VOL. III.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. RIGHTS OF WOMEN-A POEM

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER. Thou know'st my aspiration, God of power, And life, and love, and wisdom! it is this: That I may be to all my race a star Of guidance to the highest, purest bliss, To all my race, who hear my voice, or grasp Within their own my fervent, outstretched hand, I'd have that voice a herald-note of truth,-The grasp, a magnet from the angel land. I'd have them see recorded on my brow, And in the deep unutter'd love of soul That lies reposeful in the carnest eye, That inspirations o'er my inmost, roll, Pregnant with that divine, all-searching power Which permeates the grossest form of clay. Bantizing its whole nature with a shower Potent to wash its grossness all away. To the poor, stricken one, bow'd down with grief, Wearled and worn by earthly care and strife, I'd bring the LIVING PROOF that there's relief, And joy, and nest, in an immortal life: And not that weary REST of one long song, Chanted forever "round the great white throne," But the sweet rest of active wisdom, which To all earth's toiling children must be known. I'd tell the brother, sister, orphun-child.-The childless parent and the wedded one, Whose light of life had passed beyond his ken, That the sweet unions have but just begun; If they have ever LOVED, they'll love forevermore, And will embrace them on the angel shore. I'd stoop as gently down, and lay my hand Upon the harlot's sin-polluted brow, Feeling that having sworn to truth divine, Here I'd fulfill a portion of my vow, As I would lay it on the pearly shrine Of maiden parity, or angel love,-Knowing that every act of love diving Is felt and echoed by the throngs above,

Drawing thereby an influx to my soul, To keep me spotless as my faithful guido. Who leads me onward to the angel goal, Bound by Truth's magnets ever to my side. I'd look into the would-be tempter's uye,. As I would look into a crystal lake, Not stooping his approaches to defy, But in my own his burning hand I'd take, And talk to him of something holler, higher Than mortal pleasures, and earth-born desire; I'd tell him of the flashing pearls and gems Which I could see within his nature lie, Which yet would form for him a diadem, Such as the pure in spirit wear on high; I'd lot him gaze on heaven through my own soul .-Open the portals-let him walk therein-For love's pure waves would 'neath its arches roll, So he could leave no foot-prints there of sin; And I would lead him upward on the path I trod, A living symbol of my trust in God. I hear my sisters talk of galling chains, Of mours withheld, and wrongs of fearful power; I see them too-and I would nobly toil To burst our fetters more and more each hour. They 're doing their own work in their own way: But I must do my work in my own soul, Ere I can hold that mighty, swerveless sway,

And see the starry banner o'er us wave, On which is written, Freedom? not alone for thee, Oh, woman! thy brother's soul, too, should be free. Our brother is a slave while we're in chains: To go beyond us in immortal power, 't is vain For him to struggle, or for us to fear. We're bound by chains that reach from sphere to sphere Ho is one half of the great human heart-We are the other half-we ne'er can part While HE exists who of the twain made one,-When first the pulses of his life began. Then let the mother train her youthful son To look for strength and purity and truth In woman't not for gems, or gold,

By which I would all dyrant power control.

Must we not make ourselves divinely free

From all which the enslaver can enslave.

Ere we can know the might of liberty,

Or aught that shall withhold him in his flight Toward the high realms of love and light; And to her daughters, from their early youtho Impart the wealth of her great woman-soul, That they may feel that all pure intercourse with man Is the great vital current of the Father's plan

Of bringing to our earth the great millennial day, When sin and sorrow shall be washed away. Impress upon her mind that in her lies The power by which to open paradise, And lead her brother by her pure, firm hand, Into the glory of the angel-land; And that 't will be a blight on her own soul To trifle with her brother for an hour;

That it will sow therein the thorns from which Her soul will bleed, e'en fh immortal bowers. Thus taught, thus rear'd, will not a work begin, By which we all a laurel-crown can win Of triumph over each oppressing chain, Which on our natures loave a blight or stain? Could we not trust our sons and brothers then? Our sires and husbands, when, true, noble men, They go into the Congress hall, or to the polls. Would we have need to tell them that we, too, have souls? Would we have need to tell them, guard our rights? As well implore the sun to shed its light!

As well might that great orb withhold its powers, As they could trample on a BIGHT OF OURS! Thus I'd go back into the world of cause, And seek to ultimate its higher laws, Through God-like impulse and untiring care, That, in our joys, our maornen, roo, shall share. This may be thought the weakness of the Port-brain. A feeble fletion, or a love-sick strain; That it may do to sing of in sweet, moonlit bowers, But all too dream-like for a world like ours. But when the soul bath felt o'en one true throb

From the great, central nect-heart of God. And known how through it in the mortal's heart The tide of Love's almightiness will start, Twill know that poetry hath magnet power To draw our whole great race into the angel bower. It is not weak! we only write it wrong: Traco it in books, or breathe it in a song ; But when we come to write it in our lives,

There ill be more happy husbands, happy wives; 'T will give us power to measure every line · Ofaction by a magnet law divine; So we that rhyme our souls with every other soul, 🤝 And as its inspirations through our beings roll,

Oh woman' loved and guarded by a watchful 'T will bear our brethren above the law of force, And us above a supplication for divorce.

Splendid Romance

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS:

THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONCLUDED.

She came, and as she bent tenderly over her father, he whispered-" My daughter, you have had one scalet from me."

"None but such as I wished to conceal from myself, dear father," she whispered. "Ah, but he loves you, Alice; has loved you long

and faithfully-come here, Jerry."

The young man stood by the side of Alice-their hands were clasped—they understood, each other without word or language.

"I will give you my dying blessing, my children God has written his patent of nobility upon your brow, my son: I am sure my child will be happy with you. God bless you both."

He was exhausted, and lay for some time quiet, but his breathing became distressed-a few minutes of agony and he had ceased to live; exchanged the mortal for an immortal body.

Another year passed, and another thanksgiving week came round in Mapleton, but two whom we met in the farm-house six years before are not here to mingle in the festivities of the season. Alice's father and Johnnie are in a world where time is not reckoned by summer and winter, night and day, heat and cold.

Lizzie, too, was not there to aid in the preparations of the occasion. As the wife of the young minister, she had cares enough at the parsonage; but Mrs. Sewall had regired somewhat from the more active duties of the kitchen, and Martha, assisted by a dairy maid, was good and competent help. But Hannah was the life of the house. A boarding school, French teachers, and a music master, had all failed to make her otherwise than the warm-hearted, fun-loving, generous girl we have always seen her. Now she brought things to pass like a fairy. Under her hand the parlor bloomed with fresh flowers in winter; and pastry, cakes, puddings, and all sorts of good things for the inner man, seemed to mould themselves into a most delectable and tempting form at her bidding.

"Jerry and Alice! only think of it, mother!" said Hannah, as for the hundredth time she arranged the parlor for their reception, the day they were expected, "it is like a story-book."

"I doubt whether the story would ever have been written, had it not been for mother," said Mr. Sewall, who entered at that minute.

"Have you sent the carriage to the depot?" said Hannah.

"Yes, Simon has just started with it. I wonder if Jerry will know him, with that Sophomore wisdom about him."

"You laugh at Simon, father, for his college ways, but I can't see that he's altered at ull. You know he always was a good boy."

"When he was not making your mother grow in grace, by trying her patience with his quick temper." "That has all passed away, Mr. Sewall," said his wife, gently, " and has given place to a beautiful, religious enthusiasm. Simon is a great comfort to

me." "But, wife, can you realize that your boy, your Jerry, is coming to-day-is perhaps here, for I hear, the whistle?"

The tears sprung to the mother's eyes, but a smile was upon her lip, as she said-

"My 'Jack at all'trades, and good at none." "Ay, ay," said the father, " that too has all passed

away, and Jerry is a famous man, now." "Hurrah! there they are!" cried Jim, the farmer, as he ran to open the broad gate. A moment, and the carriage rolled under the sweeping climpast the long row of cherry trees, and stopped at the side porch, where the family were assembled to meet

In the background stood Martha, holding by her hand a little girl, with sunny curls, and dancing blue eyes-a very little Hebe, so healthy and so

When the first greetings were over with the family, and Alice had embraced again and again her new mother, and Hannah, her eyes fell upon the child and its companion.

"Martha, my dear friend, how you have altered! You used to say you were awkward and homelyyou would do yourself injustice to speak so now," and she extended her hand, and offered a kiss once more, neither of which were refused, while the beautiful "Lotty" received a double share.

In a neat calico morning dress, with her hair smoothly parted, and wound in a heavy braid, and her countenance expressive of patient endurance. and subdued passion, she looked very unlike the Martha that we first saw in Mrs. Spicer's kitchen. She had sinned and suffered, and had been forgiven much. We must endure her trials to understand the depth of those passions which made her a victim to the sensuality of Spicer. At first her revenge was sweet when she marked the humiliation of her mistress; but sweeter far the spirit of christian forgiveness which she afterwards learned.

mother, and kept in all the purity and leveliness by to the dictates of our own consciences, freedom to he must hurry to his mother, and she must not sit

trembling sinner, brought to lilm for judgment, and unknown." blessed the Magdalen, when she knelt at his feet. Mr. Sewall, now a hale, hearty man of sixty. Upon and then slowly, and with a very calm air, said his arm leaned his aged mother, and had she been an empress, the service could not have been more ful. Most tenderly did he guide the feeble steps of and Alice, Mrs. Sewall, the minister, Lizzie with her pretty, handsome, and smiling as ever. But is he married? says the reader. No not yet, and here we will make a digression. Our friend Hannah, like all other girls, had her ideal future. She supposed she should some day be married, and have a beyy of little ones in her house, and cows, and pigs and chickens in the farm-yard, and if she thought farther, it was of herself as a bustling housewife, baking, brewing, mending, and trying to be as good as her mother before her. But how, when or where this was to take place had not even occurred to her. She told the truth when she said she had no beaux. She was one of those rare, beautiful specimens of God's handiwork, that no young man would approach but in earnest sincerity, and one for whom a lover would be willing to wait the second septem. And Dr. Wardwell was very patient; but when Hannah was finally won, her whole heart went with her promise, and in her eyes no man could quite equal her husband. Even Simon dared not pass his jokes upon the subject, nor did he even say one word loud when he one day found Hannah actually lighting a eigar for the Doctor to smoke, but he whispered to Alice-"Oh the power of wolnan's love!"

There was to be a double willing in the farm-house that evening-but we were at linner. As the appeand conversed with Kossuth, and was giving Simon

"And yet, you think," said Simon, " that he had flourishes than solid argument?"

century before this."

with his excitement, and glowed like burnished gold, square windows, and made a rag carpet for the rough as a stray sunbeam glanced through the western win- puncheon floor. dow, and fell upon the auburn mass which the young man had carelessly brushed from his forehead, "for hearts and strong arms they kept up courage, and myself, sir, I am determined to devote my life to the toiled on. There was a settlement about five miles cause of the captive, and my first mission is to arouse from there, in the same township of land, where my own kindred and people. Here, in New England, once in a while they went in ox-cart to the meeting where oppression is unknown, where every man sits in the school-house. It was a rare privilege, however, under his own vine and fig-tree, having mone to mo- and the wife and mother contented herself with her lest or make him afraid, we forget the sighing of the Bible and spelling book; she used to long for better prisoner, and the woes of the needy. Out of sight, opportunities for her children, but she little knew out of mind, we fancy our work done, because there that this discipline of poverty, and her example, was is nothing just about us to do; but we should go better than silver and gold to the little ones. Those forth, as did the disciples, by two and two, into the were, after all, happy days; the rye bread, maple towns and cities of the Gentiles."

approvingly upon him, and looked with a proud than the fea t of an epicure. glunce at her husband, which seemed to say-"How nobly our boy talks!"

"It is astonishing, sir, to see the anathy of the pul- indeed, the far distant perspective of a college somepit and press upon slavery. Why, I would have every times loomed in the distance, to the fond mother's paper headed with a chained and suppliant slave, and leve. a brutal master wielding the whip—every Sabbath should find our church walls echoing to the prayer of came. It was a cold winter's day. The snow lay freedom, and to threats of vengeance upon the oppres- hard and glittering on mountain, plain, and in the sor, and-"

tures, Indicative of good strong common sense, now heavy log fell and crushed him, killing him almost asked Simon if he would not have the whole gospel instantly. The oldest child was sent with some mespreached, that, like St. Paul, we might make Chris- sage to his father, and following the track of the tians like a noble edifice, perfect in all its parts, from | sled, the poor child found only the breathless corpse ! foundation to topmost stone?

turned not away from such; he spoke kindly to the air is too pure for slavery, and where oppression is

Again that peculiar smile was seen to play around Well was it for poor Martha that Mr. Sewall was one Mr. Sewall's mouth. The collee had been passed, and of his followers. But we will pass on to the dinner, as he quietly sipped his favorite beverage, he turned or rather to the dinners; and, first, we will look at to his mother to see if she wished another cup of tea,

"You are getting warm, my son. It is sometimes the case that in contemplating one great evil, we forgallantly performed, for heart-worship made it grace- get the relative importance of others, and become one-sided in our views. I often think of the expresthe old lady, and seat her at his right hand. Jerry sion, a perfect man in Christ Jesus.' It is the beautiful symmetry of our Saviour's character which wins two children, Simon, Hannah, Aunts Betty and Polly our admiration and love, the more we contemplate it; Wood, and last named, but not least, the Doctor, it was a perfect whole. He not only gave liberty to the captive, but sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and motion to the palsied. He not only reproved the aristocratic Pharisce, as well as his rival the Sadducee-the rich man, and the profane drover alike, shared his reproof. Now let us try and imitate him. We have men among us who hurl terrible anathemas upon the slave-holder, calling him thief and murderer, and yet treat their hired help like dogs. I saw, not long ago, a mau who is a promi-

nent church member, and a violent abolitionist, beat a poor overloaded horse, till the animal fell down beneath his blows, and died that night from the effect of them. Simon, that man will not sit at the communion-table with a slave-holder. I have known ministers who stand high in our churches as men of talent and zeal, especially in the cause of anti-slavery, who would give a brother minister the lie, and hold him up to the scorn and ridicule of the public, because of difference of opinion. I have seen a man shelter a fugitive slave, and give him his best horse to make good his escape, and turn a weak, feeble step-child from his house. I have seen an abolitionist huly walk to church with a colored fugitive. and read from the same prayer-book with him, and turn a little bound girl into the cellar-kitchen to eat her solitary meal from the cold remnants of the table. tite was satisfied, the spirits featan to rise, and the at which she had just entertained her sable guest. conversation became animated. The Doctor had seen With all my feelings and principles opposed to slavery, I cannot defend it, but I ask, Are these men some specimens of his cloquence, and a description of sinners above all others?' I pity while I condemn; and with him who is long-suffering and gracious, instead of repelling with harsh epithets, I would say more enthusiasm than arguments-more rhetorical to the slave-holder, . Come, let us reason together. And I would not deny that we are guilty of the sin "That is my opinion," said the Doctor quietly; of oppression even in New England. You think difand in the present state of Europe, I have little hope ferently. Let me state a few facts. Nearly sixty for Hungary. I fear that the republicans have put years since a middle aged man moved from Massaoff the day of their deliverance. Despotism sits more chusetts to the northern part of Vermont, then an firmly upon her throne now, than she has for half a almost unbroken wilderness. He felled the trees, made a path through the woods, built a log hut, and "I cannot think so," said Simon-"it is but the with his family, a wife and two little boys, almost inominous silence before the storm -a storm which is fants, settled down in the solitude of the forest. Day to purify the moral atmosphere. No, sir, it is not by day, with his strong arm, he made progress in his the rashness of those who would be free, but the su-telearing, till finally fields of waving corn and rye, and pineness of their friends, that has delayed the hour a young orchard, attested his industry. His young, of deliverance so long. Had we more ministers who lenergetic wife was a great help to him. She made would raise cannon balls in their pulpits, and bid the sugar from the maple trees, and with her own hands people look at them as solid arguments to rouse the made and tended the garden, so that they had a full consciences of the oppressors-had we more women supply of vegetables for use. She spun and wove all who would draw with a magic pen pictures of the their garments, taught the boys to read, and what is sufferings of the oppressed in the habitations of cruel more, instilled into their minds religious principles. ty, our southern plantations-those places which the winning them by example and precept to the better Lord never visits,' we might perhaps before this have way. Two years passed, and this little lodge in the seen liberty proclaimed on the plains of Hungary, wilderness assumed the air of civilization, almost of and the rice fields and sugar lands of our own coun- refinement. The tasteful hand of the wife had twintry. For myself, sir," and Simon warmed with his ed flowering vines and a wild grape over the brown subject, while every hair on his head grew redder logs, hung white, fringed curtains up to the little

They were in debt for the land, but with brave molasses, and roasted potatoes, were their greatest Simon paused to take breath. His mother smiled luxuries; hard work made them better to the taste

Three years passed; the oldest boy was eight, and able to make himself quite useful. He sawed the But there lurked around Mr. Sewall's mouth that wood, spaded the garden plat, brought the water, heed covert smile, so peculiar to himsolf, and which his the potatoes, and began to talk very largely about wife understood as anything but wholesale admira- our land, and clearing off our debt. His parents tion, though she could not define what it did express. smiled, and they too, talked, when the children were The Doctor listened politely, and Simon, whose ex asleep, about our oldest boy, and giving him an edcitement did not diminish, again took up the subject. | ucation, when they had got rid of their mortgage;

In the midst of these bright hopes, a terrible blow thick woods. The father went with his sled to cut Uncle Seth, a tall, robust farmer, with large fear wood. Through mismanagement or inadvertence a God grant that few children may know the agony of "Uncle, there is little religion without freedom- that child in the dark old woods, beside the dead body freedom to read the Bible, freedom to act according of his father. But there was no time to sorrow there: the blessed ties of a happy home, turn not so quickly | worship God. Was n't this the object of the Puri- down to mourn. The dead body must be watched

and sternly away from thy erring sister. The poor tans' exile? and is it not the precious birthright of and sending her oldest child to the settlement for aid, orphau of the Ann street cellar, had she been in thy New England? Uncle, I would that all the world she and her little boy of four years, remained by the place, would have had thy, virtue. Our Saviour were like this corner of our great republic, where the corpse, keeping warm as they could, till help camo. It was a mournful scene, that funeral in the forest in mid-winter, with only two or three men, and one woman, who had come to bear the poor wife comрару!

Three weeks after the funeral another child was born, and the mother, as she looked upon the little one, could only turn from that to heaven and pray. She struggled through the winter, her little boys working beyond their strength, but working in love for mother. Summer came, and hope revived; the oldest boy fancied he could take care of the family Poor child! his heart was stronger than his body and he had no conception of the withered soul of his old landlord. The latter, finding his debtor was dead, sold the land to pay the mortgage, and the widow and children were homeless. The mother moved into the settlement, and tried to keep her little family together. But the scarlet fever, that scourge of our cold climate, entered her home and prostrated her two oldest boys. They recovered, but days and nights of watching brought upon the mother also a long illness.

The scene was sad enough when the sheriff enered the room where the mother sat with the baby n her arms, and her two boys weeping at her side. "And can't we live with you any more, mother?" said one.

*Not for the present, my child; but God will take care of us.

When the truckle bed was bid off, in which the brothers had slept, as long as they could remember anything, they threw, their arms around each other and wept aloud.

· And must I sleep all alone now? said the ounger of the two.

'Hush, hush, mother is crying,' said the other; ind going to her side, he laid his head on her shoulder and whispered, 'Mother, when I get well and strong again, I will work hard, and buy a house for you, and we will all live together again - will, we not,

The last article which the law permitted to be aken, was sold, and the widow and children stood cround their desolated hearth in silent sorrow.

The group of men, that assemble I at the auction lid not disperse. One of them came in, and after shrugging his shoulders, and making several preparatory hems, said-

(Well, Ma'am, it's hard, I suppose, but it's the only way, and there 's no help for it as I knows on. Your man's dead-you're weakly, and the young ones sort of ailing, so we've concluded that the family must be bid off."

"Father?" said Simon, rising from his seat, " are you talking about Vermont ?"

"Be seated, my son," said Mr. Sewall, quietly. I am talking about Vermont. It's what we used to call selling the town's poor -- bid-ling for their sup-

The widow was first offered by the auctioneer. She was represented as a very smart woman when well, a good spinner and dairy-woman, but, she had a young child, and was just getting up from a fever. After some alterention, she was bid off by old Squire Moore, who agreed to take her for twenty-five dollars n-year. The oldest son was fortunate in obtaining a tolerably kind master. He worked hard, and fared poorly, be sure, but had the privilege of attending school three months in the winter season, on condition that he should walk three miles and back again in the day, the schoolhouse being that distance from home.

Poor little Seth, the second boy, fared worse. He was six years of age, and was bid off by a rough. rum-drinking farmer, who worked the child beyond his strength, and beat him cruelly upon the least provocation. The little fellow cried himself to sleep n the lonely garret; it was the first time in his life that he had gone to bed without a mother's kiss, or a brother's arm around him. Tears were still visible on his check, when he was aroused by the rough voice of the farmer, and bade to dress himself quick, ind bring a pail of water Now, the well-sweep-was. very heavy, and the little boy, after trying in vain to raise the bucket, came in and said he could n't get any water.

Do n't tell me that story,' said his master, and gave him a blow which felled the child to the floor,

Poor little Seth was so homesick-homesick for the only home he had, a mother's arms—that he started early one morning for Squire Moore's. It was four miles, but he knew the way, and had already traveled three miles of it, and saw from a hill that he had just climbed, the red farm-house in which his mother lived, when he heard a rough voice behind bidding him 'stop,' and in a moment received a sharp cut from a horse whip across hisshoulders.

'Hal I've caught you, you little rascal-wheel about face. There now, march back, and If I find you running away again, I'll take your hide off on vou.

Seth obeyed, trembling with fear, and the farmer on horseback allove the boy before him, now and then eracking his whip, to remind the child that he had a master."

" Father!" said Simon.

"Be quiet, my son," said Mr. Sowall. "These were hard times for the widow and her sons, but. thanks to the early instructions of that mother, they grew up industrious and God-fearing.

Their first care, when old enough to earn money, was to labor with all their strength, to buy their time, (remember, they were their master's property till of age.) but they finally obtained their purchase money, and mother and sons once more had a home. The youngest sleeps beneath the sod, but the mother and two sons still live; every Thanksgiving they meet, and the psalm which their mother read the first Thanksgiving which they kept when reunited as a family, is still read annually-

Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

Jerry and Simon, the minister's wife and Hannah, exchanged looks. Could it be that their father was telling them his own history?

It is even so; grandmother is weeping-the tears are on her furrowed cheeks.

"Jerry," said uncle Seth, "you forgot to tell how hard the oldest boy labored, that the youngest might receive an education, and that little Seth found a happier home through Jerry's intercession."

"Yes, yes," said grandmother, "derry never remembers the good, he does; he was a blessed child, and God will reward him for his kindness. He never forgets that he was peer himself, and that the poor are the Lord's, for you know, my dear grandchildren, Christ says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto

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Written for the Danger of Light.

LILIAN;

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.

LY MARTHA WILGITLEY LENTON.

"Well, then !" valid the elegant Mrs. St. Leon to her morning guests, among whom was the accomplished beau of the season. Theodore La Grange, "1 believe all! because it is evident that the entirely ignorant cur only be convinced by a miracle. It was only yesterday moraing! Now Lilian, my dear?" the exclaimed, rurning to her beautiful daughter, "Dear love, pray listen to me. Such vanities at such a time."

"Dear mamma, I was only-Mr. La Grange is so very kind as to offer to chaperon me to the concert this evening; and you know, mamma," she nelded wickedly, "they sing a great deal in the spirit

La Grange boked at the speaker, and thought he never hal seen a prettier face before, and was about to eulogize upon the sweetness of the voice, when his attention was summoned off by Mrs. St. Leon.

"Intelerable!" she muttered. "Well, it was but yesterday morning I found my housemaid, who could hardly spell in the heart of the Memorable Revelations. She had found it on the table, and the broom had dropped against the wall, the duster on the floor, and she was inhaling the spirit of our great mystery! Do you understand what you are reading?" I asked. 'Understand,' she answered, 'oh! yes, this is all clear-all light.' But you can hardly read,' I said, and this is n't a spelling book.' I do not know how it is,' she answered, ' but I do understand.' And she did, for she gave me an account of what she had read, as clear as I could have given myself. That is certainly a miracle, sir."

"There is no lack of miracles," replied Mr. La Grange : "the whole work is a miracle, if a miracle is something one cannot account for."

" All colors are alike to the blind," was the answer of Mrs. St. Lean. " Could you, sir, but he persuaded to listen, you might hear words which angels would leave their stars to listen to."

Here the accomplished and handsome Mr. La Grange became embarrassed and thoughtful, there's the movement of the young laly to the plant in a measure mitigated his manage house.

Lilian sang one or two of the French songs, to which her own poguliar gening gave a new charm. The mother, with all her abhorrence of vanities, listened critically, as if she quite understood and valued her daughter's talent; and the brilliant Mr. La Grange, who had now for the first time been brought in contact with this strange pair, was perplexed, and, as he took leave of his young friend Mortimer, and pass-

ed down the Park, exclaimed-" I say, Frank, were n't you captivated! Which of the planets could these nonpareils have fallen from ?" "She would not be very likely to say so of you," replied his friend. " llow stupid you are! but you. are past lecturing. Our friend, Mrs. St. Leon. was a fashionable beauty, who married early, and was an early widow left with Lilian, and an immense fortune. Two years ago she fell under the influence of a singular person, a Mr. Warren, and being innoculated with his ideas, she receives sufficient stimulant to repair the loss of that dissipation which had once been her vitality. At present she is an apostle of

an astonishing rate." "But the daughter?" asked La Grange, "how

his strange, mystical doctrine, and she prosplytes at

came she by that brilliant music?"

"Oh," replied Mortimer, "she has been perfectly educated, and yet it almost makes me sick to think of it, with all their brilliance and their talents, how conceited and bigoted they are le Every one has a serious side," continued Mortimer. " Even the most foolish people have a sort of knowledge that, after all, this is not real life, and they have either a vague notion of another, or else of something in this world of more genuine importance; some way of satisfying

tice or future hopes.

This unlucky Mr. Warren has 'so possessed Mrs. St. Leon, that she is determined her daughter shall had not obtained the leave. marry him, and Lillan, herself, though she allows her, that it is her duty."

business than he would have liked to own. He felt, a dishonorable one to bootas all unmarried men feel, a sort of annoyance when any young lady of their acquintance is about to pass her wait until they themselves had chosen.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed La Grange, " supposing you and I should take up the cards, and try if we can beat this Mr. Warren."

you made to-day !"

"I did not say so," returned La Grange, "but if Mr.

to night, and you will meet them both. I do not La Grange. know him, personally - only eccentric, perhaps, meet him."

nect him."

Pit is as well to see one's antagonist," replied La peace he was plotting to unde Grange, "if there is any chance of beating him, or owed his chances for a wal. any credit to be got in doing it. I thing I will try;" and, half laughing at himself for all the excitement lady to the concert.

expense to the entertainer, but at a very serious one to the entertained.

The St. Leons were at length announced, and more than one head was creeted out of curiosity to see the that La Grange lost sight of the lion, and had not a moment to spare from her. A gold chain was coiled like a snake into her dark hair, and a green emerald glittered out above her forehead, like its jeweled eye. The ladies swept on up the room-the mothes passing with a stately bend of her proud head, and Lilian, with a smile. La Grange turned as he lost sight of them, to look after Mr. Warren. He was standing where they had left him; he was looking upon the scene, heither joining or assuming any vulgar affectation of being too good to join with what was around him. If he was in Folly's shrine, he was no tinsel idol. No weak enthusiast ever carried so painful a forehead, and with so marked a stamp of greatness on him. If he was an intriguer, he was certainly a polished one; and La Grange began to think it was more than duty that had reconciled Lilian; and, as their eyes met, he half repented of his determination to enter as his rival. Every one seemed to breathe more freely as the silent figure retreated from amongst the gay groups, as if their thoughtlessness was escaping from the surveillance of one much greater than themselves.

The lady of Mortimer sat in a corner, and as La Grange seated himself beside her, he exclaimed-"We need not trouble ourselves with a conspiracy,

if that was Mr. Warren." "Hush!" she rejoined, as she pressed his arm. La Grange looked up, and saw Miss St. Leon close beside them. He made room for her on the sofa, and they entered into an agreeable conversation; the sight of Mr. Warren had rebuked him into his senses again. They talked of everything, and in everything

La Grange and Lilian agreed strangely. The same depth of sensibility, which made her singing so remarkable, she carried through all her mind. Never had La Grange met with so strange

or dangerous a person. He forgot all. Mrs. Mortimer managed all the little skillful ways possible to preserve the party. Once Lilian was called away to sing. She sang one of Tennyson's little songs, of which La Grange had expressed much climitation, and as her rich voice went rolling round the room, he caught a breath of feeling which he she knew that he loved her, yet could not tell herhad told her should be thrown into it. She returned to them after she had concluded, and as she looked into the face of La Grange he thought never to have anticipated so tender a glance. The thermometer was getting high. La Grange looked up and saw Mr. Warren, their genius, leaning against the door, with his strange, melancholy eyes fixed full upon him, not watching, but looking through him, as if feeling all that he was feeling, and knowing more of him, perhaps, than he knew himself.

Lilian saw La Grange start, and looked up, too. The love hoped that she might have shown some elect agitation; but there was none. A quiet stille of pleasure rushed into her features, and she week med to him to join them; but with a half-playfal sadness, he shook his head, turned away and tered his genius, Mr. Warren.

"I'rovoking!" she exclaimed. "It is so like him, and I so wished to introduce him to you. Oh, sir! that is a man byour should know him It is so swer. I and and !" strange to find a real man!"

" lle is your—_"

"If you mean that he is my guide, my instructor, to see you!" my more than friend-yes!" she interrupted.

Upon this the tall figure of mamma came sailing up. She frowned, as she observed the group, and a glance, like an'angry engle's, shot from one to the nothing serious, I trust. Is n't she coming down? other, not sparing Mrs. Mortimer.

"So you are here, Lilian?" she said. "I have been searching the room for you. Mr. Warren is gone-tired, I suppose, of waiting for us."

"He was here a moment ago, mamma," she answered: "but I believe he is gone! You were so busy talking that I was obliged to look for another joined. chaperon, and Mrs. Mortimer was kind enough to take care of me."

"Mrs. Mortimer has been very good!" she returned. "I will spare her any further encumbrance with you. The carriage is waiting."

"So endsia very pleasant evening, then," said Lilian, rising. Mortimer came up just in time to offer his arm to Mrs. St. Leon, and there was no alernative but the escort of La Grange for Lilian.

Before stepping into her carriage, she appeared to oppressiveness of the atmosphere. A ride would be hesitate whether to give him her hand, but at good for her, if Mr. La Grange is not engaged!" length extended it, saying-" Good bye! we shall see you again. I hope."

The crowd pressed upon them so close that La Grange could not find opportunity to ask leave to Grange bowed in acquiescence. call. Another stately bow from the plumed headdress of mamma and the carriage drove away.

Mrs. St. Leon had luckily dropped a bracelet and sun seemed covered with a sultry haze; and great

themselves about themselves, either by undue prace La Grange had fortunately found it, and when Mrs. Mortimer rallied him upon his baffled efforts, he explained how he had secured the call for which he

La Grange was wildly in love with Lillan St. Leon, she does not love him -rather, perhaps, dislikes him and he closed his ears to the strong voice which inhas got a notion, from which nothing can shake sisted that Mr. Warren was not a person he could dream of ever coming, and that if the lady was La tirange was more affected by this marrying really and freely engaged to him, he was a fool, and

A kind of instinct seemed to have gained entire control over him, for evil or good, and call he would, into the state from which only ugly death could free at polite life's very earliest hour. He had secured her. It is a possibility destroyed. They would have himself a pretext, and armed with the beautiful fetter, his desperate recklessness brought him to the

La Grange was shown into a very elegant room, and found the dignified Mrs. St. Leon alone. She "What do you mean " returned his friend "that rose. He blundered out, in his confusion, "the you are to make love to Lilian, and I am to help you? bracelet," and while stammering the most helpless I think you may safely try that, after the impression imbecilities, he found that her manner was entirely changed towards him. She greeted him with genuine pleasure, and thanked him for his politeness. Warren is really objectionable, humanity would--" Presently Lilian and Mr. Warren entered, both "Humanity! you must come to the party with us smiling, and evidently pleased with the presence of

In a low, pleasant tone, Mr. Warren expressed his though, that in this instance may only render talent pleasure in being introduced to Mr. La Grange, and remarkable. In his particular forte, Mr. Warren is hoped it would be productive of mutual pleasure. very popular, and is to be met, whenever you like to Here, then, was the spell that had charmed away Mrs. St. leon's frown, and it was to him, whose peace he was plotting to undermine, that La Grange

Half an hour passed-an hour, and there seemed no wish to shorten the sojourn. An invitation to about people he had only seen for one half hour, La dine succeeded, and at once the new friend was ad-Grange accompanied his friend Mortimer and his mitted into easy intimacy-told to come at his pleasure. If he rode, Lilian liked riding and craved his It was crowded—one of those uneasy evenings, escort. He had made up his mind for a thousand when long due invitations are wiped off with small storms, not at all for so fair a sea and so smooth a wind. Carrying his perplexity to his friends, the Mortimers, La Grange was told that "they were proselyting, and that it was all nonsense; there could be no good in an apostle of Spiritualism!" great orator and defender of the mystical faith. Yet, in spite of a thousand misgivings, an inexpli-Lilian was so eminently brilliant upon this occasion, cable fascination seemed to draw the two rivals together. La Grange was too devoted to be proud, and from Lilian even ridicule would be tolerable.

Not a day passed now which the pair did not meet each other. Lilian drew a little, and as Mrs. St. Leon was absorbed in her visions, she took no notice of the mutual pencil and portfolio. The evening brought the ride, or drive, and though Mr. Warren knew of all this, seemed best pleased when the pair had been most together. And many a halfbitter laugh, La Grange had with himself, at the idea of eclipsing him. Mr. Warren nover alluded to his engagement with Lilian, neither did Mrs. St. Leon. He was very little with her; and she did not expect he would be.

La Grange felt that he was swept away in the stream, and that Mr. Warren was the only one who knew whether it was bearing him to smooth lakes and meadow lands, or down over the raging torrents of Niagara.

He often spoke of the great mystery that enveloped the spirit-world of mind, but it was not his one subject. He had traveled over the world; every language which held a literature was familiar to him, and his mind was veined with history.

In this strange way things continued through the spring and into the summer. Lilian grew nervous and changed in her-manner, and Mrs. St. Leon, too, seemed to be far from uniformly pleased with La Grange. She would often sit near them, as if listening to what Lilian and Theodore were saying; and he often caught her stern eye fixed questioningly

Mr. Warren, alone, seemed the same ; he, the most was any change in himself, he had grown to like his happy moments, would pass. Lilian level him-she own defects," continued Mr. Warren, "and I deterrival more, and his manner seemed greatly warmed had said she loved him. And with her love, he felt mined on no more than a tacit engagement, leaving towards him.

But whatever was to be would be, and that soon. It was now mid-summer and the weather was intensely sultry. And each day that passed over the heads of Lilian and Theodore La Grange, proved how strong was the spell that bound her, She loved him-every tone, every restless action told it, and

One day La Grange called, as usual. Mr. Warren was not in. Mamma was in excessively bad humor and pointedly impolite. Lilian, she said, was suffering from headache, and when La Grange mentioned the hour at which the horses would be brought round, he was told he might as well countermand the order. Still he loitered; he was not coatent with mamma's answer, and he liked to be in Lilian's atmosphere, if he could not be with her.

"There is a drawing Lilian left for me to finish,"

persisted La Grange. "It is up stairs," replied mamma, with coolness. Lilian is asleep and I cannot disturb her." '

Fairly beaten out of house and temper, La Grange bowed himself towards the door, where he encoun-

"You are not going," he said, taking the arm of La Grange: "Miss St. Icon is not well to-day," was his an-

"Oh, you had better not go immediately," interrupted Mr. Warren. "Come back with me, I want

Mamma looked very angry when she saw La Grange re-enter, and under such escort.

"I am sorry to hear about Lilian," he said; "it is

Can I see her?" asked Mr. Warren. "She will see you, of course," replied mamma, with a point upon the you, which meant to be spiteful, and showed sho was not ashamed of the fib of

her being asleep. "I will go up, then, if you will take me," he re-

No objection was raised—Mr. Warren's words were peremptory. They went. La Grange was left alone ten minutes,

and, while looking ever the room, found the drawing in question. Mamma had condescended to another By and by the pair returned, and Mr. Warren

said-"There is nothing to alarm us! It is only the

Mrs. St. Leon fumed and chafed, but she made no opposition. If there was any counterplot, one heart, at least, he knew, and he was saure of that, so La

At two q'clock, the horses were brought, and the pair started. Neither of them could say much. The

around the horizon.

tive and uneasy-flinging their ears forward, and would breathe his alarm intenthe other's car, and own." then tossing them wildly into the air, as though both had learned that their fright was mutual. Again, and more than once, La Grange Red a return.

They were in the very heart the storm. There

was no need of spurs for the frightened horses. At a fast gallop they went sweeping over the fields, when a furious flash struck, as if it would split the cort down stairs." earth before their feet. La Grange was blindedhis horse recled, but he collected him again. Lilian, horse and all, rolled on the ground. La Grange closed your senses against the voice of truth and sprang off his horse, and flew to her. She did not feeling, they shall try other means with you. I will move; but it was certain that the lightning had not harmed her; her horse had recled and lost his foot is mine—she has given it to me, and she only shall ing, from the speed at which he was going, and had take it from me. I shall see Mr. Warren. If he is fallen with his rider. She was senseless, but she cold and unjust as you are, then look to yourselves. breathed.

and the storm was rising in its fury. La Grange ways through your walls, your doors, your garrets, raised the unconscious fair one in his arms, knowing and your cellers; no voice about you you shall trust. nothing and feeling nothing, but that all he cared Be on your guard. I have warned you!" for upon earth was to save her. At length he reached the ruins of a sort of shed, that had been his hat, and moved towards the door, when once originally erected to protect the cattle that grazed again the genius was at hand, and Mr. Warren enat large. Laying his senseless burden down under tered. this poor shelter, he exerted all his ingenuity to restore consciousness. He unlaced the tightly-closed riding-dress-he wrung water out of her drenched conversation." skirt, and bathed her face with it, and breathed & La Grange thought this was another part of the upon her forehead to dry off the moisture into colduess. At length she unclosed her eyes, and getting her dress out of its derangement, faintly asked claimed. "I am glad of it." where she was.

"Thank Heaven, you will recover," exclaimed La servants to betray their trust!" Grange. "Do not move-you are safe here." "What has happened?" she asked.

"There was lightning," he answered; "your horse fell, and you were stunned." "

awful lightning!" In her feebleness she had lost power for effort to

constrain her feelings, and they flowed naturally ren was peremptory, and she left them.

again. "There is blood on your hand!" "I! no dearest Miss St. Leon. How can you think

of me at such a time?" was his reply. These warm words hurried her back to her selfpossession, and with a faint blush she asked him to way. ussist her to rise. Her limbs were unhurt, but the effort seemed too much for her-she reeled and fainted. Again he laid her down in the obl, and, to continued,him, dear position, and in a short time could speak utterly upon one another for any concealment, and What you think of me, matters but little to myself, all the passionate words which now came pouring though much, perhaps, to you. I have often observed that she heard without reluctance.

fainter and fainter. A shepherd boy had caught tho been what men would call a better one. For what horses, and brought them round; and La Grange might be left me of life, I see a straight roud before tore a leaf from his pocket book, and wrote a note to me. I am brief, for I will not weary you with my-Mrs. St. Leon, informing her of the accident, and self. I formed an acquaintance with this family. that Lilian was safe, and would soon follow.

they were again left alone.

So fair, so lovely, all now seemed as if Nature, terms at our first meeting." worn to death, had passed through some terrible ordeal, and burst out again in young, bright strength and beauty. There swung the charmed rainbow. fair emblem of the world's second birth, its great arch glittering against the retiring storm, which was hanging on its skirts like victory on the scattered hosts of a flying invader.

"So let us take the omen dear, dear Lilian," exhave given you to me."

the carriage came.

Mrs. St. Leon was informed of the nature of the accident, and when La Grange had seen her safely the evening, he called again; the servant informed him that Miss St. Leon was doing well, and also. that her mistress had desired, if he called, to detain the worst,-do you leve Miss St. Leon?" him for an interview with herself.

Now, then, for the explosion," thought La Grange, as he went up stairs.

With-the-same-exalted-majesty with which she had sailed past him at the concert, she swept into the room. To the auxious inquiries of La Grange. she only vouchsafed a bitter-

"There is no fear; my daughter will be well to morrow-at least her body will."

La Grange had arisen when she entered. Mrs. St Leon neither sat down herself nor asked him to sit, of Mr. Warren, he expressed his sorrow at the deep and they stood looking at each other. At length wrong he had done so noble minded a man. she broke the silence:

"I desired to speak to you, Mr. La Grange," she said; "your own conscience has perhaps suggested he was generous, and worthy of cauenization. the reason. You must be aware that your visits here have ceased to be agreeable to me. I was not blind to your motive, though I was weak enough to brightened the winter season in New York, La Grange allow myself to be over-persuaded by one who will led Lilian St. Leon to the altar, the fairest and the suffer from his mistake more bitterly than I. I en gentlest bride that ever dropped a tear, when bidding dured you at his importunity, and I have learned maidenhood farewell. that you have drawn away her heart from him to whom it had been vowed."

La Grange was silent, and she continued:

is the last time we meet on earth."

impossible ground.

him hinted of any engagement. I will not pretend Von Anebel.

massive clouds, with saffron edges, were hanging but I have heard of it in the world, but I was not bound to accept a rumor which your conduct so en-There seemed a sort of reoklessness in Lilian; she tirely contradicted. I am not answerable for Mr. had evidently been forced into the ride in spite of Warren's conduct. I do not understand it, but I herself, and as it was to be, she was determined to will not believe him to be as simply blind as you ingo on with it. They turned into the open fields; a sist. I allow that perhaps I should have given more lew sheep were standing in oppressed drowsiness, weight to the world's rumors. To-morrow I should and it was all so deeply still, that the thistle-down have spoken to you. Oh, Mrs. St. Leon," he continhung motionless on its stalk. The horses were res- ued, "it may seem a light thing to you to prescribe your daughter's husband-to drive one she loves turning their heads towards each other, as if each away from her, and compel her to a choice of your

> "This to me!" she returned, passionately,-"a lesson in my duty, and from you! I desire you to leave me, sir!" "And this is all, then, I have to hope from you !!

rejoined La Grange.

"I have said, sir! You will spare yourself an es-

"Then, madam," he said, in a great passion, "take my last words. If your miserable fanaticism has not give up Miss St. Leon. She is mine. Her heart There are no means I will not use to take her from They were a quarter of a mile from any shelter, you. Intrigue shall entangle you; gold shall open

Mrs. St. Leon sprang to the bell. La Grange took

"Pardon me," he said. "I came up a fow moments ago, and was obliged to overhear some of your

scheme, and was vexed.

"You have chosen an honorable post, sir!" he ex-"As honorable," replied Mr. Warren, "as to bribe

. "Then you know all at last," interrupted Mrs. St. Leon. "Happily your eyes are opened!"

"Will you excuse us for a few moments, Mrs. St. Leon? Mr. La Grange thinks he has something to "And you! are you hurt?" she asked, "by that say to me as well as to you. I will give him the opportunity."

Mrs. St. Leon lingered, but a gesture of Mr. War-

"You had better sit down," he said to La Grange. "Are you hurt, dear Mr. La Grange?" sho asked who was swelling, hat in hand; but he returned:

"I do not sit, as an unwelcome guest. As you heard what I said to Mrs. St. Leon, I need not repeat

Mr. Warren sighed in his peculiar sad, melancholy

"Sit down," he said. La' Grango sank upon a chair, while Mr. Warren

"I am not going to repeat Mrs. St. Leon's reagain. This frightful accident had flung them too proaches, which are as foolish as they are undeserved. from La Grange, he learned from her own feeble lips that you sought an explanation with me, and this spoke well for you; the natural time is now come. The storm was subsiding, and the lightning grew and you shall have it," he went on. "My life has Mrs. St. Leon's enthusiasm made her throw herself With these, he dispatched the boy on his horse, with entirely upon me. In her gifted and noble-minded orders not no spare the whip, and in a few moments daughter, I saw a person of entirely different hould, in whom I thought I found one that -- no matter. Other thoughts now crowded upon La Grange, as She admired me-but I knew, and she did not know, e felt how soon these frightful, yet exquisitely how different admiration is from love. I knew my so strong. Lilian could stand now, and leaning her for a whole year wholly free. These were the heavily on his arm, she went out with him into the terms upon which we were when I first saw you; you knew mo, and you knew something of these

La Grange started. Warren, however, continued-"I saw the pleasure which she took in your company, and I saw in you a person who would try her

feelings towards hyself." "Gracious heavens!" cried La Grango; "then

this was the reason ---' "Let me go on," he said; "you might have been idly coquetting for your own pleasure. It might olaimed La Grange. "Our trials are ended—they have been so, although the character I heard of you made it unlikely. With difficulty I persuaded Mrs. She did not answer him, but pressed his arm, and St. Leon to allow your visits. You came often. I so in the sweet consciousness of loving and being be- had you encouraged. I watched you throughout. loved, the hour passed quickly that intervened before and all was as I expected; this last day has but concluded what, from the first, I felt to be inevitable."

"Mr. Warren," he stammered, "tell me but one at home, he made his way to his own lodgings. In thing, and do not think I am wronging you in asking it. But in the bitterness of the punishment you are heaping on me, selfish as I am, may I be spared "What is the love of a withered heart?" he an-

La Grange was choked.

swered; "such affection as I had to give, I gave her. It is hers still, as it has been,-the calm affection of admiring and approving reason." "Do not reproach yourself with selfishness-we are

all selfish; you were carried away by passion, and passion has been a true guide to you." "No," he said, and his voice trembled; "I have loved as you loved, and that can never be again." La Grange was confounded, and, taking the hand

There are many creeds, there is but one humanity. Though he was a Spiritualist, and censured by many,

He won the last and hardest battle for La Grange, with Mrs. St. Leon; and, when the gay season again

Neven Despain .- True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has "You do not speak, sir. You have paid your last alway's cause to hope, because it knows the mutavisit here. I only desired once more to see you, to bility of human affairs, and how slight a circumlay your shame before you. And now, sir, go! It stance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to La Grange was prepared for much, but there was partial views, or to one particular object. And if at something monstrous in the assumption of such a last all should be lost, it has sayed itself-its own tono as that. She had overshot herself, and taken integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the aban-"You have spoken, Mrs. St. Leon," said La Grange, donment of good-the giving up of the battle of and now hear me. And to Mr. Warren I am as life with dead nothingness. He who can implant ready to answer as to yourself. Neither you nor courage in the human soul is its best physician.

Written for the lianner of Light. TO LITTLE ADDA'S MOTHER.

BY COUSIN BENJA

"God keeps a niche in heaven to hold our idols." "Dear friend, thy loving heart is and, Thy check is bathed in tears; Affliction's heavy rod is lain Upon thy youthful years." The dearest ties that bound thy heart To earth, have oft been riven; The sweetest flowers that decked thy path, Are blooming now in heaveu!

I'm thinking, now, how short the time, Since one so dearly loved Passed on, and left the scenes of earth, For higher spheres above. And then another one was called-Again the tear-drops flow; The eldest of thy sister-band, Was called upon to go.

She feebly clasped the babe she loved, To rest its weary form ; An angel snap'd a silver string-Mother and babe were gone. She wandered to the morning land, She rested on the shore, And clasped in her immortal arms The loved ones gone before.

And now when joyous spring had come, With all her merry train, Of birds, and flowers, and singing brooks, To cheer your heart again; The little bad that just began Its petals to unfold. And shed a heavenly ray of light Around thy inmost soul, Has faded like the sunset sky, And fallen from its stem; God often takes our fairest flowers,

To draw our hearts to Him. Though now you miss his little stop, And all libe winning plays, And hear no more his prattling voice, Through all the summer days; Yet when God's holy stars at night, Smile from their radiant sphere, Methinks your little Adda comes, To hover round you here.

Ills little soul, so tired of earth, He could no longer stay: Loved voices from the spirit-land Were calling him away; Then, leaning on an angel's breast, He closed his sparkling eyes, Crossed o'er the stream, and went to dwell With scraphs in the skies.

Oh, could you see the spirit-band Of loved ones gone before, Extending out their waiting hands, To welcome him on shore, You would not, corth not wish him back-Your tears would cease to flow, As through the meadows, soft and green, Clasped hand in hand they go. THATCHWOOD CCTTAGE.

Written for the Banner of Light,

THE DENOTEMENT:

or, A LEAF FROM CONVENT LIFE.

BY OPHELIA M. CLOUTMAN.

The sudden death of my parents during my early childhood, left me at once to the care and guardianship of an uncle, a wealthy planter of Louisiana.

This gentleman, the only surviving brother of my deceased mother, having made for himself a home at the sunny South, had there fallen in love with, and married, a lady of French extraction, in her religious belief a strict Catholic.

At the period when I first became an inmate of my worthy relative's family, his only children-two daughters-were both on the eve of marriage, having gratified their ambitious parents' pride, by connecting themselves with men of wealth and position,

For two years after the departure of my cousins from home, I was sent as a day scholar to an academy in the immediate vicinity of my uncle's residence, which was at that time in the city of New Orleans.

My aunt, a worldly and fashionable woman, at last determined upon breaking up housekeeping, with the intention of spending a year or two in Europe. Being but twelve years of age, and withal a studious and dreamy child, my society would have been looked upon by her as rather more of a bore than a pleasure. It being decided upon to leave me at home, I was sent to the Montreal Convent, where I was to remain until the age of sixteen, at which time I was expected to graduate.

To a child of the North, the idea of convent-life was far from being agreeable; but, inasmuch as my cousins had there completed their education, and the orphan child was denied the privilege of exercising choice in the matter of her schooling, I determined to meet my fate with as brave and contented a heart as possible.

The last and words of parting exchanged with those who had assumed the office of protector to the weak and parentless, and whom the broad ocean was so soon to shut out from my sight, and I was left to the solitude of my new life.

My admittance into the convent was the dawn of a bright era to my hitherto shapeless existence. To a child of my peculiar temperament, the calm pervading that holy sanctuary noted like a charm. upon my senses. With no companions but books and my own thoughts, I was soon comparatively happy. My chief aim was to attain a high rank in my studies, and to graduate with the neblest honors of my class. To do this needed no slight degree of convent, conversed long and carnestly upon the subonergy and perseverance upon the part of one who ject, without lifting her face once from the floor, it had never known what it was to enjoy perfect health being a rule, or rather law, of all convents, that no from the first hour of her existence.

My petite figure and gentle ways, rather than any degree of physical beauty that was mine, made me at once the pet of the convent. At that time, I was the youngest pupil in the school; but though a mere Catholic religion, and with the idea that it would child in point of years, I yet possessed more true take but a few months to render me entirely subserdignity and strength of character than many young vient to the will of my deceased relative. ladies of eighteen.

At the end of two years my aunt and uncle returned from Europe. Permission was now requested tain; besides possessing an honorable ambition to for me to visit them. I hailed this slight respite from study with delight, for previous to this time I had passed my vacations at the convent, regretting, the institution. alas, that I, unlike my companions, had no dear parents to visit me-no beloved home to return to.

Perhaps it was my youth, together with the extreme loncliness of my situation, that gained for me the love and sympathy of the entire sisterhood. The usual reserve of manner which the nuns exercise towards their pupils, seemed in my case to be laid ceased aunt, I should, in so doing, sacrifice all the aside. Perceiving my delicate appetite and natural happiness I had dreamed of in the future, at the distaste for the food oftentimes set upon the scholars' shrine of religious faith, besides the settlement of all table, they would slyly invite me into their refectory my property upon the convent, with which I became to dine with them once or twice a week, where their connected.

well-furnished board seemed actually groaning under its weight of luxuries. In vain they tempted my sense of taste with choice fruits and delicious wines. I seldom touched them, knowing, as I did, that the great partiality extended towards me was done under cover of secresy, lest it should excite the suspicion and displeasure of my fellow-students.

and a section

My trip to New Orleans was not productive of so much pleasure as I had anticipated. Absorbed in making preparations for her intended residence in Paris, with whose gayeties she had become perfectly infatuated, I occupied but a small portion of my aunt's mind and time. She inquired slightly into my studies, and remarked that my uncle would cither come or send to me from France, after I had graduated. The three weeks which I spent with her or, rather, at her house-were so tedious and irksome to me, that I was not sorry when the time arrived for me to return to the convent. The sea voyage, however, benefitted my health somewhat, so that, after all, I had no cause to regret the long journey I had so hopefully undertaken.

My readers are probably aware that the sleeping apartment awarded to the pupils of the convent, is called a dormitory. It is a long hall, furnished with rows of beds, which, if not always comfortable, possess at least one virtuo-that of cleanliness. At either extremity of the room stands a bed, which is occupied by one of the sisters, whose duty it is to see that the lights are extinguished, and the pupils safely ensconced in their beds at a prescribed hour.

My particular supervisor was a nun called Sister Margaret. From the first hour of our acquaintanco, I had become strangely interested in her. Her face was one of surpassing beauty. The expression of her countenance was by no means spiritual, the rich olive complexion and at times flashing black eye, betokening her French origin. There was an air of extreme haughtiness about her person, which seemed to indicate disgust for the kind of life she was now pursuing.

Her tone of command and repulsive manner were in no way calculated to win the love and respect of her pupils. They both feared and disliked her. I was the single exception to the general rule, for I really loved sister Margaret. Upon me she bestowed as much affection as I believed a nature like hers capable of showing. I could not think that the beautiful features of that at times brilliant face had always been so chiseled and severe in their expression. I was sure that some great sorrow, or perhaps crime, had changed the current of her once joyous and happy life into a frozen channel, which the sunlight of love might never penetrate and melt.

These were my thoughts in the silent night, as I sat shivering upon my couch, with book in hand, and straining my eyes by the feeble rays of the nightlamp, over my lesson for the morrow.

As her bed was close beside my own, I had full opportunity to scan that glorious, yet mysterious, countenance, in its calm and statue-like repose. Sometimes she would sigh and start in her sleep, and then a sad and troubled look would sweep across her fair brow, as if some sudden sorrow had fallen like a dark shadow upon her heart.

Again the large black eyes would dilate, until they seemed to emit fire; the usually pale, olive check redden, while, with firmly set teeth, and clenched hands, she would mutter words full of revenge, in which the name of Henri was alone distinguishable. At first I believed my beautiful yet cold teacher metamorphosed into some human fiend, and, seeing the full and lustrous eyes unclose, fancied her awake, and about to murder me. But the frequent repetitions of such night-scenes proved to me that such singular conduct was the result of nightmare, arising from a distressed or over-excited state of mind. One thing I did wish, which was, that I were gifted with the artist's power, in order that I might sketch upon anvas the varying emotions of that singularly lovely face.

Of course sister Margaret was never conscious of talking in her sleep, and I never mentioned the subject to her when awake. Once I did venture to ask if she were contented to spend her entire life within a convent. I fancied that a shadow of regret passed over her face, and a tear glistened in her dark eye; if so, it was but momentary, for the next instant her features resumed their stern expression, as she replied, "that she was both happy and content with the life her own choice had dictated."

I said no more, but went on with my French lesson, of which language sister Margaret was a most thorough and accomplished teacher. I had just entered upon my fourth and last year, when one morning, at the conclusion of mass, I was told that a gentleman awaited me in the parlor. Not being allowed to receive company, except in the presence of one of the nuns, I was accordingly attended by sister

Frances. The deep crape on the hat of my uncle bespoke some recent affliction. In a tremulous voice, he informed me of the unexpected death of his wife. Ho had come purposely to deliver her dying message, which was a request that I should embrace the Catholic faith, and, taking the veil, henceforth dedicate my life to the service of God.

I received this peculiar communication with respect, promising, at the same time, to think well upon the subject before deciding. My companion, sister-Frances, only-too-glad at the prospect of attaining what is looked upon in their eyes as one of the greatest triumphs of their faith, namely, the conversion of a heretic; and, still more elated at the idea of a new acquisition, by way of a fortune to the

nun shall ever look a man in the face. My uncle left me, seriously believing that my youthful and enthusiastic mind was one chaily to be wrought upon by the show and fascination of the

Here he was destined to be sadly mistaken. That I was devotedly attached to my teachers, was corexcel in my studies, that, in graduating, I might not only reflect great crodit upon myself, but also upon

Further than that, I saw no good reason for my prolonging my stay at the convent. I was young, inexperlenced, knowing little or nothing of society, yet anxious to travel and explore the old world, which my large fortune afforded me ample means to do. Were I to fulfill the dying request of my de-

pursued my studies with increased energy. About my willingness to close with him. His last words this time my health-which had long been giving were cautioning me to preserve the strictest secresy way from over-labor and close confinement—began in the matter, and warning me to keep a careful to fail me very perceptibly. So much night-work lookout for the vigilance of Sister Margaret, as she had affected my cyesiglit, aside from the general was our enemy, and would seek to work our common weakness of my body.

time in the infirmary connected with the establish- given him upon his admittance into the holy brothmont. Sister Margaret did all in her power to erhood. lighten my task, while her pleasant voice, and sweet sufferings.

hood; a man, I should judge, of some thirty-five coarse dress, could in no way conceal the great heauty one who professed to be a devoted follower of Christ. of his person. The circumstances that had led him to seek an asylum in the convent, were not generally known by the sisterhood, having only been confided to the Bishop and Mother Superior.

Ilis numerous accomplishments showed him to be cussion among the young ladies. Full of conjectures, they tried in vain to solve the problem of his position in early life. One believed him a deposed manarch; another the chief patriot of some new revolution, who was forced to seek safety in retirement. previous history. The only thing known regarding to possess my hand without my heart. him was, that he bore the name of St. John among languages.

ways particularly melodious and soft to my ear. Resolving to see sunny Italy, (God permitting) upon the close of my school days, I became auxious to make myself conversant with its characteristic language.

Brother John was accordingly appointed my teacher. Under his careful tuition I soon made rapid progress, notwithstanding my feeble health. I was far Brother John's constant praise of my fine brain, and retentive memory, excited no little jealousy among my companions.

Sister Margaret was still as kind and attentive as ever, and I began to give over the thought of a separation from one who had proved herself so true a upon my mind.

As weeks rolled on, my handsome tutor continued was too intently engaged with my studies to perceive and the hospitality of his house. them. Observing me frequently engrossed in deep thought, St. John inquired the cause of my abstracbusy with the composition of my graduating poem." the brilliancy of my intellect, together with the spiritual beauty of my face.

Unused to such flattery from the lips of a holy man, and alarmed at the impudence of my companion, I turned to leave the apartment, hoping, thereby, to treatment, closed up his lodgings and left the counput a speedy end to such rash conversation. He try. stretched out his hand to detain me, when, at that moment, the door opened, and Sister Margaret appeared upon the threshold.

nun stood for several minutes regarding him without uttering a word. Half dead with fright at the shame America, having previously left upon ber dressingof my situation, I beat a hasty retreat from the room. table a note, saying, that having been robbed of her

as to excite the notice of my school-mates, who ex- drowned herself. This conviction was only the more ulted the more over my misfortune, from the fact of confirmed by finding the hat and shaw of the bemy constant defence of one whom they all mutually

A week or ten days after the above-mentioned incident took place, I perceived, upon retiring one night, a small note peeping out from underneath my pillow. I endeavored to conceal it, by placing it within my bosom, until a favorable moment should occur for me to read it. But even so quick a movement on my part did not escape the observation of my eagle-eyed friend. I felt her burning gaze upon me, as, with a show of composure, I placed the scaled missive in her hand.

All the time sho was perusing it, I watched the changing emotions of her countenance. 🌒 turns she became first pale, then red. I gazed upon her with half suspended breath, and dreading the storm of wrath which was fast gathering upon her brow. sumed a fiendish expression, such as I had before seen in her sleep.

I dared not speak to her, but sat upon the side of my couch, like one transfixed with fear. I would Adelaide. have raised the fatal epistle from the floor, but had not strength to do so.

At last she murmured in a voice husky with pasthwart your base scheme!"

light and read it.

It was from St. John, and addressed to myself. I ciety once again, and with me for his wife, he should to adorn.

In conclusion he urged me to fly with him to him cutside the convent wall, at the hour of twelve, the lips of the inmates of the convent. the following night, when he would have a carriage and post-horses in readiness to convey us to the adjoining town, where, having bribed the confidence of Havre, bound for America, my husband was taken a priest, we were to be married, embarking immedia seriously iil. For days I watched unceasingly be-

Determining to adhere to my Protestant creed, I ately for France. My spince was to give consent to ruin. This note was signed with his real name, I was now obliged to spend a good portion of my which was Henri Pellettier, St. John being the one

"If this be the doctrine preached by one of the smile, oftentimes made me forget my own physical disciples of the church, then may heaven preserve his followers!" eried I, tearing the note in a hun-A new brother had been admitted to the priest dred pieces and scattering it upon the floor. My usually cool blood was fairly boiling with indignayears. His closely shaven head, monk's cowl, and tion, at the presumption of such a proposal, from

My first impulse was to expose the whole affair to the fraternity, which would result, of course, in St. John's total excommunication from the priesthood; but this, Sister Margaret lægged me not to do in all mercy for her sake. I then determined to reply to a man of fine intellect, while the ferror and zeal of his missive, in language expressive of the scorn and his religious faith excited the admiration of the en- anger with which I rejected his hold offer of martire convent. His great beauty and brilliant conver- riage. Margaret was filled with contempt and dissational power made him the theme of constant dis- gust towards one who would not only violate the onths he had sworn before God, never to marry when entering His divine service, but would also seek to wed her whom he never loved, except for base and mercenary motives. I felt that I should hate the man, who only desired to turn my accomplishments All their debates, however, threw no light upon his to his own ambitious account, and who was content

My insulted and excited manner seemed to alarm the fraternity, and that he was master of some six Sister Margaret, who imploring me to be calm, began to communicate her past history. She was like I had always a passion for Italian, not merely be myself, an orphan, confided at an early age to the cause of the help it would afford me in my musical care of a bachelor uncle, whose mind was only stored studies, but because, when spoken, its accent was all with avarice and cunning. At the age of sixteen she was married, against her consent, to a man who was some forty years her senior, and who had ingratiated himself into the favor of her almost bankrupt uncle, by the loan of large sums of money, the only equivalent required being the hand of his beautiful niece in marriage.

Forced into a union with a man whose habits and tastes were entirely dissimilar, the poor and duped in advance of the several members of my class, while child of fortune soon found herself a slave, bound in golden fetters to a man whom she neither loved nor respected.

Finding the health of his child-bride failing, and anxious to exhibit her beauty at court, the old millionaire left New Orleans for France. Here Adelaide was placed under the treatment of Henri Pellettier, friend to the orphan-girl, when a circumstance oc a young and rising physician of that city. The rare curred which left a fearful and lasting impression beauty of his patient excited an unholy passion in the breast of the base-hearted doctor, whose apparent anxiety for the recovery of his young charge, to be as assiduous as ever in his attentions; but I had admitted him at once to the confidence of Clare,

The husband of Adelaide spending most of his evenings at the gaming-table, Pellettier was the contion. Ilis tender manuer quite surprised me, and, stant companion of the young wife. Artfully instarting and coloring deeply, I replied, "that I was sinuating himself into her affections, under the cloak of friendship, he gained first her love, then We were alone, and he proceeded to extel my virtues, cruelly robbed her of that brightest ornament, a woman's honor!

Having, accomplished his foul purpose, Pellettier pronounced the disease of his patient incurable, and settling accounts with her husband for medicinal

Finding herself deceived and deserted by him whom she had loved wildly and madly, Adelaide knew not where to turn for sympathy. The sale of St. John trembled, and hastily crossed himself, as her diamonds, and various articles of jewelry, realhe met the unexpected glance of that fiery eye, as the ized for her several hundred dollars. With the aid of a faithful servant she secretly left France for From that hour Sister Margaret's manner seemed honor by him who had declared himself their mutual strangely cold and altered towards me, so much so, friend, and, unable to survive her disgrace, she had trayed wife hanging upon the parapet of the bridge overlooking the Seine. After dragging the river in vain for her body, the enraged husband wandered restlessly over Europe, seeking, without success, for the cruel seducer of his wife. In Florence, the City of Flowers, he breathed his last, murmuring forgiveness for his poor wife, but cursing the name of Pel-

> Landing at Halifax, Adelaide Clare were away two or three miserable years of remorse and grief, thence proceeded to Montreal, where taking the veil, she became a member of the order of black nuns, two years previous to my entering the Convent.

The sad story of her wrongs concluded, I threw myself upon Sister Margaret's neck and wept for some time. My sympathy comforted her, and she told me of the deep love she still entertained for St. The note dropped from her hand, while her usually John, and which she had tried for years to sliffe in beautiful face grew cloudy and distorted, until it as her breast. Her tones grew soft and tender, as she breathed the name of Henri, and I could not but think how utterly unworthy Pellettier was of such a devoted and constant woman, as even the sinful

Yielding to her wishes, I made no reply to St. John's note, which silence, he construed into willingness upon my part to clope with him. The followsion, "Henri Pellettier, you have wrought the ruin of ing night Sister Margaret and I retired at our usual one faithful heart, and now, under the garb of sanc- hour. When I awoke the next morning my tendier's tity, would seek a fresh victim! Mon Dieu! this bed was empty, and the greatest excitement premust not be, while Adeluide Clare has power to vailed throughout the convent. I entered the parlor, where were assembled a large crowd of the Her strange words and determined manner raised sisters and pupils, with sorrowful faces and streammy curiosity. I ventured to inquire the meaning of ing eyes. I approached the sofa, and my gaze fell such singular language. Giving me the note, which, upon the dead body of Sister Margaret. She was in the violence of her passion she had crushed be- found stretched upon the ground outside the convent neath her feet, she bade me to draw nearer to the wall at daylight, with a deep wound in her breast, as if produced by the thrust of a dagger.

St. John being missed from morning mass, suspistarted as the truth of his intention flashed upon my cion rendily fastened upon him as the murderer. unsuspecting mind. In a brief manner he boldly Yet the true circumstances of the case were known declared his love for me. My splendid intellect had to none save myself within the convent. The shock dazzled his senses, and gratified his pride, rather occasioned by Sister Margaret's violent death so than won his heart. He was ambitious to enter so worked upon my nerves that I was thrown into a fever, during which time I laid insensible for weeks. gain an honorable entree into the highest European Upon recovering, the whole truth of the affair circles, whose elegant saloons I was so well fitted flashed plainly upon my mind. Absorbed in her unconquerable love for St. John, Adelaide Clare had met him on the night assigned for our elopement. France, where, with a small patrimony inherited Disappointed at the non-success of his artful scheme, from an uncle, and the receipts derived from the and in dread of exposure at the hands of Margaret, practice of his former profession, (medicine) he had cruelly murdered his once innocent victim hoped to obtain a comfortable, if not luxurious, liv- upon the spot. From that day the names of St. ing for himself and bride. He desired me to meet John and Sister Margaret were sealed words upon

Five years ago, while on board the steamer from

side his couch, until life began slowly, but surely, to revive. It was a dark, still night in October, when I stole away from his bed, where he lay quietly sleeping, to catch the cool air upon deck. I had not been there alone many moments before a tall, dark figure whispered in my ear-"God and you shall alone bear witness to my death!" I glanced at the face—it was that of St. John; the next moment he had thrown himself from the raiting of the deck into the foaming waves below.

> Written for the Banner of Bight. OUR EVA.

BY MAISSE CARROL

"Fold her, oh, Father, in Thine arms, And let her henceforth be A messenger of love between Our human hearts and Thee?"

This afternoon the levely little form that shrined our gem of immortality, was consigned to the cold, moist ground, for the spirit pearl had been borne away by the angels, to deck the heavenly shore.

How that sweet, God-given pearl glorified the tiny asket that enfolded it. It was hard to lay it away like a worn out raiment, hard to crush back our falling tears, so that, looking upward, we may see our lewel shining 'mid the stars.

We twined white roses over the fairy form, and placed them in the tiny waxen fingers. Sweet summer-scented blossoms, fair and frail as their bud and bloom, were to us the life of our baby-bud, our flowerfrom God's great beauteous garden. The earth-blight . had fallen upon the snow-pure leaves, and the angels from the higher walks looked down pityingly; how peacefully the green meadow-lands of heaven stretched out and away under the never darkening skies! Should they not transplant that fading soul-rose thither? There the earth winds might never snap the slender stem, the earth-worm feed upon the tender heart, or the rain of earthly sorrow crush it in the dust. A bright presence stole gently over our threshold, and enfolding our sweet treasure with loving arms, we carried it to those waiting bands, and now it blooms , beautifully upon the banks of the "still waters."

"Still waters," whose unsullied depths mirrored their pure glory in those holy wells of thought, our paby's eyes, whose deep soul-satisfying peace hallowed our haby's stainless brow. We have folded the small, soft hands in their long rest, sweet hands that were never tired with toiling, and taking one lear, loving look upon the calm face, whose precious angel-likeness will never alter or grow cold, we put the useless vestment away, and have returned to our longsome home. How dark this home will be without our baby darling; how desolate our life, without the print of those tiny feet along its many paths.

But why do we still cling to the blind wish that they might have lingered? Are those many paths so beautiful and smooth that we long to lead our pet child through them ? Ah, no, indeed! of their cruel roughness to tender feet, how well we who have grown alder, know.

Without the print of those tiny feet, oh, mourning parents, look above! see to what holy heights those tiny feet have climbed. A few unsullied imprints on your lower walks, and now shining like stars up the golden highway of heaven. Let us time our steps to their harmonious measure. Looking upon their impress here, let us endeavor to follow their faultless way, and not turn aside into strange roads, because our brother may stray there; and, looking upward to their flower gemmed journeyings onward, let us strive, by our life and our loves, to attain those radiant hill-tops, and mark our progress with such glorious lightness, as strews the paths those little

And not only there, amid the unblighted blooms of the other country, does our little darling wander; although we do not see them; we know by the tender touch upon our hearts, that the figure of our fairy angel often stands upon our threshold, and those soft hands rest foully in our own, and that as she grows older in the higher life, she will gently strive to lead us in the way we should go.

Aye, it was hard to lay that little form under tho earth-sol; but we know that there is its heaven-born likeness blooming in still more angelic loveliness in the upper garden of God-blooming far away from the poor sunlight that storms can hide, in those colestial summer realms. Who would call our Eva thence? Who would summon her from the arms of the angels, so mighty to shield, to ours, so weak to protect? From the glory and the peace there, to the sorrow, dimness, and discord here? Who would, if they possessed the perfect power, unearth that buried garment, and call the free spirit back to put it on? Ah, no one! no one! though many tears are flowing, not even the mother who purchased its brief sojourn here with half her earthly life.

Digny's FAST DAY Ring .- On the last holiday, for which we were indebted to the kindness and partiality of Gov. Banks, Digby bargained with a jockey friend of his for the use of his fastest nag. Now Dobbin had been a temporary in-stall ment for some days, and, on coming into the open air, was quite willing to show his peragrative ability. So scarcely were the first forty rods left behind, than he started off at a burly, unpleasant trot-which as naturally ripened into a gallop as a tadpole into a bullfrog. Digby became ninemed; and, of course, protested; but vainly. The "good time" he had anticipated was already turned from indifferent to bad, and was quickly progressing toward worst. Digby bethought himself that Shakspeare somewhere says-

> . Screw your courage to the sticking point, And we'll not fall."

So he resolved to be heroic, and tugged with all his available strength upon the reins. Alas! poor Digby! They gave way!-and scarcely had the wheels of his vehicle made a dozen revolutions, before he was hid, not so softly as might be, on the grass beside the road. The horse having get rid of the chief incumbrance, took "a turn or two for fun," round the various roads, and, in the course of an hour, his own instinct guided him back to his stable. In another hour, Digby made his appearance, slightly rumpled in appearance, to anxiously inquire for the horse. His friend, the stable-keeper, solaced him with the news of his safe return, though sans driver: and, with a malicious leer, he asked Digby how he liked his horse. Digby, as usual, put the best face on the matter, and replied: "Why, Dave, to tell the truth, between you and mo, I was quite carried away with him!"

A postmaster, somewhere, writes to the editors of a paper, as follows :- " The Courier, addressed to N. O. Moore, of this place, is no more wanted. N. O. Moore being no more, his executors decline taking it

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FORMULAS.

Those who would see the world renewed in their. own day, perhaps in a single day, expect to have it done by at dishing all forms and formulas, and trampling on all the customs and restraints by the aid of which mankind have reached their present position. But there could be no greater mistake than this. Progress is not destruction, but is rather growth. These forms and formularies, of which many reformers are so feverishly impatient, are exceedingly useful in their ways any, as human nature goes, they are, to a certain extent, absolutely necessary. One may call them the labler by which men climb up-

Carlyle says very truly on this subject, in speaking of those who propose to do without forms altogether, - "Free of Formulis! And yet man lives not except with formulas; with customs, ways of doing and living: no text truer than this; which will hold true from the Textable and Tailor's shop-board, up to the High Senate houses, Selemn Temples; may, through all provinces of Mind and Imagination, onwards to the utmost confines of articulate Being .-The home second, re-learned !- there are modes wherever there are men. It is the deepest law of man's nature; whereby man is a craftsman and stool-using animal;' not the slave of Impulse, Chance, and brute Nature, but in some measure their lord. Twenty-five millions of men, suddenly stript bare of their medi. and dancing them down in that manner, are a terrible thing to govern!"

It is just as well to think soberly of these things; and when one becomes personally convinced that there is no more need of formula for him, it will be time enough for him to show the truth of the same, by living entire'y above formula, while also he submits for others' sa'ces to live within them.

We may secondate, and theorize, and sentimentalize, and dream, on this subject of abolishing the usual customs and constraints of social life, as much had as I ag as we choose; still we cannot change obstinate and deeply-rooted facts as they exist all around us. A fine spun system of morals will not, in our day, nor in any single generation, suffice for a complex, nicely adjusted, and fairly balanced civil polity, under which, while the weak and ignorant are protected, the strong and intelligent are secured the largest consistent freedom.

Forms naturally express the Hea of concessions, of compromises, of yielding here and yielding there ample. A man, in one sense, may as well be out of the circle of humanity altogether, as out of that social circle which these every day forms of existence convey. If he chooses to utterly exile himself from the social arrangement, he must expect likewise to part with his influence within that arrangement. He cannot hope to set up his single authority against the world, and still have that authority felt as it would be if he only brought himself within closer relations to his fellows.

It is a very nice question, considered in any light, -this of the harmonious balance of the internal and the external; as delicate in its true adjustments, almost, as the mysterious union of body with spirit. A man many times would be rejoiced to know just how he shall arrange it, so that, while he is altogether true to himself and his own higher nature, he likewise forgets not that he has duties to discharge to those around him. In one sense, he would be true to his outward obligations, if he were first mindful of the inward ones; yet there are concessions, there are compromises, there is a seeming yielding, though not an actual one, there is patience, there is even obedience,-all of which must be regarded, must be carefully and thoughtfully regarded, if the true man seeks to make his truth appear to the multitude. It is impossible to operate on the human mind at this day, except at first through the accepted and respected forms. They may be nothing more than empty forms of themselves, yet they deserve to be considered, because they are instruments; and what is the work to be done; which can ever hope to be done, except through such instrumentalities as lie at hand? Assuredly, it would require miraculous intervention daily, if one thought to move or influence the mass by other means than those already recognized by them, and especially by those which are not only unrecognized, but unknown.

We are aware that there is a deal of cant used about this matter, and just where a deal of sense only is needed. We do insist that there is great necessity that the era of common sense, -plain, practical, self-poised, and healthy,-should return; should rule everywhere; should enter into all relations; and especially should pilot men who conscientiously aim to be useful to their fellow-men, into those safe channels in which they can truly be what they desire.

If a person of shrewd business qualities makes an endeavor in any particular direction, and for the wait a long while, and vainly, to hear us deny it; commodation and comfort at this house. Miss Munpurpose of securing any given object, he knows enough to take hold where he can get hold; he is not so simple as the rustic in the fable, who waited for Webster, when a boyr told his father that his scythe give communications there. This house will be a shod, but plunges in without any shivering or hesitation, and strikes out with a stout heart for the object at which he alms.

Thus it ought to be with all things else than business; let us, in other words, learn to accept our conditions, limited and circumscribed as they are by the circumstances and complexities of this every-day life. To our mind, -- having premised that we have first friends in Boston, Lawrence, Woburn, Wilmington,

idly down with folded hands, to complain that mating can be finer than the season of having. Just ters are not already arranged as we would have them, smell the drying hay; catch up wisps, nay, bunches go heroically and lovingly to work to reform them, of it, on the end of a fork; help tumble it into hayassisting in the task of stimulating the germ of good cocks, after having first raked it into winrows; pitch to a more vigorous growth, and of lopping off the old it up on the eart, never minding the perspiration lead boughs of worthlessness and evil as rapidly as breaking out on your face, or the seed accumulating must not forget that within every form of to-day lies laughing boys; and go riding at the patient gait of concented the seed of to morrow's improvement and the tired oxen along over the quiet country roads, advancement; and that in our too greedy haste to streaked with grass like railways, up to the widepull away the shell, we may indeed destroy all hope open barn doors that are all ready to receive you. now serves to protect and conceal.

HOW WE GET ON.

ner muttered to himself, after having first publicly ing the desired opportunities. recanted the dogma that was so offensive to those in . Our hand to the hay-makers, therefore, both great and all. And let us thank God devoutly for the everybody who knows says it is a very happy one. progress, however slow it may seem to us.

saying, on the last anniversary of our national independence. Here in Boston there were abundant 1 am often astonished at the apparent shortsigns of progress on every hand. Many people sightedness of those spiritual and religious teachers passed them by, failing to see them merely because who deny the actuality of modern spiritual manifestthey did not look for them; but they were neverthed ations. Every blow they aim at the reliability of the less to be seen.

and gambling was openly carried on in spite of the as to the present. most marked change.

accommo late the public in this particular, and ought fied eighteen hundred years ago. therefore to be aided in their legitimate and perfectly | Is it denied that such would be the result? Pause proper work! It seems a preposterous apology now, a moment and tell me. What outward evidence of The public use of liquor on these festal days was to those disciples, and through them to the world, in thought to be all right enough, and the most respect. the days of primative Christianity, that is not given able men were not ashamed to be seen standing up now? What sense had the men of those days, that actly suited their experienced palates. But no man to try them, then, which do not exist and cannot be who respects himself, or who looks for others to applied now? What illusions are we subject to at respect him, would venture on such a practise now, the present time, that men were not subject to Even if nothing were directly said about it, which eighteen hundred years ago? What known change would finally reach his ears, the silent expression of is there which has taken place in the physical or the public sentiment would, like Cain's punishment. spiritual constitution of man, or in the government be altogether too hard for him to bear.

are now beyond the pale of toleration? Why croak on these points, without proof. the standard of public morals has thus been em- which none can possibly evade. plintically raised within the memory of men now. Prop. 1. If spiritual beings exist at all, and if hving?

which is only a temporary and fleeting condition, events. that salute him on every hand. The difference seems comes possible. to lie chiefly in the different stand-points from which Prop. 3. Unless this faculty or sense be such as

It is idle—nay, it is wicked, to despair at any to men time, while we are held in the hollow of God's kind! Prop. 4. If this faculty, or sense, of perceiving subscribe to a class of tenets styled a creed, or not, and trust belonging to true men.

and to believe.

HAYING.

This is the season. It has commenced in good earnest. The fiery sun gave the sign, and the mowers set up the merry, clanging whet of their scythes. There they march all over the land, over the level meadows, and up and down the fertile hill-sides, swinging the blade, and sweeping the grass-stalks gantly furnished house, 13 La Grange Place. About before them. They go like an army, though a peaceful one; tramp-tramp-tramp, to a measured pace, the shining blade whistling through the slender marks were made by Rev. Mr. Goddard, Rev. Mr. spires, and the heaped swaths lying a wealthy and Cleverly, and Miss Munson, (entranced.) sweet-smelling ruin behind them.

We wish we were out mowing even now. You need n't tell us how hard it is to mow, and laugh to sire a transient or permanent boarding place, and think that we do n't know anything about it; if you for this purpose she is well qualified. We can say loved rural scenes as heartily as we do, their petty emphatically that she is a good, kind, Christian woannoyances and all, you would clap us on the back, and pledge to meet us at the cars for a country exing, which she will make useful to those who may cursion to morrow. Mowing is hard, and you will visit her. Invalids will be provided with every acbut what occupation,--nay, what pleasure, even, is not hard? We very well remember that Daniel communications. Other mediums are expected to didn't "hang right," and when his father told him desirable home and place of resort for those who are to hang it to suit himself, hung it on a tree! And interested in Spiritualism. we do not feel so certain, either, that we should not hang our scythe on a tree, and the nearest one we could come at.

in his "Sentimental Journey," to satisfy the sentiment. Grove, in Reading, on Wednesday, July 21st. The

ully to our highest ideal. Let us, instead of sittin ling grass, swelling brooks, and leaping trout,-notha true and wif denying prudence will permit. We in your hair; climb to the top of the cart with the

of growth and profit from the vital kernel which it. We have tried all this, and know very well what it is. We treasure its memories; and to prove that we do, whenever the summer days come when we ean go out with the hay-makers into the field again, "The world does move!"-as the Italian astrono- we are not found slack or behind hand about accept-

authority. And so must we say to day; in spite of and small. We have a thought for them, even though the impatience; in pite of the passion and per- it is not permitted us this season to sit down beneath plexity; in spite of the blindness to those manifesta- the spreading trees, and drink molasses and water, tions which no mind of activity can deny-the world spiced with ginger, along with them. It is a hot dow move, passion, perplexity, impatience, blindness, season, -- the hay making season; but after it is over,

We could not but be struck with the truth of the ACTUALITY OF MODERN SPIRIT MANI-FESTATIONS.

evidence upon which a faith in these manifestations For example, in the line of intemperance and rests is likewise aimed at the evidence upon which gambling; not a great many years ago it was quite a belief in the spiritual manifestations of any and common to see booths and stalls and tables thickly every age is based. The philosophy which is compepitched and posted all around the skirts of the Com- tent to explain away, without spirit agency, the mamon and the Public Garden, where liquors were my phenomena of to-day, claiming to be spiritual, is freely dispensed and no questions asked whatever, as applicable to the days of Jesûs and his apostles,

protests of such as did not believe in the natural . This truth the atheist and the materialist underconnection between these practices and the public stand, and hence they are found co-operating with merals. But today there is certainly a change, and the theological sectarism to discredit the actuality of these modern manifestations, knowing, as they do, It was then an apology for these booths and tents, that the philosophy which will enable them to triat which liquor was dispensed in quantities suited umph over the Spiritualist of to-day, will give them o the demand, that the hotels could not properly the like victory over Peter, John and Paul, who testi-

out it was accepted as a perfectly valid one then, the actuality of spirit presence and power was given sefore the crowds and stirring their toddy till it ex men of to day do not possess? What tests by which of the spiritual universe, since those days, which has Then the gambling performances—the dice-rattling, rendered the presence and power of spiritual beings and the prop shaking; who will say that it is not an an impossibility? The objector must remember that indication of a greatly reformed public opinion, that he is called upon to deal with facts, not conjectures. practices like these, once open and common enough. The atheist and materialist will not take his word

over modern degeneracy-why whine at the back- The whole question is resolved into a very few wardness of reforms, when it is patent to us all that simple propositions, which all can understand, and

man has any faculty or sense by means of which, It is so in the entire circuit of affairs. Where one under any circumstances, he can perceive such beings, person fancies, on account of a despondent mood, then spiritual manifestations are among possible

that darkness and gloom overspread the face of the Prop. 2. If spiritual beings have ever been seen whole earth, and that mankind are retrograding by man, that demonstrates two things to the satjust as fast as it is possible for men and women to isfaction of the believer in such phenomena. (1), walk backwards-another finds cause of rejoicing in that spiritual beings exist; and (2), that man possesses the many symptoms of progress and illumination some faculty, or sense, by which such perception be-

the two persons view the phenomena; it is owing, that its revelatious can be distinguished from all ilperhaps, as much to the difference in temperaments, lusion or hallucination, then there can be no certain oo, as to the variance in clear-sighted opinions. ty that spiritual beings ever have appeared or spoken

providence; but it is worse than wicked to complain, spirit can be so exercised as to certainly distinguish when there are so many cheering signs of an ad- between actual spirit appearance and manifestation, vancing public opinion, and an illuminated public and all illusion and hallucination, then those who afsentiment, to be seen all around, us. Atheism is firm that all the spiritual appearances and manifestsupposed to include within its definition all who ations of to-day, are false and illusive, do so without deny the ever-present care of the All-Father; and proper authority, and are grossly arrogant, presumpthey are indeed atheists, whether they professedly nous and false, and are unworthy of the confidence

who continually lament the falling off of mankind I wish the clergy would take these propositions in from the paths of duty and purity, and their return hand and show their fallacy, if there be any in them. to those ancient gods which were but another name The world has too much invested in the spiritual phenomena of the past ten years, to east them away We ought, therefore, while we work and pray, to without an irreparable loss. The millions of believbe patient likewise. All the signs are propitious— ers in Spiritualism cannot be dissuaded from their as the old Greeks would say who had received enconvictions of the genuineness of modern spiritual couragement from their oracles. What we need is, phenomena without exterpating the last particle of to cultivate a disposition to question God's goodness evidence the world postesses that spiritual beings less, and to trust ourselves to his providence more, exist. It would be more wise and judicious on the We have no right to complain, even if the marks of part of the clergy, if they would dismiss their prethe advancing tide of Progress are so faint and few judices and examine these questions with an earnest that we cannot discern them. Our duty is to work, and truthful spirit, that they might know how to dispose of them consistently with other known truths. .It is well-that truth does not depend upon them for its existence or continuance in the world.

J. TIFFANY.

SOCIAL PARTY.

Mrs. H. P. Jenness and Miss M. Munson, on Friday evening, threw open the doors of their new and eletwo hundred of the invited friends were present. The occasion was a social and pleasant one. Re-

It is the object of Mrs. Jenness to make this house a pleasant and agreeable home for all who may deman. Miss Munson is favored with the gift of healson is clairvoyant, and a good trance medium for

SPIRITUALISTS'.PIC-NIC.

We learn from Bro. James Hulme that the Spirit. For all that, however, we incline, as Sterne says, | ualists of Lowell will hold a pio-nic at Harmony of ours, and, within them, work up patiently and hope- passed through the season of budding trees, spring- and the towns adjoining are invited to be present on

the occasion. Professor Otis, of New Hampshire, and | ready for action. The place of the woman is by his take place on the 28th, instead.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, the talented poet medium, will deliver but two more lectures in Boston the present season -those on Sunday morning and evening next. We would refer our readers to the beautiful poem which we publish on our first page, as an example of her style and ability as an improvisatrice. Her spirit songs, with which she prefaces and concludes her lectures, are simple, yet sweet and touching. and witness her peculiar phase of mediumship.

Dr. J. W. Greenwood, who is well, known to many will for about three weeks, during the hottest weather, visit Portland, Bath, Hallowell, etc., imparting to the leaving it in a condition disordered and broken, from sick in those places the healing influence of his mcdium powers. He has consented to act as our agent, though a pair may be living unhappily together, the and will receive subscriptions for the BANNER. Dr. G.'s rooms, at No. 15 Tremont street, will be kept who is a rapping, writing and trance medium.

Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK. Vermont Convention—Woman's Rights—Maternity— Influence of the mother upon the child, during gesta-

NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1858. Messus. Entrons.—The doings of the Vermont Free

by the ears. Some declare that nothing was done; who like marriage well enough, but are opposed to still, that everything was accomplished which could stances. The entire field of reform is a large oneincluding nothing less than the whole of human interests-and it is not to be expected that all these examine and to settle.

gaged the attention of our N. Y. Conference. The fireunderstood, her aims and objects were discovered to live alone. But this arises from no fault in the be quite innocent. In her present field of labor, as I laws, but from a lack of orderly development on the understand her, she does not propose to touch the part of the discontented pair. Man and wife may marriage relation at all, but to confine herself strict | harmonize as likes or as unlikes. If that charity ly to the office of maternity. She claims, and with a which is love, that forgets self and lives for others, good array of fact and logic, that the child receives has taken root in them, they cannot disagree. If it its specific impulse—the order of its development— has not, they are not in condition to harmonize from the mother, during the period of gestation.

lived in camps, in the midst of battles, and flights, ing out of a separation—they would make out no and pursuits of the enemy. Mrs. Farnham related better than they did before. another incident, which is well worthy of note. Dur | 1 am of the opinion that the truly happy, satisfy-

ing, at the same time, that the young man had more gives them warmth and love. intellect than father and mother, sisters and brothers put together. He was answered, that, though phrenology might not be able to explain it, perhaps child, the subject of the proposed College was greatly occupying the public mind; and that the mother metropolis even with the times. was chairman of a committee of ladies to raise funds for the purpose of erecting it.

In the light of such facts as these, Mrs. Farnham children to intelligence and virtue, or brutishness and vice; and to cause the world to know-fathers. as well as mothers—that the depressing circumstances surrounding a mother during paternity, as well be daguerreotyped in her child.

wrongs, will also have to be met. These allege, 1st, 13th. His magazine for July, is, as usual, rich in her equality, including her right to yote, hold office, thought and poetry. It contains a continuation of property, and to choose her profession or business; "The Children of Hymen;" a continuation of Fish-2d, her right to control her own person, and say who bough's able series of papers, "Who and what is shall be the father of her children.

To none of the points embraced in No. 1., can I see ho be prophet, or no, Harris is at least a poet. any reasonable objection. On the contrary, I see great birds in their flight; he takes his place at the head, Divine, to satisfy his justice. He did not know any

other good speakers, are expected to be present. If side. They are equal, but standing on different planes. the day designated should be stormy the Pic-nic will She represents the moral and affectional. She is his affection; but as he acts from his loves, he acts from her. He is her intelligence, and she thinks and acts from him; and thus are the two, when in orderly condition, lifted out of self, and made one.

The remaining points are equally clear, but more difficult to be set forth. At the outset it is necessary to clear them of a great deal of froth and pretence. That love should be free, nobody denies. It should also be pure and orderly. To say, that if all laws regulating marriage were abolished, there would be no more licentiousness than at present, amounts Maugre the sultry weather, we would recommend our to nothing. It is only a proposition to suffer a readers to attend one of her lectures at the Melodeon, wrong to go on unquestioned. Besides, if the substance of a good be vitiated or lost, it is of great advantage to maintain a form, a receptacle, ready to be of our readers as possessing extraordinary powers filled again. The division of one's love among a in the cure of diseases by the laying on of hands, multitude of objects, by a common law of our being, dissipates and furnishes the affections of the soul: which ages may scarcely suffice to release it; while, sacrifice they make to the sacredness of the principle of a union between one, man and one woman. open and occupied during his absence by Miss Moore, will tend to keep the affections single, and the true ideal in the heart; the not distant possession of which will more than compensate for all present

The right of a woman to her person, and to say who shall be the father of her children, does not include the right to violate the laws of her own nature, and empower her to say that she will not have children at all. There is reason to believe that a great deal of the cry over this clause of woman's rights, is made by a class of women of masculine Convention have set all the world talking, and many minds-which town and city life tends to fosterothers that the assemblage disgraced itself; and others the trouble and confinement of child-bearing. The question, in these cases, is not so much one of rights. reasonably have been expected, under the circum- as between them and their Creator, for not having made them men.

When a woman enters the marriage state, she announces to the world her readiness to assume the can be gone over, and satisfactorily settled, in three office of a mother, and the duties of a wife. By the days. Indeed, in this time, it is barely possible to same act she declares whom she has chosen to be the project an outline map of the ground, and mark a father of her children. Her right to her person refew positions. This the Convention has done, well mains, or should remain, intact, so far as is comor ill-sometimes in agreement, and sometimes in patible with the relations she has assumed. But conflict with itself-but by its simple action has made she is not any longer at liberty to say that she will prominent, and set in array before the world, several not have children; or, after having had one child, nestions which the world will find itself compelled that she will not have another; or if she does, that some other besides her husband shall be its father. Chief among these are Woman's Rights, especially We are all, very properly by law, required to abide as embraced in the marriage question, and office of by our business agreements; and this, as the most important and sacred one we ever make, should These, and especially the last, have latterly en- never be lightly regarded, or lightly annulled.

I know it is very hard for some men and women rand, as deemed by some, was projected among us by to be compelled by their contracts, which the laws Mrs. Farnham; but when that lady came to be fully will not allow them to break, to live together, or to with anybody, and the chances are that on a sec-The case of Napoleon, as an illustration in point, and trial-to say nothing of the public scandal, and s well known. While his mother was enciente, she domestic feuds, and children's tears, ordinarily grow-

ing her residence in California, employed as a teach-ling marriages, fall considerably short of one in a er, she had among her pupils the children of a large thousand. The tolerable ones may number one in frontier family, who were rough, dull and debased. ten. In the present state of the race, those intended To this there was one exception in a girl of fifteen, for true affinities, may not recognize each other; or She was bright, quick to learn, and elevated in all if they come together, may totally fail to agree. her tastes and desires. She would compose with the From this condition of affairs, there is scarcely a utmost facility, and was a worshiper of the beauti- palliative, and no escape, short of human develop ful. Mrs. F., set herself to the task of discovering ment. That will eventually set all straight, right what had made the difference in these children; and all wrongs, and mend all broken hearts. The free at length discovered, that, in the early part of gesta- discussion of these questions is an indispensable pertion, the mother had secured of a pedder in her fron- quisite to the advent of that day. As thought is tier solitude, a copy of Scott's Poems; and spent stirred, the causes of conjugal misery will be made much of her time, for many months, realing them, to appear, and gradually correctives will be applied. The girl was a perfect embodiment of these poems. | Men and women will form unions from higher mo-Within the last day or two, a gentleman of this tives, and will come to learn the important truth city has related to me an equally potent fact. In a that we never derive our happiness from ourselves. western town, the seat of a thriving College, there We may fester and skimmer for a day, in pride, was exhibited a similar anomaly-a remarkably in- ambition, avarice, or lust, but it is not happiness. ellectual and studious youth, in the midst of broth- But even as the world is now, the true heart may ers and sisters characterized by nothing beyond the make himself a heaven, though in circumstances of ordinary traits of kind. On a public occasion, the great trial and disaster. But no abiding place of science of phrenology being under discussion, the bliss can be reached by any wedded pair, until they President of the College instanced this fact, and call- come to know that the life of each is in the other. ed on the advocates of phrenology to explain it; say- as the Lord of heaven shines down upon them, and

New York, July 10, 1858.

Messas. Editors-As my letter of the 3d-owing the circumstances of the mother, during gestation, perhaps to your getting your paper out in advance might. He was appealed to to ascertain those cir- of its time, in preparation for our National Annivercumstancas; and on reflection, was able to state of sary—did not appear in your last, I shall write you his own knowledge, that previous to the birth of this briefly to-day, and give you only such addenda as may suffice to bring the spiritual affairs of this

The lecture of A. J. Davis, at Dodworth's, last Sabbath, was devoted to the subject of the hour-the ever-glorious, but draped and widowed Fourth. He explains her present mission to be, to go to mothers treated his theme in a manuer highly practical, by -good and bad, high and low-and instruct them, taking a survey of the progress and civilization of that under God, they have the power to mould their the race. The address was much liked. Mr. D. will continue to speak at Dodworth's for several successivo weeks.

University Chapel is, for the present, silent. Mr. Harris is in the country, and has been scriously ill; as her moods of mind, and brutish propensities, will but I have the pleasure to add, is now convalescent. His new work, the Arcana of Christianity, I am in-But all the other questions of woman's rights and formed by the publisher, will certainly be out by the Jesus Christ?" and other valuable articles. Whether .

On Sunday last, Henry Ward Beecher closed his good in the general purification of politics, which labors at the Plymouth Church, for a few weeks, would be likely to follow the exercise of suffrage on covering the heats of summer, during which he rethe part of woman. She should also enjoy her own tires to the country to rusticate and recruit both property and carnings in peace, and choose her own body and mind. It was communion season, and he business. Nor should she be debarred from office; took occasion to "define his position" in several though I do not believe that under a normal and or important particulars. 1. As to the atonement. He derly condition of affairs, she would often accept the believed that Christ was God manifest in the flesh: duties, or even enter any of the professions. Man, that he came into the world to regenerate and remale, is evidently designed by nature as the actor. deem mankind: that this redemption consisted, in By the common law of leadership—the necessity for part, in his teachings, and the perfect example in a head—as illustrated by the spontaneous arrange his life and death, which he set before them. In. ment of parts, in the family; in the organization of addition to this, the Churches generally believed, all tribes and states; in the herds of the field, and that something was necessary on the part of the

thing about that; and he did n't think they did. The Scriptures nowhere taught, it. - 2. He had been charged with throwing the rite of communion open to all the congregation. Ho had been misunderstood. The rite is colebrated in memory of Christ. Some held it to be an ordinanoo strictly within the well known poet medium, made her first appearance church. He did not. It was proper for those who before a Boston audienco. loved Christ, and hold him in warm remembrance, and strove to live his life, to unite in it, and for none others. Mere church-membership could, accordingly, give expect any difficult or marvelous performance from no title to sit at the Lord's table; and if there were her, but only the gentle inspiration of the angelany such in his oburch-mere nominal Christians world-and then sang, accompanying herself on a without the soul-he did not invite them on the present occasion; but charged them to keep away, of which was unlike anything we ever before heard. On the other hand, there were warm-hearted lovers of the Lord-members of Orthodox churches, Unitarians, Catholics, Swedenborgians and Universalists; and persons of no particular faith; and some whom laws and manifestations of God, and of adoring and points of conscience prevented from uniting with any worshiping that God, without binding himself down church-whom he must invite to the ordinance. They were true members of the body of Christ, the Bible in its true light. The man who is tied whether recognized by the world as such or not, and down by any chain of theological ideas, is not so comhe could not exclude them. He thought all ought to petent to think and candidly investigate the inspiraunite with some church, if possible, but each must tion of our Father, as the fresh and vigorous mind, judge for himself. The Lord's table was free; and which will turn over every page, and find God there. in accordance with these views, Mr. Beecher gave out and beauty everywhere. Let us be rightly underhis invitation in his usual catholic form. The stood, not as believing that God was revealed more Plymouth church now numbers some fourteen hun. in the past than in the present, but that all thought dred members, having received an accession of about is from God, and every idea is eternal. four hundred during the last few months.

Sunday, on the identity of all religions. Three cen. teachings; but it comes forth to reseue the past, and tral ideas are found common to all, viz.: the Divine to give the right language to the records of the past. Incarnation, Immortality, and Rewards and Panishments in another life, or happiness and unhappiness, that humanity may be blessed. When the child is in accordance with one's moral condition.

Mr. Loveland speaks in Brooklyn to-morrow. Dr. Redman is absent from the city, in attendance on his sick wife at Hartford, where he is likely to be did eighteen hundred years ago, you show that you detained for some days. Munson, however, has have not been developed up to the demand of the made other arrangements, so that his public circles _ times. I do know God spoke in the past, that he already regarded as an indispensable institution - speaks in the present, and that he will speak in the are prosperously continued. His chief medium is future. Conklin.

his family at Newark; but I presume not many suns thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandwill be suffered to revolve before he will be in the ments hang all the law and the prophets." field again; in what direction, I have not learned.

REMARKABLE PHYSICAL MANIFESTA-TIONS AT BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON, JULY 8th, 1858.

MESSIS. EDITORS-During the present week certain demonstrations of spirit presence and power have | figurative expression, to denote the affectional nature. been given at my residence, which are so wonderful | Can there be less of affection and sympathy in God that I think it proper to send you tho facts. Mrs. than there is in the mother's love of her offspring? J. W. Currier, a medium who has lately entered the No! Her love lasts forever; can God's love be less field, and who is an eloquent exponent of the truths enduring? No! The mother's love to day asks of of immortality, is now visiting at my house. Last her Father for the evidence or impression that her night myself and family sat for the purpose of obtaining tests.

At the commencement of the sitting, my son who passed on to the spheres some years since, made himself visible to the medium, so that she described him accurately; he then promised me that he would give of the spirit life. It is vain to believe that any pulse manifestations such as should entirely satisfy me. He promised to bring from an adjoining room a mininture, containing his likeness, also to present me with some flowers.

The first indications that we received of an invisible physical agency, were the dropping of several cening directly above us. A few moments afterwards the miniature of my son was dropped in my daughter's lap. Next, a small bouquet of fresh flowers, after takthe carpet in the midst of the circle. I could give spirit and in truth. you a more extended report of these things, but time will not permit; therefore, I will pass unnoticed several interesting tests, and proceed to relate the most extraordinary manifectation that I have ever witnessed in my whole life.

The medium, Mrs. C., was sitting within a few feet of a large scraphine, when she became suddenly entranced, and improvised, and sang a wild but beautiful nir, and while she sung, an invisible agent, whom, I have no doubt, was my son, played an accompaniment upon the scraphine, with most thrilling effect. At the request of the medium's husband, a friend of mine, Mrs. Knowles, held Mrs. Currier's hands all the time during this remarkable seance; can only say, "Thy will be done!" We are so perthis was done merely to render the demenstration more positive in its nature.

I am aware that my statement will be incredible to many; nevertheless, "Truth is mighty," and what I have written I know to be strictly true. I know that a miniature, flowers, etc., were brought into my parlor by some power beyond that of mortals, and I have no doubt whatever that this mysterious power was used by my son's spirit.

When we take into consideration the fact, that no individual was within reach of the instrument, and that a scraphine is a wind instrument, and, from its peculiar construction, requires the combined action that romance is better than falsehood, and that I of the hands and feet of the operator, the fact of its being played upon is wonderful indeed.

I would also state, that, upon different occasions. while in Mrs. Currier's presence, I have seen a very heavy table, and also a piano, moved with a force more-than-equal-to-the-strength of-a-very-powerful. man. Names of deceased persons have been spelled out, and intelligence given in various ways. And these things have occurred without any contact with the medlum's hands or person. Now I would ask the opposers of the spiritual hypothesis, what theory or philosophy will explain these wonders, other than the agency of disembodied spirits?

MESSAGE TESTED.

Boston, July 12, 1859.

DANIEL SHILLABER.

con, of Woburn-who was quite a remarkable man in, and reached the pure germ, hidden, perhaps, by the his way-I would briefly say that the communication rust and mold of years of sin and suffering. When which appeared in the Banner of June 26th, was to my you are pure, you never need fear contamination mind eminently characteristic of him in the general from those beneath you. tenor and compass, in matter and in spirit. I have frequently heard him, in friendly conversation, make use of precisely the same peculiar expressions and sphere as he is in his-though relatively, rather comparisons as are found in the communication. Indeed, the whole message gives every evidence of being his ewn-an emanation from him.

Yours truly, J. V. MANSFIELD RECREATING.

Mr. M. the letter-writing medium, of Boston, informs us that in consequence of close application to his calling, his physical health is at a low ebb. He therefore intends to go into the country on the 17th of the present month, to return on the first of August. His friends and the public will govern themselves and playing by the medium. . 6

accordingly.

Sabbath in Boston:

MRS. HYZER AT THE MELODEON. On Sunday morning, Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, the

After being introduced by Dr. Gardner, she rose, and made a few remarks, asking her auditors not to melodeon, a simple, plaintive, touching air, the music

She then spoke, in substance as follows:-I find it written in the interior recesses of my soul, that he who is most capable of understanding the natural to any book or creed, is the best prepared to discuss

It is claimed by those who oppose Spiritualism, Dr. Gray read an essay before the Lyceum, last that it seeks to trample under foot the Bible and its and thus harmonize the past with the present, so taught the commandments of the Scripture, and the words of Christ, that child is taught devotion. When you say the Bible means no more to us now than it

"Thou shalt love thy God with all thy heart, with Prof. Brittan is rusticating for a day or two with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. Thou shalt love

> Who are those who claim to believe in revelations from God? Are they those who reecgnize the divinity of all mankind, or those who combat the intellectual nature, and deprive it of its dignity and power?

Do we'love with our heart? Truly no more than with any other part of the body; but it is used as a loved one still lives in the world of angels; and is the mind which receives no response, so prepared to worship the Great Divine, as if the answer came?

We are just as dependent on the inspiration of the present time as on that of the past, to teach the glory beats outside of the great rules of the Divine. We think of errors, wrongs and vices, and it is well that we do; but let us contend against them kindly and lovingly, and look up in every brother and sister, who thinks different from us as brother and sister still, and the children of the Father of us all. Extend the stones, and a couple of white sea shells. from the hand of Christian sympathy, and assist them in the path of goodness. There is not a soul in existence who does not need the spirit of worship to Divinity; and when we can answer all the questions of our naing a graceful sweep over our heads, alighted upon ture, we shall better know how to worship him in

> Man, though deprived of scholastic education, can yet worship in the great temple of nature, even if he nows not the first letter of his alphabet.

> Mankind, iustend of practicing charity with the hope of a return, should do it for its own sweet sake, and love to do others good, because it makes them happier, and so, by-and-by, he will go forth doing good, because he cannot help it any more than the flower can help shedding its perfume to the air. It is with the little things in our way that we build up the great bower of truth, in which the birds of lovely music sing. We recognize the power of our Good Father, and from the fullness of our soul we vaded with blessings, that we cannot ask for more! We cannot ask for anything that we have not, except that we may be taught to bear the blessing God has endowed us with.

It may be called poetical imagination-this cultivation of the intellect and of the spiritual nature; and it may be called poetry in life-good enough to write about, or to talk about -but insanity to think of making practical. Can the obild, thus conceived. be too frail to bear the reality of life? If it should be called all romance, and if it should be said that his Satanic Majesty was the author, I would say would rather worship a Devil on a high plane, than God on a grade beneath him.

How can we do good to our fellow-men? Look upon the lowest nature on earth, as he sits in his degradation, cursing his God and humanity! Go not to him with that which he cannot understand. The very fact that he thus stood out against them. but give him just that amount which his soul can bear. If you go to him, and ask him if he loves God and his fellow-man, he says, No-that he can love no God who curses him, nor a humanity which passes him by in contempt. You ask him if he remembers the love of a mother; and he may be one of those in early life deprived of a mother's care. and the memory of her has faded from his soul. Then ask him if he never felt love for another. No soul ever existed without this feeling. So you have Messas. Entrons-Having known Capt. Oliver Ba. | gone down step by step into the bottom of his soul,

Even in the earth-life, we may become as perfect as our Father in Heaven is perfect—as high in our than absolutely.

When we learn to practice charity and kindness as a necessity of our being, angels will bless us, God will bless us, and we shall learn to love our neighbor, truly, devotedly, and even as we love oursclves.

The exercises closed with another hymn improvised by the hedium.

In the evening, as in the morning, the exercises were opened and concluded by impromptu singing

Sho said: Man has an intellectual nature, and an

intution, and, again, intuition has controlled man not, if we could, and could not if we would. without the guidance of intellect.

Man goes forth in the world that he may become great, and obtain a fame which others shall fall down and worship. He glories in the power of his intellect and throws intuition aside. He studies the stars, but only to obtain knowledge-not to cultivate his soul's impulses. So he goes into the laboratory of the choir, after which were sung the three following chemist, and into all the sciences, that he may satiate his thirst for knowledge. But in all the pride of his intellect he finds not God. He does not seek to ouild himself an altar on which to worship the God of wisdom. Religious minds, viewing intellectual man, have been prompted to ask-" Do you not see that the more knowledge man obtains, the further he is lend away from God?"

So with intuition when severed from intellect. We find men carrying devotion and worship to excess, and fostering that spirit which builds up the faggots around the martyr's stake. It has inculcated iuto

that control him.

wedded to intuition, it would have gone forth beauti- and for the golden sunlight in the day-time; and for fied and strengthened in purity. But now it inves- things more glorious than these we thank thee-for tigates Spiritualism from the stand-point of old in-the great nature that thou hast given unto us, which tuition, and so protests that it wants nothing to do is continually growing better and better; for the with the worship of Spiritualism-it has seen enough great truths that have come to us from all the great of religion and hypocrisy-too often has the religious and nottle men of the past, in whom has been revealworld attempted to crowd upon it beliefs without facts ed so much of thyself—and for thy revelation in the to sustain them-it is all false and illusive. It says present through souls not less inspired, who publish stars-of deciphering the language of age on the thee for domestic comforts, for all thy gifts in our rocks-and I ask for none of your religion."

est inspiration and intellect. So that when the man slower of maturer life, ripened into the fruit of maof learning goes out to measure the stars, everything ture manhood. We thank thee for all the joy thou teaches him devotion, and when a new discovery is givest in the manifold blessings of human life in all made in the world of intellect, intuition puts on a its varied relations. We thank thee that when the

All that is beautiful and spiritual will be the off-

are to break down and trample on the past. But better world. Amen. this hypothesis is false. The past is more valuable to us than it is to any other. Baptism and salvation mean more to the Spiritualist to-day, than to those who have lived all along back in the past ages of men. of the world. It was to them but a shell, which bird of paradise soars aloft. It is true that we re- of his influence as it has benefited mankind. gard not form. It is said that we believe not in

from which it sprang. Do you not know that there nature, and have their place assigned them. is a difference between an inspiration and a growth? Yet we must be baptised with inspiration before we can grow; so baptism is essential to sulvation. Inspiration, like air, is around us everywhere.

The prophesies from a higher life come to man in a progress upward, and reach higher planes, we almost feel that God himself has changed. Two thousand years ago, men worshipped a changeable Godwe take a higher view of him, so does his inspiration come to us.

As landmarks of progress in the past, we find the infidel standing out against all forms of religion, and meeting the malice of all religions and creeds. was grand and noble in him. The ecclesiastical conception of God seemed to him unreal, and so he re- mixed with Christians, learning of them art and fused to believe, until he could have that amount of science, yet they cannot be inade to accept their testimony necessary te overcome his doubts-for belief is not eptional, but always dependent upon testimony. So the infidel mind stood, firmly and beau- phy; it leads man away from reason, and all the tifully through those times when intellect was dissevered from intuition, till the present dispensation. came to satisfy his needs. This, then, is brought up with fright of supernatural things-ghost and hobagainst the morals of Spiritualism, that it receives the infidel into its fold! Is it immoral to teach men to believe in their own immortality?

None can better understand the verse from the New Testament that says-" If thy right eye offend their mission should be to eradicate evil and cast thee pluck it out, and east it from thee, for it is out devils. This has proved a deception, and pious profitable for thee that one of thy members should mountebanks and jugglers abound. perish, and not that thy whole body be cast into hell," than the Spiritualist. It is better to lose the eye of our interior nature, when we know it dedead. These stories are lies, and have had a perceiveth us, than that the whole body be cast into a nicious effect upon mankind by shutting out a better hell of inharmony. A religion of hope, of faith, or knowledge of the laws of nature, giving place to of desire, will not make us free; but the religion of superstition and strange fancies. When a man has intellect and soul, going forth in their greatness, and east reason overboard, there is no knowing where he blessed by the truth, is destined to supply the needs | will-steer. of humanity. Thus the free spiritual mind will go back into the past, and on into the future, and find tion of Jesus is the only tangible evidence of immorthe dependence of each upon the present. Then we tality. This doctrine has done much to spread infican make the Bible of some use to us, because we delity. can understand it better under the new eye of in- Ecclesiastical celibacy sprang up from the belief tellectual perception. Then we can take it into our that Jesus was born of a virgin, by which many

intuitive nature; but unless these two are wedded, great, divine truths will leap out, just because we he is not true, beautiful or divine. They must be dared to question it. The Bible now fosters a system united in God's own true conjugality. Often in the of idolatry. We would break up that idolatry, past, intellect has taken the lead, without the aid of though we would not harm its divinity. We would

> THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL. Sunday Morning, July 11th.

> > [ABSTRACT REPORT.]

The exercises commenced by a voluntary from the verses from the pen of our neble Longfellow: ,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream?

For the soul is dead, that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem. Life is real-life is carnest; And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art—to dust returnest—
Was not spoken of the soul.

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives subline, And departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."

PRAYER.

Oh, thou Infinite Spirit! who dwellest in houses man the necessities of his own nature; and if man not made with hands, whose abode is in all matter does not recognize everything through its channel, and all space, we flee unto thee for strength in the it has prepared for him the instruments of torture. performance of every duty. We ask thee for grati-The mind governed by intuition alone, is always tude for every joy that thou hast given to us. As right in its own conceit, and never finds itself at thou feedest the ground with the sunlight and refreshing showers, so we know that thou wilt supply Had the intellect guided the intuition of those who every want of thy children. Oh thou who art our were seeking to know more of God in the past, they father and our mother, we thank thee for all thy tenwould have learned to search the soul of their der mercies and loving kindnesses to us. We thank prother man, and compare his acts with his condi-three for the plentiful harvest that grows out of the tion: then they would not assume the position of earth from the summer's heat. We thank thee for judge. Each living soul is equally true to the powers the transient flowers that bloom on the hill-side, in the valley, and along the running stream. We thank Had intellect been deprived of its selfishness, and thee for the perennial beauty in the stars by night, -"Give me power to estimate the distance of the humanity to all mankind, we thank thee. We bless damily relations. We bless thee for the various sea-But we find in Spiritualism the poerry of the high-sons of life-for the tender bud of infancy, for the summer of life is ended, that thou shalt take the ripened fruit to be with thee, and dwell with thee forspring of this wedlock of intellect and intuition, and ever and ever. We pray that we may live great and everything will take a new light, and become divine noble lives; use our bodies wisely, counting them only and bright, and true; the enigmas of the past will as vessels to hold and protect the precious spirit thou be unravelled, and man shall find that the more he hast given to us. Day by day may we grow to highknows, the better he will be prepared to worship his er and higher heights; may we grow by the reflection of thy light within us; grow better and purer. Some have said that the tendencies of Spiritualism and attain to the triumphant glory of a brighter and

DISCOURSE.

Matthew, chap. xv., v. 9 .- But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments

To day I shall speak of the injurious influence that they could not probe, but the marriage of intuition the ecclesiastical view of Christ has had upon manand intellect breaks that shell, and the beaut ful kind. Next Sunday I shall speak of the real Christ.

The Brahmin, the Budhist, and the Christian. came baptism, in repentence, nor in salvation. But there as natural out of the condition of the world at their is no one on each who knows what they mean bet- time, as the white lilies lying before me came forth ter than the Spiritualist. He knows that repentance from the earth in their season of the year. All chilis the recognition of an error, which is the conscious- dren do pretty much the same thing-they stumble ness that we are one step higher than we had been- when they begin to walk, and babble when they beand a growing desire to go higher still. We cannot gin to talk. Were we to be babies again, we should do go back no more than a man can again go back into the same we have done. Each great doctrine has a stature and years of childhood. character of historic necessity. There has been a Some talk of the backsliding of Spiritualists. Such cause for a logical development of all doctrines and a thing is morally impossible. A man who has religious opinions. Christianity, with all other docheard a few raps, or seen a table tip, may be gover trines, is naturally in its place. There is a logic in erned for a time by an insane enthusiasm, but he all human history. Each religion has its beginning, has never baptised bis soul in the splendor of spiriting growth and culmination -- runs its race, and comes to ual truth, or he would not fall. If he had a true judgment, some for good, and some for evil. The spiritual stand-point, it would be as impossible for evil detracts from the good, as weeds from the fruit him to backslide, as for the bird to re-enter the shell of the farmer's toil. Yet weeds are the product of

The miraculous character ascribed to Christ, in his birth, his nature, and his life, is not true; the Jesus of theology is a fiction. This ficfitious view of Christ has led to a perversion of the Old Testament. It has led Christians to expound their own thoughts degree corresponding to the conditions which sur. into it. This perversion exists in the oldest books round him. Whatever may be the condition of our of the New Testament; no lawyer ever perverted or spiritual nature, so does God speak to us; and as we twisted truth to such an unnatural extent. The malaria of this perversion has poisoned the teachings of all Christian ministers, and the belief of their followers from that to the present time. Soon as a to-day all smiles, and to-morrow jealous of this or man abandons common sense, all folly is possible to that of his creatures, and governed by wrath and him. This perversion turned the Jews against the vengeauce. But was not that God the same that we Christian religion. All the apostles, and Christ, worship to-day? Therefore, just in proportion as himself, were Jews, and yet to the Christian every Jew was more hateful than the devil. This came from the idea that Jesus was the Messlah of the Old

Testament. The Jews have the Old Testament for their Bible. which is full of piety and morality, and it seems strange that Christians should hate the Jews. The Jews have lived sixteen or seventeen hundred years religion. The miraculous character attributed to Jesus, does not appeal to common sense or philosoteachings of nature, and leaves him to indulge alone in that horrid delight, that makes his hair stand up goblins, fancy and fiction. We have seen this in Millerism, and in other fanatical Christian exhibitions. It was said that Christiaus had power to heal diseases and raise the dead-that the object of

Religious history is full of remarkable stories of those who have been miraculously raised from the

The Christian doctrine teaches that the resurrec-

hands and question and criticise it fearlessly, and noble souls have been robbed of the most sacred

rights of natural life, and have gone to their graves saddened and sorrowing. From this miraculous conception of Christ has sprung up licentiousness and corruption in the Catholic priesthood. The Pope of Rome is really more polygamous than the Sultan of Turkey. From the Christian religion has sprung forth laws that govern the sexes-and behold the licentiousness and corruption existing in a Christian

The doctrine that Jesus was the sacrifice for men's sins, is a demand for a sacrifice of man's common sense, and a rejection of his own intellect; out of this comes that sophistical spirit, so common among all followers of ecclesiastical doctriue. They cannot look on anything aside from their own doctrine but with prejudice. This sophistry is exhibited in all the Christian world, and is prominent in our institutions of learning. This is an evil that has existed from the days of the apostles down to the days of a modern tract society, and ecclesiastical counsel at North Woburn.

True religion is a bond of union among all natural men. It consists not in being saved by the sacrifico of Christ, after five minutes belief; salvation is not irrespective of character and good deeds.

The Jews ever rejected the miracles attributed to Christ. In the church it appears to be no part of the priest's duty to convert men from their sins; they tell you it is not their business to meddle with great national evils; they tell you of a salvation by a belief. Believing that Jesus is Almighty God, degrades man by degrading God. It is the ecclesiastical belief that man, by and of himself, is degraded and Jesus is God, not man; he knows all truth, fulfilled all rightcousness; yet did nothing, fulfilled nothing as man, but as God. This belief degrades our ideas of God, for it makes him so capricious, violent and ill-tempered as to damn man to eternal hell; and his son steps in, takes God's place, and will save mankind if they will believe in him. How must men feel towards God, who has had so much mercy taken from him and added to Christ? How the doctrine that there is no God, save God in Christ, befools the intellect of man. God is in every man; he is felt in every heart, and in all nature, infinite in magnitude and in minutia beats with the pulsations of his life. How degrading to God is the Christian's conception of him. All the accidents in the history of Christ are God's accidents. Thus God was born of woman; was a carpenter; was betrayed, murdered, died, and was put in a tomb! Is it strange the Jews turn away from such wild conceptions? Is it strange that intelligent men turn to atheism? Millions of honest men and women have worshiped Christ as God, but by this worship the growth of their souls have been retarded and injured. In thus degrading God we lose the noble and useful example that Jesus has given to humanity-by making him what he is not. Let you and me take what good Jesus has offered in the unfoldings of has noble life, and walk humbly and truly all the days of our life.

MESSAGES.

The two following messages we were requested to publish in our next paper, which is the present. We have no doubt they will both be understood by parties to whom they are addressed. The three lines from "Purity," we have already been informed are from a spirit who passed away in infancy, to a mother now in San Francisco, who has recently lost an infant child, to which loss it refers.

Mary White.

My dear friend, why should you mourn? -all is well. That which seems so hard to hear, is all right. When the inhabitants of earth shall learn to have more faith, then shall these things seem less hard to bear, and then will the thin veil which now hides them you love from mortal sight be drawn and the faces you loved to look upon be visible to you, as

Oh, mourn not-the angels have kindly carel for the bud which will blossom in the celestial sphere. In, the winds were too cold that blew around it in its first state of life, and thus it was transplanted to a more pleasant land; yet we would not rob you of your joys willingly. No, no; the angels love to look upon unbroken families in mortal life. Peace be with you, as it is with all of us. MARY WHITE.

Purity-A Spirit.

I came to earth to behold and inhale the fragrance as coming from an earthly bad, and lo! the bad withered, and the fragrance is with me. Puniry, a spirit. July 2.

SPIRIT PORTRAITS.

Mr. Geo. E. Walcott, of Columbus, Ohio, the spirit portrait painter, informs us that he has better success in obtaining Portraits for those who have made their appointments with the spirit, through J. V. Mansfield's mediumship, (No. 3 Winter street) than any other. He requests those who can consult with Mr. M., to do so.

Mr. Mansfield assures us that Mr. Walcott has been quite successful with orders for portraits sent from him. Some are better likenesses than others, but four-fifths are recognized.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. DEFECS .- There is a line of rich thought running through your verses, but we can hardly adapt their metrical style to our columns.

G. R. T., Balliston Spa .- Letter sent to Mr. Mansfield, and tould.

MANGHESTER, N. II .- Your letter we shall publish in our

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY LECTURES AT THE MELODEON .- MRS. F. O. Hyzen. will speak for her last time in Boston during the season, or Sunday next, at 101-2 o'clock, A. M., and 8 P. M. After next Sabbath the hall will be closed during the hot

'SPIRITUALISTS' MULTINOS WIll be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission free.

weather, and until further notice.

Louiso Moony will lecture as follows :- In Brunswick, Me., Sunday, 18th inst.; Dover, N. II., Sunday, July 20; Newbury-yort, Sunday, August 1; Haverhill, Sunday, August 8; Law-rence, Sunday, August 15; Lowell, Sunday, August 22. Mr. M. will lecture in neighboring towns on other evenings of

the week.

Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture. fails for want of needful dyrangements. Mr. Moody will ac as Agent for the "Banner of Light." Mas. Cona L. V. Harch will lecture in Springfield, Mass.,

Miss Rosal T. Amery speaks in the trance state, as follows:—In Salem, on Theoday, 13th inst.; in Saxonville, on Thursday, 15th inst.; in Feltonville, on Sunday, 18th inst. Bno. John H. Cunnen, trance-speaking incdium, will lecture in Orange, Mass, 18th and 25th insts.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening-at Guild Hall, Winnishmet street. D. F. Goddand, reg-ular speaker. Scats free.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall. Speaking, by mediums and others.

Quincy.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon. BALFH .- Meetings are held in Salem every Bunday at the

Spiritualists Church, Sewall street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free. J. N. Knapp, Supt. Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and avening, at 21-2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trainer-speakers engaged.

Trance-speakers engaged.

CAMBRIDGEFORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evenings at 8 and 7 o's

The Messenger.

: Sir..... "Anniestor to our Circurs.-A desire, on the part of our roads is, to make themselves acquainted with the manner in which our communications are received, tipliares us to adjust

Visitors will not receive communications from their friends, as we de not publish in these columns any measure, which could so far as we know, have for its origin, the mild of

visitor or medium.

Visitors will not be admitted, except on application at our office, to two in the hours of 0.A. Mannel 1 P. M., cash diversity of charge is exacted, but and applications for admissions must be made at this office.

HIRTS TO THE READER. - Under this head we shall publish HINTY TO THE HANDER.—Under this head we shall purish such communication as may be given his through the tendingship of Mes J. H. Conant, whose services are engaged each such for the Banner of Light. They are sucked white she is in what 3s usually denominated of the Transe State? The exiet language being written down by us.

They are not subashed on account of literary norm but as tests of surfacemmenton to those first but subarrance subdivised.

We hope to show that spirits early the charact conter of We hope to show that spirits early the chartest ecles of their earth life to that beyond and do away with their to us notion that they are anything in the Chartest above. We becove the public should see the public state that the research as well as well as the factor that the research as well as well as the first that their beach as do from a late to the research as well as the first transition. We see the reader to prove the first transition of the reader to be a seen to be a good with his reason. Each expresses so much of the late to prove as some first transitions which in the contrast of the late to the late that the provides with the contrast of the late that the provides we have the contrast of the late that the provides we have the contrast of the late that the provides we have the contrast of the late that the provides which in the contrast of the late that the provides and the contrast of the late that the provides a second of the late that the provides and the contrast of the late that the provides a second of the late that th

Each expresses so much of the respect with his reason, Each expresses so much of their action of the reasons in the respect to the respect to

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

We wish the friends of sport a conjustion they to old measures which they can verify to write up to that effect. We desire sen, is to state, as some after publication, as practicabe, that we have forested a sarange of its train, without ment many the manager the party who has were was a Denot want to some one class towards us, but take the faller upon your own shoulders. Thus you will con do us to place ad internal , read before the public.

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Goldrey Tames Pogue, das de Gralett, 1977 et viss, in service, Robert Page.

Themes Goldrifet, W. From Harris, N. H., William Sansborn, Jonathan Bell, W. F., Chambing, A. Father to have banglister a Grandian. Brooking, N. Y., Tamaso Tribettigg, who to y. Harlon, Jonathan Brooking, N. Y., Tamaso Tribettigg, what by Hardon, Jonathan Sanswick, which will be the first service of the Sanswick Sanswick, and Jonathan Sanswick, Capt. Early, Larrietta Brokens, James Lynn, William Hardy, Herskalt, Calweit, John Carles, Lee, Calvan Carles, Capt. Capt.

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W. L. Charles, Charles Green, Rev. John Moster, Win. Pewers, J. edit. Charles Green, C. delet J. Starth, Lee G. Green, R. delet J. Jernes F. Els, J. Els et al., Hannals H. wars, Suith Levant, Jernes F. Els, J. Els et al., Hannals H. wars, Suith Levant,

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Sally Parker.

Am I back to earth, in a body, as I used to be? I can scarcely believe my senses. I don't see how it ever coul the so in the world. Now you are strangers to me, every one of you, and I never was here be-tone; but I will tell y u who I am, if you will be patient, and what I am, and all about myself.

You see, the fact is, they wanted to make a Spiritunlist of me before I died, but I could n't believe it. They said, come and tell us if it is true that spirits can come. They did not say, "if you can come," but some," and I can scarcely believe my senses, when I find myself here, talking just as well as ever I could. I was ninety four years old; I had religion enough to live by, and enough to die by, and I did not want any more. Sametimes they were vexed with me when I told them I did not want to hear them talk about it. Now I feel condemned that I did not book into the matter-1 do feel condemned. I have been around to many mediums, but find none that I can talk so like myself with.

I want you to tell them truth as night as I know of What they told me is good and straight, and my body is no good to me now, and I have not seen God. They told me I should not, and I said the devil was in them and had come to tempt me just before I died. I used to hear of folks being possessed of the devil, and I thought they were, and he had sent them to tempt me. I was a member of the Baptist church, and I thought if God wanted to give me such light. he would not have waited till I was going to me; but he is not the God I took him for, and I don't know as there is any Gol, now.

Now if you'll tell them all for me, that I am protty happy-hot as happy as I might have been. Yet as happy as I ought to be, for I ought to have seen when they wanted me to -you'll oblige.

I was born in Buffalo, or where that is now, and I died in Utica, New York: I was over ninety years old; my first name was Sally, and my last name was Parker. When I was born it was a little Indian village, but the name of the place now is Buttalo; I know, because I have been there; I was there a little while before I died. My grandfather was Dufch, but my father was born in New York State, and he was a preacher-had a log house where Buffalo is now, and went'along the villages preaching. He is dead now, and has been these seventy years; I was a young woman then; my mother died too, I think, before he did, but I don't know. I lived with my grand-children. There's a very strange story connected with my family. If I were to tell you about it, it would be a very interesting story. I guess I will, for it won't do anybody any harm now.

You see my father, when he was young, committed murder-he was a minister afterward, -he did it to save his own life, and he ran away and changed his name, and went by the name of Boles-mine Parker by marriage-that was not his right name. He went away there, where noboly knew him, and then he went to the place where he was born, and they Miland know-him --- lle-was-very-sorry-for-what--he had done, and went about a preaching. I've told the fall God's creatures. children about it. It's a long story, but I guess I won't tell the whole particulars now, for it is too long. Good bye. May 17.

George Brown, Salem.

Do all spirits, who come here, find a welcomo? Do all have their hopes realized? Are all so happy as to find access to their friends by coming here I expected to remain asleep until the trump of God should sound, and the dead in Christ should arise; but, alas! I am mistaken. When I first awoke to consciousness, I was told I had been dead but three hours. At first, I was inclined to believe that the morning of the millenium had dawned and earth was created anew, for everything I saw around me looked natural, and I could not understand that I was in reality in the spiritual world. I was a short distance past forty years of age on earth, and I died in the year 1842. When I passed from my mortal body, I was daily expecting the coming of Christ. I believed he would be seen in the clouds of heaven, and thousands of angels with him-believed that every mortal eye would see him-that all who were blessed would be caught into heaven, and all who did not believe, would be sent to hell, to be destroyed by fire. I have found out my error; but as God is just, and I was honest in my belief, I am not punished. I expected to see heaven with streets paved with gold, and angels singing around the throne of the Father. Now, as a different heaven bursts upon my sight, I ask how can man be so led astray? Why cannot he worship God in a more rational way? But I see that the ignorance of men and their creeds have led man astray, and he has been taught to receive much error; he understands himself but poorly; and

In 1842, I visited Boston; there was a sect calling themselves Millerites, who worshiped in a small

place not far from where I now am. I well remember my feelings when-4-first believed with, all my soul that the end of the world was nigh at hand. How near I could not really tell, but I believed that ere the next year would have flowed on to the past, all the inhabitants of earth would have realized a the ground. I was not blessed with a large portion of earth's goods, yet I had enough to make myself comfortable. When I believed Christ was nigh at am more sure. hand, I gave away all. I stood alone, as it were, with barely raiment enough to cover my form, and money enough in my pocket to provide me bread until the Master should call for his children. Day after day, and night after night my soul was harrassed with gloomy thoughts; I feared for the future, and as I looked over the past, I saw I should necessarily be made to suffer when the Master should come. Some of my friends believed as I did-more were inclined to scoff, and I expected they would receive for reward the fires of an unquenchable hell. But alas, alas! three of those friends have since come where I went, and have gone higher than I in roberes of wisdom.

For some few days prior to my death, I was patially in same; my brain had been crowded with dreams I could, not understand-with enigmas my brain could not solve, and I became a spirit. Had I understood my God and myself, I would not have been where I am at the present time.

But the disciple who taught the doctrine, was not

so far out of the way as many suppose. He was a good man, a sound reasoner, and one who understood the book he preached from. He gathered his creed from ancient and modern history; but instead of looking for Christ as he came of old, we looked for him in clouds and with great glory, where you who five to day see him in walking tables, and hear him in noises; and I am told that ye who live to day are enjoying the second coming of Christ.

I, who am a spirit, must work out myrown salvation. I see no heaven, no hell, no God-but I am told that he who created all things, will not suffer anything to be lost, but all must return into his hand as perfect as when it left him. Therefore, I know in time I shall be happy—shall know my God and myself. But those who are in the earth sphere, who are still delving in the delusion I was engaged tin, I wish to have see if they cannot find something by in his bosom there. Why is he called to your they are looking for, in the phenomena of Spiritualism. May the dear friends know and heed my voice, and investigate the new light which has been sent to them from heaven; and as they investigate, more light will come, and their souls will drink and be

My name on earth was George Brown. I was ison in Salem, Mass., and I have friends there at the present time. May 17.

Abraham Potts.

You may think that I have no need to come. You may think that none on earth will recognize me. I diel in Boston in 1776, and I well remember the seemes that transpired before my death. I lived down at what we then called the Flats-I suppose you have a different name in your day. At the battle of Breed's Hill I was not engaged in shooting down my fellow-man, but was engaged in carrying bread and water, and meat, for the soldiers. For two days I worked incessantly. I kept myself upon the move all the time, because I thought it my duty to. Yes, I worked day and night, and I took cold and died with the consumption. I suppose I took my cold at that time, for I was never able to do anything after.

You who live in Boston at the present day know but little how to appreciate the comforts that surround you.

I feel my atter inability to do myself justice, for i feel, even at this late hour, strangely imbued with the love of liberty; and I really think I would be willing to lay down my life for my beloved country; and when I was told I was to die, I said, well, I die in a good cause, and am ready to go. But I lived to see the good results of the labors of the people; I fived to see America free! I prayed to live till that time, and I tid. I lied in the month of August, 1776.

My body was buried in my garden, according to my request, and it sleeps just as well there to-dayfor all that remains of it as it did when that little whom I have not forgotten-cannot forget. Shall I garden spot belonged to my family. I now see large say that I am grieved at some who are dear to me? Juildings erected where there were none in my time Shall I ask them to turn and live? Yes, I must, if proper; but ye who reside in it know not how to en- in vain, but hear my warning ere you are called to joy it. Ve ought to have lived in my time to know come up higher. Then you may, and certainly will how to appreciate the blessings of your time.

tie rge Washington sometime said something like

"My brother, if it is right for us to be an independent nation, God will give us the victory; but if it is wrong, we do not want to be free. But there is a voice constantly telling me that we shall obtain victory. If we pray for it, God will give it to us, if it be right we should have it."

He was a good man - saw God in every tree and flower - and although he stood high upon the hill of fame, he did not fail to condescend to the lowly : , and now God has given him the happiness be meritet. I have seen him much here, and he says to me that he regrets having been placed in the position he was here. I cannot see why, when he sees the good results; but so it is.

Now I shall be happier, after I go away, from coming. My first name was Abraham, my last, Potts-it's a long time since I was called by that name, and it seems to be almost an untruth when 1 tell you that it is my name. The name I bear now is Meckness; all here are named by the virtues they bear, and every one forms his own clothing by the emotions which come from himself. The soul is the from us forever.4 body for the spirit to dwell in. The soul, the spirit, and the earth-body, you find all in earth-life, but when that reigned around me, for I could hear, see, and which is life-the God principle-we have never seen. you see when you see spirits. We change as conditions change. When we go to a higher sphere ave, change to suit that. Your bodies are continually changing, and so are ours, and by the same laws; and although the spirit may seem to be standing

All spirits who have not returned to their first starting place have a great desire to do so, and thus. when they obtain a chance to come here, it begets for the receiving from the hand of the contentment, and their progress is faster, they are contentment, and their progress is faster; they may never, probably, permits any soul to return to earth except for a purpose. That which is incomprehensible to you and us, is no doubt plain to him.

stand high in the intellectual sphere, but not be hap to mortal sight. May 17.

Dr. John Williams.

how to answer in the future. 1 am disposed to think straight. how to answer in the future. I am disposed to think straight.

that the call came from one I knew years ago, who is in earth-life, and a little past mid-day, speaking kind, and enjoy the blessings the Creator has pre-according to mortal time. My friend wants me to pared for you; and when you come to lay "down the large way to dark their time." come here and give him advice. Now, my advice body, may no dark deeds cloud the glory of the Reswill be very plain food; how palatable it will bo, I urrection morning, for death is but the dawning of It seems to me if my friend and quest that day. tioner would but pay as much attention to his own | How sweet to return! Yes, a thousand fond ones affairs as he has paid and is paying to those of are clustering around, and waiting to send some other people, he would not have to call upon me, or any other spirit, for advice. It seems to me if he cause our vessels are frail. would adopt another mode in regard to living with Pray you, oh mortals, that the Father may send us his kindred, he would be happier; and it seems to more vessels. Oh, when they are permitted to return me if he would have a little more confidence in those as we are permitted, then they will understand the he has around him, he would be better off. In a anxiety of the spirit, and its jey at communicating, word, if he would east one half the confidence he My name was Mary Paul. My friends will underhas in solf upon those around him, instead of being stand my coming. Farewell.

up to day and down to morrow, he would be up every day. My questioner says—"What shall I do? Give me, in as few words as possible, some wholesome advice." Now, to close, I will give him this plece of advice.

advice: Hear of others' faults, and see your own.
I lived in a place at the eastern part of Massachange. But, alas, for man's tabernacles! they are chusetts, and have been in spirit-life some years. I sometimes builded in an hour, and as soon fall to think I am pretty sure upon the point I have been speaking to, as to where the call came from which brought me here, and since I have been speaking, I May 17.

Samuel MacIntyre.

Somebody has sent me here to-day to answer questions, and I don't know how to answer them. They want to know how I died, and I have told you, and I don't care what others say. I was there myself, and ought to know how I died.

I do n't want to send a message to my folks. They have got it instilled into their minds that I died different from what I did, and I can't get it out-they say I lie about it, or do n't know how I died, and I am not going to lie about it. When they see fit to come to me, I shall be glad to speak with them. Every one here follows the bent of his own will,

but they are not in a hurry to choose a vocation. I think just as much of my friends as anybody does, and I should like to talk with them; but they have a wrong impression of my death, and I can't go to them and please them, unless I lie. There will be a time when they will know their error. Time will wear the impression away, and then I can come to them as I want to, and I think it is best to wait for that time to come. I suppose I might batter down the wall that divides us, but it is not my duty—that is, I think it is not. Well, good bye. May 18.

Wildcat.

Does the white man sit here in council, to make treaty with the Great Spirit? The Indian understands not the object of his coming. The Indian has no friends among the white men, and why does the white man draw him to his council? The lire has scarce gone out on the hearth-stone of the Indiau, and his body is now fair to look upon. The Indian lived in his own wigwam-you white men call it Florida. The strong arm of the Indian has slain many a white man. The Indian is even now in the conneil?

The Indian never recognises his own. The Indian has given his body to the ground, and his spirit to the big hunting ground of the Great Spirit—he knew he was going, and he was satisfied. The white man's foot claimed the hunting-ground of the Indian, and shall he not claim revenge? The Indian was called Wildcat—the Indian was Chief of the Seminole-tribe-dost know him now?

It were a pity many of thy race could not understand that the Great Spirit is Father of all his chil-

dren. The white man has conquered, and he has smoth-

ered the fire, but he has not quenched it. (We asked if he knew one Smith, an officer in the

Florida war, who has manifested to us.) The Indian knew him well, and he is here to day, that he may be revenged upon him. The white man recognises the fire of revenge in his own soul, but recognises it not in the soul of the Indian. He bows to the Indian. Go to the home of the Indian—behold him there beneath the green sod, and behold him

there fair as in life. The Indian has visited your wigwam not many May 18.

(This spirit left at this point. The spirit of revenge burned with all its heat in his breast, and he made various efforts to display it in physical form, and thus lost control.)

Louisa Curtis.

My dear friends who are in the body-Will you be induced to listen to a voice from spirit life? That voice, some of you, at least, loved. Oh, it is for your own good that I leave all that binds me to my spirit home, and draw nigh to earth to commune with you that the town has become very large, and looks I would be happy myself. Oh, do not let me come regret your course, if you do not speedily turn and

do your duty. Oh, that I could speak to my own dear friends through the channel I now commune through! But it cannot be other than I now do. Go to the place where my body reposes, and promise me there you will be happy-then I shall not have come in vain.

Oh, my mother, my dear mother, you may not know, in your present state, how often I have stood by your side and tried to make you aware of my presence.

Oh, mother, dear mother! forgive all you may have seen amiss in my earth-life, and make your child happy in a mother's love. Oh, be happy, and when the shadows of earth lie in your pathway, look beyond them, where shadows never come.

Louisa Curtis, to all friends in mortal form.

Mary Paul.

A few years since and my companion and children wept at my bedside. A few years since these words were uttered as they looked upon the lifeless form I once inhabited-" She is dead,"-said they-" gono

the carth-holy is done with, the soul becomes the could understand why they wept, and I said, will not spirit body. No one ever say the spirit yet; we see the kind Father permit me to return at some future the soul, the spiritual body, but the germ, the spirit, day and tell these dear ones that I did not go from The soul is the covering of the spirit, and it is that trary, live to bless them, and to guide them to a homo them forever; that I am not dead, but, on the conwhere sorrow never enters, and where the Father is more manifest than in this dark valo of tears. And my children have sent forth many sighs, many prayers, because sorrow has lingered in their pathway-because darkness, like a mantle of death, has still yet there is a constant change for the better-in at times overshadowed them. But thanks to a kind Father, that star that guided the ancients, has guided my children to a place of rest-for oh, they find

As the lamp burns dim in the earth-life it becomes have no especial object in returning to earth, but the bright in the spirit life; and as the angel of death great desire is to come, and the Great Controller snuffs out the tiny light in mortal life, it shines forever in its spirit life. Oh, that mortals could understand that they dwell in heaven, and that only a thin veil hides the lower world from the higher! Some-Man, or the spirit of man, derives his happiness the anxiety of loving spirits which hover about from the wisdom and affectional spheres. He may them almost penetrates the veil and opens this world

Mortals can never understand the anxiety and joy we feel to be able to commune with our earth-friends, for who, of all the millions who have passed beyond May I be allowed to ask this question-" Who has earth, but loves to commune with those they left becalled for me?" My name was Dr. John Williams. hind? not one, not one! A word to my dear com-t do not know who this individual is, but I suppose panion and my children. They sometimes wonder if I have the Yankee's privilege of guessing. Now, if I I am satisfied with all I see in this dark vale. Oh, am wrong in my understanding, I should like to yes, for I know that all that is dark will in time be have the individual say so, that I may know better made pleasant—all that is crooked, in time bo made

George, Robbins.

One might suppose that we of the spirit world might wait until we are invited back to earth, but the fact is, one gets a little anxious about them, when

admittance, instead of accepting a call.

It is now something like fourteen years since I went away from earth, and I don't know but I may have been called back; but if I have been, I did not hear the call. My name was George Robbins; I lived in your city, died here, have friends here, and it would afford me unspeakable joy to talk to those friends as I speak to you. I was called a staid, sober individual, and one who was inclined to walk in a path of his own marking out; and I suppose that accounts for some of my surroundings in spirit life. I am not so happily situated as I might be, but I am far happier than when on earth. All who seek the-good of their friends in earth-life, will seek to ap. That puts me in min proach them, and when they get near them, they will try to make them understand them; and if they are hard to make understand, we must stay longer about earth, and work the harder. Now I do not expect to receive a hearty welcome, but I have prepared myself for the worst, as I was wont to do on earth. I find all my old peculiarities cling to me like so many briars; but I suppose, in time, I shall overcome them. I do not wish you to understand me as not being a moral man, for the world called me such, but that I was a singular being. I should be glad to approach my friends privately, but I can not,-I'am obliged to come here.

I want my friends to know I am capable of thinking, capable of speaking, and that through a mortal

One used to say, when on earth, that the Yankees were born wondering, and I might add they live inscription of dependence from the soul.

In wandering among you to deep these. world wondering, and they may wonder why I cannot come direct to them; but I tell you it is because I cannot. You might as well ask why God did not obliged to obey certain fixed laws, and cannot go behappen here again. May 19.

Mary Slater.
You are all strangers to me. I see no familiar

nees-not one. I have been told I might meet my friends, were I to come here. My name was Mary Slater. I died in Whitehall,

Y. I have been dead almost one year. I heard of Spiritualism before I died, and I resolved to come f it were possible; and I have been making inquiries in the land where I dwell, as to how I could communicate to my friends, and the answer invariably find you all strangers.

About one year prior to my death, I listened to a iscourse through a medium by name of Jay, in New lork, and that was the first I ever heard of it. I been able to govern conditions, or I should have come pefore—that is, if I could. We have no time hore, but there are conditions, and it is sometimes hard for us to overcome them. I suppose they have said: If Spiritualism was true, she would have been back ere this.

In my younger days I was well off-had plentybut after I became a widow, I lost everything, and was obliged to attend the sick as a nurse. In early life I was a member of the church, but I was excommunicated for a very slight offence, and perhaps it is well I was thus treated. I, to this hour, do not think myself to blame, although some of my friends, I suppose, consider me an inhabitant of the lower regions-but I am not. God is good to all his chil dren, and does everything right. When you meet one whom you think God has forsaken—if you could only see with spirit eyes, you would wonder at the spirit friends about him, and to find how near God is to him. Some of my friends thought God had never forsook me, and I received as hearty a welcome as any spirit ever did when I came here, and I found my God to be just what I said he was.

I was fifty-four years of age when I died, although my friends marked me down fifty. Now, I hope I shall have an opportunity to communicate with my friends after this. Good bye. May 19.

proceeding, and if I make any mistake, set it down to stand by my bedside. o my ignorance. What am I to give to satisfy people of my identity?

there more than twenty years of my life. When I lt was a place where one might linger; where the died I was thirty one. I have got relations in Bospirit, were it to linger about the old form, might ton, and my object in coming is to communicate to find a comfortable home there. But, in order to ocean that I can return and commucicate. I have been told it was better for mo to como here than to go there, for they would say, "The medium knows you, and our own minds produce the manifestations.'

My name was John Ellenwood. I have a consin in Boston, and I should like to know how I can best proceed to make myself thoroughly recognized. I died at sea-first went to sea when about seventeen years of age, and I cruised until I made my last cruise. I have been in the New England States, but have never stopped any length of time. 1 did not dio by disease, but by being lost at sea. They do not know, but suppose it was so. I think the name of the vessel was the Miranda, a very fine craft; but sometimes hard storms overcome firm crafts. It was a little over ten years ago. I think-that is nigh nough, but I do not remember exactly.

I am very anxious to commune with my friends in private. I could give you much hero if I thought it ight; but I think I will make an opening here, and trust to higher power to come to them. This is merely to open the door. When I get in I will do as I think best. As I did not come to talk to you, I hope you will excuse me. If you do not hear from this in any other way, you'll hear from me again. Good day,___ _May_19,_

James Richardson.

Finding the spirit was a long time getting ready to speak, we asked what the trouble was. As he was rather lively, we disputed his being a dead man, on creed that a part of his children shall be condemned this ground—that they are supposed not to be able. to speak. The first paragraph contains his answers to our remarks.

with you. I'm dead-how are you? Yes, I'm dead life ald me, and I know he will be benefitted by my I've got somebody's else body, and you aint. I coming.
Ah, yes nice in the manner of talking! What are you talking about? Old boy, you'll have to haul up closer than that, if you want to get round me. Now shut up and let me talk; I know what I have got to say.
I've got a small yarn to spin—are you a mind to

isten to it. They told me I had got to tell when I lied, and how, and all about myself. That's sailing at the rate of ten knots an hour, aint it? Well, to begin with, when I was in the place I was born, I where I died, I've got to go—let me see, I think I can ing: within fourteen days sail of-let me see, I must get t right-or somebody on earth will say I lie. Th Captain is on earth. The name of the vessel was the bark Eliza. I was n't siok, nor drunk, but she was in a gale, and all hands had been kept up all night before, and I walked overboard. All I know was, I was in the water, and the vessel went over me; I think she hit me in the head. I waked up four days after I came to spirit-life, and they were all wondering how I came there. I was always wide awake: keep me up all the time, and I never slept, and I could not see how I came to walk overboard. I was was lost in December, 1842.

I had a mother; my father! he cleared out when I was little-no matter about him, anyhow. I have a sister—I see her occasionally. I have plenty of folks who know me, and what if I do n't come to somebody one goes through the valley and shadow of death, and, therefore, we overleap obstacles, and demand said he would give most anything to hear how I was lost, and now if he would, let him read this, and he

will see.
I did not have much learning, but what I did have I had sure. One thing, I was blessed with a good memory. It is lucky. God is not a partial God, but that all of us can come if we want to-one as well as another—put that down in your log, will you?

I was not a bad fellow; but I used to get drunk

once in a while, but I was not drunk when I walked overboard. My mother believed I had gone to hell but she is here now, so I'm all right on that score.
My name? did n't I give it to you? Well, that's a

That puts me in mind of one thing-there used to be a saying, that if a fellow forgot anything, he'd be sure to come back. Well, my name was James Richardson; sometimes called Ned, Jim-anything board ship. Now I'll haul up anchor and clear out.

John Cardington.

Dependence is written upon everything, and wherever one travels, he comes in contact with it. When an earthly body was mine, and poverty, like a grim messenger, stood at my right hand, I said, give me gold and I will be independent. It pleased the Great Spirit to give me gold, and with it came misfortune—disease. I found, instead of being inde-pendent, I was more dependent than ever, for few would stand by my couch by reason of my loathsome disease. Thus man is always dependentthere is no mortal or immortal that can erase the

In wandering among you to-day, I have been favorably impressed with the vast multitude assembled here to-day, and I find that each form presented here is dependent upon a power above; and they bear the make the world square. We of the spirit world are yoke cheerfully. I, at this present time, am dependent upon memory in order that I may prove myself youd them any more than you can pull the sun to those I come to. It is now fourteen years since my body fell asleen and my spirit was recurrented my body fell asleep, and my spirit was resurrected into life eternal. Ah, at that hour, I said, "Then I shall be independent, and shall find liberty written upon my soul." But alas! I am here dependent. No one is independent—the lower spheres are dependent upon the higher, and the higher upon those above-no one is independent. I will now give you a short sketch of my earthly life. I was first brought into a natural existence on the morning of the 20th of January, 1799. My birth-

place was New York city, or the Island of Manhattan. I am told that I lived there seven years. I then removed with my parents to England, my fawas: Go to such a place; and when I come here, I ther being an Englishman, my mother an American lady. When I was fourteen years of age the messenger of death called away my parents, and I was left with the small amount of £50 sterling. My fathor's brother was appointed my guardian, and a believed there was something in it, but my friends cruel and unjust one he proved to be. When my said I was easily led astray, and haughed at me. I said I would come as soon as I could, but I have not months he sent me from home, and bound me out as an apprentice. I served seven years under a very hard master. Just before my term of apprenticeship expired, my uncle guardian died, and I learned that I was without a penny, for he had taken all that was mine, appropriated it to himself, and as death had called him away, I could gain nothing the debt was paid. Not liking the occupation I was forced to, I said I would go forth and seek something better. In the course of my wandering I found myself in Paris. I stopped there a short time and formed many vile acquaintances, and by reason of their influence I was led into crime. I committed murder; I left the city at night; walked about four miles; hired a conveyance, and as quick as the coaveyance of the times would permit, I landed in America. Yes, I found myself in the home of my childhood. Yet no one knew me, and I recognized no one. I stopped then some years; what passed during those years I shall never divulge. I cannot bring them up without deluging myself with painforsaken me, but my God was a God of love, and ful remembrances; then let them rest, for they belong to earth. Again, when my locks were grey, I left America, and found a home in Paris, and by an art which some called honorable, I acquired considerable money. Yes, for one who was alone in the world. But alas swith it, came disease. I said, when I became independent, I would be an honest man: but I found that independence was quite out of natural laws, and when I had the most I was John Ellonwood.

What shall I do to prove to the people of earth that I once lived and moved and had a being, as they word, a loving look to minister to my necessity. have? Now, I am unaccustomed to this manner of But I was compelled to employ the low, the ignorant,

I had formed a hope that I might be buried upon a certain quiet spot, where thousands repose-thou-My birth place was England, though I never lived saids walk over that spot daily, yet it was quiet. them. One is to prove to friends I have across the effect this, I knew I must solicit the friendship of some one, and obtain the promise that I should thus be cared for when I died. A few days prior to my death, a young man, a stranger, was attracted to my home, probably by my groans. . He was about seventeen years of age. I found him poor, an orphan; one who possessed high gems of intellectual powers. I saw it by his eyes, by his countenance, as he talked to me, and begged me to look to God for his mercy. Yes, such an one came to me and I gave him all I possessed, requiring him only to fulfill his promise. That young man now lives and is honored by those around him. Yes, his praise is upon many tongues, and I have over sought to find a channel through which I might convey the blessed light of immortality beyond the grave; but I have not succeeded till to-day. I want him to know that one whom he looked upon in pity fourteen years ago has power to return, and power to urge him upward. Yes, I have that power-I have used it-I have seen its fruits; mortals have tasted those fruits and found them pleasant. Yes, I found a friend-one who was superior to me in all things-one who mado my passage to the tomb pleasant. I cannot thank him, for I did that on earth, and he begged me to do no such thing. I can only tell him I live, and live to bless-him-and-when-he shall-be entistied of-my coming, I shall be happier and better, and he will have light of the future, which his spirit pauts to know of, but is bound by fear to do no such thing. Yes, he has been taught to believe that God has deto a burning hell, and he fears to penetrate the fu-ture, because of his belief. Yet he will be wise—he will not cast away the brightest very of light, from the celestial sphere, he has had. I do not come from There aint any trouble with me, unless there is the celestial sphere, but they who are of that happy

Ah, yes! tell him the spirit who sends thoughts to him, from the distance, is John Cardington, whose body he saw deposited fourteen years ago in l'ere de La Chaise, France. May 20.

N. Bowditch.

A spirit giving this name manifested by entrancing the medium. He then used her hand to write that, as he could not talk, he preferred to leave, and was in Bangor, and if I wanted to go to the place wrote that he would come again. He closed by writ-

> "When in the degree of earth-life, I was called N. Bowditch." May 20.

Henry Barker.'

My Sister-Beyond the shadow there is sunshine, as I have always told you. Trust in God-he will care for you through all time. HENRY BARKER. May 20.

In the cosmogony of the Hindoos the Trinity exists as in that of Judaism; and the story of the fall. twenty-two years old, in my twenty-third year, and of Lucifor in the Bible, is a sprefaced plagiarism of the history of Moisasure, the Hindoo falien deity.

Life Cternal.

Communicated from the Spirit World, to a Lady of

[Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams.]

PART EIGHTH.

And thus sings the immortal life-theme: Great Power of Heaven! give me my portion of wisdom to the departed are sinking away, under the repeated portray in beauty and truth the golden imagery of immortality.

Philosophers, sages, and bards, have all tuned the immortal lyre. But sweeter notes fall on the cars of earth's children, when spirits from the land ideal touch their golden harps, and waken souls to the music of eternity.

How sweetly soothing falls the words upon the mortal car, "Ye shall live again-ye shall traverse worlds beyond, where bright, celestial magnetism holds the planet in its course. Not alone is this life is flowing in; error seems choling fast away. little circle of existence, in which ye now dwell, your Great ocean waves of thought dash around us. Imfield of action-but time and eternity are the boundaries of the souls of all. Work and toil-plod ye on your way; for every child of God there is a starry world in the realms of eternity, that he shall call his own.

There are myriad and boundless attractions that call thee to the fountain-head, and if thou dost walk after Deity, what tremendous, full, gushing fountains of life, may ye not bathe in, ere ye reach that ultimate of goodness!

We, the offsprings of Deity, are following on after him. What glorious aspirations may not be rightly kindled in our souls! The thought that we work in the pathway of the Creator! The pleasures that to-day pervade, thrill, and animate his immortal Being will be our pleasures, when he shall have passed on, and from nucleus matter shall have formed higher worlds for us to inhabit.

Let us rapidly gather in, all, which the Deity has left for us, in the kingdom of love! Let us wed ourselves unto the beauty that he has painted on the great canopy of the universe! Let our souls affini- less ages, to drink in the particles of life, that flow tize with bright and beauteous conceptions of the glo- from the Godhead; to taste that joy with which he rious, undying, immortal Deity! Over all creation his smile reigns-his love springs up like flowers. Over the vast universe we see his power, we see blingly away from the thought of immortality. naught but the hand of God. There is no contra principle of evil that works antagonistic. In what thou art made os particles of immortality, and the we call the soul unprogressed, is only the far distant God-dwelling thought craves eternity-hungers and matter, that stands from out the sphere of Deitymatter, that will work, in the end, triumphant glories. All is not placid as a summer's day, or the gratitude we swell and grow, when thinking on the face of the universe. We mark the Creator's steps boundless, trackless shores where we are sailing. in the wild, dashing billows. We find him in the Oh, for a pilot of truth and beauty, to take us on. thirlwind and the storm. It ever takes commotion | The work of life is but just begun—this undying of elements, to produce the unrippled surface. There life! What deeds have ye all recorded that ye will must be in the world of intellect the same confusion and movement as in the world of matter-there must be volcanic eruptions.

In the spirit-form, there are dashing oceans of thought-there are little running brooks of simevery quietude in the mass, of spirits; springs up stream made of the tears you have caused to flow? dale and meadow give beauty to your earthly landscape, so do the varied minds take their correspondplaces, the aggregate of God's beauty and grandeur. What your mountains show, the valleys cannot. The quiet dell gives you bright, mossy flowerswhile the hill-top gives noble views, over the great Eternity has work for thee. God wants thy hearts expanse of the globe of life. .

echo to you of far-distant realms and glories beyond day when thy work is faithfully done. For the presspective-may catch some feeble flickering ray of soever will, let him taste the waters of life, and he the glorious setting sun, while the mind in the dell that thirsteth shall drink from the stream of eternimay be plucking for you little blossoms, bursting, ty. Ye may buy without price, and hold noble postiny blades of grass, that the soul, on the mountain, sessions, mighty estates, lofty cathedrals of wisdom, has forgotten in his longings and gazings in the starry realms.

So, take mountain and valley, hill and dale, meadow them correspond in the material world with the men-

flower that is foreign to thine own. Take it-wear have all the glorious landscape pictured on thine own to the spirit land.

Go into the wide, wide world-traverse the mountains of thought—be a pilgrim in the land of beauty and perception-catch every sun-ray of light, pecugather all the beams that shine through the hearts

soul—the world of intellect is catching the radiance look-upon-the children of earth as millions, of rays, thy children, that linger yet on earth all blending in one circle and shining like a sun.

Oh earth, and thy children! how high is thy destiny! what transcendent glories are in reserve for thee! I see the planet of love revolving round and must come among you, and do my labor that I left round thy orb; and in each revolve it throws off a undone. The Syrian beauties charmed me-but I gentle stream of light, which the planet earth takes | grew sick and tired of the flattery of earth. I labored in; and so it will revolve, till love is absorbed in for wisdom, but found not the equivalent I claimed, earth, and the two are blended in one.

now, and dwell in every heart, and make it a court thorns break through, and thou hold in thy embrace loving, loving forms. Go forth, oh love, to desert mortality-and how to gather the ripened fruit. souls! plant thy sunny blossoms drop thy stars of light; let earth be paved with thy magnets-let a labor, that I am walking through a path I left unthis suburbial world, till it is linked in thy mighty ty. Every soul can hasten that happy day; every Let me take the shore of time by sands—one by one. heart can take leve's banner, and let it float in the Let me grasp the starry universe, ray by ray. Let angelic atmosphere that bears the perfume of roses dry the ocean of sorrow, by stopping tear by tear. on its breeze.

This is thy day, oh earth! Flee away, dark error, hide thyself-make ye way for glory, life and happlness. Divinity has moved on apace and earth is wanted to revolve amid the celestial orbs. There are darker worlds to take the place of earth. Creation is progressing-Divinity is passing upward. Every soul must fly onward-every spirit must make pinions of love, and go to the great fountain head. There is no tarrying, saith Time and Immortality. The graves of coming of angels; and what have long been designated houses of God, are fast changing their walls of circumference, and moving on their boundary line, to the borders of eternity. They who have long grouped together as a multitude of rightcousness, are now walking forth, taking the hand of science, grasping immortality, through the natural revealments of the mother earth. Geology stamps her impress-Theology fades away-and God's triumphal, glorious works and power are reigning supreme. The tide of human mortal banks of faith rise upon the waters. Mighty waves go down and rush upon them. The great lifecurrent moves, as it ever has, only far more advanced and bright, for immortality has written her impress and whispered of eternity, in the spirit forms that lift the veil of life. Under the sanction of our Father's kindness they come-not back to you alone, but they take you on.

Let heaven and earth join in the same melody; let life, eternal life, sing its brightest anthem over death -death all conquered; life victorious! Heaven, happiness and immortality are the goals to be won. Let us win the scraph's crown. Let us spread wide our wings of faith, and keep them waving, waving in the atmosphere, flying for angels and beckoning to mortals in time and eternity. Mighty and deep are the words-significant of unending glory: This soul made to know no death-this spirit never formed for annihilation-this hope within never to die. This faith that lights my soul is to light me forever-this quivering breath of existence to live on through endhas created time and eternity! My soul, all lnadequate of the conception, shrinks, and draws trem-

But Life again whispers, 'T is joy to live forever. thirsts after immortality. In humility we fall and pay homage to Deity. In thankfulness we rise. In dare meet again?-what impress along your track? What beauteous laurels have you laid at the altar of sacrifice? What crosses, rude and heavy, have you borne? What golden anchors, have you secured and fastened to your barks? What deep sacrifice have plicity—there is towering genius, standing like the your spirits passed through? What flowers of love mountain on your globe-there is the repose of have you planted? How number the hearts your thought, like your quiet valleys. And from this home made glad? How deep and broad is the souls of genius-even as your valleys lay low, that These are the questions that time asks of every moryour mountains may rise in grandeur. As the hill, tal. How many deeds of nobleness crown thy brows? Children of immortality, thy works are begun-thy deeds are known. Thus far hast thou all ing positions, and give to you in their respective left in the pathway of life, unfinished duties. Some flowers ye have gathered—some lie drooping.

Clothe thyself in the armor of righteousness. Take the helmet of salvation. Pass on to the future. and hands. There is laid up for each a crown of Bright, towering genius, like the mountain, may righteousness, which ho will give unto thee at the may whisper of bright and glowing joys in per- ent, the spirit and the bride say, come! Yes; whoin the land of thought.

Children of earth, dost thou reflect, and know what a gem this casket of thine has within? A and rivulet, in conjunction with mind immortal-let | pearl of greatest price-a diamond from the soul of God dwells within each. Guard ye well the precious life-gem. Gather into thyself mighty and glorious Thou canst fiul a native plant in every soul, a thoughts to polish it, that, when called from its earth tenement, it may be fitted to go with one dashing it-walk in the valleys of life-traverse the mountain | bound near to God. He will collect all his jewels ranges-sail on the deep, calm waters, and thou shalt | rare. He prizes them-he numbers them-he goes on creating worlds on which to insert these diamonds. soul, which will reflect its brightness when it comes He will polish them with his own loving kindness. His eye runs through creation, and his tender mercies are over all his works. Day unto day uttereth speech, as it were. In him we live, move and breathe. We have our being in Omnipotence. Oh, to what liar to each form of soul; and in that way shalt thou | tidal seas of life and love shall we not rise! Lightening thoughts dart through me. Deap rolling thunders of eloquence burst over me. Running currents The mental celipse of the sun of glory is passing of beauty flow round me, -and down into my spiritaway. His shining beams rest more obliquely on the heart drops gentle, gentle world of love. Oh, shower divine! Let the rainbow of eternal peace pass over -each heart is coming for one ray. Oh, hasten the me, after thy pearly drops have washed my spirit hour, when every soul shall be a sunbeams of Deity, clean, and I am prepared to go on to brighter joys, till they shine forth in refractive lines, and God can to write them on the page of life, and give them to

I long to walk abroad over the earth, in a form of goodness, so that I may visit every heart of sadness and serrow-may go where the lowly abide. Yes! I which was, a tide of happiness. I see, and plainly I see the angel of love, strike the silver harp-I see, now, that my work was not done. Oh, I would hear deep organ strains peal forth, till it beems that send whispared messengers to one and all—to fill and every car must catch the echo, and join in the chorus finish up the work of their existence there, so that of soft, angelic love. Soft, deep, flowing and mighty the spirit here will not have to atone for inadequacy. is thy tide, oh love l' Bright angel guest of heaven! Were it not for neglect of my duty. I might now be most willingly earth's children bid thee stay. Come hastening on to higher joys-might be linking my soul to brighter and more exalted beauties. But I of joy! Oh'sweet, immortal love! wrap thy softened love my labor now; I gladly whisper to the children mantle around the briery, hedged-up souls, till the of eternity, and tell them how to live-how to fill up the golden moments-how to plant the seeds of im-

I feel that I am going on to brighter joys in this colestial empire be established; lot thy giant stream trodden when on earth; that I am culling flowers, of affection arise from thy parent source, bright leve, that I passed unheeded—and they seem almost to and course its way through all the undying hearts of have grown bright by neglect. Heaven help me to cull them all now, to take every atom, every tiny ocean, and joined in the commerce of angel forms, to blade, every particle that permeates the great spacethe great triumphal city, where God dwells in majes- way of existence. Let me grasp creation by atoms. breeze of affection, till earth's children woo the soft, me fill the world of love, smile by smile. Let me

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

The following communications were written brough a medium's hand; recently, in Marysville, Cal., says the Express. It will be seen that these productions purport to come from Thomas Paine, and minutes, and Burns's in about ten :--

When the authem shall rise from the hosts of the skies.

When the anthem shan free from the balls of the sales, And release from all thraidom proclaim; When the hill-tops shall bow, like the vales be made low, At the sound of Jehovah's great name; When the mist and the gloom shall arise from the tiffnt, And the nations rejoice in the light. That comes from above, with a halo of love, Dispelling the curtains of night; busing the currains of might, Look then to your creeds, to your preaching and deeds, Who stand as the chosen of God, Who have sown to the wind (blind leading the blind,) And bow down and kiss the just rod!
There is time for the poor to increase in their store,
There is time for the mouraer to smile:
There is time for the priest to say be did jest,
The hearts of his church to beguite: But he that stands fast on a creed to the last, But he that stands fast on a creed to the last.
That he knows in his heart is unsound,
'Mong the rubbish is thrown, when the great corner-stone
in its place by the builder is found;
There is light dawning now—all the world is aglow,
And the bigot's heart trembles with fear,
For he feels, in his bones, that the husks and the stones
Are not taken for bread, even here.

Thomas Pairs.

My fren's and brithers, do ye ken My fren's and brithers, do ye ken
The wayward bard, the quondan fren',
That held the plow and whistled rhymes
In Scotia's vhies in former times?
Weel, time has wrought some change in him,
Since death, with visage lang and grim,
Sent him to chaunt his jingling rhymes
'Mid brighter scenes and fairer climes.
His muse in langer stoops to tell
O' lusts o' fiest that oft befel
Poor Rerus, my ther sel': Paor. Berns, my ither sel'; But, whether love, or late, or pelf, Inspire the pan, 'tls a' the same, Inspire the poin, 'tto a' the same. To raise the poet's transient fame!
But stubborn rocks by leebergs cold Canna be melted into gold.
And spirit-power can hardly find A loop-hole in this boby inhid. To squeeze a verso or jingle rhymes, To sound like those o' lther times; But hope you'll a' agree, by turns, That I'm the ploughman, ROBERT BURNS.

SURPRISING MANIFESTATION THROUGH MR. MANSFIELD.

sealed letters, answered through this gentleman, and clue than the post-mark, from whence it came-for I had understood, that not only would the letter reproperly directed to the writer.

Two weeks afterward, my son came to me at the circle, and said that he had been to the medium in Boston, but could not control-promised to try again. until at length the subject passed from my mind.

Business calling me to Boston, I determined to try again; accordingly I called on Mr. Mansfield, and without introduction, stated that about a year ago 1 had sent him a sealed letter from "the South," which had received no answer; that as I was now here on a visit, I had brought with me another, hoping for better success. Being engaged for the day, he appointed the following Saturday for a sitting. 1 was punctual to the time. On a shelf near the window lay a row of letters, edge up, several hundred in number, the accumulation, he said, of a twelvemonth. Over these he gently passed his left hand, the tremulous fingers slightly touching them, paused, and drew forth my Baltimore letter! Again in search of the second, without success. Then to a similar row on his desk, and in like manner drew forth my second left hand, he took the pencil in his right, and began to make marks-" He has been in the spirit world more than twenty years,"---"you have seven letters in your name"-and then wrote, "Francis." Let it be known, that I came to Boston an entire strangernot an individual had I ever seen before.

Mr. Mansfield writes on sheets of paper cut into strips six inches wide, and four feet long. He filled ix of those sheets. The correspondence is as follows

Baltimore, 26th July, 1857. My dear Son Frank-More than twenty-five years have passed since I laid your earthly form in the grave; and yet here am I, your earthly father, ad-Iressing a letter to you in the mansions of bliss, with a confident expectation that an answer will be given brough the medium.

You were the first, my child, of all my numerous spirit-friends, who opened to my mind the truth of mirit-intercourse: thereby affording me a consolation under trials, which no language can express; and although I now enjoy frequent communion with many of the loved and departed, yet do I look back to the first circle in which your presence was manifest

ed, with peculiar interest. You are aware that your mother, sisters and broth ers are opposed to this new dispensation from the Almighty; that I stand alone among a numerous circle of relatives, and you know my great anxiety on the subject, and how often I have prayed that God would enlighten their minds, and dispel the clouds of bigotry and prejudice with which they are sur rounded. I had hoped that some of my friends would have visited the medium in Boston, through whom messages are given, and then published in the Banner of Light. Such a message, given so far off among strangers, might awaken the attention of my family. I wish you would endeavor to control the medium, and get several of my friends to unite with you, if

FRANCIS II. SMITH. To my dear son Frank, now in the realms of bliss. I made no copy of the above, and when I sat down of it; nor could I even have guessed within a month of its date.

Boston, 16th June, 1858. My Dear Son-Your earthly father now addresses you, through this medium, a second time, hoping to be more successful in obtaining an answer than when about a year ago I wrote to you from Baltimore. You told me afterwards that you had been to him, but could not get control. As I shall take wis letter to him in person, perhaps you may exer-

se more influence. Three years have clapsed, my beloved, since, as an angel messenger, you first brought to me this glori-ous truth. From it I have derived more happiness than language can express, but it has also occasioned much sorrow, on account of the opposition which experienced from your mother and sisters and prothers, and, indeed, from all our relatives. Their minds are so warped by bigotry and prejudice-so bound by the church and its creeds, that they cannot give the subject a sober thought; and thus lose the neffable happiness of communing with these they once held so dear, and who, though invisible, have so often clustered around me, pouring consolation into my heart under many trials. As you read their father. minds, can you see any change? Shall I yet see a family spiritual circle formed at my house?

Your cousin disappeared mysteriously, more than two months ago. Before I left Baltimore, you, with several of my spirit friends, promised to search for nim. Can you give me any information in regard

Were you here last evening, and did you endeaver o influence Abby to write?

O Since my arrival here, the family with whom I am stayling have felt some interest in the subject—formed a circle,
and a spirit, professing to be my son, was urging one at the
likes. But let me give it in the words of Sir Humlikes. But let me give it in the words of Sir Hum-

Who else is here besides you?

Of course you know that the object of this letter is merely as a test; that, if answered, with the seal unbroken, I may show it to my friends as a proof of productions purport to come from Thomas Paine, and spirit-intercourse. Besides replying to my questions, Robert Burns. Paine's was written in about fifteen you may give other things which the medium cannot know; and, as a further test, sign your answer

with your name in full.
From your loving father, who loves you a thousand times more than he loved his darling boy when FRANÇIS II. SMITH.

The following answer was given June 19, 1858:

My Dear Father, Francis-God be praised for this blessed privilege of speaking to you through this medium, to whom thousands come, and which I have many times attempted but without success. My control, dear father, is not as full as many; therefore I have to give way, when others, more powerful than me, wish to communicate. Then, dear one, I lacked just your magnetism with that of the medium-that is, your media power with that of the medium, assists me now to speak.

· God only knows how delighted was your dear Frank when he foresaw and anticipated this visit to the medium. It is not in the power of mortals to imagine, or spirits to describe; but suffice it to say, that I was, and now am, almost frantic with delight.

Oh, my dear father, many has been the time that you have in thought, gone down, down to the cold, cold grave, where you laid me more than twenty years ago; but alas, alas, you found me not; and the thought would occur to your mind that you might neser behold Frank's form or features again; and thus, dear father, did you first hope, and then doubt, until about three years since I came to you so unmistakably. You doubted no longer that the soul of man was immortal; that your son Frank live! and could communicate. Oh, happy, happy moment this to my soul. Since then not a doubt has disturbed your mind.

Now, dear one, I will give a fact, more as a test than is pleasing to relate, and which, I hope, will be understood as coming from one that has naught but love for them, or for any mortal. You, dear father, have had to stem the tide of opposition all alone, so far as having the sympathy of my darling mother, sisters and brothers dear. So much are they wedded MESSRS. EDITORS-I reside in Baltimore. About to church creeds and ceremonies, so have they been a year ago, having read some remarkable cases of taught by the would be wise, that they choose to remain with their former associates, enjoying their long preconceived ideas of the future. Well, dear wishing to have such a test for the benefit of my sceplone, it is their right, and if they act up to the highest tical friends, I addressed a letter to my son, and sent light given them, they do all that is required. But it to Mr. Mansfield by mail-giving him no other with you, my precious father, God has opened your spirit vision on the interior principle of your soul, and you now see as they do not; you now have food they never have partaken of, and it stands you to ceive a reply, but the answer would be sent by mail, live before your dear family circle, as one possessing superior wisdom-live, as well as preach, or your talk becomes as a sounding brass. I have nought to censure you with on that point; no, my father; but I find many that profess to be Spiritualists, who do not live up to their privileges; and it is to be re-The same was repeated at intervals several times, gretted. However, the cause of Spiritualism is fast revolutionizing the world you live in. Already, as a body, do you number over seven millions; and could you but see, as we do, with what rapidity the old dogmas and creeds are crumbling and falling to dust. you would not, you could not, believe it coming from any other than a divine source.

Well, dear father, you tell me that this is designed as a test-letter, but I doubt if what I have already written will serve much as a test. I am speaking from my soul's desire. But, to return to your letter and questions. You ask if I was with you and the family with whom you are stopping, on the eve of the 15th June. I was, and did my best to influence Abby; but my control was not full; I tried, however, to show my identity.

Well, dear father, you may hope, although you have nearly despaired of ever witnessing the conversion of your dear family to the blessed truth. You may not yet see much light in that direction. but, dear one, they now believe more than they are willing to acknowledge. Then live before themletter! Gently rubbing them with the fingers of his live before the world. Try to have it said, when you are called to exchange the mortal for the immortal, and you too may say, that you have fought the good fight and have gained your reward.

Oh, my dear father, be not cast down; but bear with patience what you may be called to pass through; believing it is calculated to purify you for that mansion which awaits you in this, the celestial kingdom. This world is made up of all that is beautiful and good below, that is, it is your world in a pure and beautified state; and yet this sphere is preparatory to the next and and onward to all eternity. This is our encouragement; for at each successive step of that endless journey upward, new and fresh beauties open to

We have our planes and mountains; our forests and prairies; our lakes and rivers; groves and gar-dens decked with every imaginable variety of shrubs and flowers; the fragrance of which makes and perfumes the atmosphere we breathe.

Well, my dear father, I think I have said enough to satisfy you that 1 live. You will please excuse me for not answering yours of July 26, 1857. I find nothing in it that is now worthy of notice since I have yours of June 16. You speak in that of the infidelity or unbelief of my dear mother and sisters, which you have also noticed in yours of June 16.

To my precious mother and sisters dear, I would say, I am ever by to make them happy, and that I do all I can to make them feel my spirit-presence; and sometimes I faucy mother sees me as when passed away. But now I am a man, nearly twentyseven years old, and I have the stature of a man; therefore you will not see the little boy you were wont to look upon so tenderly, so fondly; but a man. There is no one with me, dear father, but a spirit

friend of mine, who is with me always. His name is George Francis Teel. He is a dear spirit, and will write to you ere long.
God bless you and them at home, dear father.

Call on-me often, that I may speak words of consoonly to give their names. Hoping soon to hear from lation to you. Your son, you, I am, your affectionate father,

In the evening, while sitting at the dial, Frank came and said, "Dear father, I forgot to answer to write the second letter, had forgotten every word your question, about Peter. Nothing gratifies momore than to gratify you-so if you will go again to Mr. Mansfield, I will answer it. Were you not pleased, father, with the letter I wrote you to-day?"

A few days after, I laid on Mr. Mansfield's table a folded paper, on which was written:-"You forgot to answer the question about Peter.

You made a mistake in your age. Sign your name Mr. Mansfield's hand was influenced, as usual, and

wrote:---" My Dear Father-I promised you I would look

for Peter, and I forgot to make mention of it in my first communication. Well, father, it was a long control, and I dare sny you think I did well. Well, dear father, as to Peter, I have looked and looke i, but never have been able to see his whereabouts.

You tell me that I made a mistake in my age. Well, dear father, dates and ages pass away from us; we do not promise to give them correctly. You have your nights and days to regulate time; but we have our eternal sunshine-one day as a thousand years, or a thousand years as a day. Excuse me, dear FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH. To my father, Francis II. Smith."

Does not this remarkable letter refute the charges that have been brought against Mr. Mansfield by some of those who have consulted him, and whose published letters display anything but a spirit of Christian charity? I entertained no such feeling when my first letter was not answered, because I knew that all spirits cannot control all mediums. There must be an affinity between them, and for that

phrey Davy, as I received it in a communication more than a year ago, at our Baltimore circle:

"Every one is a vast electrical machine. are more highly charged than others; and in this world it is the same. Spirits have the same power. Mediums are those who have the most electricity within them. Some are positive-some negative. So with spirits; and the reason why some spirits find it more difficult to communicate than others, and can control one medium better than another, is, they do not assimilate; that is, a spirit who is positive, comes to a medium who is positive; or negative, to one that is negative. Likes should meet unlikes; thus the difficulty. It is not the fault of one more than another, but such are the principles and laws which God has established."

Having copied the above for the press, it struck me that a part of my first letter had not been answered. On my way to the printing office, therefore, called on-Mr. Mansfield, and again laid on his desk n folded paper, on which was written :---

" You did not notice my remarks about the Banner of Light,"

The answer came immediately :-

"You desire me, my dear father, to communicate through the Banner. Well, father, the dear Mrs. County has not strength to communicate for all, therefore you will pardon me for coming in this way. I am well pleased that you intend to have it inserted in that valuable paper. Your dear FRANK.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BR. H. B. STORER. New Georgenheits, Herkimer Co., N. Y.) June 30, 1858.

DEAR BANNER-Hereaway on the Frankfort bills, one thousand feet above the Mohawk river, and some five miles from the city of Utica, I am comfortably domiciled at the New Graefenberg Water Cure establighment of my friend, Dr. Holland. The excitement of three days' constant attendance upon the Free Convention at Rutland -- and the dust of two hundred miles travel-enable me to appreciate the luxury of this quiet spot; the cool, fresh breezes that rustle the leaves and grasses of these woods and fields, as well as the "pail douches" and "halfbaths " that James, the bath-boy, has administered to me, are decidedly refreshing. En passqut, be it known to your unsophisticated readers that as halfbath " means a whole one, and is taken by immersing the whole body in an ordinary bathing tub; whereas the "pail douche" is administered in the same manner as seronaders are sometimes received, by the vigorous discharge of a pail of water over the entire person.

I have considerable faith in the hydropathic system of practice, notwithstanding the apparent failure of that early application of water treatment, termed the Deluge. I believe "baptism by immersion " to be in many cases a survey ordinance, and though there will be exceptions to all general rules, as in the case of the old world, as well as in the case recorded in the New Testament, where the evil spirits entered into a herd of swine, and then took a sen bath, (which Elder Swan, of Willimantic, says was the first time he ever knew Universalists to be baptized) yet generally speaking, water is a means of grace. Judiciously applied, it is a potent element in removing both physical and mental maladies, and although the debuge is said to have killed more than it cured, yet it must be remembered that was a first operiment, and according to popular belief the Lord learns by experiments, and would doubtless apply the aqueous flood more juliciously another time.

Priessnitz seems to have systematized its application, and his disciples are exultant over their success in curing "all the ills that flesh is heir to." The New Grafenberg Cure, named in honor of the birth-place of the distinguished founder of this system, at which I am now visiting, is, I think, one of the oldest instutions of the kind in this country. The building, a very large and spacious edifice, was erected by the present proprietor, Dr. Holland, some cleven years ago, and has undergone various additions and modifications, until it is now capable of accommodating at least one hundred patients, in the very best manner. It has been my pleasure to go over the whole establishment : and all the arrangements for the different kinds of baths-for washing, and baking, and in short for every purpose neededare complete. The rooms are large, clean and airy, and the general impression made upon a stranger is, " if water is sufficient for the removal of disease, here is the place to have it applied." I like to have such establishments smell sweet, the beds clean, the food well cooked, and the general conduct of the house agreeable-kind this is emphatically true of Graufenberg.

My "better half," (decidedly better since she came here) has been trying for several months past the virtues of this new system, and it is for the purpose of seeing her, that I have come up on this hilly range. To a lecturer, juded and worn out by excessive travel and public labors, it is very refreshing to come away from the excitement of public duties. even though those duties be ever so important, useful and agreeable at the time, and to "lay off" on grassy banks, inhale pure air, pick the fragrant red strawberries, and recuperate generally. Our spirit friends favor such rustication, and while the manifold influences of natural scenes and processes tendto strengthen and harmonize body and mind, the spiritual world seems nearer, and its inhabitants become our familiar companions. That, at least, is my

Dr. Holland, the proprietor of this cure, has had a long and very successful experience in the application of hydropathy to the relief of human suffering, and is widely known throughout the land, not indeed by paid puffs and extravagant advertising, but through a large number of patients that have been restored to health. Dr. Thomas, the associate physician, is a native of Wales, and combines those natural qualities which win the confidence and love of his patients, with others not so common, but which, to the spiritual philosopher, are in the highest degree important. In him is found that remarkable faculty of normal cloirvoyance, by which the nature and location of disease he discovers almost at first sight. He has long exerted the wonderful vitalizing power common to the healing mediums of our day, at such times as he felt the influence upon him, as much surprised often to see the lame walk at his bidding, and the weak become strong, as were the subjects of his experiments. The doctor, however, does not place reliance upon this peculiar personal quality, but upon the judicious use of water, and

the careful nursing which every patient here receives he careful nursing which every present that the last and not write an honest notice or friendly recolant and tion of any particular individual (connected with the healing art, but particular aniverses)

Surrain.

letter of this kind, but in traversing the country. wouldflike, if I wrote at all to speak of those means of hugan blessings and asstulaess, that I may encounter, which I have reason to believe are worthy of notice.

If any of your readers are desirous of finding a pieasan, spot in which to make efforts to regain their health, let them try New Griefenberg, if they

I mean to stay here tong enough to extract some vitanzing properties from the pure air of the hills. At the early age of fourteen, she became a public and from the living water that flows from innumers at be storit, 25.

may bur from me again. Fraternally,

Distory of Mediums.

BY DR. A. F. BHILL.

NUMBER 18.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH.

The derivate of offer words— arrayed

Mrs. Hatch was born in April, 1840, in Cuba, a small town in the interior of New York State. Her mother, Mrs. L. Scott, possesses medium powers large. and well developed, in character similar to those of her daughter, but more developed, perhaps, by her superior age, and consequently more of the impressive character. She has a strong intellectual and spiritual nature, comprehensive in her perception, and poetic in her taste - was always very intuitive.

Her father was a man of strong mind, a powerful will, and endowed with a large share of good, common sense. He was eccentric, for he was independent in action-followed his own dictates-did things his own way, though his way was generally different through her organs of speech? from everybody else.

When about ten years old, Mrs. II., with a slate and pencil, retired alone to the arbor in her father's garden to write a composition, which was required . When by her teacher. She awoke, as she supposed, from a sloop, and found for state written all over. The last she remembered, was seating herself in the arbor, and growing sleepy. Being surprised at what was written on her slate, which she supposed some one to have done while she was asleep, she carried it immediately for her mother to read. On perusid, her needler found the communication to be addressed to herself, from a sister who shad been in the spirit world some years. A short time previous to the was agrup of Mrs. H., a little sister, four years old, arbor, writing for slate ad over." No person except

first existence of her medium development. Immediamount of good for the people. direct after this, Vers. II, was developed an uncondistribute this, Virs. II. was developed an unconsecutive that the spirits in rough strategy to the five thought in one imm; when by spirit direction; public audience of from five hundred to five thought the spirits and people, and call for the audience to select any it. Store; this can be was directed to said people, and call for the audience to select any it. Store; this tory of Mrs. Hatch's Mediumship, &c., leave set of a sines which time she has not had the shight a clear tree from any school education, either answer; and their success on all occasions has been it Prisms or table, in any way or form. These direct uniformly triumphant. There cannot well be,! tions of starts, she at first resisted, and made many Off ats to continue her studies at sensol; but was, in every instance, prevented by spirit-interference in marked that there was not a man in the United 25 We have in type an interesting letter from F me unexpected way.

Mrs. Hatch's education may be summed up and this period, was neather dull or extraordinarily brilliant, but might be called god. She studied only the branches usually taught children of her age, viz.: spelling, reading, writing, and in but a slight degree had knowledge of the simple elements of arithmetic, plalesophy, and astronomy. Grammar plished orator in the world. Her arguments are the and rhetoric, she never studied.

From Mrs. II.'s first entrancement to the present time, she has heeded and followed the direction of her spirit guides. During the first year of her mediumship, she was frequently entranced; and, though so young-not having arrived at the "full years of discretion,"-spirits spoke through her with fluency, correctness and beauty, and, for many months, Mrs. Hatch herself did not believe what her friends told her of being entranced, and communicating to them holy thoughts, in classical language, through her own lips.

About the age of eleven-one year subsequent to her first entrancement-she was controlled by the spirit of a celebrated German physician, who prescribed for disease of various kinds through her when entranced; the result of which was many very extraordinary and astonishing cures of diseases considered incurable. For two years, her time was devoted as a medium for prescriptions, given by this physician, and the impartation of magnetism, which relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering. She had never given the subject of medicine a moment's study; yet, what was given through her, purporting to come from this spirit, evinced a thorough and profound knowledge of all the branches of medical science-being equally familiar with anatomy, physiology, and pathology in its unnumbered phases. Communications on these subjects were tested by the most scientific, and found faultless. And knowledge given through her, even renched beyond the records of science, and presented facts hitherto unknown to medical men.

What an extraordinary test is here of the manifestation of spirit-intelligence! A young girl, at the age of eleven years, making the diagnosis, the prognosis, and indicating the proper remedial agents for every disease presented, with a knowledge even superior to the practitioner, who has spent almost a life-time, with all the advantages of science and experience brought to his aid in studying and curing disease! The philosophy of our schools and colleges cannot account for this. Spiritualism alone can.

Among the many diseases considered incurable and given over by physicians, were three cases of well-defined pulmonary consumption, which were treated by spirits, and cured by the laying on of her childlike hands nlone, with no other agent, save spirit magnetism, or some invisible agent, not seen by mortal eyes.

all'atients suffering from painful, incurable disat thes, came to her from fur and near, and were n astraly this priceless, precious influence-we may much error; heess than holy.

her home at night, perfectly unconscious of what she had done, or where she had been.

This phase of her mediumship continued about three years, in the whole of which time the organi-m of this delicately-formed child was subservient to an intelligence and power, which through her wrought many important cures, some of which thought of the brain, each emotion of the heart, each - an, I alm et miraculous, .

graker, manifesting extraordinary powers of elocution and logic-superior even to the most finished Asia is in Utley on Sunday next, after which you scholar. In her utterance was made visible-

"The light within-the light of perfectness,

Beautiful, indeed, and most wonderful too, do spirit--peak through her lips to mortals :--

"They shak of love, such love as spirits feel. In worlds whose course is equable and pare.

It would be hard to convey a just idea of the excellences-both in sentiment and manner-given in ber lectures. There is a pleasing beauty, a wonderful perspicuity of style, a clear presentation of truth in all she utters, which comes home to the soul with an irresistible power, to persuade and satisfy it. Her words are food to the hungry, and water to the thirsty.

From the age of fourteen Mrs. Il. has lectured constantly-averaging from that to the present time about three lectures each week-making in all for the past four years nearly six hundred lectures-no two of which are alike or similar. This precludes the possibility of preparing, or compiling and committing them to memory, as many accuse her of doing. Is there a divine in christendom, of the most finished theological education, who in four years can produce six hundred sermons, each one an hour long or more, of finished logic and deep philosophy, all different, each one peculiar to itself? What is old theology, when compared with the new light breaking upon earth-Bashing with its thrilling beauty

> "Trafike a dream when one awakes Then ke a dream when one awakes From yesions of the seems of old; 'Ti-like the moon, when morning breeks, Or like a fale round watchflies told."

spirit-influence is fully upon her, her whole being is enlivened and vivified-is lit up with the light and love of heaven. From her normal condi-

tion of life is awakened a brilliant action, and "Spirit is to soul as wind to air." Her utterance is full of poetry, though it comes in

gushing stream of heaven's intelligence. "Poetry is itself a thing of God;

the language of prose. Her soul seems filled with a

He made his prophets poets, and the more We field of poets deweber one. Like God in love and power———."

At the age of sixteen Mrs. H. was married to B. ran to ner mother and said, "Mother, Cora is in the F. Hatch, M. D., a gentleman possessing a mind of a different mould from her own. His strong will this little chara where all neither read or write, was find determined purpose and powers of mind, acting in the partien larving the time Mrs. H. was in the (with her passive and feminine mildness, are doubtless well calculated to bring out and present her This single is candifectation was considered the Linedigm excellences in a way to effect the greatest

The spirits, through Mrs. Hatch, stand before a subject for a lecture and challenge any questions for through a medium, a greater test of spirit-power the series, by " II. R. W."-will appear in our next. and intelligence than this. An editor out West re. The writer has our thanks for these fine essays. search, or elegient, that would dare to do this-for obliged to postpone until next week. measured in the very limited amount of knowledge lif he did he would make a fool of himself. Mrs. | Our exchanges are filled with accounts of all sorts

N. P. Willis says that her eloquence is as near supernatural as the most hesitating faith could reasonably require. In her language he could detect no word that could be altered for the better. Her extemporaneous speaking excels the most accomdirectest and coolest possible specimens of fair and clear reasoning. The whole life of Mrs. II. is and has been one of happiness.

Mrs. II. is pleased with, and enjoys all the manifestations of life, except where pain and suffering is involved. Yet she cares little for fashion, and nothing long to the other Jewish sect; you are very fair, I for riches. She sees in all material things beauty, which beauty she loves and admires, as she would the delicate and varied beauties of the soan bubble. in the light of the sun, which glistens but a second, and is gone forever.

Her deeper, truer, holier love, is large, which draws her affections from things of earth, and sets them on things above.

In delivering her public lectures, Mrs. If. is perfeetly unconscious at the time, and after, of anything spoken through her lips. She has evidence that her spirit, during these trances, is free to, and does, roam at its own pleasure, to visit her friends, in both the material and spiritual world.

onstantly impressed in her conversation and actions. We present the following selections from her book of published lectures, which are fair specimens of communications given through her organism:-

THE HARMONY OF NATURE. "In the external development of Nature, as well as in the great harmonic laws of unfoldment which present themselves to the external vision, man pereives and acknowledges the beautiful harmony which everywhere prevails. All the planetary systems broughout the immensity of space forever revolve in harmony-never interfering with, but sustained by each other. Their beauty and grandeur can only be comprehended by that Divine Mind which gave to them the laws by which they are regulated. Worlds ample power to enforce all the just demands of our on worlds, and systems on systems, which extent out into space far beyond all human comprehension, bear the closest relation to each other, and not one could be destroyed without the derangement and consement confusion of the whole. God has constituted lie Universe so, that from the smallest atom to all those orbs which fill the boundless space, there is a perfect unity and a dependence upon each other pebble thrown into the vast ocean, causes its unlulations to widen, and still widen, until they reach the farthest shore, and every drop of water which

omposes that ocean feels its influence. Such is the sympathy of the material elements but how much greater is that of spirit, which is the ife of all matter! Each human soul is an individualized planet, which revolves upon its own axis, and moves in its own orbit; but, like the planetary sysem, it is depending upon every other soul in the Universe; and, like the pebble thrown into the mean, every thought and emotion undulates amid throughout the country-the severest felt for half a all the corridors and avenues of spiritual existence."

· PRAYER. "O soul of love, of light, and of beauty! if there is within your heart or brain one feeling of life, of love, one thrill of glory, listen to this voice of Humanity, for it claims a hearing; it calls loudly from the mountain-tops of creation, of thought, of feeling, from I

to the various abodes of the sick, and, after admin- the deep valleys of prejudice and misery, from the istering the healing remedy, has returned again to courts and alleys of your crowded cities, from the broad expanse of your mighty prairies, rolling in their vast magnificence; it calls upon you to listen, in the name of that Humanity, of which you, each one of you, are a star, a satellite, a member. What follows? Each individual soul, in its divine creation, becoming beautified and glorified like a star; each manifesta tion of power and intellect becoming in itself a cor usention of light, sent forth from Deity's soul; each each pulsation of the soul in its search after truth and knowledge, becomes a jower, a life, an everlasting beauty, outworking itself toward Deity, not from him-within, and not with at-manifesting itself in every human being, not in any sect, dogma, creed or

INTI ITEM.

" Glance at the first thought of Columbus, as he intuitively, not by defluctions of science, saw beyond the great water a new continent. See how that intuition grew stronger and stronger as it outwrought itself into a bright flame, until he feels that he must carry it out, by leading the way to that bright and glorious hemisphere which you inhabit, and which was fully before his vision. He knew it was there. How did he know it? Science had not revenled it to him; no one had told him there was another hemisphere—a mighty world superior to the eastern continent. He received that information first from the inward perceptions of his own nature-from that intuition, or revelation of the soul, which exists in every

human being.
We have mentioned this most remarkable instance of intuition, that you may compare it with your everyday experience, and with those of your parents and grand-parents. In every case you will find that intuition has preceded positive knowledge. Speenlation ruled supreme until demonstration, accidental or otherwise, proved that speculation to be an intuition, a revelation, a divine thought. It had been conjectured that, as it now revolves, this earth, instend of a flat, stale formation, was a living, breathing thing, having a light, a power, within itself. It was a speculation, until Newton, with his giant mind, penetrated the philosophy of forces, and discovered by the falling of an apple, the law of attraction. Apples had fallen before the days of Newton, thousands of them; but he, by his intuition, had perceived the law, and the apple proved that his intuition was correet."

Tur Past

"Cling not to the traditions of the past; consider them as a means, not as an end; no science unfolded in the past is an end, but each is pointing to an end. Understand your brother and your sister, and you will understand how to be happy, not only physically, but mentally, spiritually, and eternally.

The Busy World.

FUN AND PACT.

THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER contains an unusual variety of entertaining and instructive reading, viz: An original Poem by the gifted poet-medium, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; Conclusion of Mrs. Porter's excellent story, "Country Neighbors;" "Lilian. or Passion and Principle," by Martha Whortley Benton; "To Little Adda's Mother," a poetic gen, by Cousin Benja; "The Denouement, or a Leaf from Convent Life," by Ophelia M. Cloutman; "Our Eva," by Madge Carrol; Editorials; Rev. Mr. Parker's Last Sunday Discourse; Mrs. Hyzer's Lectures at the Melodeon; Communication from Loel Tiffany, Esq.; Letters from New York; Spirit Messages;

28 " WHAT SHALL YE EAT."- Number six of

States, however well educated, however deep in real "Our Junior," the publication of which we are

user by acquired by a both girl of ten years in a Hatch does this with equanimity-and what makes, of accidents, which occurred on the 5th, from firecommon country school. Her scholarship, during her? Spirit-power and spirit intelligence. arms, and otherwise, incident to the National Anni-

> A late arrival from Havana reports the yellow fever raging badly at that port.

22- Queen Victoria, it is said, will in the course of a few months appear in the venerable character of a grandmother, and the people of Prussia be saddled with another " State pauper," the legitimate fruits of royalty.

On a very-pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt, " I am very sad, you see," he replied, "Oh, no, you be-

A tippler, who squinted awfully, used sometimes to mourn that his eves did not agree. "It's very lucky for you," replied his friend, " fon if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

ARDENT SPIRITS .- The basement of Brattle street church is used for the storage of champagne wine!

Ho FOR NAHANT!-The steamer Nelly Baker has resumed her trips for another season, and now makes four passages daily between Boston and Nahant. The fare has been reduced from the rates of last season, and now everybody and his family can take a trip to this most charming of seaside retreats in a In her normal condition she is conscious of being brief space of time and for a mere pecuniary trifle. The boat is now under the command of Capt. Covill and his gentlemanly and efficient clerk, Mr. Melvin. -Com. Page, who is designated to command the na-

varforce to be despatched to Paraguay, has had an interview with the Secretary of the Navy on the subject. That government, it is said, has three effective war steamers, and the fort which commands the navigation of the l'arana River, is of great power, and under French engineers. Hence it is deemed Important to the success of the mission that the United States shall be prepared for all possible emergencies, and the President has been clothed by Congress with government.

FROM KANSAS.—The examination of Gen. Lane at Lawrence, Kansas, on charge of murdering Mr. Jenkins, has resulted in his acquittal by unanimous opinion of the Court.

The pay of the weavers in the James Mlll, Newburyport, has been advanced ten per cent. by voluntary action of the directors. This example will probably be followed by other corporations.

Mexico.—We have dates from Vera Cruz to the 6th inst, The British and French residents were paying the forced loan under protest; but Mr. Forsyth opposed the demand. Generals Vidaurri and Jarza were marching upon the capital.

There was a severe earthquake on the 18th century. Several houses in the capital were thrown down, and over fifty persons reported killed, and others wounded. The black vomit was among the soldiers at Vern Cruz—the place otherwise healthy. : It is said that Indiana is literally swarming with "grass widows" at this time.

FOREIGN. - The news from Europe is to June 30thfour days Inter. Queen Victoria had visited the Great Eastern;" additional steamers are to be put upon the Galway-American route; the question of admitting clergyman to Parliament was under de-bate in England; and Rarcy had given a horsetaming exhibition in presence of Victoria. The transformation of sailing ships into steamers is going on with great activity in France. Spain is much incensed against England on the slave question. The advance of a Russian column in the Caucasus is announced. The Austrians are hastening the construction of ten new forts. A calamitous fire had occurred at the London docks, involving a loss of

The latest telegraph advices from India are of considerable interest. Sir Hugh Rose has captured Calpee. He was twice ineffectually attacked by the rebels, when a rapid pursuit of them was made, resulting in the large stores of guns, elephants, gunpowder and camp equipage. Serious disturbances had occurred in the Bombay Presidency. A political agent, with his escort, had been murdered by eight defended and garrisoned. Sir E. Lugard had defeated the rebels at Judgespore, with great slaughter. Gwalior had been attacked and plundered by the

UTAIL .-- Dispatches from Fort Leavenworth to the 6th inst., have been received at St. Louis. They say the government special messenger had reached the fort with official orders for Gen. Harney. The orders direct the following movements: 8 companies 2d dragoons, with Paelps' and Reynolds' batteries and artillery, and the fifth and tenth regiments to remain in Utah. The fourth artillery, and two corps second dragoons occupy the district of the Platte. The 1st cavalry is directed to remain on the Plains, as late as practicable, and make excursions among as late as practicable, and make excursions among tilities. Majors llarris' and Hunt's batteries are or dered to return to Fort. Leavenworth. The corps of engineers, now with the battalion of the 6th Infantry, are to return to West Point, after completing the work of opening a rond to Camp Scott, via the Cheyenne Pass.

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P. S.—Medicines, conveniently put up, will be furnished, if declared.

Mestred. If july 10

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