head ache?" she asked,
sympathizingly.
I could only murmur a faint affirmation. The
quick, sharp flashes of pain through my temples,
would hardly let me speak.
"Miss Hunt," said a kind voice again, "you had
better go home now. You look too ill to work. If
you are not well enough to come to-morrow you can
send us word."
I had no sense of anything but intense suffering,
till I found myself in open air. It was almost dusk,
and the chill rain subdued slightly the fever-heat of
my brow. I was hardly conscious when I reached
my room, and throwing aside bonnet and cloak, sat
down at my little table and leaned my bursting,
throbbing head upon it.
I was aroused by a tap at the door, and the en-
trance of my boarding-mistress. "Miss Hunt," she
said pleasantly, "why, you look as if you were in a
fever. You have company down stairs—a gentle-
man—I showed him into my parlor, and he wished
to see you immediately."
"Who can it be?" I asked wonderingly of myself,
as I put up the bands of my hair which had fallen
from their places, and slowly descended the stairs. I
turned the latch and entered. A gentleman was pac-
ing the floor of the little parlor. One glance at the
tall, manly figure was enough; I knew Gilbert Le-
eson, and when he called "Ellen," and held out his
arm, I did not stop to think of past neglect and cold-
ness, but with a vague sense of relief and peace-
fulness, I pillowed my tired head on his broad
breast.
It was some moments before I could remember or
recall myself to consciousness, and he bent over me,
calling me by every tender name.
"Oh, Gilbert!" I cried, when I could speak, "why
did you not come before?"
"Let me tell you, darling," he said as he bore me
to a seat. "I was obliged to be absent before your
affairs were settled. I wrote you many times—"
"I did not receive any letters," I interrupted
eagerly.
"I know it," he replied, a stern expression cross-
ing his face, "my father prevented their reaching
you by some means, I know not what. When I re-
turned, in surprise at your long silence, he showed
me your letter, and congratulated me on being free.
Then I was wild with anger. I sought for you every-
where, but could find no clue to your retreat till yes-
terday. I met little Annie James on the park, and
as I am an old friend of hers, she told me of your
being at her house. I sought Mrs. James and im-
plored her to give your address, but my father had
been previously, and I implored for a long time
in vain; at last I obtained it, and, thank God! I
have found you at last!"
There was a pause—I was too full of joy to speak.
My tears fell now, but no longer hot and despairing;
they were cool and refreshing as dew. Gilbert's
deep, musical voice first broke the silence.
"Ellen," he said softly, "a year ago, at Christmas,
I gave you for a token of my love, this ring," and he
touched the diamond I still wore. "You said then,
that next Christmas you would make me a present.
To-morrow is Christmas eve; I want my present then,
fully. I want yourself."
I could not make any appeal for delay. My own
heart plead with him when he urged. I needed an
immediate asylum from care and toil. So this even-
ing I am to be married in the quietest way imagin-
able. I shall wear a dress of plain muslin, a rem-
nant from my former wardrobe, and my kind board-
ing-mistress is to be my tiring woman. She is very
much interested in the little preparations I am mak-
ing, and her motherly interest almost brings tears to
my eyes.
Gilbert will make no attempt to reconcile the fam-
ily to his match. He has property of his own, and
a good stand in his profession. I am happy, and I
say fervently to myself: "Thank God, that these
trials are over!"

Agricultural.

WORKS ON THE TREES.—A remedy for this pest,
known and proved by experience, is advertised to be
the New York Evening Post, for the reason that now
is the time to try it, and it is the time when, owing
to the disappearance of the worms, most persons are
apt to forget it. Soon after the first frosts, and also
in the spring, a small wingless bug creeps out of
the ground and up the body of the tree, usually very
early in the morning. Eggs of this bug are deposited
in the branches and there lie until the next Sum-
mer's heat brings them to maturity in the shape of
the worms which work such devastating effects upon
the trees.
The remedy is to prevent the ascent of the de-
stroyers by arresting their progress. For this pur-
pose a band of lead or tin, put around the tree, and
make circular, so as to form at the bottom a trough
filled with fish oil, and the top rounded and project-
ing to keep out the rain, has been found the best.
The spaces between the band and the tree can be
stuffed with hay, with the ends downwards and out
square, so as to arrest the progress of the bug.
To test the value of this remedy, observe those
trees on which it has been thoroughly tried, and
compare them with others on which the experiment
has not been tried.

SAVING GARDEN SEEDS.—The first vegetables, peas
or snap beans, that appear, save for seed, the first
stock of oaks that shows a pole, let it go to seed; the
first cucumber, squash, or melon, save for seed. In
this way we may succeed in getting much earlier
than we could otherwise do.

vegetables, than by following the usual method of
taking the refuse of all our garden crops. Save the
earliest and best of everything for seed. Our egg
plants might be brought into bearing much sooner,
if we would save the first for seed. Who can stand
it, with all the long year's dearth of delicious mor-
els, to save the first roasting ear or tomato that may
appear, for seed? And yet, if we would bring for-
ward the whole crop two or three weeks earlier, it
must be done. Let it be a settled maxim of the
gardener—the first and best of everything for seed.

Flashes of Fun.

In the days of the "Little Warren" theatre, when
Pelley had good stock companies, and got up pieces
as they have never been done since, his leading man
was Palmer, and a most excellent actor he was. He
was a large, well-built man, with a florid coun-
tenance, and sandy-colored hair. He always wore a
good-natured smile upon his face, that denoted his
love of fun and joviality. This last peculiarity was
his ruin, and the wife cup brought him to his quietus,
before he had reached the prime of life.

One night Palmer was playing "Pizarro," and in
one of the early scenes Orizimbo is taken prisoner,
and brought before him. The fact of the old man
being taken, is previously announced by a Spanish
soldier, who rushes in and informs Pizarro that,
"under yonder palm trees they had surprised an old
casique!"

This was a troublesome speech for the poor utility
man, for, after studying it, all day, he broke down
when it came night. At the proper time he came
upon the stage, and, after stammering for a moment,
he blundered out that "under yonder palm trees
they had surprised an old casique!"

Palmer walked up to the affrighted soldier, and,
looking him all over, while the audience were roar-
ing with laughter, exclaimed—
"So, you've found a casque, have you? Well, you
may as well roll him in, and, by Jove, we'll tap
him!"

COURT STREET FUN.—A witty member of the bar,
being joked about his partner and himself being
turned out of their office, to enlarge a celebrated
tailoring establishment, replied, "We do not mind it;
we think, nevertheless, that our suits will still last
longer than theirs."

ANECDOTES OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

Three Irish Lieutenants, in frolic and gloe,
Were roaming a planter's broad acres;
And they neared at the woods who dared to be free,
And they laughed at the quiet old Quakers.
My grandfather met them—a patriarch, dressed
As simple as any old Roman—
And they whispered in triumph: "Here is food for our jest,
Let us puzzle this ignorant yeoman!"

"O, Abraham!" "Isaac!" and "Jacob!" cried they,
In Latin, and French, and in German,
"Whence cometh my Lord? for his hair is all gray,
And molat with the dew of Mount Hermon."

"From the hills of Judea," he answered in GRANK,
"But surely thy servant is Saul;
My father is Kish, and he sent me to seek
For his asses; lo! here are THEY ALL!"

COOKING THE MATE.—"Are you mate of the ship?"
asked an emigrant of the cook, who was an Irishman.
"No, sir; I'm the man that cooks the mate."

During the May anniversaries in New York, the
following dialogue was overheard between two of the
newsbys:—

"I say, Jimmy, what is the meaning of so many
preachers being here altogether?"
"Why," answered Jim, "they always meets here
once a year to exchange sermons with each other."

A raw Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive,
declared that it was the devil. "No," said his com-
panion, "it's only a steamboat hunting for water."
It has been ascertained that ducks enter the water
for divers reasons, and come out for sun dry purposes.

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TION.—Where, on the dial-plate of the Nineteenth
Century points most significantly the finger of God? Pub-
lished this day by T. MUNSON, No. 5 Great Jones street,
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