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BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

tightly; but there was no affection in the clasp.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. INDEPENDENCE DAY. BY CORA WILBURN.

The glorious Fourth came smilingly with sunshine and with flowers-

With skies of azure splonder-with rose-winged and golden hours-With the festal robes of Nature, glittering with a thousand

gems-With the angel dow-drops gleaming from her myriad dia

demsl

The waters sang exultingly their hymn of fervid praise; Sun-kissed to life and melody, vibrating neath the rays That shed their vivilying power o'er earth, and sky, and sea. Calling from out the darkest depths responsive sympathy.

Calling the voices of the wind, to blend in one accord The rolling anthem of the sea, the love-notes of the bird-The merry whisperings of the leaves, the melancholy chime Of the low, sweet bells at evening, in the blissful summer-

time. Yes! the grand, harmonious voices of our Parent called us, then,

From the giddy whirl and turmoil-from the busy haunts of men-Called us to the wildwood palaces-the jewcled, wide domain,

To the royal fanes created, 'neath the blooming Summer's reign.

Answered all the voice of Nature? leaped each heart with joy and pride,

As her messages came wafted o'er the garden and the tide? As the melody came swelling on the morning's fragrant air. Bent the hearts of all thus favored, in responsive, thankful prayer?

From the bustle and the turmoil, the inharmony and strife, To the opening, blessed portals of a better, purer life-To the healing ministrations of the beautiful and true, Thronged they not, the weary thousands, neath those skies of summer blue?

Not they througed not to the greenwood, to the forest's coo recess,

Where awaiting angels lingered with a heart and home ca-

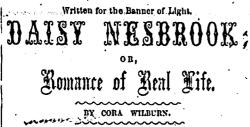
They sought not the mountain stillness, nor the quiet river's banks.

Nor the wide-spread dome of Heaven, there to give a Nation's thanks ;

For the mighty boons accorded by a loving Father's hand-For the liberty and safeguard, and the plenty of the land, In MAN's consecrated temple, loud hosannas to His name. Won the response of devotion-fanned the patriotic flame. Won the response of devotion ?-not the full, free, gushing tide

Of spontaneous adoration that its God can no'er divide From the far cloud's shifting beauty, from the sunbeam's vid glow-

From the Holiness of Heaven and the purity below.



There are many angels walking the earth unrocognized; many a placed brow has worn its unseen crown of martyrdom; young, trembling shoulders have uplifted the heavy cross, and the bitter cup of suffering has been drained by the rose-red lips of girlhood. Even the eye of childhood has been clouded by the premature weight of sorrow, crushing the innocent heart, that should have been lulled in dreams of heaven. Alas, for our blindness! we pass by the tried and exalted ones of earth, beholding not the great drops of agony trickling adown their lacerated brows; the shadows flitting, speetral-like, athwart their faces, heralds of the pain and strife within. We see no robes of flashing light, adorning their familiar forms ; no Eden pinions, dazzlingly unfurled for the heavenward flight; and we know them not as angels, on whom the martyr's crown and the palm-branch of victory have been silently bestowed. So we pass on, beneath their unfolding glory; under the shadow of another's mightiest woe we sit and sing our summer songs.

The romance of real life ! never yet has poetry or fiction penned the full record of one human heart ; imagination in its wildest flight, fancy in her most erratio mood, has ever lagged in the rear of stranger truth; and while the untried smile-those whose life has been cast amid the sunny places, and the dear, unchanging home-scenes-while they smile increduously at unveiled heart-woes and tales of wrong and suffering, many, who have passed through a fiery ordeal far exceeding the wildest conception of the novelist, have laid the book aside with tears, saying to their own souls, "Too true I too true !"

Life! stern, carnest, beautiful, aspiring life! who can portray its varied phases understandingly? Storm with its threatening sublimity ; calm with its deep significance, and lulling whispers of cternal peace! The flowers in their bloem and beauty; the glowing, unconsciously breathing leve and nestling joys; the falling, rustling leaves of departing, withered hopes ; the lighthing flashes of inspiration ; the clarion-tones of awakening powers; the angel harmonies, low-breathed and plaintive; the dirges wailing loudly to the accompaniment of the winter's blast; the grandeur and the beauty, the sunshine and the terror, the trials and the victories of lifecan mortal pen describe them; imperfect language cenvey intelligibly the symbol and the selution of the glorious mystery, to the listening, suffering, throbbing and awaiting heart? With the sweet odors of the lilac and the rose sweeping through my sunlit haunt of reflection, with the green grass and the upspringing meadow flowers in view, I retrace (with memory's aid) the life-path of one of earth's unrecognized angels; one, who exalted by trial, purified and ennobled by adversity, wore the starry crown of moral conquest on her maiden brow, and the priceless pearl of purity upon her breast. 1 will tell you the story of DAISY NESBROOK.

Have I-has Alfred-has this innocent child ever for anything; you know I consider discipline neces injured you by word or look? Ch, Sarah! be not sary to all under my care. Daisy will grow up a so strange, so distant; in this wide world I have no virtuous woman; industrious, useful and religious, friend but you." -Alice Nesbrook, still crouching on if you leave her with me long enough. But you can the floor, covered her face with her hands and wept. use your own pleasure, and come for her when it Standing in the corner, her heart beating wildly, suits you. But remember, you must come alone; I on tiptoe with expectation and undefined fear, little will not see him."

Daisy listened; and shuddered, as she gazed upon " I promise, Sarah; but-you will be gentlo with her aunt's changing countenance; as she saw her Daisy ; she is so frail, so sensitive !"

strike her elenched hand to her forehead, and flash A strangely mocking smile disfigured her thin fire from her strangely varying eyes. Her voice lips; an angry gleam shot from her eyes. "I shall trembled, as she replied ; but it was with no tender do my duty ; what I consider my duty," she replied. emotion ; she seized her sister's hand, rudely thrust "I shall neither beat nor starve the child."

ing it away from her tearful face, then holding it "But you will speak kind words, dear Sarah? Children's hearts thirst so for love ; you will gladden the life-path of my little one; you will unbend and expected, and it was the wife's joy and privilege to "You are a disgrace to the name of Weston," she cried, "our mother in heaven looks down upon you be tender with her early tried spirit? Dear sister, in scorn and loathing; our father would disown give me one kind word, not for myself, but for my you, were he living! Has not that man brought dis. precious child !"

Those imploring accents ; that heart-entreaty ; how grace enough upon you? Stand you not branded as a forger's wife-will not the stigma descend upon could a woman's heart be proof against their soryour daughter's head? Is it not yet enough ; but rowing music? But Sarah Weston, for all reply, you must wish to rejoin him? .He has bribed him- went to the door and called loudly-" Daisy! Daisy !' self free! the term of his punishment is not half With a swelling tide of conflicting emotions in her over; and because he writes you a wheedling letter, breast, among which uppermost was the thought you must follow him! He is in a Northern city! that her mother was going away, the child rushed Well he is known there for a swindler, and he will from her hiding-place into her mother's arms; and think of going to Australia, or China, or Kam- nestling there, giving free vent to the pent-up sorschatka, to hide his shame. Will you go with him ?" row, and the overwhelming dread; she cried in "It is my duty," gently, yet firmly, replied Alice. piteous accents, her pale face pressed close to her He was ever kind and loving to me. He yielded mother's besom, her little arms twining convulsively to strong temptation, as others have done before him. around her neok :- " Oh, mother ! mother ! do n't go He is sincerely penitent; and though all the world away I don't leave me, mother !"

It was a bitter trial that wound its fiery coils desert him, I, his wife, may not. Sarah, God in hoaven is forgiving; the gentle Saviour taught meekaround the maternal, the wifely heart. From afar, ness and forgiveness-will you not forgive your a dear, familiar voice was calling; he was alone, deserted by the world of summer friends; the finger

" Never ! never !" cried Sarah Weston, rising from of conventional scorn pointing to his branded name; her chair, and flinging aside her sister's hand. "I her child was clinging to her, calling upon her love and care; it was a bitter trial-it added another will never forgive him for marrying you-for bringing disgrace upon our name !" The 5ush of woundsoul-gem of divinest lustre to the immortal crown prepared for her by angel hands. Gently, as a

mother only can, she unwound those clinging hands; "I brought him a few paltry dellars," she reshe kissed the fuir, open brow, and spoke to her plied; "he gave me his love and protection; he was child of resignation, of endurance, of speedy and my only steadfast friend; he took me from my solihappy reunion. Not until she had calmed her despairing sorrow, and stilled her fervent outcries and

"Yes !" interrupted her sister ; " ije took you from entreaties, did she cease her loving efforts. With your quiet country home, and equindered your money in the city for you; he to in the the strange smile upon her lips, the mocking gleam tyranny and despotic sway of your old maid sister - within her eye, Sarah gazed upon the mother and tho that's what Alfred Nesbrook did; for that you are child, offering no word of consolation, no sympathy, grateful; but now that you fear for the moral wel- giving not again one sign of feeling.

That night Daisy slept within her mother's arms; out Alice watched and prayed, and often kissed the

husband and the loving wife ; and Daisy's recolleotion of her father was somewhat indistinct. When the prison-doors folded upon him, Alice sought a shelter beneath her sister's roof, in the same Southern home where Alfred had first wooed her, from which she had departed, a joyous, hopeful bride. Dreading the father's influence, the world's bitter scorn for her child, she fled to that country sanctuary, loving still the erring one, but watchful for the moral welfare of the immortal spirit given to her charge; waiting fondly, hopefully, with that pain and longing, that is only known to woman's heart, for the opening of those prison doors -for the light of his freed smile once more !

NO. 17.

He was restored to liberty much sooner than was, accompany him to a distant city, to share with him the toils and privations of their altered lot, though many hundred miles removed from her sweet child's home, still further from the scene of his first disgrace.

At the close of the year, Alice reaped the reward of her prayers and untiring efforts; the gloomy despair was departing from her husband's soul; the hue of health revisited his cheek. He was offered a good situation as clerk in a mercantile house in Cuba. Fully convinced of the strength of his resolations for the future, Alice urged him to accept; and trusting to his recovered health and strength, she set out for Westonville, her sister's residence, to bring home her child. The future seemed brightening around them.

Surely God is just, and the world is good," said Alice gratefully, as she started upon the pleasant journey. She had written to Sarah, requesting her to apprise Daisy of her mother's coming.

Alice traveled night and day; but when she took the stage at S____, that was to leave her in sight of her sister's cottage, an unaccountable gloom and heaviness settled upon her buoyant spirits, and forced tears to her eyes. A fear and a dread of some overhanging evil, wingel her footsteps ; she rau, rather than walked, and stopped faint and breathless at the gate. She heard old Pompey, the gardener, scream when he saw her ; and Aunt Abby hurried towards her, with a face presaging evil tidings. Helpless and overcome, she could only cry, "My child!" and fall stricken to the ground, but not unconscious. She felt the hands of the negress around her; she saw the sorrowful faces of the assembled slaves; she heard their exclamations of pity and condolence, and she knew ere she had

asked a question, that Daisy was an angel in the

From the llps of men appointed to be teachers of the rest, Fell in mockery, slow and solemn, words that should be true

and blesh For of liberty, salvation and redemption spoke they there In their consecrated churches-in the crowded house of

prayer-

Told of freedom, sacred freedom, that our struggling fathers won-

Of flerce, unequal conflict, ere the warrier's work was deno-Of the smile of fond approval that our Father cast on those Who were his favored children-as the wicked were his foca

And they spoke of sacred freedom, while they strove to strangle truth,

And hurled denunciation to the hearts of ago and youth. 'Neath the summer skies upholding the dark dogmas of the past,

O'er the radiant face of Nature a loathesome pall was cast.

This the SADBATH celebration of our Independence day; Stones for bread unto the starking; and the doubter turned away.

Wondering why the deep, blue Heavens in their summer beauty smilled

O'er a thing so changed and fallen as God's imago in his child.

Then, the worldly celebration of that great and glorious time. When the joy-bells rang for liberty, a soul-inspiring chime-Did they feed the wretched orphans, thronging 'round the rich man's door-

Bld the Magdaleu of cities to be pure and sin no mero?

Unraise the widow, mourning by the unswept, darkened hearth,

And say the words of pardon o'er the outcast from his birth ; Bid the smile of gladness linger on a pale child's wondering _face.

And feel the passing glory of an angel o'er the place?

Have all fulfilled theso human duties, 'mid the joy of yesterday?

Bid the listening angels answer. It pains me to say, nay! I saw brows of care and serrow-careless joy and noisy gice, But the mockery and semblance of God-given Liberty l

I love thee, day of Freedom I on thy pure and hallowed shrine I would lay soul-offerings of peace, that love and prayer made mine-

I would seek the wildwood's beauty-haunts, with those that I -love best.

And neath the summer's palace-roof in dreams of Eden rest. · PHILADELIHIA, July 0, 1858.

A "FowL" JOKE .--- There is a man in one of the western States, who has moved so often that when over a covered wagon comes along near the house his chickens march up and fall upon their backs and cross their feet ready to be carried to the next stopping-place.

"I have no apprehension that the devid will ever come for me," said a young man of questionable merals. "He will not be silly enough to take the trouble," said a bystander, "for you are going straight to him."

Being determined to introduce myself, I walked up, hat in hand, and said with a respectful bow. Lamb slowly, feeling and coaxing at the same time his short, thin, gray whiskers," "yos, they call me Lamb yet, but I am old enough to be a sheep."

never complain without caws.

CHAPTER I.

A child of seven summers, Daisy gazed with fear and wonder upon the pallid countenance of her mother, who entered the little country parlor with an open letter in her hand, and timidly, almost shrinkingly, advanced to the great oak chair in which sat enthroned her prim, cold, stately aunt. Daisy's large, dark eyes dilated still more when she taw her pale, weak mother, fall upon her knees, and clinging to her sister's dark stuff gown, ery imploringly :---

"Oh, Sarah ! promise mo that you will be a mother to my child !"

It was all a mystery to that little, loving heart, why aunt Sarah looked so strangely upon her kneeling sister; why her lip curled_so bitterly and her voice foll so harsh and cold upon the car.

"I believe Thave - been a mother to both of you long enough," she replied.

Tears were streaming adown the wasted cheeks of Alico Nesbrook ; a great sorrow was tugging at her heart-strings; opposing voices called her; voices both of leve and duty.

"Oh, Sarah !" she cried, still kneeling, and taking the sister's reluctant hand; "a new sorrow is upon me, and yet there is a gleam of hope and joy falling on me from afar. Alfred has written to say he is penitent, sorrowful and alone. He calls me; I can alone restrain him from further wrong; he has sinned and suffered; I am his wedded wifo; it Is my duty to obey, to follow wheresover he leadeth, so it be in the paths of honesty and right. Sarah. by our happy childhood; by the memory of our sainted mother; by the father watching over us both from heaven, I implore you! be a true mother to my child. She must remain in your care until my conscience is satisfied; until I am fully convinced that his reformation is complete. I love my husband; erring, sinful, deserted by all, I still trust "Mr. Charles Lamb, I bolieve?" "Y-o-s," said him, and hope much for the future; but his child must not again behold him until his soul has become proof against further temptation. Sarab, you are cold, and hard, and stern at times, but your Coxunnums .--- When does a cow become real es- | heart is good. Take charge of my little Daisy, and tate? When she is, turned into a field. Why are as you hope for heaven fulfill your duty by her! crows the most sensible of birds? Because they Speak to me, sister I what have I done, that you 1 look so strangely at mo? Why are you so changed?

That's it, Alice; I understand it all, child."

fare of your child, sister Sarah is good enough.

ed feeling rose to the brow of Alice.

erring brother ?"

tary life____"

unconscious brow, and smoothed aside the clustering " Oh, Sarah, have pity on us both ! do not yield to nut-brown curls. Next morning there was an early resentment; forgive me if I have spoken hastily; breakfast, and the negroes kissed the hands of "Miss "But he did! your paragon of perfection-your Alice" and prayed "de Lord to bress her an' bring her safe through her trials back to ole Virginny, an' moral hero! he did! I overheard him. Do you remember the afternoon he made love to you under the dear little Missus." There was a carriage at the door waiting to convey the lady to the neighboring the grape arbor? No need to blush, now ! I was passing by, watering my flowers, 'Twas the 'do, town, and Daisy was folded to her mother's bosom in close embrace; the lofty heroism of Alice was mestie tyrant; the iron ruler; the old maid dictastruggling within the maternal sorrow; there was a tor; all that. Yes, Alice, I remember." misgiving at her heart; she vainly sought for a

"And you still bear resentment?" the deep hazel eyes were fixed upon the stern, pale face with gentle stray glean of love upon the scaled countenance of her impassive sister. There was a long kiss upon reproach.

the brow of Daisy, and with a solemn carnestness, "I do. I will not act the hypocrite and deny it. a thrilling solemnity her mother's benediction fell Sarah Weston never forgets; seldom forgives. 1 upon her ear, and rested on the troubled heart :-know that you are willful and obdurate; 'tis uscless God bless and guard my child !" Then the arms of to reason with you. Go, rejoin him, who will yet Auut Abby, her negro nurse, were placed around her, more deeply disgrace you. I will take charge of and she saw her mother kissing aunt Sarah's forc-Daisy; you know that no moral taint can approach head; for a moment her dark garments fluttered at her under my guardianship. But speak no more to the door; her lingering looks of love rested upon me of him." the child, and she was gone. When the rumbling gf-

Was it the bitterness of wounded vanity-was it hatred born of some opposing sentiment? Why did she hate Alfred Nesbrook so deeply? Alice, rising from the floor, pondered the question. Daisy, intently listening, felt tear drops in her eyes ; a dull and heavy pain pressing upon her heart.

Without a word of expostulation or entreaty, the "Oh, let me thank you, Sarah ! you will deal hand of Aunt Sarah was laid upon her shoulders; kindly by my child. Oh, blessings upon you, sister ! her pieroing, small grey oyes fixed themselves upon. go now with a lightened heart. I shall return to the child's face; she pointed to the house. Without take my child to a worthy father's care; something a murmur, but with tears and swelling sobs, the is whispering to my soul it will be cre long. Oh, let timid child obeyed. me kiss you, sister ! my heart is full of gratitude

and grief! Why, oh, why will you ever repulse me, Sarah ?" She had thrown her white arms around the sister's neck, and approached her rosy lips to sisterly embraco.

those cold, measured tones that characterized her questions for the child with a brightening smilewhen not excited. The sensitive, love warm heart of with the one word : "soon I" Thus a year elapsed, weeping, striving no more to win the affection from that callous soul.

"Shall I call Daisy ?" she timidly inquired. "What for ?" responded hor sister.

"To tell her-that I must leave her-that for a have I left her for an hour since she was born ; and now I must ; oh Daisy ! Daisy !" and the poor mether sobbed aloud.

Was it pily that for a moment shadowed and subdued the hard, stern face? Was it feeling that sent the tide of blood to the sallow checks; or was it but expressed no desire to leave her present home.

some suddenly recurring, wounding memory ? Sarah on her lips.

"I shall take care of Daisy; she shall not want | They had been separated three years-the erring

sinless land !

They bore her gently, tenderly, into the house; the women untied her bonnet, unloosened her shawl and dress, and sprinkled her pallid face with water. She feebly pressed their hands in acknowledgment ; but it was not until her sister entered the room, summoned by Aunt Abby, that her grief found utter-

The face of Sarah was very pale; her thin lips were tightly compressed; when she spoke, they quivored; and her voice was husky, her manner agitated; her self-possession was in a great measure lost ; pity, embarrassment, regret, seemed mingling in her tones. " My child ! my Daisy ! tell me of my child !" cried the mother so suddenly and shrill, that the frightened women cowered, and cried ;"" De Lord be merciful !"

"Alice-this is very painful-1 had not time to let you know-it was quite sudden-she died night before last-I only came home yesterday-" faltered Sarah, gently taking her sister's hand.

"Dead! dead !" cried Aljee, "and I away from her-and her father never to look upon her sunny face? Ohl. is this the reward of my toils and sufferings-this the recompense of his struggles and prayers? My little child ! my beautiful darling !gone from me without farewell-without a parting kiss !"

So mournfully reproachful were these words, that the colored people, ever impressible and sympathizing, wept_aloud; and a child among them, about Daisy's age, cried out, amid her tears and sobs : "She was so beautiful, the young missual an' so good! she's got a big hebenly harp by dis time, and is singin' praises to de Lord in heben ! She was n't a little ohile, missus. She was tallern mo by a heap. Oh, Lor'! we all is so sorry for dear little missus !"

A chiding look from her severe mistress silenced her. The head of Alice was resting on her sister's bosom, where it had not lain for many years. Sarah was speaking kindly, telling her how the child had sickened; how she had taken her further into the country, hoping to restore her-how she rapidly grew worse; and how she died, with her head upon her bosom, even as Alice's head was resting now; she died calmly and peacefully; once or twice she had called " dear mother !" and just before departing, she had kissed her aunt. Miss Broom here, was in attendance upon her-she can tell you that the child had every comfort and attention. Dr. Selbin, the great Northern physician, who has performed so many ources in the principal cities, told me that her discaso was incurable-a gradual, wearing docline; and advised me to take her into the country. I entertained him a day and a night, for I did not trust our misorable country practitioners, nor even the doctors in 8----- Alice, she had every care ; but it was the will of Heaven."

The bereaved mother gazed into the face of her sister ; her large hazel eyes, unnaturally brilliant aud distonded, wavered not in their searching, soul-reading look; for a moment a faint blush dyed the sallow öheeks of the imperious Sarah, the nervous quiver played around her lips; but her cold, grey eyes mot

CHAPTER II. Picture to yourselves the meeting between the err

wheels had censed, and the cloud of dust had deared

away from the hedges and the winding road, Daisy,

as if awakening to a sense of her desolution, burst

from the nurse's arms, and rushing to the gate way,

called loudly, frantically, for her mother to return.

the hard, stern forehead; but Sarah put her coldly ing husband and the forgiving wife; his bitter selfback, untwined the loving clasp, repelled the sweet accusations and solemn vows of reformation-vows that were kept religiously. Imagino the devoted "I hate scenes, and you know it," she replied, in wife, ever cheering, ever consoling, answering his

Alice felt the impenetrable barrier that npraised and Alfred Nesbrook faltered not in the path of itself mysteriously betwixt them, and she sat down, duty. He toiled incessantly; and Alice, although unused to protracted labor of exertion, aided him by her pen and needle : for she dared not apply to her haughty sister for relief. She heard from her about once in every six weeks, and she would have returned to visit her child, though she would have while she must be alone-that I go to her father. been compelled to walk the distance, were it not for Oh. my child 1 my sensitive, petted darling 1 Never the profound and settled melancholy that preyed upon her husband-wasting his check, and drawing the life-hues from his face; she dreaded to leave him alone.

Sarah wrote that Daisy was cheerful, happy and contented, and always sent her love to mother, but

Poor Alice sighed as she read the letters-was her placed her hand upon her sister's shoulder, and child forgetting her? Alfred expressed his regrot though her tones were chilling, and her face again in having misjudged the prim and stately spinster, was hard, Alice looked up, and a faint smile played saying "she was a better woman than he had over imagined."

LIGHT. BANNER OF

the inquiring gaze-met it and responded; and Alice subbed, a great, dry, heavy sob, and looked to Heaven.

Miss Broom, the housekeeper and confidante of Miss Weston, was the terror of the negroes, as she had been the foe of Alice and her child. One glance at her face sufficed to repel; the little, twinkling, unquiet eyes, the movable cyebrows, the thin, evertwitching lips, the overhanging note and colorless checks, which ever burned with one deep, unvarying crimson spot, formed a countenance repugnant in the extreme. Her figure was corpulent, although her face was thin, and her carriage was haughty. Her hair was sparse, but art relieved the deficiencies of nature ; her innate vulgarity was apparent in her dress and speech, though she carefully studied the former, and sought a choice phraseology in the latter. Miss Broom was a tyrant to her inferiors; haughty and pompous towards her equals; cringing, unscrupulous and servile towards those in power. Alice had always disliked her; but now she had administered to the comfort of her departed angel. Those clear, questioning, hazel eyes, fixed themselves upon the repellant countenance iu mute, commanding inquiry.

Miss Broom was hold; she flinched not beneath the soul reading gaze, but she dropped her eyes respecifully, and said in unctuous tones-

"I can assure you, madam, that Miss Daisy, the .darlfirg! had every human attention and respect and comfort shown her, by my ludy here, and myself. If she wished for a flower, we despatched one of the servants with lightning-speed to bring it; if she wanted a drink, we had a dozen beverages prepared; if she wanted nourishment, we had all sorts of piceties and delicacies by the fire, or in the pantry for her. Miss Weston never closed her eyes the night she departed, and 1-it do n't become me, in Miss Weston's presence, and yours, madam, to boast of my services, but I was ready to drop with fatigue; I never tasted a mouthful for forty-eight hours, may I drop if 1 did ! But it was the will of lleaven, madam."

"Where is her grave?" demanded the mother, in a feeble voice.

"In Louden, my dear, thirty-seven miles from here. I had her buried in the village churchyard, three miles from the farm house she died in ; and a beautiful white marble slab marks the spot, and 1 have left orders to plant flowers on her grave. 1 have done all I could, Alice."

"I know-I know; I am grateful, to you, to all; but I cannot speak. Can I go now, to-night, to see her grave ?"

Miss Weston and her housekeeper exchanged significant glances.

"Of course you can go, my dear; but not until the day after to morrow, when the stage goes in that direction. Indeed, Alice, I fear you are too feeble to undertake the journey. You are pale and weary now, and this sal inteiligence has overcome you. Poor child! better rest awhile, and then return to Alfred, who will be troubled about you ; it will take you three days to get home ; but, of course, if you insist, I will accompany you to Louden."

"No, no," wearily replied the mourner. "You have been good and kind to her. I must return to my husband-1 must return to night! You no longer hate him, Sarah ?"

"For your sake, I forgive him," she replied.

"Not for me-for the departed angel's sake !" cried Alice. " But her robes, her little shoes, her hat, surely you will give them to me? Have you a lock of her hair ? Oh, my child ! my poor Alfred ! my breaking heart !"

with you, Alice. A part of her things were left in Louden; but some of her frocks, and your miniature, are up-stairs. Will you come with me? Miss Broom,

world A few hours after Alice's departure from Westonville, Sarah emerged from her chamber with clouded brow, and very pale face. She entered the little parlor, and taking possession of the oaken chair. remained long eilent, in deep and apparently painful thought. Then rising suddenly, she struck her forchead with her hand, as was her custom when excited, and cried aloud : " Would I had not done It; violently at her heart. I feel that it is wrong! I do not hate my sister: but he-shall he triumph over me, become blest and happy? No! he may become rich and prosperousthe heart-wound will never close. Remorse will pursue him ; his child's death will seem a punishment for the one error of his life. I am his avenging angel-I right myself and judge him! I, who once so silently, foudly loved him, I crush him now, who father's sin ever placed before her. She never reouce humiliated me !"

She rang the bell for her housekeeper. Miss Broom promptly obeyed the summons.

"Order a carriage from town immediately; I must go to-you know where. Prepare yourself to accompany me."

"Yes, madam, certainly," replied the fawning woman. "Shall I prepare madam's traveling dress?the green or the brown ?"

"Either-it makes no difference," coldly replied her lady. And seeing no opportunity for conversation, the confidant left the room.

In a farm house, distant some thirty miles from Westonville, but in an opposite direction from Louden. a child is playing wearily and alone, twisting pieces of paper into fantastic shapes, and looking through the broken windows at the blue skies and the waving trees. It is a little girl, about eight years of age. symmetrical in form, and beautiful in feature, with dark, soulful eyes of brown, and flowing curls of a somewhat lighter hue, tinged with golden gleams. The face is pale and sad; a tender melancholy nestles on the finely chiscled lips ; there is poetry and genius. beauty, light and warmth in that soul. What a strange resemblance is it-can it be possible? It is Daisy Nesbrook ! for whom father and mother weep, whom her aunt proclaims dead, whom the poor slaves cry and pray for. Daisy is alive and well, but sorrowful and expectant, crushed in heart and spirit,

victim of a cold and selfish woman's revenge. The people that she lives with are coarse, and rough, and harsh; poor, sensitive Daisy shrinks from them. She has been here but a few weeks, yet she is very home-sick; longing for Aunt Abby's sports of the negroes, for the comfort and refinement

f Westouville. Hark ! a carriage stops before the house; the heart of the child beats wildly, the rich color dyes her checks, mounts to her very brow. Perhaps-oh, rap-

turous thought-it is her mother, returning, at last. for her grieving, longing child. "Why does she stay away so long, and never write to Daisy, only to Aunt Sarah :" silently she questions of her own throbbing heart.

The harsh voice of the farmer's wife is calling her; her enthusiasm has suddenly died away; the glowing hope has fied; a coldness and a dread is upon spirit-tried Daisy! Uprising, pure and good and her, for she hears Aunt Sarah's voice. She goes noble, despite the antagonistic influences bearing down stairs, and enters the large room timidly, and upon her early years. meets the mocking smile, the icy welcome of the dreaded aunt, the false embrace of the maucuvering nouncement of her mother's desertion - twice in Miss Broom.

"Well, Daisy, I see that you are well, and happy ; hope she is not very troublesome, Mrs. Hendries ?" allers troublesome, an' Daisy's no better than the age still and distinct; she was, as ever, of chilling rest on 'em. She aint very noisy, but she 's so queerlike and mopish."

this little girl privately," said Miss Weston, loftily, sitting bolt upright in her chair.

tive land-to the false, conventional, persecuting ers of endurance; she fell to the ground insensible, the name of " Mother !" lingering on her lips.

For many days she hovered between life and death, a prey to fever, calling incessantly upon the absent mother, imploring her "not to forget poor Daisy, not to leave her forever.!"

The work of retribution was begun for Sarah Weston ; she watched beside the sick bed of her little neice, with "fear, and terror, and remorse pulling

CHAPTER III.

The years sped on, and the little Daisy we have known a tender child, grew up to muidenhood ; with the one deep sorrow rankling in her breast, her mothes's cruel desertion, with the bitter memory of her turned to Westonville, and at the express command of her aunt, she had put aside her father's name, and was known as Daisy Ellis, the dependent upon the rich Miss Weston's bounty, the orphan child she provided for out of charity. Cold and oppressive was the atmosphere in which poor Daisy breathed; the uncongenial surroundings of her childhood had implanted a shrinking timidity and a deep sadness within her soul. She had passed from the termagant Mrs. Hendries, to another home, wherein she was perpetually reminded-of her dependence on the rich and charitable Miss Weston, and taunted with her poverty, and unfitness for labor. The negroes, ever ready to imitate the example placed before them, mockingly called her "de poor white gal," and showed her neither deference nor affection. The school-children taunted her with being "a charity girl," and sensitive Daisy often wept in secret for their sneering allusions to her father and mother. Oh, how often did the forsaken child flee from her home persecutions, from the tortures inflicted on her abroad, to the silence and shadow of the woods; there she would hold imaginary conversations with her mother, imploring her to return, felling her all she suffered, erying to the waving trees and wondering flowers ; " Come back, come back, dear mother!" So the years sped on, and Daisy grew to maidenhood; the trials of her childhood were great and bitter: there was no one to love her, to southe and praise. Yet no heavy labor or menial tasks were imposed upon her childish strength ; she was sent to the village school, and taught to sew at home ; often scolded by the people she lived with, yet exempted from the drudgery so often performed by frail, sensitive stories, for her gentle caresses, for the songs and children of her age, in this our boasted land of freedom and equality. In a Southern household no labor beyond her strength or years was exacted of the tender Daisy.

> But still the galling chain of servitude twined around her; the prejudices of Mammon-creed encompassed her, clouding her every innocent joy, lowering above the future, inciting hearts to coldness and neglect. Not a childish aspiration but was crushed by some unfeeling remark, some allusion to her poverty; not a generous impulse but met with sarcasm

or rebuke ; not a holy, spontaneous emotion but was received with laughter and with ridicule. Poor,

She saw her aunt only twice since the dire aneight long years. She was the same tall, unbending figure, a triffe thinher than before ; the harsh, forbidding countenance grown still paler ; its lines of "Well," responded the surly woman, "children is | care and troable more visible; the signs of premature and measured speech. Compelled to deny the relationship, Daisy addressed her as Miss Weston, with

"If you please, Mrs. Hendries, I wish to speak to every outward demonstration of humble gratitude and respect; for she was constantly reminded obligations to the rich and benevolent lady. Miss

and as the protege of the charitable Miss Weston. l'oor girl! she know not that her father's earth-form | and replied : reposed in a foreign soil, beneath the waving foliage of a tropical clime-that her mother lived in poverty, battling with toll and privations far exceeding hers, and ever mourning for the child she deemed a dweller of the angel realms.

At boarding-school she met with Ada Lenox, the no further. only child of a wealthy planter; whose dark and lustrous beauty, bewitching smile and high-bred man- ble dependent were friends-friends for life and for ner, charmed while they awed the simple Daisy. They eternity. The aristocratio school girls sucered at the called Ada proud. The superficially observant knew ill-assorted pair, and left no sarcasm unsaid-nothing not that what they called pride was only the reserve undono, to impress upon Dalsy's mind the convicof a highly sensitive nature, that, forming for itself tion that she was playing a part to scoure the heira lofty ideal-an almost unapproachable standard- ess's protection-a vile, cringing, mercenary part, met with daily mortifications and disappointments in To Ada herself they carried little tales and cleverly the real, or rather, the scenning world. She was gen- arranged accusations of Daiby's meanness and calcaerous and impulsive, frank and enthusiastio, truth- lation, well knowing how repugnant were these proloving and just ; she abborred all meanness and de- pensities to her royally generous nature. But she cention, seeking ever for communion with the beauti- listened coldly, and dismissed them scornfully, after ful and grand. Endowed with a strong, vigorous every repeated attempt of theirs, manifesting still mind, she was ever grasping at lofty truths, expressng noble sentiments, rebuking falsehood and injustice. She was nearly eighteen, yet she remained at her humble friend to spend it with her, not at her school, going over her studies; ever absorbed in some father's house, but at the country seat of a friend of mental employment, or devoted to the practice of music, she possessed a magnificent voice, unrivalled calling a week before the intended departure of that in its strength and compass by any of her compan- girls, violently opposed poor Daisy's going; but the ions. The younger school-girls called her proud and commanding presence, the haughty energy of Ada, exclusive, for she neither mingled in their sports nor subdued her. Ever fearful of offending the rich, she sought their confidence. Ada Lenox could not re- smiled her acquiescence, deprecating Miss Lenox's gard as equals those shallow, superficial girls; her displeasure, and assuming supreme control over Daiideas of friendship were too exalted, her perceptions by, in Miss Weston's name. She took heed, however, to fine. Her soul arrayed itself in power against to whisper to the timid, weeping girl, a warning, the hollow artificialities of life, and pined for light couched in strong and bitter terms, that "Miss Lenox and freedom beyond the narrow, conventional rules hat encompassed her, there, and in her father's iouse

intellectual brow the impress of a secret sorrow ; but Daisy accompanied her friend to Forestdale, the resihope and determination, will and energy, flashed dence of Mrs. Danby. from her dark, bright eyes, and rested upon her finely formed lips, inspiring every motion of her tall, grace ful form. Daisy, with profound humility, bowed her leart before her.

But this wealthy heiress and petted child of prosperity sought and won the confidence of Daisy Ellis -poor Daisy! whom all the other girls looked down upon in withering contompt. She read aright the hidden sorrow, and the large capacities of that beauitful soul, and twined her loving arms around it, and pressed the forsaken girl to her proudly throbbing heart in triumph, much to humble Daisy's wonderment. At first those dark, glorious eyes rested searchingly on her face, and the poor child colored beneath their eager questioning ; then their expression changed, and wondering pity, sisterly affection lighted up their unfathomable depths, and Daisy tim idly and gratefully replied, in the same mute language.

Silently, one day, the soft, white, rounded arm of Ada was passed around her waist; her little hand was taken and gently pressed.

"I know your name," spoke the melodious voiceheard that weeks ago. May I question you?" There was so much tenderness in the tone, that ears started to Daisy's eyes. She answered, softly, "Anything you please."

" Are your parents living?"

It was her aunt's express command that she should wow herself an orphan. She had often done so be fore strangers; but to tell a falsehood to this beautiful, friendly angel! Something within her resisted. "I do not know," she meekly replied, the rich color

stealing to her checks, crimsoning her brow. "Forgive me, if I have said anything to wound

tended the village school, was placed at the seminary given, and she dared not violate her given word. The in W-, still under her assumed, name of Ellis blush of embarrassment dyed her cheeks; then rallying, she fixed her clear, truthful eyes on Ada's face.

"I am not at liberty to tell you. Do not think me ungrateful. I have given a sacred promise to Miss Weston, and I dare not break my word."

"" Honorable and consistent," murmured her friend. as she again embraced her, and promised to urge her

From that day the courted heiress and the hummore openly her affection for the slandered Daisy.

When the second vacation drew nigh, Ada invited her mother's, the widowed Mrs. Danby. Miss Broom, was not to be apprised of the secrets of the family." Relieved of her repelling presence, they commenced their preparations for departure, and with childish This beautiful girl, long motherles, bore upon her glee and an elasticity of spirits long unknown to her,

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. SLEEP AND DREAM. BY OUR JUNIOR. Sleep, oh sleep I may angels guard thee-Happy dreams thy thoughts employ:

Dream, oh dream that thou art near me-Thou, my only hope and joy ! Dream I'll walk beside thee ever, Thanking gracious God abovo, Whispering, " Dearest, naught shall sever-Naught our true and happy love !" Smile, oh smile, my sweetest treasure. Thankful for the cherub's song ; Speak, oh speak, and fill the measure-Pray that death our love prolong ! Dream you roam beyond the skies, Socking homes serenely blest, Praying that I, too, may rise, Soaring there with thee to rest ! Rest, oh rest! the moon is sweeping Stately through the azure bright ; Round thy head are over leaping Sparkling shafts of halo light. Wake, oh wake! the day is dawning Gaily over tower and vane :

List, oh list ! the birds are warbling-Wake, to sleep and dream again !

> Written for the Banner of Light. LEILA:

LOVE AND REGRET.

BY EMMA FRANCES POTTER.

have the goodness to assist Mrs. Nesbrook. So, my dear, take your time-you are faint and giddy."

In the room, once occupied by Daisy and herself, the noor mother gazed around, and stretched forth her hands imploringly, and waited forth loud and pitiously : " My child, my child !"

Sarah opened the wardrobe d ors, and Miss Broom officiously displayed the little girl's dresses, her summer hat, and her last shoes. On one shelf lay a glossy curl of silken hair, dark-brown with golden gleams, and a miniature attached to a slender gold chain. Alice pressed the curl to her lips, and passed the chain around her neck. Then the icy grasp around her heart relaxed its hold, and the saving tears melted forth-a tributary flood to her lost, gentle child. So deep, and yet so religiously resigned was the mother's sorrow-such beautiful eloquence-such powerful invocation fell from her lips, that even the cold-hearted sister paused in her restless walk to look upon her-to wipe the moisture from her brow; and the intriguing, calculating housekeeper, fumbled nervously for her keys, and turned from the heart-touching sight. When rising from her knees, she stood pale and erect in the glory of the lingering sunset, saying with such deep fervor, with a sigh so deep, "Thy will be done I" the callous heart of Sarah Weston was Itouched again, and she folded her sister in her arms, and kissed her tearwet cheeks.

et cheeks. All night long the bereaved one paced the floor of that familiar chamber, kissing the precious relics, the glossy curl; weeping, praying for her child. At early dawn she passed the threshold of her childhood's home, carrying with her a small trunk, containing the mementos of her lost one-the single curl, in place of the living Daisy.

Sarah was solicitous and affectionate to the last, even sending her regards to Alfred. Miss Broom accompanied Alice in a carriage to S-, and saw her safely to the stage-conch. The step of the suffering woman was feeble and laggard, her eyes were sunken, her face of a deathly pallor, but the lofty herolsm of self-elevation upbore her, and lent her superhumam strength. Thenceforth she was to live for him alone, who, scorned by the world, trusted to to her faith, and love, and fortitude.. Sarah had placed a package in her hand at parting. On opening it, she found it contained a pocket-book, with a handsome gift in money. The unsuspecting heart of Alice was grateful amid Its mighty grief.

Pass we over the second meeting of wife and husband. Alfred read the evil tidings she brought, in the first glance he took of her wasted face and grief. announcing figure. Ye, who have wept and suffered, loved and lost-ye can imagine the father's grief; 'it was a more than common sorrow-for remorse, bittor selfacousation mingled with the yearning and the pain of the sudden bereavement. In a few weeks they sailed for Cuba, and all who saw them embark, said pityingly, "They go from home to die, but she will depart first." And so the blue waves closed around the vanishing ship, and truthful, loving, faithful Alice Weston was, forgotten-Alfred Nesbrook named no more ; both were dead to their na-

"Sartainly, sartainly, ma'am; I'll go and see after the chickens," replied the mistress of the house, is the effect of craft and deception, for the mind with the utmost humility. "Come here, Daisy," said Miss Weston, "I have

neard from your mother." The crimson tide again rushed to the child's face.

beautiful light, the light of hope and joy, breaks mother coming soon ?

A shadow passed across the stern face; perhaps it to anybody." was a shadow of regret, of pity for the wronged, unoffending child. Uuconsciously her voice assumed a gentler-cadence.

"No, Daisy," she replied, her purpose still remainng firm, her iron will still unsubducd. "Your mother will never return for you; she has gone away, to a far distant country ; she does not care for your father will never return to Westonville. 'You are alone in the world, Daisy ; you' have no friends. but Miss Broom and myself. Forget your mother ; her duty ; so do I, and I would lay down my life for she has forgotten you."

Still the child gazed, breathlessly intent upon the speaker's countenance; the rosy, joyous flush of expectation died out of her face; a wild pain contracted her heart; a hand of marble seemed to still its bent- you." ings, and cause strange writhings in the place of the healthful throb; then a whelming tide of remembered tenderness, a flood of loving recollections, healingly laved her soul, and she spoke as one inspired, with flashing eye, and firm, bold utterance.

"It's not true, Aunt Sarah! Mother can never forget her Daisy; she loves me; you are telling a storn Aunt Sarahl -Mother can never forget her child !"

Dark and threatening was the change that passed over Surah Weston's face; her hand was uplifted, as tones.

. "I am not in the habit of telling stories, and I gone, and will never return for you, I repeat it. you more when you grow calm and respectful. I

done with you. Be good and obedient, for you have no one to take your part."

Did not that revengeful woman's spirit recoll in terror from the outbursts of the wronged child's violent grief, and uncontrollable despair? Was conscience entirely julied to rest, steeped in artificial that sister's only child? Alas I the secrets of the of action are overgrown with choicest flowers, or story. choked, concealed by rank and poisonous weeds. Converting loss of load desiring a post hird, good

Broom, increasing in corpulence, in the ugliness that leaves its unmistakable traces upon the face, called every half year to see her mistress's charge, to leeture her upon the deficiencies of mind and person, her jaundiced eye was sure to find, to impress upon her a sense of obedience and gratitude to her benefrom her eye; with both hands tightly pressed upon factress; to recall her mother's desertion, and her her heart, she breathlessly exclaims : " Is mother father's great offence ; exhorting the child to strictwell? Is she coming soon ? Oh. Aunt Sarah ! is est secresy on these matters; threatening her with a cessation of her lady's bounty, " If she over blabbed

"You see, Daisy," Miss Broom would say, "Miss Weston comes of one of the first families, though she is n't as rich as some of the rest. It would n't do for her to have it known how your mother used you. She suffered enough from your father's misconduct; it nearly killed the poor dear lady. So Miss Weston is compelled to disacknowledge you, society is so paryou : she does not even bid you farewell. She and ticular! But you have enough to be grateful for, auyhow; another aunt would have thrown you on the street; but Miss Weston is a Christian, and knows her : I have worked for her, till I'm ready to drop, and I'll do it over again. Now, mind, Daisy, never mention that you have an aunt living; never speak about your father and mother,-they are a disgrace to

> Poor Daisy wondered why + Miss + Broom, who .. ap .. peared so grateful, and talked so good, was always so repulsive to her ; why she shrank from her eye and touch ; why, with all the benefits bestowed upon her by her aunt, she could not feel grateful and happy.

So Daisy grew to maidenhood, and her form was the perfection of grace and symmetry; her face was very beautiful, although she knew it not; for no loving hand arranged the dark, brown, glossy curls, with pride and pleasure; no fond lips pressed kisses if to strike the olear seeing child, but she controlled on her pearly check, on which too seldom the rosehor temper, and spoke in her usual cold, measured flush rested. Her dark and brilliant eyes, mostly veiled beneath their long, shading lashes, startled the beholder with their depth and splendor ; her exshall be compelled to punish you severely, if you so quisitely shaped lips seemed closing firmly over some far forget your respect towards me. Your mother is hidden sorrow; but when she smiled, a glory, as of a summer's sunrise, irradiated the pensive face. There Miss Broom knows all about the matter, and can tell was an airy lightness in her step, despite her heaviness of heart, and a thrilling cadence in her sweet, shall remain here a few days, to see what can be silvery voice, that charmed the car, and awakened memories and prophecies in the understanding soul. But with the rough, harch people she dwelt with.

this passed unnoticed; her winsome beauty won no praise and love; but when some favored belle, or courted heiress, sought that sylvan retreat for recroation and repose, poor Daisy wondered why they repose, that she could behold unmoved the agony of were so loudly extolled, waited upon with such striking deference, while she sat unobserved in the corner, human heart are oft impenetrable, the main-springs busily plying her needle, or reading some simple S. Ball in the

There are true hearts destined to be angels of con-. When the child's grief had vented liself in ories and solation; at the appointed time they meet and love. tears, the little wrung heart had exhausted its pow- At the age of fifteen, Daisy, who had hitherto at-

.

your feelings," said Ada, hastily. Do you like thi place ?"

"I like the house and the garden, Miss Lenox, but do not like all the inmates," said Daisy, frankly. The countenance of Ada Lenox lighted up with triumphant joy. "Trnthful and unspoiled," she murmured to herself-"elegant and refined by the hand among those classic vales and fountains that render of nature."

" Do you like me?" she questioned suddenly. The glow of inner feeling illumined Daisy's speak ing face, tears started to the soft brown eyes, and the usually timid and reserved child said, impulsively, "I love you, dear Miss Lenox !"

There was a swimming, moisture in the lustrous orbs of Ada. She smiled. Daisy felt as if a suneam, fraught with warmth and blessing, had fallen on her life-path.

"You must not speak so formal to me, if you love me." said the music-voice; " call me Ada-1 will call and disposition, all can predict a happy life among you Daisy."

The soft, rosy lips were pressed to the forehead and the checks of the astonished girl. The love-tido that bore away the lingering reserve and the timid restraint was all too mighty in its sudden coming. which should even colipse in brilliancy the unfaded With a cry of joy the desolate one wound her arms light of the great ones which had long ago set. He around the neck of the new-found friend, and clasped was indeed a noble boy, sufficient to make any fathher in a close, fervent embrace, while the large tears | cr's heart glad. And with his deep, bright eyes, his stole down her cheeks. Tenderly, gently, as a loving classic mouth, and beautifully moulded head, around sister would, Ada smoothed those glossy curls, and which the silken locks waved in a thousand ringlets. passed her fair, cool hand over the candid, intellectual as well as a voice sweet and bird-like, even in boybrow, showering endearing terms and sweet, flowery hood, could any mother but fold him to her heart, pet-names upon the treasure found. Then, sitting and shut out every harsh element from his life? again down beside her, as both grew calm, she said : " They call me proud and haughty. I am exclusive in my friendships, for, young as I am, I have had with hearts full of love for each other and for him; some experience. I know there is much seeming anxious at every long drawn breath or sigh that wrong and falsehood in the world. I scorn the serv- sleeping darling drew. ile, oringing, fawning crew, who render a homage which is but mockery, to the moment's idol of beauty, ever could adorn or edify this spion of nobility, Osfashion, or power. I bow before the shrine of moral wald attained his fifteenth year, and passed out from and intellectual grandeur-before no other. When the dominion of his governor, into the olassio halls of ever I meet with truth and gonius, love and beauty, a northern University. I bend to worship. I am older than you, Lily-blossom! To some natures, lifo is early a training eyed, passionate, poetic youth, keenly alive to the school. I am reputed wealthy. I am an only child, they tell me. I am beautiful, and many look upon the master-spirits of literature and eloquonce, gave me with envy. Alas I the blinded judgment of the what Sir Constance considered the coup de grace to his world, that looks net beneath the surface ! But all noble son ; and nothing was essential to complete the this is enigmatical to you. I will some day explain | idol but a knowledge of the world. And, in companmyself. Since you have been here-now nearly a year | ionship with a long and well-tried friend of his own, -I have studied you day by day, and now the lesson | Cremorne dispatched Oswald as a lingerer at the mossis learnt. I know you-I can trust you. I have grown shrine, beside the story telling wave, o'er the found the treasure I have long been in search of," Her eyes sparkled, and her lip smiled triumphantly. Now came the love-breathing, and romantic epistle, "I will be to you a friend," she continued. "I know fraught with fond remembrance, from the affectionate and feel that you have been harshly dealt with. and dashing boy; and anon the dream of the future, When time shall bring us still nearer to one another, will you repay my confidence by the revelation of and the parents lingered on each line as though they your own history-if there is a mystery and a oharm were inspired. connected with you-will you ?"

was to throw herself upon the bosom of her friend, the long-yearned for epistles-finally they stopped and tell, her all she knew--all they had so strictly entirely. forbidden her to reveal. But her promise had been Leaving the fond hearts at home in the Chateau 1.

CHAPTER I.

Among all the rich chatcaux that clustered along the Levant, and whose ruins now remain to give evidence of those who were loved in life and lamented in death ln times past, there is no bolder ruin than the castle of Otrante. It is situated in the Morea, the shores of Greece, from plain to mountain brow, one wide and never failing shrine of the picturesque. A scion of one of the staunchest of the brave ones of Greece, was the last heir to these grand old walls and galleries, who early in life was united to one of the fairest daughters of that clime of beauty. Of the early life of Constance and Climene it will be malapropos to enter in detail. Like all others haloed by that golden crescent which wealth throws about its proteges, and long descended from illustrious and patriotic ancestors, as well as happily congenial in heart the exquisite beauty of Grecian scenery.

In time a stronger link came to bind the two twinhearts more closely into one; and, for his son, Sir Constance Gremorne saw in the future a star arising,

He was named Oswald; and above the cradle of the young heir of Otrante the doting parents hung

Thus sanctified by affection, and educated in what-

He was, as his infancy had given promise, a wildbeautiful and ecstatic. A few years' tuition among battle-borne billow, and above the war-scarred tower, or the air-built oastle reared from the youthful brain;

But to this, like all other happiness, time brought A strong impulse stirred in the soul of Daisy; it a change; and less often to the mother's hand came

and the stand of the property of the

BANNER OF LIGHT:

D'Otrante, to wonder and grow anxious at delay and guardian. Already his name stood high in the silcuce, let us follow the young wanderer.

from each and all, something hallowed by passica or The love-classings of the darling child were less fresanctified by poetry.

At length in that "Valley of Sweet Waters." through which the little brook trips in laughter from | the dashing Uswald, and acknowledged him, both by the European gleu to lave the golden sands of Asia, letter and personally. Oswald found the Ultima Thule of perfection, which his romantic heart had so engerly sought; and among respecting the fair object of Oswald's infatuation, all those soft, entrancing sights and sounds, which and from her father's own lips learned of her Afrigive the delicious cast its fitness for an Eden, like the can descent, and the servitude which as such had Lotophagi, he allowed the sea-girt beauty of Southern been marked out for her. This was of course a pro-Greece to pass into oblivion.

Were the truth wholly known, however, it was not alone the voluptuous climate, or the exquisite fair-the whole. ness of the shore, the rivulet or the ruin, that steep ed his senses in soft oblivion.

While loitering amid the screnity of sight, sound and sense, his eye caught glimpses from time to time of one of these ravishing moulds of humanity, which, if they his easel, beside which the father had breathed the exist beyond the poet's dream, or the poet's ideal, unworthiness of Lella. "Another word, and you are surely more frequently found in the east than leave my studio ! You have never seen her ! or you elsewhere. He first saw this Haidee, as she glided could never lisp the words you now dare! And were among the flowers of the garden, and sported with it all true, do you suppose it could make any differher gazelle, whose form was scarcely more graceful ence with me? You are mistaken in your sou !" than her own. The complexion of this beauty seemed darker than that which usually exists under Eu and Oswald grew restless and impatient-oftentimes ropean skics, yet it was tinged so delicately that a limner might have studied its hues entranced. Her ing was the gaze he rivetted on her face. Lesandro. lips were faultless in their ruhy richness, and slight | too, seemed to have lost his power to please ; he less ly parted, like the cleft of a pomegranate blossom. often climbed his father's knee, or ran by his side And there seemed a deep magic in her sparkling eyes, so Oriental, and so deep, and in the exuberant folds pressed him to her own bosom, with a vehement love of raven hair that fell around her neck with a

"Grace beyond the realm of art;"

and which, if anything, added to the languishing beauty of her passionate eye. Oswald was in ecsta cies, and without the caution which a more experiat once. In au instant the characteristic veil was closely drawn, and the passion-hearted youth saw the in his studio, or new dream image to be portrayed, fairy form disappear; with its drapery floating in the wind, like a cloud around a statue.

. Several times he caught glimpses of this gardentouted to his presence, and, after many preliminaries, the first cool pros and cons of acquaintance were she pondered on the strange, wild conduct of his effected.

The longer he lingered beside her, and the more he learned of her pure heart and beautiful face, the more spell-bound he became; and perhaps this accounted for the indifference he showed for older and more natural ties. Even to this intimney the conand secret it existed until it grew into genuine love-that mysterious union of soul and sense, in which the lowliest dew drop reflects the image of the brightest star.

Leila-for such this Oriental beauty was namedfriendship and introduction, though there seemed to be a sort of indifference towards the bright and beautiful child, which Oswald could scarce account for. And at all times, when he sought in any way petted boy. to manifest his preference for Leila, Morrelli as studiously turned it aside. Still the fuscination continued.

Leila played the harp, was the first in the dance,

world of art, and each day was adding some triumph Far to the north of Greece, across the limpid way to his exertions ; but he grew careless of his home, ters of the Golden Horn, beyond the gilded minarets and though the light in Leila's eyes was just as fond of Byzantium and through the classic dells of the and bright, and the guileless heart as warm, yet dis-Drave and the Danube, Oswald had passed, gathering | cord prevailed, where sweet harmony once reigned. quent, the regretful lingering almost forgotten.

Sir Constance had marked the proud ambition of

Curiosity had also impelled him to make inquiries found secret from Oswald, uutil Sir Constance, by insinuations and regretful constrasts, made known

At first Oswald ignored the horrid fact-denied a possibility.

"Tis false ! a base fabrication to effect the purpose of a tyrant l" he exclaimed, as he arose from

But the insidious tongue had breathed its venom, gloomy ; and Leila, often startled to find how searchwith glad laugh and lightsome bound; and Leila and agony, that made him shudder.

Pride at length did the work. Oswald had absented himself considerably from the hearthstone. where so much happiness had formerly been his lot; often for whole nights he came not near the threshold enced amoroso would have affected, he sprang at first of his home; and when once more with his wife and sight to her side, and breathed out his enthralment child, in answer to her solicitude and caress, his dogged answer was, "Of some pressing engagement requiring application and solitude."

Alone, one night, through all the dreamy hours. Leila felt the sad forebodings that there were dark nymph, who at length became in a measure accus. clouds passing over her life's bright sky; and as she listened to the still breathing of her beautiful boy, father-of her dear Oswald. Long into the dread,

silent midnight, she waited and listened for his footstep; and as he came not, she bent her head low. and covering her face with her hands, gave way to the pent-up agony which her neglected heart had so long stiffied. Sleep-that comforting friend of the fidential friend was not admitted. Solenin, sweet heart broken and disconsolate-at length hushed the low sobs of the lonely Leila ; while dreams of her old home, of her gazelle and her lute, made her rest a fairy Elysian of happiness.

Bright, beautiful morning, was gilding the fairy land of Venice, cresting the blue wave with beauty, was the daughter of one of the wealthiest nabobs in and lighting up the curtained apartments of the the East of Europe, to whom our here had letters of beautiful quadroon, who was startled from her slumber by the light pressure of soft child-arms about her neck, and moist, warm lips on hers, and again she waked to gaze upon the fair, bright face of her

"Dear mother," exclaimed the boy, "my father was here this morning. He waked me from sleep with a kiss, but he was strange and wild, and when

I sprang to caress him, he put me aside with, ' Child and the sweetest-voiced of all the gay groups of of a slave ?' What does it mean, mother ? Not that maidens that had been presented in his pilgrimages. beautiful lady with chains about her ankles and And the quiet trystings in the delicious gardens of arms, and big tears in her eyes, that hangs in my the Orient strengthened the infatuation. At any father's studio-he told me that was a slave! Oh, approach to the consummation of their happiness | it must be horrid to be a slave. I called him father.

choice of a wealthy Turk ; the other must remain to his feet, he grasped the taper and the pallet, and, do the bidding, and adorn the household, as the page casting a searching glance around the apartment, of their master.

Against the separation the mother's heart made moved the covering of Angelique's chef d'auvre, and, itself prominent in the most agonized entreaties, and, scanning It for a brief moment, began to trace a halo in the extremity of her exertions to preserve her. around the Saviour's head,-to tinge the blood drops beautiful boy to horself as the last remnant of that by his side -to shade the limbs more perfectly-and, other life she had led so brief and so blissful, and with the taste of an artist, to complete the picture. of him who had turned their bright pages for her. she implored his memory of her to save her from cd-the covering was quickly returned-the pallet such a fate. To all this passion and invocation she put away-the light extinguished-and the boy was coldly returned with a rebuke; and, for the pur shrank away behind his screen, silently and unseen. pose of quieting her fears, the marriage of her Oswald Francois and Sebastian looked at each other with was related. The blow was a sure one, and with one astonishment ; but they placed their fingers on their more caress, one more straining of heart to heart, and lip to lip, the mother and the ohild were separated. selves the wonder they had discovered in the invisible

CHAPTER III.

Several years had now passed over the characters of our story, and in the studio of one of the greatest families of Venice several students were engaged at their easels-all of them bright eyed and hold browed, as geniuses are generally. The materials and the morecaus which characterized the detail of their wonderful art, lay in graceful confusion in all parts of the room ; and, as they plied the pencil, the following unique conversation circulated :---

"So the great Mastro is to visit us! Signor Angelique will have to apply himself somewhat, methinks, to finish that extraordinaire he has plotted so deep, to be enabled to present it to my lord ---- n worthy chef d'auvre of so talented and popular an artist."

"What think you, Sebastian, of Signor's ' Descent from the Cross ?' The arm of the beloved disciplo seems rather extended, in my opinion !"

"Hush, Francois! Senor will overhear, and you know his petulance," exclaimed the one addressed. turning round and easting a hasty glanco at the first speaker. "He knows it as well as you do, and it makes him vexed. He speiled the outline of my Beggar,' this morning, out of mere nervousness : but take care, Meestro, or you will blanch the check of your Madonna out of shade. And you remember the Ave Marias you have to weep when carelessness is the father of mistake! What of my Lord, this great critic, and the Monseigneur of Art, of whom all Venice stands in such awe? He is human, I suppose."

"Ask Signor Angelique | All | know," replied Francois, "is, that he once took up painting out of spite, and, being rich and powerful, became the tyrant of his brotherhood. The most laudable and peerless of his productions is said to be the . Mother and Child,' in the Ducal Palace, and that was by his own experience in the beautiful."

"Yes, yes !" exclaimed a smaller youth, who had not before spoken; " but that is only one-half the story. Michael Steno was in the studio with him. when he was painting it, and he said the original was his own wife and child, who were beautiful faltered in his speech. enough to turn even the head of an artist."

"Really, Vincenza, you are quite an enthusiast; let the great Mustro and Signor Angelique both beware of a rival. But hold ! here comes Monseigneur."

Signor Angelique was a tall, dark man, with piercing black eyes, and, from all outward appearince, proud and bigoted. At his entrance the merry gossip of the students censed, and each one profoundly bowed as he entered. After surveying the several endeavors of his students, he walked to his own easel, and, removing the slfading drapery, regarded it for a moment with a searching look, and then turning suddenly upon Francois, exclaimed,-

"Which of you has dared to piece out my imperfection with your own light and shade ?"

paths. The one so fair, pure and graceful, was the rential manner for a few moments; then rising to much to the astonishment of the ambusoade, he re-The clock struck four, and again the youth startlips, and withdrew, hardly acknowledging to themartist.

CHAPTER IV.

It was morning, in the studio of Senor Angelique Lioni. Earlier than usual the master and his pupils had resumed their preparations for their honored guest. With an eager hand, Lioni dashed away the drapery from his easel, when, lo ! there was presented the most perfect and finished picture that ever adorned his gallery. He was bewildered. Seizing Francois by the arm, he drew him before the tableau,

exclaiming : " By Saint Mark ! the heavens help me ! the invisible artist again! Summon the boy Andy, and threaten to cut out his tongue if he reveals not this mystery ! But make way-here comes our henored Monsigneur !"

Upon this, Oswald Cremorne, the courted and polished friend of art and man of taste, entered with a courtly bow, and, after examining the the creations of the pupils of Lioni, and bestowing much commen-

dation, proceeded to the long-cherished chef d'œuvre of the master.

" You well deserve the praise I have heard bestowed upon you, brother," exclaimed the delighted Cremorne. This is assurelly matchless I I should think an angel must have guided your pencil in these fine touches, which give the exquisito expression to the features! But as you know its perfectness, I need not praise."

"And so I think our Holy Mother did grant me aid," returned Angelique. "I have no recollection of gilding those rays of glory, or platting that crown

of thorns! But if such angel-visitant came bere, none could have seen him save the boy Andy. Where are you, boy? If you have seen any white-browed dignity at my casel, come-reveal !"

Trembling in every limb, the terrified boy made his appearance, but he did not speak. Cremorno looked at the youth's bright eyes, and a film for a moment came across the clear vision of the noble man. The boy, too, seemed stricken with pallor ; but terrified at the fierce command and rough grasp of that our souls may stand out with delicate tints. He his master, he dropped his deep eye-lids, and again

Give the boy fifty lashes for his doggedness," exclaimed Lioni, wrought up to a perfect frenzy of vexation.

Here Francois and Sebastian came to his relief. and in a few brief words explained the wonderful talent and singular conduct of the invisible artist." "Down on your knees, Lesandro, and beg pardon of my lord for your presumption ! Impudent fool !" exclaimed Angelique, aside, as the suppliant knelt at cremorne's feet.

"Ask gold, Lesandro," exclaimed Francois.

"Ask to be received as a pupil into our studio," preferred Sebastian.

"Ask for your freedom," whispered Vincenza in the poor boy's ear-and here the electric chord was touched. He raised his hands, and letting his head all upon his breast, faltered,

Life Eternal. Communicated from the Spirit World, to a Lady of Boston.

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

Tremblingly 1 walk on the great life current. Fearfully I launch my bark on its waters; for the mystic atmosphere of repulsion closes around me. Incompetency seizes me. I wait for the bold and persuasive argument to teach man how to live. My spirit seems impatient, restless. I long to see mind and matter harmonized. 1 grow impetuous of contra tides. But I will try and nerve my arm steadily. I

will grasp the magic lightning rays, and let them go dashing, and clearing up the atmosphere of folly, We need a hurricane-we want wild tornadoes-an earthquake of wisdom, wherein the children of life may be swallowed.

Does man look aright on his threefold nature? Are his thoughts directed to his physical, his intellectual, and his spiritual being? Ilis is a trinity of life. His material existence calls for the claims of the physical life, and tells him how to act-how to feed the body.

(A sudden interruption here occurred by the presence of a dark spirit. For a few minutes the inflaence of the "Unknown "" was thrown off. When he again obtained possession, he said) :---

If she has this dark cross to bear, for a time, her soul, through this very evil, may be purified. The coming of bright spirits are like the stars of night, whose brightness is seen from the darkness around. And so the tarrying of the darker forms make the night of the soul, while the angel stars shine brighter for the shadows.

Let us take up this shade of life, and discuss it. Let us fathom iniquity, and it will answer for a chapter. Perhaps the greatest good may yet accrue from this obstruction. Let us drink tears this morning. We will turn away from eternity's stars, which angel forms make for us, and walk on life's darker borders. Listen to the sighs of misery,-for this is the only strain I can now breathe to you. We will fathom and see what makes the evil. I fear the sorrow that envelopes this hideous form beside me, comes from the pinioned enjoyment of some brother in humanity. So connected are our sighs and tears -so interwoven our grouns, that he who mounts on the pinnacle of happiness, does it to the destitution and sorrow of a brother. The life current ofttimes flows madly. As the great waves break the white foam, and destroy the curling eddies, and the sparkling tide is dashed by bounding billows so great waves of sorrow roll across our souls, and entaracts of despair drown us in the stream of sadness.

This sorrowing form is connected with you and l. He belongs in life's picture. He makes the shades, is ours to assist. We claim him, and love's arms shall encircle him, as the arms of Deity encircle creation. The sighs of our fellow-men are ours to alleviate; the tears of the nation are ours to wipe away. We must administer to the lame, the halt and the blind. We live only to grasp immortal life, and we would fold thee, poor soul, in eternity's robes; we would feed thee with bread from heaven. Thou shalt tarry with us, if it please thee.

This is only some dark moving matter that is foaming up in the great world of activity ; some rude material for the hand of benevolence to make smooth -a shadow that falls upon creation's walls, which tells us that darkness stands there-that our labor must be the labor of love; that we must delve into creation, and bring forth unfinished matter, and purify it for the kingdom of our Father. The affection and love he bestows on us, we would hand to thee poor soul. We thank him devoutly that there is no election of saints-that all creation was his from the beginning. He holds his works within his hands, and we stand as mighty agents in the great universe to do our Father's bidding-responsible for every shadow of sin that we meet. He hath commissioned us with high and holy jewels, with little gems; tho pearls of life he has placed in our hands. Shall we keep them back ? Shall we hold them in reserve? While there is a cry for life around us, we must preach. To the dead we must speak-they that are dead in sin. They that discern not spiritual things are truly dead, and wait a resurrection. Wo will sound the trumpet, and bring them forth. We will call them from the sepulchre of sadness, and invite them to taste our life and immortality, our bread and waters of eternity. The sorrows and wailings of the lowly are casting their shadows around us. They come to take the places we have inhabited. We must mount upward. to give them the places where we once stood. We must turn on them the loving glance. We must give them bright pictures of faithfulness. We must give to them atoms of our love, for we are but workers in cternity. What matters it, if the day of this life is made up of sacrifices? But where, and what is sacrifice? For the glorious and heavenly joy that beams in their souls, so far transcends the little sacrifice we make for them, that it seems to melt away the term-to annul the thought-to divide the bliss that falls upon the recipient, with the heart that gives. We would lead thee, thou dark one, to cooling streams, and life's living waters. We would bring all the dead to the fountain of eternity. We would show them the bree-fold nature of man-the trinity of existence. We would tell them how the physical life must grow-how the intellectual must meet the frame-work-and how the spiritual must crown the whole. We would compare them to the vegetable-the roof corresponding to the physical, the leaves and branches to the intellectual, and the blossom to the spiritual. The wants of the body must be fed and nurtured, even as the root of the tree must be nourished-in order_to force up the life-current, and cause it to shoot out its tiny leaves and buds. Man's intellect does not make him spiritual. He may go out with mighty thought and traverso. worlds-go into research-wed his soul to sciencefathom existence with his wisdom, and yet have none of the eraying life of the great spiritual existencefor which his nature was born. The plant may grow to leaves; spread out in arge branches, and diffuse its whole life, and yet no. beautious flowers-may bloom thereon. So may the man of strong intellect go out and nover bear ono blossom of immortality-never bring one bud of

haunts of her childhood and of his passion.

So much absorbed had young Cremorne been in the entire possession of her every look, and thought, with his cries. and word, he just began to realize his true position. He was young and without any fixed principles of life. No longer free to please himself alone, he must own heart was bursting? be the protector and guiling star of one much

He knew the great hopes that his parents had the artist, he entered the studio of an eminent call upon his father.

a lighter brown than Leila, in complexion, but rich Otrante. and glowing as an autumnal leaf. The irls of his sunshine.

We need not toil what commotion and wounded pride was felt in the Grecian home of our hero, when it was known of his stolen marriage and flight. Sir Constance was at first haughty and doof his birth. The mother doted on her son, and the section of the approximate provide the rent Iciia and Lesandro adorned his cottage home, and and Lesandro.

CHAPTER IL

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and that is a spin sound

. . .

and love, the fair Leila manifested uncasiness and and he snatched his arm away from me. But when fear; but the glowing sentiment of Oswald-now a I cried, and told him I was his, own darling boy, he youth of twenty-at length won her consent to a folded me as he used to do in the good old times secret marriage, and clandestine departure from the when he used to stay at home with you and me ! Oh, my father, my father !"

The passionate child buried his face in his mether's devotion to this deity, that when he had obtained lap, and wild with grief, made the whole air resound

The truth came at once to the grief-stricken Leila. What could she say to comfort her child, when her

Patiently, day after day, the mother and child younger than himself-beautiful, erring and frail. " waited for the return of Oswald. No greeting and no parent came. The studio was closed, the Venetian built upon him, and he feared to inform them of his cottage desolate, and the mother and her child, who folly. Morrelli had also commenced in threatening had been so loved and so caressed, were homeless. terms to upbraid him for his presumption; and, friendless and forlorn. Troubles never come singly. with his beautiful Leila he fled to Venice, depending and, ere a month, had passed over the head of the upon his ingenuity for his immediate sustenence. outcasts, rough hands had been laid on the once-Not an inapt scholar, and with much of that methetic cherished wife, and bold claims maintained to the sensibility which characterizes the best wealth of possession of their bodies, and they were-slaves! Oswald over persuaded by the promises and ammastro in Venice, and determined sooner to die than bitious-interference of his father, and bound by that pride which was stronger than affection, (as well as

At length the love of Oswald and Leila is crowned threatened by the tyrannical father of Leila, who with life's deepest, purest joy-their united lives whe likewise her master,) at length fled from his have reappeared in a new existence-and they feel cottage-the loveliest of many happy years-from that without this rich experience, the human heart the arms of one whom he had chosen from all the can never know one half its wealth of love. Lesan. world beside-from the fond caresses of their beautidro-for so it was Oswald's fancy to name their boy ful child-and was deemed, as of old, the manly, the In commemoration of an old Spanish ballad _was of handsome, and the noble helr of the ancient house of

Courted and canonized for his perfection in the large, dark eye had the melting mozzotinto outline art of picture-poetry, and so gallant, so well descended. which gives so plaintive and languishing an express and known to be the soul of romance, how easy Ossion. He was flexile in form, and graceful as an wald found it to be fawned upon and preferred. antclope; and, in the warm atmosphere of father's Reminiscences of his own loved Leila kept all vague and mother's love, he grew like a flower open to the ideas of fominine attachment for some time in check.

until so often had the attentions of the great painter become elicited, that his vanity became aroused, and Leila and Lesandro became unwolcome intruders in his thoughts. And his name and fame and fortune were soon linked with one of the proudest names fant-forbade the prodigal's name to be mentioned and fairest beings in Greece'; and silken ringlets of in his presence-aud, in his wrath, erased the record the brightest gold, and blue eyes to which the violet was harsh, now shone love-tokens for the wealthy and gave no credence to what she heard of his voluntary popular artist, and laid on the same breast, where devotion to the shrine of wayward love, and, prayed tresses dark as night and eyes dreamy, shadowed for a recantation of the harsh vows of the stern pa- and darkling, had once wept and smiled. And here for a brief space allow us to leave the great Cre-Meanwhile Oswald was advancing in his, new em- morne, and over the boundary of other lands, and ployment to a great degrye of perfection ; while amid very different scenes, seek the welfare of Leila

Iciia and Lesanury business his poncil the ideals of Back, amid the old scenes of girlhood pleasure and Back, amid the old scenes of girlhood pleasure and maiden love, ere the cruel fate which had been born with her had ever been allowed to darken her bright Ten years of happiness had now passed over the pined in heart, and made loud lamentation for the years, the mother and hor child were borne. She head of Oswald, and then the scene changed. The being she had so loved; but it brought him not. ambition which had characterized Sir Constance Traffic was the watchword of those who had been seemed to have started up anow in his son, and it the guardians of her childhood ; and it was decreed

"Surely it is none of us, I can answer," replied

Francois, as he looked upon the graceful akimbo arm of the Apostle John, which the Mustro had left awkward and unfinished.

"Then I must have corrected it 'en sonambula." Andy, bring, my pallet and brush. It is time I had put the finishing touch here !"

At this demand, a youth of perhaps fourteen summers made his appearance from behind a screen, where the tools of the studio were bestowed. He was eminently beautiful, slender and dark-eyed, and with a melancholy radiance in his dark features, which was as unusual as his motions were graceful. Ho glided to the side of Angelique, performed his bidding, and again disappeared and resumed his occupation of grinding paint. The Mastro said but ittle; but the only conversation that seemed to interest the merry students was of the anticipated critcism that these creations were about to undergo, andy, after soveral hours of application, as the day faded into twilight, they one by one folded up their endeavors, till another day. Angelique was the last to leave his task, and giving the boy Andy double oharge to be upon his guard, lest the same invisible artist; who had taught him the lesson of the previous lay, should strew more colors on his masterpiece during the coming night, he locked his studio, and disappeared.

So, day after day, the gay students and their moose tutor labored and learned the workmanship of Angelique, always presenting a different phase of beauty,-and-a neaver degree_of perfection in the morning, than he left it with the night previous. Irritated and nonplussed, he harangued his pupils, and suspected and belied them all. "To-night, Andy, I forbid you retiring at all," exclaimed the norvous artist, as he once again prepared to retire.

"To-morrow I must add the last touch to my maserpicce, and prepare my studio for the reception of our honored guést. Monseigneur Cremorne | And should the invisible again ply pallet and brush, my wrath will be unconquerable. On your vigil it depends. Mind, now-do n't be caught napping, on your peril!"

The boy received these commands in silence, and again the door of the studio was looked behind him. "Francois." exclaimed the artist Sebastian, as they loitered on the threshold of the gallery ; "Angelique is anxious about this phantom of the night

that haunts his studio, and teaches him such errors in his art. For our own gratification let us watch with the boy Andy to-night! To-morrow is a great day for Angelique, remember !"

"Well, well," returned the person addressed anything that sults your fancy. So here goes." It was mignight in the studio of the painter Angelique; Sebastian and his friend, Francois laid perunconscious of their presence, was stretched half asleep on the carpet. The clock struck one, and

"The freedom of my mother! I am the child of 'a slave !"

Oswald Cremorne was bewildered and perplexed, but, raising up the prostrate suppliant, he asked of him his name, his birth and memories.

Believing the reader can find the mysterious link that bound the nobleman and the boy-slave into father and son more gracefully than we can portray it, allow us to drop the curtain over the studio of Angelique Lioni, and shift the scene to the emancipation of the life-servitude of the pent-up feelings of broken hearts; and of the freed to better worlds. 0 0 0 0

0 "Mother, mother ! you are free ! you are free ! and 1 am no longer the "child of a slave !" were the glad, dear words that broke from the lips of the boy, as he sprang into the arms of his mother. " And see! he is come back ! I told you he would. He did not forget Leila and Lesandro."

Less beautiful Leila might have become since Oswald last turned away in scorn from her tenderness; but as she sprang with a glad, wild scream of joy to his breast, he only saw her the same pure, bright gazelle she appeared when his boy-heart first greeted her among the roses in the " Valley of Sweet Waterers," and all the the past of joy, bliss and sorrow, passed in quick review before him. His noble boy knelt beside him, while his darling Leila, pressed fondly to his heart, still better recalled that moment of triumph. when, with his enger poet-eyes and his artist's pencil, he created on the canvas the chef d' couvre of the Ducal-Palaco, -". The Mother and her l Child."

Exquisite of happiness! the other partner of his bosom, wooed in ambition, he had laid to sleep long before, among her native hills and waters, and he only dreamed now but with Leila and Lesandro to remount the river of his years, and live in an Eden of his own creating.

He bent his head to whisper of hepe, of life and love, in the cars of the broken-hearted ; but the transition from despair to delight had been too much for the passionate and beautiful quadroon, and the pure, warm heart was pulseless within the beautiful form in which it had once quivered, thrilled and everflowed.

Under a spreading tree, beside the Vonetian cottage of their early love, with a small white cross at her head, twined with the cypress vine, Leila the Quadroon, was buried, and Lesandro and Monsigneur often lingered long with memory at her grave.

No longer the child of a slave, M. Lesandro Cromorne was received into the studio of the greatest artist in Rome. As his infancy and early boyhood. had been sacred to the father, so the perfume of his son's experience and genius were shed over the de-clining intellect of his father, as the rose-tree haldue in the ante-chamber ; and the boy Andy, entirely lows the decaying petals of its former sweets with the aroma of new and fresher blossoms.

"The Mother and Child" was purchased and re-Andy started up, as if alarmed that he had dared to the last days of Oswald Cremorne were passed, and stored to the wails of the Venetian Cottage, where slumber. He took from his breast a crucifix, and, the "Descent from the Cross," by the Invisible Artist spurned at the tenderness that had once been its that the mother and her child must pursue different "kneeling down, bent his head on it'in the most reve. I hung for years amid the magnificence of St. Mark."

""THE UNKNOWN." is the only appellation by which the spirit dictating these thoughts has been distinguished. No other name has been given during their delivery, the controlling intelligence choosing to have the ideas and views presented rest on their own basis of truth for acceptance.

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LIGHT. BANNER \mathbf{OF}

spirituality, to bloom in the etherial atmosphere of love.

In these darker souls, that walk beside us, we find the roots of the plant that cling unto the earth. We will nurture them-give them native soil-the sunny rays of love-the dews of warm affection-showers of sympathy, and call them above the ground-invite their spirits to come up. We will transplant them, and teach them to grow and tower to heavengive them bright frame-work of angel construction, and we shall soon thad their souls coming forth, to the branches of intellect, and going out in buds of life. The sorrowing shall nestle close to our sideswe will wipe away their tears - we will southe tho groans of humanity. When a soul stands by a heavy cross, call dark' with sin and sorrow, we will go to hun and Atuel the cross with bright jewelsleave it only a cross in the form, filled with sparkling diamonds, which to his gaze shall reflect eternity.

llumanity claims us, and we will stand workingllope points us the way - Time writes the heavenly deed, and the Augel of Love records it with full credit to our account.

Child of sorrow, I would not have thee depart-I would rather keep thee by me, that I may better remember Gol's mercity to me. We are only links of Creation, bound by the cerls of affection-

My heart should sigh when thine is and ;

M. addressed to and when thine is glad.

We are but a woven garland of life-each soul a flower or bud -a dark leaf, or a lify blossom-and the hand of Deity has arranged them so that the beauty of the hily is enhanced by the dark leaf on which it rests. The open flower is more beautiful for the buds that surround it. So the soul of light and wisdom stands in correspondence-surrounded , by unprogression -- parity rests on the dark leaves of error-violets peep out from thickly grown weeds, and all Creation stands intermingled-sunshine and shadow-beauty and deformity angel faces, and hideous demons --- domes of high, architectural beauty, and pits of lowest, sorrowing forms.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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SPIRITUALISM AND PARTY.

Parties may be styled projectile forces. They throw their influence, in jets and streams as it were, for a distance proportioned to their native energy, and original power. And it is equally true, both as a theory and as substantiated by careful observation, nized instrumentalities through which it may work then, the nearer slave-or black or white--the poor, wider good, hoping thereby to exait and regenerate the friendless, or the sick. Nay, the mother, torthe very instrumentalities themselves-is neverthe- mented with her own pains-prophetic now of only less in its spirit and essence entirely removed from death-forgets the very children that she bore ; the need of such limited assistants, and of itself much more does the less affectionate man forget the seeks to work its end only by liberal, enlarged, gen- wife he loved, and the dear babies who climbed his tle, and truly spiritual methods. While it discards knee and pulled his healthy beard! Blame them no means that may be made useful, because they not; the sick has only strength to keep his own soul may be made temporarily subservient to its pur- and body together. All the river of life must then poses, it at the same time seeks to establish its per- go to turn his own mill.

manent influence only on that broad basis upon | We know well this is not what ministers preach which all men and all nations can stand and claim, in books, and wr te in many a romantic tale. But the privileges of brotherhood.

and there need be none. In fact, it puts everything all unman. Have we not our own experience also? like partizan feeling to rout, to begin with ; it looks Lame feet must halt, and sick eyes will drop their the monster in the face, and it turns abashed and lids instinctive, and turn from the dear beauty of cowering. The very first effect of a spiritual state the rising sun. Humanity lies low in the hand of of mind is to throw off the tyrannical influences of sickness. Still more commonly is the temper made party, and to make the trusting recipient free in- sour by long continued illness. If 'a hungry man deed. Party feelings are laid at the outset. The is an angry man,' so is a sick man a peevish one, inquiry is, not how our side stands ? but how does it easily offended, not capable of controlling his wrathgo with my own soul ?

forming no party ; with counting nothing ; with the minister, a sick horse, a dog with a wounded leglack of a creed, of a name, of a leader; and with be- we all know what these are. This ill temper is a ing made up of the odds and ends, the most variant | natural defense. If the arm be broke, the skin, the and dissentient individuals that the community pro- flesh, the bone itself, else so unfeeling, all becomes duces. This charge, of itself, however, carries no exquisitively sensitive so that pain may warn us force against those to whom it is applied; only it against all things which would annoy and prevent happens to be the case that they who bring it, have the restoration of the limb. Irritability and peevbeen trained to suppose that it does. The trouble is islness perform the same function ; they must guard altogether with the eyes of those who think they and keep watch about the sick man's bed, these see; and in no sense with the character or conduct testify-sentinels that so pace forth their nightly of those who are seen by them. It is simply their round. We have often wondered at the economy of way of viewing a subject, for which a narrow and Divino Providence in the healthy body-not less also cramping discipline has disqualified them.

For ourselves, we accept the taunt, the accusation, and reviling, that Spiritualists are not a party, and find everything to encourage us in the charge. Were rence to conviction, is metamorphosed into obstinacy; it otherwise, there might be reason to tremble indeed. persistence is a subjective whim ; the judgment is That there is us yet no party uniform which Spiritu- worth little ; the opinions represent nothing trulyalists are expected to wear,-no party badge by which they may be known of the public,-no secret scholar writes is as unwholesome as he is unhealthy grip by which they may each one mysteriously make himself known to the other,-and no specific partizan flesh of diseased swine, as feed upon the literature name by which they are sworn to make themselves a of sick moraliste, historians, preachers, philosophers, separate power among the people,-we have every poets. The delicate minded reader feels the author's reason that can be named to be grateful. The mo-pulse in his writings. This literary woman has a ment these objects begin to thrust forward their pretensions, and to claim for themselves an importance tainted and unhealthy. We taste the aloes in many and influence entirely dissociated from the cause they would vainly hope to represent,-that moment heard. We smell the opium and gin in much which we should feel assured that the vital strength and energy of the cause was assailed in the most serious ecclesiastical dogma about man and God, has had its

manner.

ments and feverish inclinations of the nature. Connown of no partizan triumphs, and seeks nowhere in its contests for trophies to bring away. Rivalry

and strifes it must bring, for these are the natural results where more parties are already so strong; | if men were getting their eyes open at last. The bebut it does not hope through vivalries and strifes to lief is becoming more and more general every year, achieve its triumph, or secure its ends. It is no that health is an all-important condition of our substrong wind blowing hard and fierce upon a resisting | lunary usefulness ; that without it there can be none opponent; but rather the sun itself, which provokes of that beauty of the character which alone is capaall objects to productiveness by its gentle and steady ble of exhaling an almost divine fragrance ; that the warmth.

THE INFLUENCES OF SICKNESS.

to continue, as thus far they had done, willing servwhich was cordially responded to by all who were present. Miss Burbank had good reason to feel highly gravi.

we too have seen much of life, and stool at many a Thus there is no partizanship about Spiritualism, death-bed-beside noble men whom sickness did yet ful emotions. A schoolmaster with the toothache, a Spiritualists are therefore frequently taunted with judge with the gout, a bilious doctor, a dyspeptic thereat in this body when sick.

confidence.

All the higher faculties are disturbed. The will is weak and capricious, or else its resolution, adheso warped is the intellectual mirror. What the Bick -it is tainted literature; one might as well eat the disease in her spine; all her works, likewise, aro a bitter sermon and bitter prayer which we have passes for the literature of passion. Many a dark inspiration in a diseased liver or obstructed bowels.

The work which Spiritualism has to do, is not the Such things are seldom originated by a great, stout, noisy, effervescent, tumultuous work which is the hearty man, who has a wife and babies at home, and proper prerogative of a well-organized party. It is | takes a manly relish in meat and drink-who can silent in its appeals, and silent in its influences. It run and jump, and skate on ice, and swim in water. enters with those appeals and influences into the his eyes open for the cowslip and the violets of Spring inner sanctuary of the soul. It asks that the pas. No, they are the works of celibate monks, of sicksious shall all be quiet. It seeks to allay all excite bodied ministers, breathing the bad air of cells or libraries, their feet cold, their head hot, their whole tinually it says,-" Peace, be still!" It asks us to body in disorder. As poisonous toad-stools grow out sit silent and thoughtful, and listen to the still, of rotten wood, so do the worser fungi of an evil thesmall voice that will speak to us. It asks for the re- ology shoot out from the mind of discused ministers.

He that has a bitter tongue is not likely to say sweet things of man or God." Truer words were never written. It does seem as

earth, the air, and the water, nay, that all things in

life are for man's enjoyment; and that without a continually existing harmony between the forces of Every one knows, who has been sick-and who has the body and the spirit, nothing great or good can be 2-that the immediate influences of any kind a

ties to each other, w their heavenly Father, and to we may help one another. All this diversity makes their fellow-men, and pomising them the support, a stamp upon you and me." sympathy and love of guadian angels in the per-Great men are the highest product of every peo-

formance of those dutics, if bydertaken with single- ple, and they never come out of inferior national ness of heart and purpose, and firm determination development, any more than the farmer reaps great productions out of a meau soil. Every tree, human ants in the cause of wisdom, truth, puty and love. or material, bears fruit after its own kind. The dis. This address was closed with a fervent benediction, position in you and me may be traced back perhaps two hundred years. We depend on our parentage. Jesus of Nazareth could not have been born of any other nation. He was the product of natural development of the llebrew nation. The story that fied in finding herself surrounded at such a time by the Holy Ghost was his father is a monstrous fiction. a circle of attached friends, who have known hor The Rebrew idea of a long-expected Messiah affected long and well, many of them filling conspicuous stathe character of Jesus-thus he assumed that chartions in life; and, as a whole, not easily surpassed by the same number of persons in education, intel- actor. Because he was a Jew, he was no less human. lect, sagacity, sound sense and social position. May Just in proportion as such a man is great and reshe ever retain, as she now holds, their love and ligious, he excites opposition. Jesus was not popular in the estimation of his contemporaries. Shakspeare, the greatest genius Britian ever saw, was not even noticed in the writings of his most eminent Loring Moody writes us that he will speak as folcontemporaries. lows :-In Dover, N. H., Sunday, July 26th; New-

Original genius comes from natural growth. The professor says to his boy, "Now write something original;" but should the boy write what was truly original, the professor would tear it up as worthless, ing towns on other evenings of the week. Friends for his natural capacity is not grown to comprehend in each place are requested to see that no lecture what is original; for what is original is new. He who writes original, must write for ages to come, He who writes for present fame, writes nothing new. We learn from John II. Currier that he has made | Every Know-nothing Governor is made a doctor of laws. When God sends among men a genius like Socrates, Shakspeare or Jesus, they need no degree conferred by men-they get their degree first hand. direct from God. Degrees by men are conferred upon them ages after they are gone. The life of a great man-his character and his spirit-lives when he dies, and is infused into the hearts of the people Shakspeare, Newton, Bacon and Franklin, are dead: but their noble character and greatness live in the hearts of men. There is more of each in the hearts of men to-day than when they lived on earth. There was but one Shakspeare, one Burns, one Newton, one Franklin, in their respective days; the aloe flower of genius does not grow on but one in a Brookfield to lecture, sincere and attentive audiences. family. To-day there is no Jesus of Nazareth; but how much there is that is Jesus-like; all that he was worth is left to the world. God, manages the estate he left behind.

Great geniuses affect not the present, but the ages. The thoughts of great men are the wings on which we rise up forever and ever. Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, Herod, Mary the Bloody, are known to the world. but with feelings of hate. Deacon Grant and John Augustus, in their philanthropic efforts, will last and live in hearts long after their humble names have ceased to live in the memory of posterity.

Jesus was not a poet, philosopher, or politician, yet he had a great genius for piety and morality, which was directed to the most susceptible of all facultios. Omit the Christ of fiction and take the Jesus of fact, and see what he has done and what he is doing ! He left all ceremonies and attended to a real religion. Ile summed up religion in love to God, that comes in trust and obedience; love to man, that comes in charity, kindness and obedience. He taught piety and in all matter and mind! we flee unto thee, in whom philanthropy, and left all to worship in their own we live and move, and ask that we may learn to way-in their own belief. He taught a new development of faith. He was deductive, logical, and deep-

Paul's writings throughout are quickened by the evening. We thank thee for the fervent heat of deep piety of Jesus. Orthodox revel in Paul's writings; practical and pious men in all the gospels: tenance of cattle and men-for the rain that is shed Unitarians and Universalists in the first three goson the plains and meadows to refresh and strengthen pels; and fanciful men in the strange book of Rere-

fying and adorning the fields and the trees-for that ed a literature of piety, which appears in painting, thou thus ministerest unto us useful things, and sculpture and architecture; and this piety appears crownest all with the benediction of beauty, we thank in all forms of the religions of all nations; it more

that he was to speak on the following Sabbath; and that other speakers will find, should they visit North Sabbath in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL Sunday Morning, July 18th.

PERSONAL.

buryport, Sunday, August 1st; Haverhill, Sunday,

Aug. 8th; Lawrence, Sunday, Aug. 15th; Lowell,

Sunday, Aug. 22d. Mr. M. will lecture in neighbor-

fails for want of needful arrangements. Mr. Moody

arrangements to lecture in Lowell, Sunday, August

loth ; in Henniker, N. H., on the 8th, and in Frank-

lin, N. H., on the 22d, 23d, and 24th. He is autho-

NORTH BROOKFIELD.

We learn from Bro. E. S. Wheeler that the good

cause is flourishing in this pince. He says that on

the Fourth he was present, by invitation; that the

new hall secured by the friends was duly dedicated

to truth, and freedom from religious bigotry, a re

spectable audience being present on the occasion ;

will act as agent for the "Banner of Light.

rized to take subscriptions for the Banner.

[ABSTRACT REPORT.]

The exercises began by chanting-" The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence be fore him."

After which was sung a hymn (by J. G. Whittier,) ommencing-

- "Oh, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken !
- The livier worship which food designs to bless, Restores the lost, and heals the spirit broken, And feeds the window and the tatherless. Then brother-man fold to thy heart thy brother, For where love dwells, the peace of God is there,
- To worship rightly is to love each other. Each smille a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

PRAYER.

Oh, thou Infinite One, who art perpetually present servo thee and love thee all the days of our lives. We thank thee for all thy mercies and kindnesses ly pious. that come to us fresh every morning, and new every summer, wherewith thou preparest food for the susthe coming harvest-and for the harvest we thank lations. thee that is growing still out of the ground, beauti. Jesus was a great genius in religion. He develop-

that the more narrow the stream the further it will go. This is to be naturally expected. There being little or nothing to dashe the energies of a new movement, or power, the inference is unavoidable that it will project itself to a greater distance than under opposite conditions and circumstances.

di.

We may therefore safely accept the conclusion, that the more narrow, and bigoted, and illiberal, and unsympathetic a party is, especially where the religious sentiments are appealed to, the better its chances are for a long and steady success. Indeed, it seems to be a necessity that all associations, cliques, parties, and factions, that hope to make themselves felt, and expect to extend their influence for any length of time, should give their undivided attention to their own projects, and look primarily, secondarily, and finally, at the establishment of their own private interests.

We may compare such sects and factions to the propulsion of a stream of water through a pipe; the stream at the start goes a great ways farther than if no such projectile, force were , ivon it. But on the other hand, those broad, liberal, and truly humans doctrines, that seek an extended and ever widening influence only by a proper appeal to the higher qualities of man's nature, may be compared to the gentle spring flood in the meadows, baptizing everything in its swelling wave, working silently and in harmony with all the forces of nature, and leaving behind them, when they recede, a broad track of greenness and beauty.

It is perfectly natural, then, that mere sectarianism, no matter after what kind it is called, should be narrow both in its aims and operations; for it is by this means that it makes the most of its energies. In fact, if it were to expand itself on any side, it would speedily lose its force altogether. A single idea can always be forced further when taken up without any companion ideas for it, than a whole system can, which pretends to embrace the entire range of the soul's culture. The gigantic movement which was made for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the possession of the Infidels, was set on foot and afterwards carried forward by the intenso enthusiasm, amounting 19. a sort of madness, of a certain Peter the Hermit, who nursed but this single purpose, and looked forward to the realization of no other plan for a crowning period to his life and history.

So are the temperance parties organized; and the several reform societies; and nearly all the religious societies; and many of the political organizations besides; recognizing but a single point of faith, or at best but one object which they esteem worthy of their endeavor, they resolutely concentrate all their thoughts, their faith, their hope, their prayers, and their energies, upon this alone, and thank God, as if his hand was in it, that their eyes have been allowed to look upon such pleasing results as are most generally theirs to behold.

Now true Spiritualism, while it never affects to overlook each and every one of these already orga-

illness are so peculiar as to require special description-if they can be adequately described-and separate analyzation at the hands of those who are equal to it. Life in disease is a new experience ; an abnormal condition, in which the spirit gathers bitter fruits for its taste indeed.

The last number of the Christian Examiner, an able and scholarly magazine published in Boston, contains a long and very thorough article on life in Massachusetts, considering the subject not merely in the light of statistics, but with the assistance of philosophy and science. In speaking of this matter of disease in the human system, the writer avers that "the effects of sickness on the higher faculties of man are commonly quite baneful. It weakens all the spiritual powers ; the mind loses its activity ; the quantity of thought is less, the quality poorer; the man of business cannot buy and sell to advantage; the carpenter cannot plan his work or execute his plan ; the scholar's genius is vanished into thin air; the diligent wife, eareful about many things, is now only troubled about herself ; the moral faculty suffers as much as the intellectual; the jaundiced eye sees nothing of its natural color. The sick man's conscience is abnormal as his digestion, or appetite ; he can take no just view of moral relations; as well might we expect a lame horse to race well and leap a five-barred gate, as ask a sick man to have just intuitions of the eternal right, or

a manly will to do it; he would, but how can he? A sick judge, doctor, minister, schoolmaster, editor, politician-he does harm, and no good.' So the affectional and religious talents lose their value, are clipped within the ring, sweated down, and cannot be taken at their former worth. Spito of himself, the sick man becomes selfish-the best of sick men. It is the order & nature ; he should be selfish, then, His body is sick-it tries to get well; all of its natural vigor is directed to that object-for the material basis of humanity must be preserved. When a ship at sea encounters a violent storm, leaks badly, is settling in the water, and likely to porish, men cut away the masts, let the costly anchors and unfastoned chain-cable go down with the run; the wealthy cargo is cast into the ocean, that they may save the ship and their own lives! So in the storm of sickness, long continued, nature instinctively throws overboard all the costly spiritual freight gathered in a lifetime. The 1.0

The world's great warrior cries :

'Givo me somo drink, Titinius, As a sick girl.'

There is little exercise of the higher religious faculty;"none of that aspiration to the seventh heaven of human devotion : no psalm of lofty gratitude, no deep contritions then; at most, only a dull and humble, passive trust in God. Even that often fails. The, affections are often blunted. In health how

produced during the present existence.

That many of the popular forms of belief have been colored by the influence of dyspeptic disorders, and the phantasms of diseased livers, we have long believed. An old physician of Boston used to sny that he could generally tell the religious creed professed by a patient from an examination of the state of his liver! People have been heretofore much too ready to laugh down such remarks, as mere bits of pleasantry ; but the experience of every-day life, and philosophy itself, seems to go far to give it confirmation.

If we would be healthy spiritually, then, we must preserve our bodies pure, free from excess, and so clean of all disease. There can be little or no dcep spiritual experience, such as wafts a soul on the strong wings of faith to the very gates of heaven. while the feeble tongue is continually telling over its ailments and sufferings. A sound mind in a sound body, must be the motto for all who seek real progress and high happiness.

A PLEASANT WEDDING.

On Saturday afternoon, 17th inst., there was a gathering of the friends of Miss Frances Ann Burbank, at the residence of Allen Putnam. Esq., in Roxbury, to witness the union of that highly gifted medium with Mr. Willard B. Felton. The ceremony was performed in she simplest manner, by Mr. Putnam, in his magisterial capacity. The proceedings, however, in other respects, were very unique and impressive. Shortly before the appearance of the principal parties, the spirits announced, through one of ... the mediums present, the purpose of the assemblage, their great respect for and confidence In the bridegroom and bride, and their hearty and entire approval of the proposed union.

After the two were made one, the celebrated medium, Mrs. Hyzer, took a seat between the bride and bridegroom, and chanted in a most beautiful manner -with an accompaniment on the melodcon-the following improvisation :

Dear, wedded ones, we come to twine The fragrant myrlio roubd your brows; We ve listened at Truth's inmost shrine, <u>To your unselfish muptial vows</u>, And we would give love's sweet caress, Your heart to cheer, your soul to bless.

Your burning tear-drops we have caught,

Thus, all who wear the ploroing thorns, In Truth's great name, shall be baptized In love and beauty, and be born Into the rest of paradise-Shall find each earthly fetter riven, And pass o'er Calvary to Heaven.

We bless you | Love and Wisdom bright We follow you i Lovo and wisdom wight Bhall guide ye onward, evermore— Celestial Beauty's pearly light Shall lead you to that gem-paved shore Where you can claim the great reward From the foll garner of our Lord.

This was succeeded by a plain, common-sense exhortation, through another, medium, from spiritmanly was this man's philanthropy I now, disarmed, friends to the newly married couple, couched in

thee. We thank thee for the great gospel of nature abounds in the Christian religion; and appears in that is in the heaven over us, in the ground beneath | the Greek, Latin and Teuton. This piety appears in us, and in the air around us. We thank thee for hymns. How full of piety old hymns come down to the vast capacity thou hast given us to think, to feel, our times! Yet the more pure manifestations of nito serve and to trust, and for the power of growth ety do not appear in the Christian church. Heretics and expansion thou hast given to thy children. We get seedlings of rare beauty from the pious influence thank thee for great minds thou hast given, from of Jesus-they think for themselves, and worship age to age, to give us light and instruction-for all God as they please. These are wild roses and sweet who have shown us justice, and taught us truth, we water lilies outside the church. They feel a most thank thee. We thank thee for thy prophets and pious longing for God, and a desire to love him. Let thy evangelists, who, in every tongue, have spoken us respect the rude instinct of human nature ; it is to humanity. We thank thee for our noble brother. but a part of the scaffolding which is set up to build who, amidst the dark ages of his time, established the temple for us to worship God in forever. light and truth—who proclaimed in speech and the noble life ho lived, the doctrine he taught. And not our own days-men of picty, love and benevolence, ever taught is so monstrous. whose large minds guide men from Egyptian darkland, leaving blessings ever new, and ever fresh. through, to cheer us. May we live lives that are as broke the old law, and appealed to that eternal law done, on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

The choir sang a hymn (by Longfellow,) begin ing---

"Down the dark future, through long generations, The sounds of war grow fainter and conse, And, like a bell, with solenin, sweet vibrations, I hear once more the voice of Christ say PEACE."

[Mr. P. here gave notice that "the annual excursion of this society would take place on Wednesday, 21st inst. Cars would leave the Fitchburg depot at Samaritans, whose names have never got into the 9, 11 and 3 o'olook. Aiso, after next Sunday, this newspapers, and nover will, until they are enrolled place would be closed until the first Sunday in Sep- in the great book of that eternal advertiser. tember."]

came cating and drinking."

To day I shall call your attention to the beneficial all these, and clap his hands? influence which the teachings of Jesus have had, and development. Columbus was born of maratime peg-loneliness and povorty, a life as bright and pure as ple. Great mathematicians spring up among the the starlight. most thoughtful. Julius Casar came out of a war-

The Christian believes that, by belief in Christ fivo minutes, he can be fitted for salvation better less do we bless thee for men of talent, no smaller in than by fifty years spent in good deeds. No dootrine

A long line of noble men and women, through ness to light, love and peace. For these, and all the many ages, have been deeply affected and influenced saints and sages of our own day, we thank thee, by the words of Jesus. Though Peter denied him, And may we remember before thee thine own infinite and Pilate crucified him, yet his words are still perfection. We bless thee for thy providence, which left behind. The soul stirring words of Jesus have marks the lintel of every door, and broods over every passed slowly into the hearts of mankind. All religions have been silently and slowly influenced by For our lives and every joy, we thank thee. And his teachings. He was a man of the tenderest pity. still we thank thee that in darkness thy light shines the sweetest humanity, and the deepest piety. He fair as the lilies of the field, and as bright as the he ate when he was hungry, worked on Sunday, and stars of heaven-blameless, pure and acceptable in said the Sabbath was made for man-not man for thy sight And may thy kingdom, come, thy will be the Sabbath. He said, love your enemics ; and

taught that no man is your master; God is your master. He had such courage that he dared to utter his thoughts and live them out. How idle to say that a man was inspired by the Holy Ghost, when he was marked by the llebrew nationality ail over. Should Christ come back to day, he would find men everywhere with his spirit in them - in all religions, and among all people. He would find many poor

Our schools, for the instruction of children, are perhaps the most Christian institutions founded. TEXT :- Mat. 11th chap., 19th vs.-" The son of man | To these may be added temperance societies, and homes for the fallen. Would not Christ rejoico at

Where would he find his friend? Not with the still have, upon men. Last of all should wo say that pharisees, in the churches, who say, " Have we not a man of genius was born without a natural father. in thy name established tract societies, and built All men of genius are marked with the characteris- beautiful churches ?" No, not there; but where an tic of their nation, and are the product of national old man and an old woman is living, in obsoure

The Christ of the Christian church is a phantom, like people. Shakspeare sprang forth marked with and unreal; the real Jesus of Nazareth, the actual a nation's characteristics. Franklin could have been man, I do not worship ; but I reverence and love him born of no other nation. A Yankee could not have daily more and more. The flotitious Christ will fall, been born and bred in another land. The Ethiopian and the real Christ ere long will come forth in his cannot change his skin. The features of nationality placo-a Christ of meroy, love, justice, truth and are distinct in all men of genius ; overy feature is oharity, will be manifest in human hearts. Then stamped with the character of the stock it came may mankind repeat the words, "Glory to God in it does not travel forth to look after the far-off hea- terms of the warmest affection, indicating their du- from God makes us diverse in nationalities, that the highest, peace and good will to men on earth." 1.0

DISCOURSE.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

MRS. HYZER AT THE MELODEON. in the past or in the present, which so stirs the heart Father was in him. The great truths Christ uttered them. are as full of life, and as fresh, as when they swelled spoke this great truth for us all. We know that we thunder-tones, can best understand this analysis of course on "Immortality." his creation. We can see the principle, though no matter how complex may be the conditions which by viewing the holiness of his principles and characscribes and pharisees. Can we not see his great, sarily tainted by the materialism of his nature. prophetic eye cast forward to us in the future ? The preachers of to day are mourning over the darkness

who strive to elevate humanity. We do not yet understand the benefit of sin. We of the dust, and so must bow down in sackeloth and another, eternally. ashes, and wonder why God is as merciful as he is. must not be filled with self-satisfaction and conceit, more than with abject and servile humility, but holy within our own nature. We are taught to bebodied, except in some pure being?

All the inspirations of the past have been interpoetry of thought and spirituality. If the sectarian world understood God truly, they would see that the no more his abiding place, than the humble tenement truth, goodness and purity in a human soul, the city is withdrawn self is wounded. of the Lord is there, and you can bow before the shrine of such a soul, in spirit and in truth. How spiritual, how oan we worship in spirit?

Man has ever wound about him the shroud of doctrine; with surprise at your objection, he will tell as angels love in Heaven. you that the church to day does not hold to that bepast ; so they have come unto a higher plane of spirit | regarding all mankind as brothers and sisters ? uality, have taken the keys of progress, and you know not how long before another flash of God's wisdom will illumine their souls, and make them Spirit- THEODORE PARKER AMONG THE PROualists.

sked, "if God so loves us that he will

his affection than others of his children. Just in Sunday morning, after a song of spirit-inspiration, proportion as we feel that we are the chosen ones of the medium said, in substance :-- I know of no idea, God, to the exclusion of others, just so far we exilo ourselves from his sphere, till we can mingie humanto truth, and is so calculated to waken the soul to a ity with our divinity, and approach God through his perception of its divinity, than that memorable one, creatures, and thus learn that Christ was in God, uttered by Christ, that he was in the Father, and the that God was in Christ, and that we are in both of

At the close of the discourse-of which we have in his great soul eighteen hundred years ago. He given but a faint outline-she was called upon for some facts connected with her mediumship, which cannot claim to be called the children of God rela- she related in elequent and touching language which, tively, but through the eye of philosophy, we see and we saw, muistened with tears many sympathetic know that he made us all. That class of minds eyes. In the evening, after detailing her experience through whom the juspiration of nature rolls in still further and more at length, she gave a short dis-

She said :' Just in proportion as man is gross and material, he locates Heaven, God, Death, Hell, and surround it. We can see the God in Jesus Christ, the Grave, because the magnets of his nature are so drawn by natural things that he aspires for rest : ter. The very utterances from his lips are taught and, as inspiration is over true to man, it tells him to day, when he cautioned his disciples to beware of of their existence, though that inspiration is neces-

Old Theology settles these points for man, to the glory of the good and pure, and to the expense of the and sensuality of mankind. Yet they raise not a evil-doer. But Spiritualism tells us that there is no finger to check it; but, ou the other hand, he who death-that what is called so, is but a change, and does endeavor to check it, they are ready to cast out; that the spirit ouly leaves one body to put ou a newand they cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" of all er one, and in it, passes on to spirit life, and when

there, possesses power to send back mossages to those who are to follow. The idea of a local Heil, Heaven, are told that man is depraved-that there is no good God and Devil is united, and when you throw it of, thing in him. We are taught that we are but worms there is yot another step to take, and another and

There is no human being but has seen agony in But man is not depraved-instead of being destitute his own heart, more severe than would be the transof goodness, he is better than he sees himself. We migration of a soul form life to eternity. In the great trials of the human heart, we find much sternor death in the soul than in the body's change. Do must find the medium between the two extremes, we not sometimes part from a friend with more sorand love ourselves for all that we find beautiful and row than we would feel in bidding him farewell upon the bed of death? When those who have loved us, lievo God is an individual being, to whom we must and whom we have loved, withdraw their love from bow down, and worship; but where are we to find as, to seek it in other channels, do we not feel mere God surver than in the human soul, or where cm- sad than we would to gaze for the last time upon

their lifeless dust? When his pulseless dust lies before us, we would speak only of his virtues, and preted literally, rather than taken as the divine feast the soul on the memory-pictures of the past. There is an immortality to friendship and love. What would life be without them? We but love lofty and noble temples of architectural beauty are ourselves in loving others, and are kind to ourselves when we are kin to others. We have been long of the lonely widow's heart. Wherever there is loving ourselves through others, and when that love

But man must balance the offices of immortality, before he can ask, "Oh, grave, where is thy victory? are we to worship God in spirit and in truth, till we Oh, death, where is thy sting?" When we have know what spirit and truth' are? Till we become learned to lose sight of conditions in the love of principle, then the shackels and chains shall fall,

and man will step still higher, and, so from a more creed but a reacting magnetism sweeps over him, elevated stand-point take a truer view of immorand before-unknown impulses move his soul. What tality. Then mankind will love because love is has become of that theology that taught that hell eternal, and not selfishly to be loved in return. Then was paved with the skulls of infants? If you tell ap he will love and do good to mankind, that they may evangelical clergyman that you cannot embrace his in turn do the same to others. Then will the mortal creed because your humanity rebels against such a have put on immortality, and men will love on earth

The question has come up-" What would we do lief-that they take a different view now, from what if we found all the schemes of future life a mistake ?" they entertained years ago. Again, its ministers once | We can say we never had such a fear since the days taught that men who died unrepeuting sinners, would of childhood, when we sat on our father's knee, and lay forever in the sweltering flames of hell-but now, in artless simplicity asked ---- What would become of we are told by the same religious teachers, that the us if God should die ?" Such a fear need never disdoom is but to a hell of inharmony-of unhappiness, turb the soul of a human being. And, as we look They see it different now from the doctrine of the upon God as the Father of us all, how can we help Another song concluded the exercises.

GRESSIVE FRIENDS.

A neatly printed pamphlet, of 116 pages, entitled. forgive all our trespasses, what shall keep us from "Proceedings of the Penusylvania Yearly Meeting sinning?" We would reply, that your gratitude to of Progressive Friends, including four Sermons by him alone should be sufficient to draw you into so Theodore Parker," has been sent us. We have not close a harmony with your Creator, that sin will be had time to peruse the book attentively; but, from repulsive to you, and then the great magnetic chain a hasty glance, we think it will repay a careful reading. Mr. Parker's Sermons are entitled-

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK. Conference-The Law of Love-Its Practicability in Prison-Disciple-The New York Herald on Spiritual Statistics - The Arcana of Christianity, etc.

NEW YORK, July 17, 1858. spoke to it; and was followed by A. J. Davis, Dr. Gray, Dr. Gould, Mrs. Farnham, Mr. Partridge, and garded, is an astouishing and deeply interesting others: and it was very generally agreed that our book. It contains a revelation of Wonders, never duty as reformers, made it incumbent on us to labor dreamed of before ; and its very multitudinous parts for the extended application of this law, in the fol- match together with the accuracy of the rejoined lowing cases, among others :

the training of children, and in the treatment of do- their statement. But can the book, as a revelation mestics. Domestios are human beings; and before from the unseen world, be regarded as in the main God, stand on a plane of equality with ourselves. reliable? If so, heaven and the wide universe on The true relation, therefore, is one of mutual kind- its triune planes, is a fuiry land, more various and ness and help.

2. In our schools; with a view to break up the selection of teachers on the ground of creed, politics the saying, that it has not entered into the heart of and relationships; substituting, in place of these, man to conceive, of the glorious beatitudes that simple filness, especially and indispensably, humani- await the just. tary development.

8. In the relation between creditor and debtor. In cases where the debtor is poor, and the creditor its heavens and hells, and their relation to the Uniable to bear the loss, the law of love would seem to verse and the General Heavens ; the work contains require. instead of an agreement to wait, that the an account of the sun and planets of our system, debt be forgiven ; and the debtor released from the and their inhabitants ; of certain aromal worlds, not disheartening incubus, which would otherwise be visible to the astronomer; and of the fixed stars. left resting upon him. This would inaugurate a Sirius and Casscopein, and other suns and wondervoluntary Bankrut Law, on the basis of kindness worlds, which I cannot stop to name. Explanatious and good will, which would command the respect and are given of sepulchered events of the past, which affection of everybody.

view to their reform, instead of punishment; and tion. nothing but kindness can be relied on to bring out the better qualities of their nature.

In thus applying the law of love, iu these various In subduing ferocious auimals, he carefully blends and hearts, will read first, and then judge. kindness and force, caresses and blows, until he

convinces the brute that he is both his master and his friend. The difference between blows laid on for purposes of correction, and from feelings of spite and revenge, is instantly perceived, even by a horse or a zebra, and quite as quickly by a child.

Probably cre long our whole system of prison dis cipline is fated to undergo a change; and as one of these changes, would it not be a grand stride, if instead of sentencing convicts for five or twenty years, or during life, we were to adopt the plan of sentencing them till they were jit to become again members of society; this to be determined by a commission? Doubtless mistakes would be made, and the Commonwealth would suffer some, in consequence of individuals being let out too soon; but this could not possibly equal the detriment now sustained from convicts pardoned out, and discharged at the expiration of their terms ; who, as the general rule, come forth seven times more the children of the devil.

than they were when they went in. Mrs. Farnham gave some eloquent illustrations of the application of the law of love, to the management of the female convicts at Sing Sing, during the period that she was matron of that prison. The second day after assuming her duties, she was met by a serious rebellion, led on by an extremely vicious negro woman; which was quelled with difficulty, and of course by force. The first month's report showed over one hundred violations of the rules; but by this time she had succeeded, to a good degree, in convincing those poor creatures that she recornized them as human, respected their rights, and changes. had a regard for their welfare. The report of the tavelfth month exhibited not a single violation of the rules. Mrs. F. said that within the last two days she had seen two of these convicts, one of them the K. Browne (we learn from the Age) will be prepared negro woman spoken of. Though proviously almost always the tenants of prisons, now for twelve years, the first-of September next. Mr. Brittan will youch since their discharge from Sing Sing, they have led for his fitness to engage in the work. Letters to Mr. reformed and reputable lives. Mr. Partridge, in addition, advocated the extension of the principle, to the wiping out of all laws which Jones street, New York." are partial or unequal in their operation. Here is an important field for survey and action; and I am inclined to think that we shall ultimately reduce all laws to a simple bill of rights, or statement of principles ; leaving each matter of difficulty, or violation of right, to stand alone, without classification, to be tried by a jury on its merits or equities; with an appeal, under certain restrictions, to a second jury. Among the most pregnant signs of the times, in an article which has appeared in the New York Herald, devoted to the history, statistics, power and prospects of Spiritualism, very much as Bennett would deal with the large and respectable denominations of Methodists or Baptists, on the occasion of their anniversaries. The number of Spiritualists in the State of New York, is set down by the Herald at 300,000; in Massachusetts, at 90,000; in Ohio and Indiana, each, 120,000; in the British Provinces, 30.000; in Cuba, 1,000; in South America, 10,000; and in all America, at 1,037,500. This movement.

trations. As a book, It is more like the Arcana Coclestia, perhaps, than anything else; with a more modorn and elaborate style, and an avoidance of Swedenborg's habit of repetition. As to its lucidity and temper, there is nothing left to be desired. It is both gentle and clear ; and carries with lt a vast evidence of integrity and reality, on the part of its author. Full justice is dono to the Seer of the New MESSNE. EDITORS-Another very practical question | Jerusalem, who is declared to be the special prophet engaged the attention of our Conference at its last commissioned by the Lord, to unvoil the spiritual

session. It was this : llow far are we, as individ- sense of the Divine Word ; and a precisely parallel uals, called on to apply the law of love, instead of claim is made for the present author, that he has the law of force, in the every-day concerns of life ? been, in like manner, commissioned to reveal a more The question was introduced by Dr. Orton, who interior meaning still -- the Celesial--- to mankind.

The Arcana of Christianity, in whatever light re-

sections of an orange. Many of its principles we In the family; between hushand and wife; in acknowledge to be true, from the simple weight of beautiful, and pulsating with delight, than poet ever

dreamed; and we may begin to realize the truth of

In addition to the origin and history of this earth, and the origin and history of its inhabitants ; with have only come down to us in vague traditions, or 4. In the management of criminals. This class embalmed myths; of which the elucidation of the

of unfortunates should be dealt with solely with a Mosaic account of the flood, will furnish an illustra-

It is easy to see that this book will attract a wide attention, and produce a profound sensation in many minds; not the least noticeable of which, will be exdepartments of life, it is by no means supposed that hibited by our brethren, the Swedenborgians ; some firmness, force, or even punishments, can in all cases of whom may be expected to condemn it unexamined, be dispensed with. Rarey, the horse tamer, it was as trenching on the ground and prerogatives of their remarked, had very happily illustrated the principle. revered Seer ; while others with more orderly minds

The Busy Morld. FUN AND PACT.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER .--- Original Poetry ; the commencement of a new story, which will be completed in four or five numbers, entitled, " Daisy-Nesbrook, or Romance of Real Life," by Cora Wilburn, Author of "Agnes," a charming tale which appeared in the columns of the Banner some time since; Poetry-" Sleep and Dream," by Our Junior ; " Lelia, or Love and Regret," by Emma Frances Potter; " Life Eternal," part ninth, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams; Editorials; Sabbath Lectures by Theodore Parker and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer ; Letter from our New York Correspondent ; a page of Spirit Messages, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant ; "What shall Ye Eat," No. 6, given through the mediumship of H. R. W. ; Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch in Worcester; Letters from Cincinnati, Braceville. Ohio, Dubuque, Iowa, Stockbridge, Mass., Manchester, N. H., Collinville, Ct., New Orleans, &c. &c.

Jar There is to be a Spiritual meeting at Henniker Springs, N. H., Sunday, August 8; Joseph Elliott, of Franklin, Mrs. J. Abbott, J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, and other trance and normal speakers will be present to participate in the exercises of the tended over the whole visible heavens, and was of to brilliant a character that by its reflection the water running through the gutters looked like blood. Heaven's artillery had celebrated the Fourth during protty much the whole day, and in this phenomenon we had the fire works, far beyond the skill of the most ingenious pyrotechnist. - Utica Herald.

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RED CHEERS are only oxygen in another shape. Girls anxious to wear a pair, will find them where the roses do-out doors.

TROOPS FOR WASHINGTON TERRITORY .---- Washington correspondents state that Gen. Scott has issued preparatory orders for all the available troops on the Atlantlo seaboard to be in readiness to reinforce the army in Washington Territory. A detachment will leave New York for Aspinwall in the steamer of the 20th.

"What do you mean, you little raseal?" exclaimed an individual to an impudent youth that had seized him by the nose upon the street. "Oh, nothing, only I am going to seek my fortune, and father told me to be sure to seize hold of the first thing that turned up."

The Persons at a distance, sending papers to us. hould mark whatever they wish to draw our attention to, and write their names upon the margin .-Provincetown Banner.

Yes; and break one of " Uncle Sam's " statutes by lo doing.

patch from Washington says that a special messenger left on Thursday, for Mexico, with despatches. to Minister Forsyth, approving his suspension of diplomatic intercourse, and directing the withdrawal of the legation, and its return home.

The advices from Montercy state that a portion of the liberal army, under Desollado and Blanco, attacked Guadelahra, carrying all the outworks, and driving the enemy to the main plaza, which was to have been stormed on the 14th inst. Mimaron had left Sau Luis at the head of 4000 men, to aid the besieged, and Zurazun was closely following in his rear, with a heavy force of rifles.

The earthquake in the valley of Mexico did imnense damage. The loss in the city of Mexico alono is estimated at \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000. Churches, theatres, aqueducts, convents and railways were seriously damaged or entirely demolished.

FOREION NEWS .- The steamer Colorado has arrived t this port, bringing Liverpool dates to July 3d. On the 1st., in the House of Lords, the question of admission of Jews into Parliament, was under discussion ; the Commons were debating the marriage laws. The British revenue returns for the year ending June 30, show a decrease of over 5,000,0000 sterling, nearly all of which was caused by the reduction of the ncome tax. The judicial committee of the privy ouncil in the appenl against the decision which held the steamer North American liable for damages in her collision with the American ship Leander, had affirmed the judgment of the lower court.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says-The affair of Montengro, and the ticklish state of didomatic relations between France and Turkey and Austria, are considered very serious; that France has sent an ultimatum to Turkey, and if a satisfactory answer should not be returned at once, more ships would be sent to the Adriatic. The Patrie states that a Russian frigate has joined the French squadron in the Adriatic, and been placed under the orders of the French admiral. This news created a great sensation in Vienua.

A Madrid dispatch says Gen. Concha has complained to the government of insults by the English, in reference to the slave trade question. The Madrid ournals say that the government intends to call on England for explanation of the gratuitous insults to which Spain was exposed in the debates in the House of Lords by Malmsbury and others.

The tribunal of appeal, at Naples, had declared the recently-li crated steamer Cagliari a good and lawful prize. The contract for a loan of 40,000,000 frames o Turin, was taken by the Rothschilds of Paris, and the Commercial Bank of Turin. Sanguinary conflicts were of almost daily occurrence between the French an I floman soldiery at Rome.

There is a serious dispute between Austria and Prussia, in regard to the garrison at Kastadt.

will be stretched between man and his Maker

We know that in this earthly existence we can communicate with each other, and why may we not seud of God, in the books of the Bible. back messages to our friends from the land of spirits ? That power has always existed, but it has never yet been rightly understood, and, so, applied; but just our natures, then we can carry"bur magnetic lines now. over the heads of the multitude, and the ends of the world will be united in a common sympathy.

"To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and quoted passage signify to the religious mind so truly street, Boston. as to the spiritual? We say that liberty shall be that word, written upon the inner consciousness of man, and no one knoweth its meaning saving him who truly receiveth it, and whose spirit will tell him liberty. Every man's idea of it is drawn from his when experience and condition, and whatever is his definition of liberty, that will be his expression of it. ture; but from a higher stand-point wo recognize it as the foster-parent of all the virtues. We say liberty is that word, because there is to other word of such deep significance. For when you meet liberty, then will you do good for its own sake, and show your freedom in every act, because it pervades your whole soul. The bird sings because it is full of joy, and does not stop to ask who will approve or condemn its the promptings of this noble liberty. It may be asked, "How do you know this is the meaning Christ would give that word ?" What matters it ? Cannot we take hold of an idea, independent of its clothing? Were the truths of science any the less true, before man could grasp them? Is not a fact the same in idea is no more exalted, because it came through the stage and unfoldment as a medium. lips of Jesus of Nazareth, than if from Judas, Iscariot. This is not evident to you all, because you worship Christ rather than the principles he taught, for you have not been elevated up to understand the principles themselves.

We would have no idol worship. In proportion as we worship Christ as an individual, so far are we devotion in the human soul; and we become idolators sympathizes with the movement. as soon as we begin to worship God through one idea, -when we really believe God is on our side, and congratulate ourselves that we occupy a better place in forming at the Museum this week.

I. The Progressive Development of the Conception

2. The Ecclesinstical Conception of God, and its relation to the Scientific and Religious wants of man. '3. The Philosophical Idea of God, and its relation so soon as we have washed away the materialism of to the Scientific and Religious wants of mankind,

> 4. Of the Soul's Normal Delight in the Infinito God.

These are alone worth, the price_of the book. Oliver Johnson, 133 Nassau Street New York, Pubin the stone a new name written, which no man know- lisher. Also for sule by S. T. Munson, 5 Great Jones eth saving he that receiveth it." What does this street, New York, and Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield

THE ATLANTIC OABLE.

The ship Alice Munroe, Capt. Cummings, arrived at this port on Friday, bringing news from the of its deep significance. Mankind do not understand Atlantic Telegraph Flect, which they oncountered on the 27th of June. Cyrus W. Field, Esq., the superintendent of the enterprise, states that the squadron had experienced very had weather since leaving port, Some think liberty dangerous-that it would give and were sixteen days in reaching their destination; rein to all the sensual passions of man's grosser na. that they had made two unsuccessful attempts to iny the cablo. On the 26th, when they made the second attempt, they succeeded in laying upwards offorty miles, and were getting alone finely, when the communication suddenly ceased on Sunday morning, June 27.

The ships then returned to the starting point, according to agreement, and were waiting for the Agamemnon and Valorous to return. As soon as strains, and so shall we do good to humanity, under they should do so, a new splice would be made, and another attempt made to lay the cable.

MISS HARDINGE'S MEDIUMSHIP,

Dr. Child has handed us the manusoript of the history of the above celebrated medium, containing an account of her experience as an actress, and the itself before you can understand It, as after? The circumstances connected with her exit from the

We have found this highly interesting, and can promise our readers a rich treat in its perusal.

PRESCRIPTIONS PUT UP.

Octavius King, whose advertisement appears on our eighth page, pays especial attention to the compounding of medicines. Clairvoyants, and those holding guilty of as gross idolatry as that of worshiping the their prescriptions, will do well to consult an apothsun-ay, more, because the sun, the great source of coary in the matter of compounding their ingrediheat, light and life, cannot but stir up emotions of ents, who will do it in a proper manner, because he

The Keller Pantomime and Ballet Troupe are per-

the Herald declares, a most powerful and growing one; strictly democratio and popular in its origin; and revolutionary in its tendency; and threatening ecclesiasticism more strongly than anything it has had to meet since the period of the Reformation. It pervades the jury-box, the ballot-box, the senate and halls of legislation; the bench, the press, and even the pulpit itself. It asserts the Protestant principle

of the right of each man to judge for himseif : to become his own evangelist, and get to heaven in his own way : and prescuts, the anomaly of meetings and worship without a ministry; conventions for discussion, without an election of delegates; halls and speakers-which they pay for as they go-without ohurch buildings, funded property or real estate; a body devoid of ordinations, covenant or orced. chartered institutions, or written or implied compact of association; but still acting together, and making it a "cardinal duty to oppose- and destroy all authoritarianism in roligion."

The Arcana of Christianity is published, and a copy of it before me. It is a handsome octave of Saturday evening, during a perfect deluge of rain, 490 pp., without the appendix; and is sold at \$1.50; there occurred one of the most beautiful celestial with the appendix, \$1.75. In its arrangement, the phenomenons over witnessed. The heavens were with the appendix, \$1.75. In its arrangement, the completely overcast with clouds, yot from the horizon plan of Swedenborg's writings is followed; that is, to the zenith there appeared one expansive sheet of

day. The public are invited.

Mr. Hume, the medium, is soon to be married to a Russian lady of rank, we learn from our foreign ex-

It is decided not to change the site selected last March for the Boston Post Office.

THE LOGIC AND PHILOSOPHY OF DESTINY .-- Mr. R. to lecture consecutively on the above topics about Browne should be superscribed "R. K. Browne, care

of S. T. Munson, Spiritual Publishing House, 5 Great

Another awful railroad accident occurred on the Eric Railroad, at Skin Hollow, near Port Jervis, on Thursday evening week, when, a rail giving way, the two rear cars of the 512 train from New York were thrown down an embankment of thirty-two feet. Five persons were killed outright, and fortyseven were wounded, among the latter Rev. E. Palmer, J. W. Beals and Mr. Wallace, all of Boston.

The rose has its thorns, the diamond its specks, and the best man his failings.

They have a steamer in New York called the Balloon." Digby thinks she must be quite an airy concern, and consequently liable to blow up.

GRANDILOQUENT !-- "Our beautiful park -- never more beautiful than now-presents a most lorely and attractive appearance," says one of our exchanges. We opine said editor is " in love," and "talks sofe nonsense" with his chere amie, while pacing that beautiful " park.

A newly-arrived John Chinaman, in Shasta, California, purchased somo ice recently; and finding it very wet, laid it out to dry in the sun. On going to look for it again he found that it had disappeared, and forthwith accused the whole Chinese noighborhood of larceny. - A general row was the consequence.

No night shall be in Heaven—no gathering gloom, Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever comé, No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

BASS POINT HOUSE, LATTLE NAHANT,-This charmingly romantic retreat is just the place at which to recreate. Mr. E. Newhall, the landlord, has this scason enlarged his premises, and is now prepared to cater for the public. Chowder parties should select this locality above all others. Fishing tackle always in readiness for the use of visitors.

What led Macbeth to say that he would die with harness on his back? Because he knew very well that Macduff was about to tackle him.

A BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENON .- At about eight o'elock a division into numbered paragraphs; and the state-ment of principles, followed by relations or illus was deeper in some parts than in others, yet it ex-

It is announced that the Turkish government has made ample satisfaction for the outrages on Fon Blanque, the British Consul General at Belgrade. The regiment to which the soldier belonged who made the attack, has been withdrawn, and the soldier and his officers sent to Constantinople for trial. The Pasha personally expressed the regret of the Porte to the Consul, and salutes were fired in houor of the British

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Letters of Correspondence not answered by mail, will be attended to in this corner.]

G. F. S., ABILAND .- The poem has been received, but wo have not as yet had time to examine it. We should be pleased to hear from the writer as often as she feels disposed to communicate. The BANNER is open to all who , "write brieffy and to the uniat."

, E. M., PONTIAC.-You have gone fight, and we thank you for the interest you have taken in the success of the Banner. Add to the club at club-rates.

A WIFE TO HER HUSBARD,"-No, IX, has been received, and will appear in our next issue. It is with pleasure we print these fine essays.

H. W. R., MILL BROOK .- You may do as you suggest, and wo will extend your term.

D. H., CINCINNATI.-Your communication in reference to undeveloped spirits will appear in our next paper.

AGNES CARRA .- "Willie Wolurn's Bride" is in type,

U. B., BARATOGA .- 0 0

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY LEGECRES AT THE MELODEON .--- MR. L. J. PARDER will speak on Sunday next, at 104-2 o'clock, A.M., and 8 P.M. Subject in the morning, "The Providences of God over the Soul, in History." In the evening, "What is the Word of Gyd ?''

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS WILL DO Held OVERY BUNDAY afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission free.

Miss Ross T. AMEDY speaks in the trance state, on Sun-lay, 25th Inst., at West Bridgewater,

BRO. A. E. NEWTON, of Buston, is announced to speak at Franklin next Sabbath.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, ON Bundays, morning and eveningat GUILD HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. GODDARD, regdar speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT .- Meetings at Washington Hall Main treet, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'lock.

meetings on the Babbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Law rence Hall. LAWRENCE .- The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular

Lowell.—The Spiritunlists of this city hold regular meet-ings on Sandays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall, Speaking, by mediums and others.

QUINON.-Bpiritualists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hall overy Sunday morning and alternoon.

overy summay morning and anternoon. SALEM.—Meetings are held in Salem every Sunday at the Bplritualists' Church, Sewall street. The best transe-speak-ers engaged. Circle in the morning free. J. N. KNAPF, Supt. Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 21-2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

Philabelphia.---Bpiritual Circles are holden every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, and Sunday and Friday evenings at eight o'clock; at the Ladies' Academy, corner of Fith and linyno streets. Admission free.

WOODMAN'S REPEY TO DR. DWIGHT. A NEW EDITION OF TILLS EXCELLENT WORK will be heared next Saturday. It has been excelully rovised and stereotyped, in order to meet an increased demand, and will bo put at the low price of 20 cents per copy. A liberal dis-count at wholesale. BELA MARSI, Publisher, july 24 tf 14 Bromitield street. july 24 tf 14 Bronificid street. Mns. Ganzy, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, No, 4 Polk street, Charlestown, has herself been very much benefitted by spirit power, and sho now offers her services for assisting offers in examinations and prescriptions for the sick. Hours from 9 to 8 P. M. Towns 81.00

from 2 to 5 P. M. Terms \$1.00.

BANNER LIGHT. OF

The Messenger.

Abuisator to out Circurs.-- A desire, on the part of our readers, to make themselves acquainted with the manner in buch our communications are received, induces us to admit for persons to our resions.

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A for persons to our receive communications from their friends, as we do not publish in these columns any message, which could so far as we know, have for its origin, the mind of

So that a view know, have no the origin, the mind of white or medium. Usitors will not be admitted, except on application at our office, between the hours of 9 Å. M., and T.P. M., each day. No charge is exacted, but ALL applications for admissions must be made at this office.

HENTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the me-diumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT, whole services are imposed exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are speken while she is in what is usually denominated "The Trance State." the exect language being written down by us. They are not published on account of hierary ment bet as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom Ney are achieved.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of there are the public should see the spirit works as the comparation of the spirit works and the spirit works as the spirit wor we concrete the public should so the spirit world as it is -should learn that there is not a weit as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall five from spirits to mortals. We well the trader to now reference to a put both by spirit, in these columns, that does not compete with its reason-facto expresses so much of traders is perceives, -no more, Each captersies so much of traders the perceives, -no more, Each captersies so much of traders, thus not externate here. rain can speak of his own condition with truth, while no gyres opinions metoly, relative a thongs not experienced. The Spirit governess or number atoms does not pre-toud to infaillibility, to relative engages to use his power and knowledge to have truth come through this channel. Ter-fordien is each line. fection is not claimed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

We wish the frictide of Spiritualism, when they read a messale which they can write to write us to that effect. Wo d consumply to state, as som after publication as practicable that we have reasonabled assurance of ity truth, without montoning the name of the party who has written us. Do at wat for some one else to write us, but take the labor u. a voir own shealders, * Thus you will enable us to place constant of before the public.

Thomas Guehrlst, William Harris, (N. H.,) William Sanben, Jonathan bell, W. E. Chaming, A. Father to his Daugh-ters Guardian, Brooklyn, N. Y. Litzabeth Pettigrew, Betsey Biltan, Joe Anderson, Joseph Walker, Pundeen, (of N. Y.). Weitan Anisworth, Samuel Curtis, John Leathers, Elitzabeth

Wigarm Answorth, Samuel Curtis, John Jeathers, Einzheth Jewnes, Charles Kenney, John, Jackson, George Sheldon, Miles Graut, Carle, Laeretha Bickner, James Flym, Waham Hardy, Hezekadi Eldwell, John Carroll, Cason Cutter, Charles H. Kolley, Chas. Flummer, Pete, (a slave Trank Cartrog, Mary Eaber, ---- to br. Bowen, John Georgen, Dudley Leavitt John Gravemer, Helen Reed, Latkin Moore, Mary Edour, Aberzail Norris, Robert Hare, Ann Louisa Smith, Giles Hamiliond, John Shelly, Thos Pane, Okye to her Lather, Win, Holland, Anon-Gunous, Elizabeth Hook, Charles Div, John Cartwight, John K. Thayer, Joan Darling, Parteck Casey.

gymons, Ehrench Hook, Charles Diy, John Cartwright, John E. Thayer, Joan Darling, Datens Casey. W. E. Charning, Charles tracone, Rev John Moore, Win-W. E. Charning, Charles tracone, Rev John Moore, Win-Downes, Tharkful Smith, Isaac fordon, Jerome Rocheck, Jamest George Rijdey, Josef H. Toster, George Rand. Rev James Clark, Mary Webster, Charles French, Timothy 1art her, John Graves, Gorge H. Wontworth, Father Derand, 15. ; Walker, John Holzin, Willern Stephenx, Pather Derand, A coweth, John Pather, Wilfern Stephenx, Pather Murphy, Anaty Sitte Brown Willerm Wiston Pathek Firthenry, Capt. Frank, Gory to Frieg David, Reuten White, William to Wiston rank, Gorry to Uncie David, Reuben White, William to Wil-4 Whicher, Renards to Jochna Pike, James Finligter, uge hangden, Fulaba, George W. Norris, Margaret Lewis,

Refet Crawson, Stephen Hurd, Betsey Newell, John Locky, War, M'Kay, Stephen Corrick, Charles Hammond, Henry Mel-y, & Asa Wentwerth, William Homer, Charley Stavers, Mary Price, Charles Wulker, James Bell, Jonathan Russell, Julia Cafis, John Robbins, Hannah Hewins, Charles Ward.

Thomas Pierco.

I wish I might find wisdom on the earth. I see some of my friends have kindly called for me; but they say "come in private," that the world may not know they are investigating Spiritualism. But 1 to day come in public that I may teach them wisdom. They who are cowards enough to fear the world or its vain habblers, are not fit for my companions, however dear they may have been; and I would as soon east nevself wiltfully into hell, as to commune with them in private, and thus nurture their pride, their folly. No, I dare come and come in public, and when they dare to come in God's own way, then, and not until then, will I reveal to them that they so much desire to know.

It were a fine thing to cover one's spiritual light with a half bushel, and expect all who desire to commune, to crawl under that half-bushel to do so. No! 1 like freedom; and as I like it, 1 will have it, God giving me the same.

It is well nigh twenty years since I took my flight from earth, and my good people, a small portion of them, are beginning to believe that there may be such a thing as communication with mortals by spirits, and they in their superstition, do not dare to come forth and pluck the fruit from the tree, but must have it at midnight. A suppose there must be Nic demuses in this day, as in the days of Jesus. But I do not profess to be a Jesus, and I cannot overlook an insult-1 never could-and I look upon myself as insulted, when they call upon mesin this mannerespecially when the call comes from those who were dependent upon me when in a mortal form. Full many a long year I have anxiously boked for a day of communion; and now it has come, the call comes up to me, come thus and so, or not at all. Thanks be to God, we are not bound to this medium or that, and if we are rejected at the home circle, we can come hither and send our missiles home-we care not whether they southe or cut. The days are past when our mediums will suffer an ignominious death by reason of our coming. The light of to day has driven nway the darkness of the past, and who dare lift a hand to injure our mediums? Man may howl and prate, so that the celestial spheres may grieve, but (who dare harm them? Superstition is about to be burned in the funeral pile, and methinks that 'pile will reach to heaven Many millions on earth are so wrapped about by superstition and error, that it will take a long time ere it shall reach such individnals. Light from heaven comes upon them, but if they cannot receive it at midnight, they try to shut it out altogether. But the star of truth will never be shut up-it will shine. Yes, some of my friends have said-" Send a medium to us privately, and we will hear you, and if we prove you true, we will believe this new dispensation." And so I am to be their tool? to be led by them ! Now all spirit divested of mortal form is superior to that embodied, and they should assert and use their superiority, and I mean to use and assert mine. I have hereby informed my friends of my terms, as they have in times past informed me of theirs. I refure, publicly, to agree to their terms; now it remains for them to say whether they agree to mine. Until 1 receive an answer, I shall remain silent. My name was Thomas Pierce, of New Hampshire. I was a soldier in the war of 1812, It is not well for me to answer your questions further. May 21.

spheres ; and were it not for the sorrow, the germ Oh, I wish to God I had not been a fool; but I was might remain in darkness until it went forth to meet led on from one thing to another. But I am not go-

its God in heaven. It were better, then, that my dear friends bear well the messengers God has sent them, that they may be bound to their God and to those beyond earth. If all families remained un-broken, there would be no cords of affection to draw broken, there would be no cords of affection t broken, there would be no cords of affection to draw are constantly changing, and they may be a long ways from there. If you will, 1'll' try to send you the soul higher than earth. Thus it is well that the soul has cords of affections away from earth, that it a communication from them, and perhaps from my friends. Well, hurry up as fast as you can. All day to you. May 24. may prepare itself a mansion beyond the grave. Now, I would not take away the messenger of sorrow from my friends, for I know God has sent day to you.

him; full well I know that out of the darkness cometh forth the light, and they should not seek to

drive away the darkness, but to fly beyond it. As long as they seek to drive the messenger away, and place themselves upon his platform, they will ac complish nothing. But when they have looked be youd the darkness, and found light beyond it, then shall they bless God for his messenger, although clad in dark garments. They have called for me, and I have returned. May my coming prove a blessing, and better prepare them to enjoy the blessings that 's what I was looking at this medium for, to see of spirit-life. ELIZABETH BOND. May 21.

Thomas Hobart, of England.

Sir, can one be permitted to give what he pleases You, perhaps, will wonder at my coming hore? thus, but when I have told you my story, you will see that I could come in no other way, and give what I desire. My name is Thomas Hobart. I am the son of Sir Thomas Hobart, of London. He now is a opirit, as I am. Seven years ago my youngest brother. Charles Hobart, wändered from home, in consequence of some petty offence committed against the crown. He is now an exile in America, without money, without friends; and 1 come here, to day, with the hope that I might inform him that he can safely return home. And I wish to inform him, also, that I have left him all my possessions. He does not know of my death, as he ceased to correspond with the family some six months ere I died. Since my death, I have found him, in America, and have been told were I to come here I might reach him. I wish to tell him that, by going home, he can not only receive a welcome, but will speedily be put in possession of all my fortune, together with our father's Now may he see, and hear, and know that it is go home and fear not.

I will describe him, if that will be of service he is very tall, very slender, black hair, black eyes, black beard, fair skin. He speaks fluently seven difblack beard, fair skin. The spears transfer ferent languages besides his native tongue. May 21.

Benj. Frye, of New Orleans.

Seven years ago 1 left New Orleans for California; four years ago I left there for Australia; between one and two years ago I left there for my spirit home. My friends are not aware of my death, and I take this way of informing them. They may think it a strange way, but I have no other, and when one has but one way, he must take that way. I wrote my friends I should be in Sidney, Australia, at a given time, and I never wrote after that. They think I may have been lost on the passage, or have forgotten them. They don't hardly think I am dead, but they suspect it. All the funds I had, it took to defray my expenses. I am not accustomed to speaking in this way, but when one comes to a general post office, he is apt to say a word to his friends, if there is a way to get intelligence to them. I do n't know how this is to be received, therefore 1 will say no more, but come again. My name was Benjamin Frye. I lived in New Orleans. Spell my name F-r-y-e, good sir. May 21. name F-r-y-e, good sir.

- Williams, of Warren, R. I.

If I understand aright, all who come here are at ended to by you? I have been a dweller in the spirit-land but a short time, and I can scarcely realise the truth of this great philosophy, which seems to be filling the earth with its fruits.

When I was an inhabitant of an earthly life I could not be made to believe that the doctrine of spirit communion was fit for man to traffic in, and 1 could only understand it in this way-that the foolish of the land were led astray by the cunning and crafty. But it has pleased God to enable me to see and to know that there is a connection between the two worlds, and that we have an opportunity of communing with earth's people, and that the world's

Jane ____, of New York. Who are you? Where is this place? Whose house is this? . Here's where I wanted to come, but l don't know what to say. My mother do n't know I'm dead. 'She lives in New York. Oh, I lived there, but I was n't to home. I've got a medium that lets me come to her, but she wanted me to come here. I go to her; her name is Beath; my name is Jane. She is bigger than this medium, and how big sho was. I want you to ask her for me, if

I'll write a good message, if she won't send it to my mother. Oh, dear, I'm so miscrable, I do n't know what to do. There's a man I talk to, that tells me everything good. What do you suppose my mother will say when sho knows 1 am dead. No, sir, L shan't give you my other name. Nobody knew where I was before I died, and I'd be foolish to have it published now. I was crazy when I went there. I was eighteen years old when I died. They used to call me Jenny. I've told her more than I told you. Don't you worry about them-1 don't want to identify myself to my friends-this is for the medium. 1'd rather you 'd publish it, but you may go see her, if you wish. Well, good bye. May 24.

William Balch.

I thought I might possibly see some of my own here. They live in Newburyport, Mass. 1 have been there and tried to commune, but they don't know anything about this thing, and it's very hard for one to push his way through a crowd. I can't seem to reach my friends, and I thought I would go a long way off and take up a small stone, and send it at my friends, and if it reaches them, they will, per-Thomas Hobart, and no one else, who now bids him go home and fear not. I haps, call for me, and I think I can give them some good advice, and some truth in regard to spirit life. knew nothing of it when I left earth, and it seems to me that it will be well for them to learn of me.

My name was William Balch. I have not been here but a little while, and I should like to commune in my own place. Now, if you will intercede with the friends there, so that I can commune, I shall be happier. I think you can. Every one here wishes to do something to spread this new light, but I can't talk fluently-what I give you is truth, if not well dressed up. I was a middle aged man-a little past, but what the world would call middle-May 24. aged. Good day.

Elisha Smith.

One of my friends has recently called on me to answer certain questions; saying if I would do so, they should be made happier and better. I come here to say that I heard the call, but cannot at present answer, as we spirits have not possession of all material facts at all times. We are obliged to go back in time and in memory to conjure 'up such material proof as mortals want.

I only think it strange that mortals should place us so high as they do. They seem to think us in-finite-competent to read their minds at a moment's warning.

Now, my dear friends must remember I have been in the spirit world but a short time, and I have hardly had time enough to care for myself. Every one has a desire to take care of self, and 1 wanted to know where I was to go-how I was to be situated. I manifested to these friends as soon as I could, and gave them positive proof. What they now want is advice, and I shall be obliged to make myself acquainted with all the facts in the case, ere I can give them that advice, which will be for their future good. I shall be obliged 'to ask for time to do this, for I must have it. My name was Elisha Smith. Good day. May 24.

John Goodwin.

Thy friend cometh, that he may produce agitation in the minds of his friends; and as agitation is the people can commune with those in the spirit-world, if they desire to do so for good. that he found the delusion true. Thee will please say that he returns to request the friends to seek wisdom, and strive to understand the spirit that governs them. Thee will please say he hath a blessng for all, and forgetteth none. Should the Great Father will. John Goodwin will come again and commune with thee. Fare thee well, friend. John Goodwin passed from Shaker Village, or Hancock, some time past. Fare thee well. May 24.

me to go to them ?

I am a little puzzled. I know I am a spirit, and that I have control of a mortal form. I knew someof mesmerism, and I am told this is the same thing, only further advanced; that disembodied spirits, as

well as embodied, have the power to control mind. I will say this to my friends: I am very much obliged to them for this call, but I would like to have an opportunity to speak to them in private.

My name was William Woodard. I was once overseer of the poorhouse in Tewksbury ; but why don't round Robin Hood's barn to get at anything, to work in this way. I will look into this matter, and if I with it. find it any more plain to me, I will return in a few May 26. days and give you more, perhaps.

Don Ricardo Galencia.

You no speak? I no speak to you plain Americano, your way? Me die California. My home? Me live Matanzas. What's name? All, whole name? Don Ricardo Galencia. My padre above-May 26. more soon.

William Goddard.

It seems hardly necessary for disembodied spirits to return and manifest to mortals, in order to prove the immortality of the soul. I say it is hardly necessary, when everything in nature's vast kingdom proclaims the truth of this great fact. But as man —individual man—is one of the little streams coming from the fountain of Deity, so man is constantly seeking for positive proof of that he cannot see. In his material state of existence, he is constantly reaching forth for some positive proof of a spiritual existence. Instead of opening the volume of nature, and forth into the unseen world, and is never satisfied, unless he can gain some undeniable evidence of spirit power and spirit life.

There are some spirits abiding in mortal forms, who say they are anxious to know something in regard to the future. They are anxious to prove, if possible, the immortality of the spirit. They wish to satisfy themselves, also, that if the spirit be immorcommunicate with material forces, after it has passed to the immortal. Among such, my friends are found. They say, cannot some one of our kindred manifest, and if this thing be holy and true, can they not be endowed with power to prove it unto us?

The many questions that have been floating in pace, are being gathered up one by one, and are being answered by Divine will; and I am one of the many messengers in Divine life, to return in accordance with Divine will, to answer the inquiries of friends. But, ere I proceed farther, suffice it to ask these friends why they have not, long ere this, opened the Book of Books, which is Nature, and learned of these things. Strange it is to us, that mortals do not proceed in this most direct way to prove these things. But as the Divine Wisdom has given many channels through which truth shall flow to the lower world, I presume all can choose the channel they please, and I do not return to find fault to-day with my friends.

"Cannot some of ours come and prove to us that question has been borne on the wings of the winds to me, and I return to answer it. Oh, that I had power to invade the sacred sanctuary of those I have in earth-life, and that, having invaded, oh that I had power to pour within their souls the light of lights, that they may no longer sit in darkness in reference to futurity.

I must say to them that, though years and days joys have freighted the moments, yet, thanks be to music? Well, I know how to play the guitar as well the loving Father, I have power to return and benefit as I know how to talk. Do you like it much? So them to a certain extent, by communing with them. I would here inform my friends that we stand as mediators between them and higher sources, and they should ever send forth inquiries to the great wings-pictures used to have them-but they do n't Fountain of all Wisdom, asking him to send them have them here-perhaps they used to have them a answers in his way, and in his own time, saying,-"Great Spirit of Love, whatsoever thou art pleased to send, thy servants will joyfully receive."

I see in the past and at my feet, a world of thorns, of sunshine, also

commune with them, but why do they not call for and when one said, "He will be a guide to us, and counsel us," I said, "Yes, blessed be God, I will." 1 heard and saw, although I was not seen. Yes, yes, I experienced the true religion of Jesus-that which thing of this before I left-that is, I knew something justifies no man in sin, and condemns no one-yes. that carries the soul to God-that was my religion.

The tomb! oh, that is not a dark place -it never has been to the true Christian. Christianity is a good thing, and one of the good steps to Spiritualism. I'm not coming here to denounce what I see and know in the Christian world. If God had not designed it to be, it would not have been ; yet I say I experienced seer of the poorhouse in Tewksbury; but why don't the only Christianity-true religion. I cannot say they send for me at home? It seems to me like going that what you consider the Christian religion, is not full of error. No! coldness is mixed up too much

Some of my dear friends are prone to despond, and think they have not half so much light as their neighbors. Oh, this should not be so; they should offer thanks for what they have had, and never mourn for more, for He will take care of that. Some of my friends ask if I have seen the Lord Jesus Christ. No! only as he exists in principle, in Love-no other way. Then some of my dear friends want to know if I am my madre in Matanzas. I goes to California. The perfectly happy. Yes, I am happy—God has given years be 1851. Dies 1858. I wants to have my peo- me more than I deserved, and I should be an ungrate. years be 1301. Dies 1300. I wants to have my peo-ple know l'se die. I speak Americano pretty well-understand what you Americano say. I traded in Matanzas. Me speak, but no easy. Me give you observed. and issound be an ungrate-ful child if I was not happy. They want to know if I am dwelling with those dear ones I used to hear from. Yes, thanks to God, I am, and am with them

always. Now I'll go, requesting my dear friends to call for me often, and when the voice of God whispers. to them, even through the child of crime, they should hear him. Every child of God is dear to him, and although crime and vice be there, the germ of God is there, and in due time it will shine forth. Now with my blessing to all those dear friends, I'll leave. My. name is Jacob Gillett. I am from the western country, and am expected there. Good day. May 27.

Lizzie Cass.

The following, from a child, was spoken with all the innocent, prattling mode of childhood. We canreading there evidence upon every line, he reaches not impart this to our cold types-the human heart and voice, can alone give the expression of innocence and simplicity :--

I want to talk to my father. He is n't here-he's in Louisiana. My mother's with me here, and she told me to come. She wants me to talk to my father. Oh, I oan't say anything; he's a long ways off, you know. I've been here to Boston before-with my tal, it can have power from the Deity to enable it to father. I was eleven years old; I died of fever ; was siek but a little while. I don't want to say anything here, but if my father will give me a chance to talk to him I'll be very glad. Isdied in New Orleans. Were you ever there? Are you going there sometime? My name was Lizzie Cass. My

father had a small plantation in the country. Sometimes we lived there, and sometimes in the city. My father's name is Samuel Cass. Oh, dear, I guess I'm sick. I don't like to stay

here.

When spirits who are unused to controlling the form of a medium, first get possession, they often complain of being sick-as in this instance-i. e., they feel similar sensations to those which they experienced ere leaving their own earth-body.

My mother says she wishes I could say more-if I could see him, I could talk fast enough-I'll say all you ask me to. I like where I live and am not sick

at all. I did n't like to be buried up. I saw them bury me-don't you suppose you'll see yourself they still live, and have power to return ?" This buried ? Well, you will, I did not like it, and I thought I could go back and take care of the other body I had, for I was n't dead. I was what you call dead, but then I was n't. To night I 'm going somewhere with my father-he's going to Mobile-I've got an aunt there. He takes the boat to go. I went once, before I remember, but I have been two or three times since. I always went on the water. I must say to them that, though years and days My father is going about six o'clock. What time is have flown by, and a thousand ills and sorrows and it now? We don't have time here. Do you like long time ago. Good byc. May 27.

Thomas Sabine.

Bless God, the night of error no longer broods over

Elizabeth Bond.

When man finds a foundation of materialism giving way beneath his feet, then he reaches out his hand to grasp something higher, something more real, that will ppt give way; and thus man is afflict-ed that he may reach beyond the vanities of earth for support. Sorrow is oftimes an angel in disguise, and when the dark pall is torn off, then the diamond shines in brilliancy and illumines the unhappy soul. Were mortals always to drink holy water from the silver cup, they would not understand themselves. Sorrow bringeth forth joy; the flower nover yields fragrance so well, as when orushed.

The spirit who speaks to you, at this time, has lived on earth. Some of the loved ones have been tasting the bitter cup of serrow. They cannot see that God is there; that sorrow is an angoi in disguise, but are constantly weeping, calling upon God to take sorrow from their pathway. The Father, in his wisdom, will do all things well, and man must learn to suffer and bentrong-to pass through the shadows of his earthly, He and stand upon the shore of spirit-life, strong and firm. For if man will only let God's messengers work out his mission, he will see it is well for him; but man too often prays to be relieved from corrow, and conds away God's mes-sengers. Too often man says, "Give me peace;" and thus he is bound to earth. He has too many attractions there, and sorrow comes-to out the cord and draw the soul to God; for when sorrow is in the household the soul turns to God, and the germ within the soul goes forth to its superior in-the celestial.

Every breeze in the earth life seems to be freighted with inquiry-and the great question is, prove to us the immortality of the soul; give us to know that the soul, or its inhabitant, can return and commune with mortals, after the change called death.

A passing breeze has borne an inquiry to me, and return to day that I may answer it as best I can. do not know whether the inquiry came from my kindred, or merely from some one who knew of me as a mortal; I do not know whether my questioner or questioners believe in the doctrine of Spiritualism or not. I simply know the fact, that I have been called for, and that he or she who has called me wishes me to prove that I live, and not only that, but that I have power to return to earth and animate an organism belonging to another. How far I may be able to go in proof, I am unable to say. I do not fully understand the laws that govern this great truth, for truth it is; but so far as I do understand them, will I acquit myself with honor. I hereby give my friends to know that I have heard the call and if there were no communion between the earth and spirit-world, I could not have heard the call, and

that call. And, as I come in the manner and way 1 lo, my friends should be perfectly satisfied, not only that I return, but that I have power to manifest to mortals.

Perhaps it would not be amiss for me to give my name, my place of residence, and my profession. My name was Williams; I was a physician,-formerly practised at Warren, Mass. If I understand aright, the call has come from thence. There are two of the same name dwelling in the same place, and if I give you my first name, there will be some confusion, therefore I do not give my first name.

Those who have called for me will perfectly under-stand, TSappose. If not, let them issue another call, and if I deem it well, I will return and answer. And now, in conclusion, I will say I shall be happy to commune with my dear friends in public, and do the best to prove to them that the spirit-world is connected with this, and that we do indeed have power to return and to commune. Farewell.

May 24. Patrick Casey

Here at last, although I have tried to come for the last three mouths, 1 come here for something, so do n't think I came for nothing. My name? What the devil do you want my name for ? There, now.] an checked-they told me to come here and net myself, and when I get in a hard word they stop me Well, I 'll try to skip them. My name was Casey. . They tell mo I 've got a work to do, and I want to know when I am going to do it without help. I have tried to manifest quite a number of times at a circle in California. I have got something to do there, and they wont let me come -or, I think they wont-and so I can't as well as I want to.

About three months ago, I went to a mediumlon't know what kind, but I suppose good enough but I couldn't do much, and they sent me off. went again, and could n't do much then, but they told me to come here and tell who I was, and they would do what they could for me. Now I have been trying to come, here since, but never could manifest, though I have been here often. I want them to assist me, and if they will overlook some of my hard words and hard actions, they can do it. I I think there must be some mistake. know I am unhapyy. I deserved hell, and I got it. If I understand you aright, you t hard words and hard actions, they can do it. 1 I thus the bout must be some mistage. know I am unhapyy. I deserved hell, and I got it. , if I understand you aright, you are to receive It's nobody's business but my own. I want to send what I give, and publish it for my friends. I know you back word through that medium about this. , I have been called for by some of my family, but I hard making them believe that I can come.

James Livingston.

No spirit can use a melium beyond what the me-dium has been endowed with. They may use organs which have hitherto been dormant-they may use these organs-but how can they use them as well as if they had been cultivated? Were Daniel Webster to use your medium-to speak after the manner of the world-he would be obliged to so expand or stretch these organs, as to injure the medium physically. All spirits must learn how far they can go with the organs of the medium; they must know how much they can give through their organs. In their anxiety am sure I could not have returned to-day in answer to be understood they will often repeat, as they ad dress you, and you object to their repetitions.

The above was a participation in a discussion going on while the medium was being entranced, relative to repetitions by mediums, and the inappropriateness of a communication purporting to be from Webster, &c.

I have been in spirit-life but a short time, and I sometimes feel the time has been so short that I am wholly incompetent to the work I come to perform. I lived and died in the light of the ninetcenth cen-

tury. Yes, I saw the star which is guiding many to pence. I heeded not its coming -- it - seemed - to -molike some stray star, which had shot across the sky of human existence, which would soon fall-while some would still cling to its light. Yes, I went to the spirit-life in ignorance. I thought 1 might be happy in a future state, but I feared I might be like a thing that goes down to the dust, living but a day. But I found to my delight that I was an immor-

tal being, and that I was destined to grow better and wiser to all eternity. I have also found that all spirits, whether they dwell in the highest states of existence, or in the lowest, can commune through mortals. Some have more difficulty than others, while some have to wait a long time; but all in time will return and commune.

My friends call upon me for information in regard to my state. I can only say I live and expect to live through all eternity, and as long as there is a material'sphere I expect to return to it, and derive much enjoyment therefrom. My name was James Livingston, of New York. I suppose I was thirty-threa. years of age, and have been dead between two and three years-a little over two. I died, I suppose, of brain fever. I was a trader-in the dry goods business. I belonged to no church, and some 'called me an Atheist; however, in justice to myself. I was no Atheist; though I was called so by my friends. I had peculiar views, which probably lead my friends atheit this of me to think this of me. May 25. 1.1.1.1 1.0

William Woodard.

Well, I should like to be Informed why I am here.

I should like to send something to my friends, but do not know why I should be called to come here to I don't know what to say. You see the world has a strange place, for I don't think I ever met any of given me a binoker mark than I deserved, and it is. the folks here. I have been dead something like nine or ten years, and I have a family. 'I should like to

into it again? The same power which first sent the spirit into existence, has power to transport it all over the universe. Our Father is one who does not sees fit to cramp himself iu.

We, I say, have power to return to earth and commune. We consider all men our brethren, and al-though there are those who are bound to us by ties of consanguinity, to whom we are often drawn, as we hear their calls upon us, yet we come to all men vho need our aid.

I have a son on earth; ere long he lays down the mortal upon the bosom of his mother, the earth, and he comes upward-that he may commence a new life? no-that he may continue on the same ife, only under different conditions ; and it is to him will address a few lines at parting.

My son, as the shadows close around wou, and the spirit catches a glimpse of the etherial spheres, be at peace with thyself, thy God, and all humanity ; know thy God is a God of love, and will in no wise suffer one of his children to suffer. See to it that all thy work has been done which should be done in pensation has dawned upon my son, but yet he wishes more proof that it is not a delusion. Oh, my on, my son, this is the voice of God-calling to his children to seek for new, truths, and to lay aside old errors,

My name, when on earth, was William Goddard. My son is a physician, residing not far from the lace where you are communing. May 26.

Jacob Gillett.

Bless the Lord, I'm here ! after so long and hard siege, I'm here. I promised to come, and some times I thought it would be impossible for me to fulfill my promise; but I'm here. I hardly know what to say, but I must say something, I suppose-tell ou who I am, where I came from, and what for? Well, my dear friends, I made an agreement to come here, before I died. Yes, I said if my faith was realized. I would come, and come here. I did n't say how well I would do, but promised to do the best I could, and I have been here more than twenty times for the past fow weeks, but conditions have never been fit for me to commune. I know nothing about controlling mediums, but thanks be to God; I've had many blessed communications from the spirit world, for they gave me light I could have got in no other way! I'm in old man, and have seen many joys and many sorrows, but I can truly say that my last days were happy, for I can say I saw with the eye of faith that blessed land where the soul is not cramped with mortal form, and there it is free indeed. I do not see any familiar face here to-day but I did not expect to. camo to encourage my friends, my acquaintances, and all who know me, to seek, and never cease to seek, for God has said "Seek and ye shall find." Why should not you do it? You may search all your life for wisdom, and you will never get too much. If you get more than you can comprehend, pass it to your friends. I feel so happy to-day because I can commune that I hardly know what to do with myself, given them no positive proof; and now I come here thinks he was all to blame, and suffers for it. I know to-day to give them positive proof, and to encourage I was all to blame. I sauced him, and he gave me a them.

I suppose my friends would like to know how I told anybody what ailed mc-never meant to, I found things. Very much as I expected to, but a ain't told you where I died, have I? Well, I died in

passed the land; the glorious morning of truth has already beyond that world, but who can say I cannot return been ushered in by myriads of angels. Yes, millions of voices are singing praises to the God of the Universe even to-day. They praise him for the light which has been given to mortals; they praise him as cramp the soul in the crucible that man sometimes did the angels eighteen hundred years ago. Love has had its second advent-and will it abide upon the

earth? Yea, throughout eternity. Aye, it shall continue until mortals shall be immortal, and you dwell in a new earth. Aye! and heaven shall be new, also. Ye who live in this light shall bless God that ye are of to-day-that you did not live in the night of error, but that the soul came forth amid a

thousand beauties. For no star comes alone, no flower blooms in solitude, but millions are coming down to carth-and oh! how this wilderness will blossom ere long. You, of this generation, may not A few years ago I was in mortal form; a few

years ago I endeavored to preach the gospel of Jesus, but my foundation was dead-my sounding board was of lead, and gave forth no sound ; my feet were poorly shod, and my soul sometimes doubted the existence of a Father, the Creator. But as I watch the tiny plants coming forth in new life to-day, I can earth, that thy soul may not return in anguish to but return to offer thanks to the Giver of All Things. earth to finish the work. The light of this new dis- I can but ask you childron to be four of All Things. I can but ask you, children, to be faithful-that tomorrow you may go hence to receive a reward for all you do on earth. Oh, I would beseech all to be fuithful-be strong, ever extending the hand of love to all; for, as Christ manifested a spirit of forgiveness, may not his followers do the same? Ho said. "All I do, ye may do." Then why not heal the sick, raise the dead, and carry blessings to those in darkness: Oh, why not! because yo do not serve the Lord your God. Oh, then, go at once into the light, sit no more in darkness, and then the kind Father. will call you hence, after leaving others in your place to carry on the work, and give you blessings. am unused to controlling this medium, therefore I will now leave, promising to return again. My name was Thomas Sabine. May 27.

Robert Page.

Mighty quiet resurrection this is, any way. If you can understand me, it's more than I can do myself. They say I can send a message to my friends. Well, what shall I give you? I don't know what to make of things here, any how. But I was always disappointed on earth-never undertook anything yet, but I got disappointed some way.

You want to know where I was born, first. Well, 1 was born in Augusta, State of Maine, in 1829. 1 will tell you where I died. I've been dead. most three years, according to your time. It's now 1868 -I died in 1856. Have you got to tell how you died, and all about it? Suppose I was killed, what then?

Suppose I was most to blame, what then ? Well, I was born in Augusta, Maine, and lived there till quite a boy-do n't know how old-and my, folks went to Bangor, then to Belfast, and then to Portland. I came to Boston, and went cruising all around-never stationary.

Somehow or other. I've been told that I would not have got into the last fuss, if I had not been drunk. I have no mother or father on earth, but I have two sisters. My brother died a year ago. I am told I I have communicated a fow times at home, but I have ought to come for the benefit of my murderer; he I was all to blame: I sauced him, and he gave me a thrashing, and I was laid up with a fever. I never

little different. I expected I should meet and recog. Albany, New York State. What the deuce sent me nize the friends I had known before, and I was not there, I can't tell-went there to dio, I suppose. disappointed. I expected to see my earthly body, Now, I've been told that by coming here I should and see those who were gathered about it, and I did; be happier, and make somebody else happy. If I

BANNER LIGHT. OF

he must not be so unhappy about it. I might as well have died in that way as in any other. He lives in than I am ; he 's miserable. I think I ought to catch the worst of it. Ile thinks he's most to blame. I know I was, and I want him to feel happy about it. I am where I can see my own faults, now-can't do that on earth, though it would be better if people. would see their own faults, and not make so much fuss about others.

I can see him-can go to him-just as well as ever I did. I'll try to get this to him, but if I can't I'll como and tell you his name, and you 'll send it, will you? My name is Robert Page. I'm going, now. Good bye. • May 27.

James Pogue.

You will recollect I met you here a few weeks ago. James Pogue was the name I gave you. I have been watching the result of my coming, and I see that some of my friends have been made acquainted with the same, and they do n't believe one single word of it—not one single word—that's encouraging, to bo sure! But they have said this much—"If James has really communicated, let him come and tell us if we have heard of it." So you see why I am here to-day. Simply to let my friends see that I can hear, and know what is going on about them. Though I am a stranger here, in a strange place, not knowing what is to be my position in the next mo-ment, I am in possession of all my faculties. To be cut off, as it were, in a moment, is hard; and then to be permitted to return and commune with one's friends, by the kind Father, and be rejected by those friends, is harder. I know I should be happy if I could talk with my friends. But I have done my duty, and that is all I have to do. Farewell, May 27.

Communications.

• 2207; Under this head we propose to publish such Commu-nications as are written through various modiums by persons in the spirit world and sent to us.

WHAT SHALL YE EATP

SERIES NO. VI. [Given through the Mediumship of H. R. W.]

A mere casual glance at the subject of our present remarks, perhaps, would not suffice to interest the world at large, or invest it with its due importance. But yet we think that a proper analysis and appreciation of the laws of life, appertaining to the material body in all its varied functions, will prove it to be a subject which is worthy of the most strict investigation.

The material body is but the earthly habitation of the soul, and is dependent upon the food which it consumes for its existence and vitality. Hence, so intimately are the two bodies connected together, the spirit realms. that the healthy or diseased condition of either must seriously affect the other.

Now, it is a fact well recognized by all physiologists and students of natural history-for the same law applies to all animal life-that the general characteristics and dispositions of any nation or tribe, as well as animal, are strongly marked by the food upon which they subsist. For one illustration. we would refer to the animal, or lower kingdom. We would ask if there is not a strong contrast between the ferocious tiger, while prowling the forest in search of prey, and the gentle lambs, the very embodiment of innocence, engaged in their playful gambols, and gathering their subsistence from the bosom of Mother Earth? Yet there is no more difference in their habits and dispositions than in their food.

From these we would look at the lower order of the human species-those barbarous hordes, who indulge in cannabalism. Although we must of necessity class them above the animal creation, as they as the human form, yet in every other particular they are on a parallel with the lower order of ereation. We might furnish many illustrations to show this fact, viz: that the more animal food which is consumed, either by the human or animal species, tends to develop and bring into active exercise the grosser propensities, and stimulate the passions, to the entire detriment and demoralization of the individual and the race. We are aware we shall be met in our assumption by the old law of Moses, which declared certain beasts to be clean, and fit for the food of man. But, as it appears to us, this furnishes one of the best arguments in our favor. What is the Old Testament but a record of bloody wars and strife? Scarcely a chapter but contains the recital of some sacrifice of human blood ; yet we will not cast reproach upon the actors in those tragedies, for they filled their place in the great chain of human existence, and acted up to their highest light. Iu all due revereuce we would say it, we cannot accept them as models of excellence for the world in the ninetcenth century. But, on the contrary, however fit and proper, or even necessary, it might have been in the early development of mankiud for them to consume the flesh of animals, we do aver that its trations are drawn from nature, and clearly pictured influence upon the individual is injurious and detri- in all their grandeur. Nothing which we can pen mental to his progress; for, as before stated, the more gross and stimulating the food which is consumed by man, the more gross and animal-like will animation ; her attitude the most graceful ; her voice be his development. Again-aside from the stimulating effects of animal food upon the human system, there is another reason, no less important, to substantiate our position. It is this. Although Nature has endowed the animal kingdom with an instinct which loads them to avoid the excesses which would tend to render their bodies diseased, and unhealthy-and hero we would par parenthesis romark, (that this fact either places the reason of man below the instinct of the animal, or else man is beneath the brute in his proportionate development, for, with all his God-like endowments, yet does he fall far below the animal ia many practices)-still, often by the restraint and unnatural more ably than those who had made it their study treatment forced upon them, do the animals which for years. From what source does she derive her are intended for food become diseased, and hence their fiesh is more or less poisonous. It is to this fact alone that we attribute many of the diseases. and particularly those new ones, which occasionally make their appearance in society. The disease of the animal is imparted to the physical system during the process of digestion. It is our opinion, based upon observation, that not one half of the animal food consumed by man is in a healthy condition. This fact alone, we think, should be of sufficient importance to deter man-at least in a great degreefrom its use. But its effect upon the nervous system, and spiritual development of the individual, cannot be overrated."... We assume, that a pure, healthy and well-balanced constitution, never, under any circumstances, needs any stimulus. Nature's God has wisely provided for this in the physical construction of his creatures. If, from constant use, it becomes relaxed and fatigued, thom.

ain't, I shant come here again. I do n't know what to say tu that fellow. What shall I say? I can't say anything, except that I was most to blame; and on the contrary if stimulants in the form of on the contrary, if stimulants-either In the form of animal food, or alcoholio drink-has been used, an Albany-tends bar there-was assistant hotel-keeper | extra tax upon the system has been imposed, to which when I was there, in a small House-I think the Nature forcibly rebels, in the form of diseased nerves, Sun, but I'm not quite sure of that. He is worse off hillour and impute sometime work direction and hilious and impure scoretions, weak digestion, and often mental imbecility.

Then we would ask, is it not far better for man to abstain from stimulants, and live as Nature has designed him to live, thus avoiding the many ills which transgression is sure to bring upon him?

As we have laid the ban of forbidden indulgence upon the most common food of man, we will endeavor to give our ideas regarding that kind of food. which we know is better fitted for his use, and hence develop him to a state of greater purity and harmony.

We contend, from actual knowledge, that from the bosom of the earth has the Futher caused to grow all that is necessary for the support of life in a healthy condition. From this inexhaustible fountain, what an endless variety of delicious fruit, and nutritious vegetables spring forth, merely, as it were, at the demand of man. These, we say, are fit to be, and designed by the Father for the food of his creatures. In these, when properly cultivated, you find no discase. You find nothing, when applied to the use which Nature designed it for, to stimulate the gross and sensual passions, and thus make man the animal, instead of the progressive, reason-endowed and angelic being intended by his Creator.

It has been in our previous subject, as upon this, our aim to endeavor to teach man to live naturally, instead of being the most unnatural creature which exists.

It seems sometimes as if the reason with which he s endowed had sought, by its stimulated ambition, to excel the Creator, or, at least, to devise some means by which it could live and progress in a differcut direction than that by which the unalterable laws of Deity govern all miud and matter. But such attempts are as fruitless and vague as the chimerical and diseased mentality which originates them. There is a grand, unchangeable, retributive principlo which pervades all Nature, and by which transgression, in any form, is visited with punishment. Not as you have been taught, to satisfy the reveugeful feelings of an offended God, but as the natural effect of the transgression of the laws of being-aud that such punishment is desigued for the benefit of the individual, instead of satisfying any revengeful feelings-to woo man back again to the path of rectitude and right, and teach him the simple truth, that only by obedience to the laws of God, in every department of his being, can he become purely developed, and fitted to occupy a high and lofty sphere in

> Written for the Banner of Light. TO ONE BELOVED. BY LELIA.

Wouldst know the purest and sweetest delight, Which the rolling hours of the day bring me? Then come to me when the shades of night Spread their curtains dark o'er forest and lea.

Thon wilt find me sitting in thoughtful mood,---For those quiet hours sweet memories bring, Of the pure, the true, the gentle and good-And I list to the sougs the angels sing.

They fan my hot brow with a tender care, And fill my soul with a peace serene, Till I dream of a hand more bright and fair Than eye of a mortal over hath seen.

But my soul, Imprisoned in mortal form. Wearies of reaching for heavenly joys-Wearies of reaching for nearenty super-My throbbing heart with affection is warm, And a human hope my spirit buoys.

Though I count the moments of thy delay, I hopefully wait for thy ovening kiss : When it comes, no moment in all the day Is fraught with a joy so precious as this. While I leau on thee, as on the Divine,

Correspondence.

LECTURES BY ANNA M. CARVER 'AND REV. MR. LILIENTHAL. CINCINNATI, OHIO, July 6, 1858.

MESSUS, EDITORS-Mrs. Anna M. Carver, one of our best trance-mediums, lectured here morning of 27th ult., in the Melodeon, to an excellent audience, on

the subject, " Love ye one another." After several pieces were sung by the choir, she arose and gave forth one of those glowingly beautiful invocations, which, for pathos and grateful inspirations, is seldom equalled, and which it was a pleasure to listen to, and was addressed to Spiritualists generally, for their especial benefit. I have taken down a few of the leading features :-

"Love ye one another." Do ye love one another? Ages have rolled on, and truth after truth has been developed in the minds of men; but they throw away all this, because they allow fear to mingle with the truths they hear. What is it, the freedom of the material body, when the mind is in prison ? Eigh-teen hundred years ago, when the man Jesus lived, he lived not in low, selfish love; but his whole life echoed along the pathway of his footsteps, "love ye one another." Jesus had no fear; he sat by the wayside, and talked to the lowly of human life; he would associate with those who were prescribed, and ho said unto these, "I give you the living water." Be not afraid, ye Spiritualists, to go into the place where the sorrowing and weeping heart is; go in kindness and love. Why do ye not love one another? Because selfishness and fear keep you from it; they keep you in darkness and ignorance. To be pureminded and spiritual, you must cast aside forever the covering of selfishness and self love. The eyes of the world are upon you. Oh, ye Spiritualists, you have taken upon you a

name which you should cherish. I fear that many of you are hearers, but not doers. There are hundreds and thousands of dollars spent for dress, show, and fine houses, while thousands of poor children need not only food for the body, but for the mind also. Oh, people, yo are called on to-day to help the rising generation. Do all ye can to sow truth, sympathy and love.

Oh, if I could take those of the humble walks of life in my arms, how gladly would I raise them up. "Do ye love one another ?"—as a band of Spiritual-ists, do ye love one another by exercising your charity, and exhibiting and extending your sympathy ? If ye do, ye surely prove your love. How lit-the have ye learned of the great source of wisdom ! Love is the divine principle, emanating from the eternal fountain of truth, to purify the minds and lives of Spiritualists. Then let its holy light shine around the pathway of the lowly on this earth's sphere. How beautiful was the influences Christ the full and entire purport of his mission was not Follow his example, and walk in destroy the spirit. his pathway. Although eighteen hundred years have yourselves instruments of that divine love, which should shine forth in the lives of all.

"The poor ye have always with you;" but who and ye expounders of the Book, ye have given them net, or enriched the fairest crown. Begin in the very the truth shall make you free.

I can give only the ideas of the speaker. The lecture was spoken with earnestness and zeal. The the place for one of the most beautiful days 1 ever influences controlling and surrounding Mrs. C. are enjoyed in a thick grove of beach, maple and oak holy and intellectual-her language and delivery elos trees. Near the tent stool the largest oak I ever bequent and graceful; her character unspotted, and held; it was over thirty feet in circumference, but it manners amiable and attractive. She draws those was dead-its last leaf had withered, and the beasts around her who understand the true object of her had made a house of its trunk. It was several times mediumistic mission. She is worthy to stand on referred to by the speakers, as a symbol and repreany platform, and is endowed with qualifications as scutative of sectarian Christianity in our country. a trance-speaker to address any audience who lay The old tree had thrown out its leaves, and they were claim to reflued discrimination. Rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue on Broadway in this revival the last spring, but now are withered, and city, addressed a large and attentive audience in the evidently more effectually dead than ever before. All Melodeon, after an carnest and impressive prayer through the west the people seem sure they can never through Mrs. Carver. Mr. Lilienthal is one of the revice again. Many a church greets my eye in this learned men of this age, and second to none in point | Western Reserve, rusting down, with the grass growof erudition. He has a thorough knowledge of many ing around its door-steps, where once the footsteps langunges, and is held in great esteem by the large kept the soll often stirred. Education first, and aud respectable congregation over which he presides Spiritualism last, have used them up in this most as high priest. A man of independent mind and intelligent district of the nation. character, devoid of selfish or slavish fear. Would My next call was at Auburn, Geauga Co., where to God and the cause of truth there were thousands the great Ravena meeting of last year, which disof such men. Then would bigotry, tyranny and op- turbed the country so much, was to be repeated on pression go into a fossilized state, and be subjects of the second, third and fourth of this year's July. I future study for the naturalist. I learned that some of his congregation called on - the fine grove of beech and chestnut trees, the fine him when it was announced that he would address farms, small village near the grove, and one church the Spiritualists, and expressed their fears that his nearer still, and a small school-house still nearer. reputation might become depreciated, and prove a The latter we used on Friday, when it rained -the detriment to his high standing and character. Ho former being a sectarian house, of course could not told them that he had battled against tyranny in Europe for the cause of truth and the rights of con- on their destiny-so we stood in the grove on Saturscience, and he would do the same in this professed day, and took the sacrament of words and the bap free country, fearless and untrammeled. - He began tismal shower, and then returned wet to the houses his lecture, in a manner at once free and easy :---Ladies and gentlemen, said he, this is no church in which you are assembled. It is by no command air cleansed, and the refreshing breezes swept over of the priest that you are brought together this even- the landscape. The grove was redolent with music. ng-no outward forms and ceremonies-but an un- and it seemed as if everybody was coming to our quenchable thirst after truth ; an anxious inquiry for meeting. God's Grove Meeting-house was nearly full, comething of more importance than that which has heretofore occupied the mind. The time has come when man seeks for something more to build his more were here than there. II. F. M. Brown and hopes upon. This is a new year of the development myself came full of the spirit of the other meeting, of the human race. The spirit of revelation is the and determined to have it prevail here; and in this spirit of truth. If a man wants to find out something, where has he to go? To the priest? To the teachings of the past?" No! But a new revelation is dawning on the human mind-we are all of one happiest time they ever had at a grove meeting in flesh and blood. Man is endowed with mind and in- this region. tellect : which two elements are conscience and affection. They remain unexplained and unknown; our self-love teaches us this that there is an idea of God without the teaching of a church or priest. What is Truth? It is a principle of the mind, and love of God for his truth is the result of that ing of spirits. Mrs. Brown dropped words about principle. Man loves truth, because he is created in he image of God. Therefore, man loves truth, because that by truth he comes nearer to Ged. The tyrant that rules is a murderer, an oppressor, and aching hearts of the victims. Mrs. Cole, Mr. Kellogg. But the man that produces a truth is a benefactor "said their say," and the speaker's stand, as well as and a blessing to his fellow-man. Man loves truth all the ground in hearing distance around it, was because he expects to live in a kingdom where truth exists, and where God, love and harmony dwell. The ladder of Jacob is an emblem of man's progress and others, were there, and yet no discord, no conto a more perfect development in the principles of fusion, no strife, no jealousy were shown-all seemed to it more prince what man wants to know, in order willing and ready to lend each to each the attentive Because one man is said to have sinned, that is asto bring him nearer to God, which is nearer to truth. signed, by those who are ignorant of the truth, that free-love, or any other love, and no firebrand of an all the human race shall be damned, and sent to hell enemy was able to kindle a flame in our midst. | hand, and read it there. She writes by impression,

-and that God cannot forgive the poor, repentant sinner. My friends, (said the speaker, earnestly,) there is no hell, only as man makes one for himself here. God, who is truth, will'not consign his children to eternal misery, because he loves his truth, and manyis the creation of that truth.

In 1776 a new revelation and dispensation began in the Declaration of Independence, and as this truth was proclaimed that all men were created free and equal, then dawned the light which spreads its benign influence over man's ignorance, fanaticism, bigotry, idolatry and superstition. By the discovery of the magnetic telegraph, the light of knowledge, of truth, is spreading wider and clearer. All barriers are broken down, and man, in his individual intellectuality, is becoming free. Now here rises the sun of truth and disperses the divine element of man's universal freedom and liberty. Where do we find truth but in the light of progres-

sive knowledge? You love truth, stick to it-you seek for truth, investigate it, and the truth will make you free.

Fearlessly and clearly did the speaker elucidate this interesting lecture. Notwithstanding the extreme sultriness of the evening, every word and sentence riveted the attention of the large number of interested listners. You perceive that every day adds new strength to the cause. We have a large and central hall, and free for the use of some of your popular lecturers. Pardon me, Messrs. Editors, for my explicit delineations, but I am auxious to spread the light and the knowledge of truth's progress through the broad, unfurled Banner of Light, and let the thousands of your readers know that the Queen City of the West is being imbued with the essence and attributes of Spiritualism. Your humble helper, D. H. SHAFFER.

LETTER FROM THE WEST. BRACEVILLE, OHIO, JULY 6th, 1858.

DEAR BANNER-The glorious Fourth has again pass ed us, the slaiu are buried, the wounded taken care of, the powder and fire works used up, the strained this remote section of country, and we look forward nerves and aching heads are adjusting their home affairs, the shouts have died out in the distant echo, and each person has returned to look after his or her business of life; so I may now report progress, in accordance with the leave you gave me, to come again. June 25th, 26th and 27th, I was in attendance at a grove meeting in New Loudon, Ohio, where near three thousand collected to hear speeches, purchase books, and see each other. S. J. Finney, H. F. M. Brown, F. L. Wadsworth, Warren Chase, and Mr. Barnum, (a recent convert, but an able and efficient speaker,) 'did most of the talking, and seemed to give good satisfaction. They sold many books, distributed many manifested. His mission was of, and for, good ; but | papers, and scattered broadcast the words, and I am fulfilled. He was nailed to the cross. Jesus was been my fortune to attend in the West a more harsure much has gone iuto a rich soil. It has never not merely a preacher, but an actor in the cause, for he said, "Though 1 go away, 1 will come again, and monious, orderly and intelligent meeting in a grove, bring the Comforter, and he will guide you into all than this one. Not a discordant uote- was sounded They may kill the body, but they cannot among the speakers, and the vibrations seemed to start from the stand and pulsate through the crowd, passed away, ye have not yet learned this one thing: | in almost perfect harmony and accord. A happier to have one another. Perhaps if you would look with set of people have seldom parted, at a meeting, than different eyes, you would see those around you in a the crowd who assembled there. Each seemed laden different aspect-you would not fear derision-you with some fruit, either in books, thoughts or smiles. would rejoice in the name of Spiritualist, and make The parting expressions, a hearty "God bless you !" gave unmistakable evidence of the good time.

The meeting was held in a grove, several miles from cares for the poor ? Where are they fed, and clothed, any village, where the honest farmers till the soil, and ministered unto? They have asked for bread, and study God's book of revelation in Nature. A a stone. They have expected ment, but yo have large, new baru was fitted up to receive the people, given them serpents. I may be crucified a thousand in case of rain, but was not needed. The weather times, but yo would never be redeemed. Ye must was warm and the roads quite dusty, on Friday and crucify yourselves. Ye have lost the very best of jewels, that would have decorated the brightest coro-had been dispersed over two hours, a heavy shower essence of infancy and youth to learn the truth, and of rain, that did uot extend over three miles uorth or south, and not over five or six, cast or west, fell on

the spot, laid the dust, cooled the grove, and prepared

Wickedness was reproved-virtue encouraged, and goodness approved-progress noted, happiness decribed, and the road to it pointed out; the spirit world represented nobly and ably, and our philosophy defended, explained and advanced. Many hearts were made glad, and a day of rejoicing closed on the evening of the 4th to many a heart that was with us in the Grove of Auburn.

We shall soon prove that the West and East can both have large meetings, where love and harmony shall prevail, and souls be made glad and happy hy_ attending them and partaking of their spirit. Discord and wrangling are not necessary ingredients of such meetings, but extrancous and unnecessary con-. comitants. We have left them entirely out of these two. I have one more to attend in Ohio, at Geneva, August 1st, before I come to New England.

WARREN CHASE.

T. G. FORSTER AND MISS HULETT, AT DUBUQUE, IOWA.

•

DUBUQUE, IOWA, July 3, 1858. MESSRS, EDITORS-It has been our good fortune to listen, a few evenings since, to four admirable lectures, delivered by our esteemed friend and brother, T. G. Forster, and we must say he is truly a spirit messenger, and must do a great dead for the growing cause, which is fast taking root all over our glorious Union, both North and South, East and West, To give you the faintest idea of his cloquence and sound reasoning, would be beyond my capacity; but, to say the least, his eloquence, and the manly manner in which he discourses, is convincing to all candid inquirers after truth. We congratulate ourselves upon the treat we have enjoyed, which will long live in the memory as one of the delights of this life.

Spiritualism is a new thing to many of us in this far-off land; but is taking root and growing, even in with delight to the time when it shall scatter its --great truths all over the world.

We owe much to Miss Hulett, of Rockford, Illinois, a trance-speaking medium, who was the first to uufold the right Banner of Light, and true liberty, over our darkened understanding, by her superior oratory and eloquence, while speaking in the trance state. The novelty of a young lady ascending tho rostrum, and speaking in public, drew together hundreds of attentive hearers. Such was the effect of the teachings by the intelligences through her, that every word told with thrilling effect. At the close of each of Miss II.'s lecturer, she informed the audience, that any one might ask appropriate questions; and she "floored " (using a Western phrase.) every one who attempted to question her position.

At each lecture, a committee was chosen from the audience, to select the subject, which was given to her after she row to speak. Consequently, there was no time for premeditation. She is truly one of the wonders of the age, and is destined to win laurels for herself and the cause.

As said before, the subject is a new one in this section of the country, although we have several circles established. We have several speaking, writing, tipping and rapping mediums. Our little society is composed of some of the wealthiest and most intelligent portion of the community. And although ome of our Orthodox friends are becoming alarmed at the spread of Spiritualism, and feel disposed to ridicule, yet they dare not, for many who belong to their societies are believars.

Yours, in love and truth. W. L. J.

CASE OF HEALING.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., July 12, 1858. Messas. Entrons-1 trust you will permit me. through the Banner, to relate a little of my experience for the past three weeks at Saratoga. I not only feel it a great pleasure but a duty I owe to those of my fellow-beings who may be suffering from various diseases. The great benefit 1 have received through the healing powers of R. B. Newton, at Saratoga Springs, is truly remarkable, and to me seems almost miraculous. I had been suffering for years from a heart difficulty, pressure on the brain, nervous derangement, general debility, and other weaknesses. I had, through the advice of many physicians, tried a great variety of medicines, but without success. I was at last induced to apply to this wonderful medium; and through him, in the short space of three weeks, I was restored. And, I can truly say, the gratitude 1 feel to God, spirit friends, and this kind man, can never be expressed. Mr. N. is not only a very successful medium, but is a kind, benevolent and sympathizing man. During my stay in his family I received the kindest attention from his amiable and worthy companion. They are strongly united in the good cause, to promote the health, happiness and best interest of all. They have been subjected to many hardships and trials, arising from the spirit of persecution, which seems so prevelent in their midst. But I feel that they have the blessed assurance within their own souls that the work in which they are engaged is in the hands of a just, and all-wise Father, who will do all things well. And, though truth be crushed to earth. it will rise again. It is my sincere prayer, that the efforts of this worthy man may be crowned with success, and that through him many, many more of the suffering and afflicted may be healed, and enjoy that greatest of all blessings, health. During my stay there I witnessed many very remarkable cures, The names of the persons I am at liberty to give, if called upon. Yours for truth, C. A. Twigs.

- With a child-like heart, so trusting and free, I pray that the heavenly joy be mine, A thrill of love to awaken in thee !
- Then come to me, at that hallowed hour When I long for a tender place of rest; To me, perhaps, may be given the power
- To cheor and comfort thy lonely breast. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH IN WORCESTER. A correspondent of the Worcester Daily Spy speaks of Mrs. Hatch in the following manuer :---

Mrs. Hatch, the young trance speaker from New York, delivered a discourse on Tuesday evening, (20th inst.) in Washburn Hall, to some two hundred and fifty or three hundred of our most respectable pitizens, who listened to her with the most intenso interest. The peculiar charm of her manner of delivery overpowers all prejudice and every opposing obstacle, and the listener is carried along upon the beautiful and gentle current of thought, oblivious to everything around him. Her language is the most chuste and classical which can well be conceived; her elocution and diction are faultless, and her illuscan give the reader any clear idea of the power and influence of this young woman over her auditors. Her very expression beams with intelligence and not loud, but full and distinct ; her enunciations not hurried; but calm and deliberate; and her gestures in perfect keeping with the harmony, purity, and loveliness, which appear to beam forth from her soul. Imagine all this, and then you may have some faint idea with what cagerness her listner catches every word as it falls from the lips of the young but cloquent speaker.

When it is remembered that her discourses are delivered without any previous preparation, and that they involve the most abstruse and metaphysical subjects, it cannot be denied that she may be looked upon as the most remarkable woman of this or any other age. The learned men of this country have given the most perplexing themes to her for elucidation, and she has discoursed upon them by the hour ability to discuss and master those themes which have puzzled the best minds for ages? This is the question which the reflective public are called upon to answer. It is uscless to ory humbug or delusion, for the facts are before us, which all can witness whio will.

What man in this country would dare to go before an inteiligent audience, and undertake to speak upon any subject which might be given, and then colicit the oriticism of the audience? Who ever would un dertake it, would fail in the first attempt. But here is a lady of eighteen summers, who stands the test year after year, and that, too, before the most critical and intelligent audiences which listen to any speaker. If Mrs. Hatch does not speak by inspiration, we would like to have some of the learned ones inform us by what means she comes in possession of her wisdom, for she is too young to have learned it by study, however close application she may have H. F. B.

Everybody has good principles, but nobody applies

made.

still holding to the stems, bound and dead-its last In the evening, the Rev. M. Lilienthai, the Grand effort. So the churches have put out their efforts at

was on the spot early, and surveyed well the ground be used to speak truth in, or to enlighten the people so kindly provided for us.

Sunday, tho sky was clear, the earth cooled, the and those who attended last year at Ravena, said we were joined by the speakers and hearers, and succeeded admirably. All acknowledged it was the

Dr. S. Underhili, of Illinois, was happy in connecting Mesmerism, with Spiritualism. Mrs. Warner, an eloquent trance-speaker, of Milan, Ohio, gave powerful demonstration of the intelligence or good teachwoman's rights and wrongs, which fell like fire coals on the heads of the guilty, and like dewdrops on the "said their say," and the speaker's stand, as well as crowded. Persons of many shades of Spiritualism,

THE TRUTH SPREADING. MANCHESTER, N. H., June 28, 1858.

DEAR BANNER-The good cause of labor for light and truth in this city, is steadily onward. Many persons here are now made to see clearly, who but a short time ago were in total darkness." Those who have been most bold and laborious in their efforts to oppose, and ery "humbug," "delusion," "work of the devil," are more quiet, and some of them are carefully and prayerfully investigating the subject. Our clergymen find it best for them to refer to the subject with great caution, for they have, reason to fear that many of their constant hearers are beginning to get the scales from their eyes.

Besides the several media often referred to in the communications you receive from this place, we have others, one of whom is a very excellent and useful medium. 1 refer to Mrs. E. Wilson, whose residence is on Orange street, near Elm. She is a seeing. speaking and test medium. When entire strangers call on her she very accurately describes their departed friends. She is impressed to mention the dogree of relationship, if there be, any, and generally she gives the names of the spirit friends with per-. feet accuracy. If she is not impressed to speak the name at first, she will see it imprinted on her own

LIGHT. **OF** BANNER

and through her some very fine poetry has been written, and some prose peculiarly characteristic of the mental endowments of the persons controlling her mind. As a speaker in the trance-state, she is able, and often cloquent. She has seldom spoken in public, but is no doubt destined to be one of the best channels in the State through whom spirits can communicate. As a test melium, few have excelled her. She is naturally diffident and retiring, and as her advantages of early education were very limited, it is truly surprising to hear the high and exalted com munications that flow through her organism, clothed in language of which she has little knowledge or conception.

8

LETTER FROM OUR JUNIOR.

On the Mississippi-Visit to Nuchez-Mahrations-Form by the late. Thomas B. N. Let - Similer if the South-Spiritualism in New Obleans.

NEW ORLEANS, June 28, 1858.

Dran BANNER-I have not, as yet, left New Orleans, although 1 supposed, long before this, I should be far on my way towards Boston. Many are the scenes and changes which I have passed through since I quitted my Northern home. I have witnessed the gay scenery of the South, and my heart has expanded under the influence of its climate. I have seen much of hite, and much of death-the truly misunderstood messenger from God-the termination of an earthly sojourn.

Last Wednesday, in company with Mr. Joseph O. Neibert, I stepped upon a steamer at Carrollton landing, to visit Natchez. This is a season of travel, and the murky bosom of the great 'Mississippi, is dotted here and there with the heavily laden-boats, which pass continually from one point to another, wherever the water is navigable. It is a great thoroughfare, populated and teaming with life. On it may be recognized all scenes of active life--all the varied characteristics of the human family--the kind and amiable gentleman, the overbearing and self sufficient man, the quiet social circle- -the watchful, restless clique, devoid of pinciple,--the sober matron, and gay wife -- the gentle and mild girl, and the wild, gidly flirt. All this may be found in the little world, which the steamboat constitutes. For, like a lonely ship far out at sea, it becomes a world of itself, iu which, from the effect of continuous monotony, we rapidly acquire and manifest a deep interest.

I have often contemplated with wonder, what must be the effect of a death at sea. A ship surrounded by a world of waters, filled with life and thought, in which every soul upon her takes a deep And this, alast is all life gives of crowning, A wreath of time twined out of funeral flowers, As if some shipwrecked mariner, while drawning, Bhould grope for gens in ocean's coral bowers; Bethink they, love, of all the houses I cherished, The dreams my future was to make so real— "The bowend line that, or hold to make hore or the hore or the source of the and friendly--yes, almost a kindred interest ; and I have felt it to be like, in effect, to the loss of a gem" from the diadem of the family circle--a child taken from the hearthstone and the mother's arms. A life taken from out the great world, however missed by the circle from which it was borne, is not mourued by the world as a whole; but a life from out a ship at sea, leaves no soul unimpressed, and all feel alike Tathes even which ne'er may meet her own again. 1 love three! It has been no idle vision Rising like moonlight o'er like's troubled sea, a dreamy sense of something gone--something lost. And with these thoughts we were steaming up the mighty river; we thought of accidents and mishaps; we remembered the Pennsylvania, and felt sad for the hundreds so sublenly ushered to another state of existence, away from home and friends, and a Ther long over the whole above the channes, Ther honesome marches through some grove of pines; And when a faiter head in dreams is lying Where mine has rested upon preast of thine, From out the past thou "theory gave does sighing: "Her living love will be less dear than mine." prayer went up from our heart that God and his angels would watch over us for the sake of those who loved us. And the waters rolled on, and wo were borne by the plantations which line the banks, and we saw the ruin the impetuous river had carried to so many "tillers of the soil." We feasted on the scenery--the plains and forest stretching away to nothingness. We watched the exit of the day, and the entrance of twilight and evening-the advance guard of night-and the red sun, ere it went down beyond the burnished river, shot its last arrows into the forest, and left its light in tissued richness on the mournful trees, hung with drooping moss, which is so common in the South, and which gives such a funereal aspect to every cluster wood. The shrill whistle and the bustle while passing a boat, the stoll on deck, spent in watching the silent appearance of the soft stars, and at last the shy peep of the full, round moon, as she rolled her glory up the undulating air, all threw about us a sense of happiness, which so veiled the sorrows & life, that our cup of bliss seemed full. But our trip was not one of pleasure-our mission was not one of joy. And as we trod the deck we could not forget that below. in its last earthly tenement, lay the cold, lifeless material form of a brother and a friend, which we were attending to its tomb. The only brother of Mr. Neibert, and my own friend, Thomas B. Neibert had been called away to enter upon the duties of another life-his spirit took its flight on Tuesday, the 22d ultimo, after an illness of sixteen days-produced by a mournful accident on the cars of the Carrollton Railroad Company, which resulted in the loss of the left limb, and severe injuries upon the right. Ilis wounds were dressed by an experienced surgeon, and all went well, apparently, and his widowed mother and only brother felt that if enough of him was left to hold his heart, they could bear his misfortune without a murmur; but the shock to his system was too great, and he passed on. He was yet a young man, just entering on his 22d year, the recipient of fortune's smiles, full of life and vivacity, and the incumbent of a public office of some note. He was a firm Spiritualist, and had been for years a successful medium, and many owe to him the first insight into its beauties. He freely expressed his opinions in regard to life and death, and pictured death as an angel who should usherhim to a life of endless enjoyment and labor. His solicitude for the welfare and advancement of his belief was remarkable-he never rested-he never allowed an opportunity to escape in which to make a successful move for the cause so near his heart, and he always entertained the idea that death would afford him a wider field for operation, and increase the faculties already in his possession. Thus he did not fear death, but occupied in the fullest sense, that platform on which every true spiritualist is destined to step.

1 1.

of those moments were of the most consoling nature. causing much discussion, and the result will be pro-He was blessed with a versatile talent, and he occuductive of great good. pied no common position as a writer and a poet. He I spent last Sabbath in Winsted, thirteen miles

wrote from the heart, never attempted to write his from here, where Mrs. Morrell lectured in the mornideas when it became a matter of effort, and thus all ing, and Mrs. Tuttle in the afternoon and evening, to his poems were marked by an easiness of style, and crowded houses. uninterrupted richness, which carried the conviction | In the morning I attended meeting at the Congrethat they emanated from a soul full of sentiment and gational Church, to hear Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley feeling, which sought only to express its own condi-preach. Mr. B. had made himself quite conspicuous tion. From among many of his poems, 1 have select- in Winsted and violnity during Mrs. Tuttle's lectures ed one which, although it has received publication, is there in May last, when he brought out his beaviest nevertheless worthy of being read again. It seems a artillery, and leveled it at the " moles and bats " of prophecy of his own departure. And a heart that Spiritualism in general, and Mrs. C. M. Tuttle in can sing as his has sung, must have more of unsul-particular. He exposed it in a masterly manner, ied divinity in it, than the common run of men are the "glaring and damning error," and perhaps blessed with. I send you also a little notice of the state and is farewell shot," for he said, in conpoem from a secular journal, which, whatever may clusion : "It is useless for you to bring on your seers, be its belief, c-rtainly does all justice to his theory and lecturers, and mediums-1, for one, shall pay and his genius.

OUR POET'S CORNER.

e only one opinion as to their poetic genius.

We give the first place to-day to a new contributor,

as a matter of graceful etiquette, who has laid upon

our table the following passionate son g, for the beau-

ty and charm of which we cannot find words to ex-

press our admiration. He is welcome to the society of the Dii Majores and Minores of our corner, where

many resonant harpy will pause and listen whenever

he chooses to sing. His song reminds us of Bowring in his highest moods, when he lays aside affecta-

ion, and permits his splendid nature to speak its in-

spirations in direct and manly words. We must all

dmire a man who can atter his love so eloquently.

In this age of fantastic versifying-of heartless ver-

sifying, if you will--it is pleasant to hear an earnest

roice pouring out its feelings in such winged words

s the poem, good people of the Delta Corner, and say

TO VIRGINIA.

In quiet paths, which thou hast trod with me; In quiet paths, which thou hast trod with me; I hear no more the music of thy taking O'ersweep the fields where summer-blossoms be; Green trees, in blessing, wave their arms above me, The nickly did denote hyperase with the data.

The night-bird draweth nearer with his sighs, But not one human voice has said, "I love thee,"

My heart grows heavy with unspoken fear; Will elen our troth he strong enough to screen us From fate as terrible as thou fart dear? Death's angel draweth ever nigh and nigher,

For thee, beloved, a graveyard where to weep.

The household joys that, crushed to earth, have perished, In my mad worship of the veiled Ideal.

Say these three words with such strong throbs of pain,

And thou will breathe my name, perchance, while rhyming

And thou will come sometimes, where I am sleeping, And o'er that place of thorns will make thy moan, And I beneath the mold shall hear thy weeping, And pray for thee beneath the glistening stone.

My heart shall be where 'er thy steps are roving— Its plassions conquere e'en Death's troubled wave. Alas, alas 'that earth's best gift of loving Should be a prayer, a troth-plight, and a grave !

CARBOLLTON, LA., August, 1856. THOMAS B. NEIBERT.

Summer is now in her glory here. She has robed

Such tears, like those with which some stricken mother

Since last I read love's story in thine eyes.

Oh, shapes of evil walk the path between us !

His kiss is on my brow the while I sleep ; For me, I see a martyr's path of fire-

And yet, 1 love thee! never will another

For it will dawn again in climes clyslan-Standing 'mong Angels, i shall yearn for thee.

The careless fancies of an idler's lines, Or hardy with the winds above thee chiming.

if we have exaggerated its merits:

Beloved, beloved, my feet alone are walking

them no regard,"

Many of Mr. B.'s congregation, and even members. of his church, dared to attend the spiritual lectures, Our Corner is becoming intensely spiritualized, of late. The disembodied poets, who have left the sor- again and again, and the result has been that many rows of earth, appear to have a peculiar taste for its of them lost all relish for the dry husks of the popquietude and repose. Assuredly they throng around ular theology, and saw that in their Father's house us most cheeringly " with their singing robes on." ular theology, and saw that in their Father's house We may differ with the theology of their mortal in-terpreters, who occasionally gratify us by their fine famishing with hunger. inspirations, or we may agree with it; but there can

Although the fence of creeds and "traditions of the elders " had been built high and strong, so as to prevent any of the flock from looking outside, yet many of them caught glimpses of the "sweet fields, arrayed in living green, and rivers of delight," and dared to break from the enclosure, and are now rejoicing in the truth; which has made them free; and hence the "holy indignation" manifested by the pastor.

In Mr. Bulkley's sermon, to which I listened last Sabbath, he was depicting vividly the extreme suffering of Christ, both physically and mentally, at Gethsemane, and spoke of the huge drops of blood oozing from the porce of his skin ; and to show that as our new contributor has at his command. Here it was not improbable, he quoted Voltaire's account

of the massacro of the thirty thousand Hugenots in 1572, during the reign of Charles the Ninth, and said that Charles repented of his crucity, and his agony was so intense, that blood actually came through the pores of his skin.

I was a little amused to hear a Congregational olergyman quote the authority of Voltaire to help his argument. More anon.

Yours in the bonds of truth, D. B. HALE.

OBITUARIES.

KATE LESLIE CLARK, Infant daughter of William B. and Jul-lia M. Clark, of Chelsea, Mass., died June 20th, 1858, aged two years, after intenso suffering, which she endured with great ationce.

The following lines are respectfully dedicated to her sorrowng parents, by one who has been alike stricken :

Dear Kate! how soon thy mother earth The

And tears are flowing, warm and free, th, may this thought by us be borne, Of lambs "enfolded," now we've three ! • Oh

When thy sweet spirit took its flight To meet its kindred in the skies, Four tiny fingerst came in sight, And gently closed our darling's eyes.

by day or night, thee to devour,
 The Shepherd's borge thee safely homo,
 Where pain trad digth shall come no more.

We would not wish our darling back. ow reign

iou 'rt blest, sweet Kate, with saints above; a 'st left the earth, in heaven to bloom,

Then dry those tears ; though we shall see

CONSUMPTION CURED. The following letter from a gentleman who had been ap-parently in the last stages of consumption, will be read with interest by all who are suffering with that insidious disease :---

sulted in chronic bionchilds with the continuous of the disease, my constitution was failing, and in the winter of 1853 I was confined to my room. I had recourse to every remedy within my reach, and placed myself under the care of a physician. In February, 1854, I was much emaciated of a physician. In February, 1834, Lwas much enaciated tyok my bed, had night sweats, heetic fever, copions bleeding from the lungs, &c., &c.; these my physicians checked, but could not cure, and expressed strong fears of a fatal issue. At this juncture, I received a supply of your medicines. I had been so often disappentied, I doubted their efficacy, and hesi-tated to use them; I tried, however, the Cherry Balsam, and, after using one bottle, I expectented a TRUE OBLACKY TUELE-CLE, and, from that time, gradually recovered, and the cough and bleeding begram loss and loss.

and bleeding became less and less. For the benefit of those in the same afflicted and almost helpless condition, I will state the effect of your remedics in my case. The Cherry Balsam produced free and easy expec-toration; the Neuropathie Drops removed spasmodic stric-ture in the threat, and allayed irritability and tendency to cough; the Cherry Bitters aided digestion, and this increased the strength of the system. The effects of the Sarsaparific wero novel in the extreme; hefore I had used the first bottle, inv body was a denerrostive of Job-bolis from sole to crown and bleeding became less and less. In y body was a daguerroutype of John-bolls from sole to crown —FIFTY-THREE at once; these passed off, and, with them, all violent coughing. It is now February, 1855, and my health is more robust than it has been for the last seven years. To the use of your remedies I mainly attribute my restoration. That others may read, believe, and try, is the object of this testimonial. WARBEN A. REED. Quincy, Feb. 10, '55.

3m jy24 FOR NAHANT-FROM LONG WHARF.

FUR NAHANT-FROM LONG WHARF. PERNANENT ARRANGEMENT FOR THE SEASON. FORS Re-duced.-On and after Thursday, Juno 24, the well known, staunch and fast sailing steamer NeLLY BAKER, Oapt. Covill, will make four trips a day between Buston and Nahant, as Leave Long Wharf, Boston, at 91-2 A. M., 21-2, 5 and 71-2

Leavo Nahant at 7 3-4 and 11 A. M., 8 3-4 and 0 r. H.

Fare only 25 cents. On Sundays-Leave Boston at 10 A. M., 1, 3, 7 1-2 F. M. Leave Nahant at 8, 11 A. M., 2, 6 F. M. Fare 50 cents each way. Excursion Parties and Fishing Pic-Nics accommodated upon liberal terms. Jy24 I7 Portland street,

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NEW, PUBLICATIONS.—Parker's Sermons of Immortal Life, 5th Edition—Price, 10 cents. Parker's Speech de-livered in the IIall of the State House, on the Present Aspect of Slavery In America, and the Immediate Duty of the North, Price, 17 cents. Also, Parker's two Sermons on Revivals, and one on False and True Theology-Price, 8 cents each. Just published, and for sale by BELA MA1(8H, No. 14 Bromfield promisined, and for sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfleld street, where may be had all the various other writings of the same author, either in pamphlet form or bound in cloth, at wholesale and retail. If may 29 MEDICAL ELECTRICITY. The subscriber, having found Electro-Magnetism, in connection with other remainder

M Electro-Magnetism, in connection with other remedies, very effectual in his practice during the last twelve years, takes this method of informing those interested, that he con-tinues to administer it from the most approved modern appa-ratus, in cases where the nervous system is involved, to which

NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MRS. JAMES M. SEYMOUR will give Physiognomical and M Psychometrical delineations of character, at Munson's licoms, 6 Great Jones street, every day-saturdays and Sun-days excepted-from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. This lady's Psycho-metric nears have been tracted and and the tracted mutations. asys excepted—from to A. S. thi 2 F. N. This hay a rescale metric powers have been tested, and are pronounced unsur-passed, by those whose opinions are entitled to respect. Sho is also an excellent personating medium. Terms \$2 per hour, or \$3 for each examination when written out. A competent test inclum will also be be achieved and Manday Wednestest medium will also be in attendance on Monday, Wednos-

but saue, but tay, and Friday of each week, from 3 to 5 r. m. The regular circles, set down for Tuesday and Thursday i had resonings of each wock will be continued. Mr. J. B. Conklin being the medium. 5. T. MUNSON. july 24. វេ

July 24. If TIFFANY'S MONTHLY. TIFFANY'S MONTHLY. THE SUBSCRIBER continues the publication of this Mag-azine at No. 6 Fourth Avenue, New York. It's just entering upon the publication of the Fourth Volume. The Magazine is devoted to the investigation of the principles of mind in every department thereof, physical, intellectual, mo-ral, and religious. It investigates the phenomena of Spirit-ualism without partiality or prejudice, giving "tribute to whom tribute is due." He solicits the patronage of all who wish to become ac-oughted with the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, its dan-

quainted with the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, its dan-gers and its uses. The Magazine is published monthly, each number containing from 45 to 64 octave pages. тгамв.

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A MOST STANTLING DISCOVERY.-The original Gospel of JEBUS, translated from manuscrips in Latin, found in the Catacombs of Rome! Edited by the Rev. GIBSON SAITH. This Gospel is complied by MATTHEW from his own memo-randa, and those of PETER, MARK, LCKE and JOHN, and lastly revised by PETER. Also, the Acts of the Eleven Disciples; Tho Last Epistie of PETER to the Chapelites; The Acts of PAU and the Jewish Sanhedrim, and the history of JEEUE, by PETER. Hence the real New Testament, admitted by divines to have been lost in the carly ages of the Christian Era, is found, and free from human interpolations and here presented to the world. PTICE, 75 cents. For said by S. T. MUNSON, δ Great Jones street; N. Y.; BELA MARSII, 14 Broomfield street, Boston; GHESON SMITH, S. Shaftsbury, Vt., and A. ROSE, No. 11 Central Row, Hartford, Conn. may 15 U This Gospel is complied by MATTHEW from his own momomay 15 tſ

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY. ADDRESS deliv-

The Following ARE NOW READY. ADDRESS defiv-ered before the hate Convention in favor of extening to Women the Elective Franchise, by Geo, W. Curtis. Price 10 conts, or to the trade at \$7 per hundred. TRACTS, by Judge Edmonds, containing eight in the series, These Tracts furnish a simple and comprehensive statement of the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism. Price per hun-dred, \$1.50, or 24 cents the series. THEODORE PARKER'S SELMONS on REVIVALS, &c. The domand for these remarkable Discurses continues una-

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DRS. GUTHRIE & PIKE, Eclectic Physicians, and Medical Electricians, Givo special attention to the curv of all forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases. Office—17 TREMONT ST., (opposite the Museum.) BOSTON. S GUTURIE M. D. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D. S GUTURIE M. D. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D.

EVENING CHRCLES IN NEW YORK,-Doctor G. A. Rep-A MAN will hold public circles at Muns a's Rooms, Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones street, on Thursday evenings, and J. B. Coxkirs, ditto, on Tuesday evenings, commencing at eight o'clock P. M., until further actice. Admission 50 cents. The subscriber is in negociation, and will soon be able to

accurately prepared. U DEC. 13, 1531. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND REAL ES-NO. 92 SUDBURY STREET, (UP STAIRS.) BOSTON. Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Private Families supplied with reliable help at short notice. L. P. LINCOLN. Feb. 27-tf
DEC. 13, 1531. The subscriber is in negociation, and will soon be able to announce his arrangements, with other distinguished medi-tuns, so that the friends from abroad, as well as in the city, may be accommodated at a central point day and evening. Applications of parties for private interviews with medilums, will be uttended to. S. T. MUNSON, June 19 U 5 Great Jones Street, New York.

BCOTT COLLEGE OF HEALTH. D.R. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 6 BEACH STREET, New York CITY, for the express accom-medation of ALL PATIENTS desirons to be treated by SPIRIT-Including of ALL PATIENTS desirons to be treated by STAPP-UAL INFLUENCE, can assure all persons who may desire to try the virtues of this new and starting practice, good nurs-ing, and all the comforts of a home. If e offers his professional services in all cases of disease, whether discussion a start is a start of the second disease.

He offers his process, the whether chronic or acute. J. R. ORTON, M. D. DRS. ORTON AND REDMAN, M. D. DRS. ORTON AND REDMAN, M. D. Office, No. 82 Fourth Avenue, hear corner of Tenth street, one block from Broadway, New York. Dr. Redman regives calls and state

one block from Broadway, New York. Deblock from Broadway, New York. as,heretofore. If April 10, 1858. ROSS & TOUSEX, PACKERS AND FORWARDERS OF DAILY AND WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS, AND GENERAL JOBBERS OF FOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, de. NO. 101 NASSA I SQUALETER DE WY VORK

NO. 121 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

ORAL DISCUSSION.-Just published, an Oral Discussion on Spiritualism, between S. B. BHITAN and DOCTOR D. D. HANBON. SVO. pp. 145. Price, bound, 63 ets; paper, 38 ets. For sale by S. T. MUNSON, may 15 If 5 Great Jones street, N. Y.

may 15 tf 5 Great Jones street, N. Y. WANTED-GOOD AND RELIABLE TEST MEDIUMS, with whom permanent suit sail sails

will be made. An interview may be had by calling upon, or a line may be addressed to, S. T. MUNSON, Accel 21 for the formation of the formatio 5 Great Jones st., N. Y.

hath claimed thy sweet, angele orn— the flower that bloomed beside our hearth, Death from its parent-stem hath torn.

While we who loved thee most do mourn,

Oh, was not, then, thy joy complete,

To dwell where sin and sorrow reign at, following in her angel track, Would go to her, and there remain.

Though we have mourned thy early doom, Thou 'st left the earth, in heaven to bloc Where all is joy, and peace, and love.

When ye together winged your way To lands where happy spirits meet, With kindred souls fore'er to stay?

Where ne'er the ravening wolves shall come,

727 Terms reasonable.

"Ilark | 1 hear an angel sing, Angels now are on the wing."

These words belong to a beautiful ballad, of a truly spiritual nature, which for a number of days before, and also during his sickness, one might hear him singing almost at any moment. And it seemed as though they were then surrounding him in order to bear him away the moment he should quit his tencment of clay. During his sickness he fully proved the truthfulness of his opinions of death ; he saw the angels about him, and said he did not fear to dic. He was entranced while so weak as hardly to be able to speak above a whisper, and spoke for about, twenty minutes in a full, round voice, sufficiently clear to be heard in any part of the house, and the inculcations

the South, not in a new dress, but has given a little deeper hue to her eternal robe of green. The sugarcane and corn bend to the breeze like the waves of the sea, and the wanton zephyr steals into the countless Elens, crowded with the rarest blooms, and teaching humility to the rose and the violet. the gaudy dahlia and the pearly magnolia, as it bends them to the earth. All kinds of fruit aro plentiful, and the harvest not far off. I have taken careful notice of the climate of the South in this one particular-notwithstanding the great heat of the days, its nights are as cool as could be wished; always a beautiful breeze. Now this is not the case in the North; there we are subjected not only to the overpowering heat of the day, which, in mid-summer, is full as oppressive as it is here, though the advantage is that it does not continue so long as in the Southbut also to long nights of sweltering heat, unblessed

by a single breath of air. I shall start up the river in a few days on my way to B. I shall make a little stay in Cincinnati, and, if circumstances permit, shall visit Milwaukie. From a letter received from Texas a few days since, I judge Mr. Forster is shortly to arrive there.

New Orleaus, as far as I hear; still remains in a healthy condition, and, from the high stage of the water, a healthy summer is anticipated.

The Christian Spiritualists hold their meetings every Sunday, and I think there is little fear of a cause so good losing its hold upon warm hearts and a feeling people.

Remembering you in all my desires for good and success, I remain, for the truth and the cause,

J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE. Affectionately,

LETTER FROM CONNECTIOUT. COLLINSVILLE, CONN., July 10, 1858.

MESSAS. EDITORS-I feel impressed to write you a few lines, to let you know what is transpiring in this section of the "Nutineg State."

Mrs. C. M. Tuttle has lectured in this village three ovenings the present week. Our largest hall was crowded to its utinost capacity each night by an attentive audience, to listen to the first spiritual lecture delivered here by her. I have heard her lectures in Hartford, and elsewhere, but I think her discourse here exceed any I have heard from her before. Clergymen and others opposed to Spiritualism were appointed to select subjects, and of course some of those which most puzzle our theologians were selected, and they were analyzed and explained in a masterly manner. Our "people were astonished at her doctrines, for she taught them as one having authority" from on high, and not according to the popular theology of the day.

A few of our "first men," who love the "uppermost seats in the synagogue," said they knew enough to stand aloof from Spiritualism, and, with solemn faces advised the young converts to keep away from the spiritual lectures, for they were certainly the devices of the Evil One, to allure souls down to perdition. But, notwithstanding these solemn admonitions, the people would flock in, and the result is, it]

more ull the is past, So live that we prepared may be To reign with her in heaven at last. Boston, July 12, 1858. JUSTITIA.

• The parents had buried two children before. The parents and barred two enhanced boles. I when Kate's spirit left the form, four tiny fingers were een, by a female medium who was with her, to geutly close her eyes.

Passed from earth into the spirit-realms, on Friday night, une 19. CORA ESTELLA CARVER Infant daughter of Anna M nd L. R. Carver, of Felicity, Brown County, Ohio, aged four nonths and two weeks.

On the day of her heavenly advent, I was impressed to write these lines, which may not be deemed luappropriate to he occasion :

Dear, little babe, Thou 'rt like a new-born star, Which, starting from its parent sun, Shines beautiful afar.

To mortal vision

Is thy gentle gimmering seen, Far away, among the sparkling gems-Thy silvery sheen. Thou, too, art like

The tender flower of spring, On which the shower and sun beams fall, Dear, helpless nursling !

Thy advent here Impressed us that a now-born spirit, Not yet developed, would, ere long, A spirit's mind inherit.

Kind, loving spirits, Keep this dear fieldgling in thy spocial caro, That it may be, when oarth's probation 's o'or, An angel fair. D. H. SHAFFER.

Born into a higher life, on Saturday, 3d inst., in Weymouth, Mass., Mrs. HARRIET C. WRIGHT, wife of Solomon W. Wright, aged thirty-four years, four mouths, and seventeen days.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

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

IN BOSTON.

H. E. ATWOOD, Trance and Healing Medlum, No. 81-2, Brattle street. See adv.

J. V. MANSFIELD, auswers scaled lotters. See advortise-

Mns. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery Place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours from 9 to 1, and 2 to 5. Terms 50 cents a sennee. Miss Rosa T. Aweny, 32 Alien street, Tranco Speaking Medi-

Miss ROBAT. AMELY, 32 Alicen street, Tranco Speaking Medi-um, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at -any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 33 Alion street. Z27 She will also attond funerals. Mas. BEAN, Test, Rapping, Writing and Tranco Medium, Rooms No. 30 Eliot street, Hours from 9 A. M. to 1, P. M., and from 2 to8, and from 7 to 9 P. M. Mrs. W. 1t. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium, No. 5, Hayward Place.

MIR. W. R. HATDEN, happing, Withous, and Control Market, No. 5, Hayward Place, Mas. B. K. Little, Test and Chairvoyant Medium, No. 35 Beach street, (nearly opposite the United States Hotel.) Mas. H. A. LANGFORD, Chairvoyant Medium, examines and prescribes for diseases. See advertisement in suctor col-

JANES W. GREENWood, Healing and Doveloping Medium,

DB. W. T. Osborn, Clairvoyant and Realing Medium, No. 110 Cambridge street.

PROFESSOE HUSE, Natural Astrologer, No. 18 Osborn Place,

For particulars, see notice elsewhore. Mns. C. L. NEWTON, Healing Medium, No. 28 West Dedham street. Boe adv. DR. C. MAIN, Healing Medium, (by laying on of hands,) No.

Davis street. See particulars in another column. MRS. YORK, Healing Medium and Clairvoyant, No. 14, Picas-

Mas. L. B. COVERT, Writing, Speaking and Personating Me-

dium, No. 85 South street. Miss E. Moons, Test, Happing, Writing and Tranco Medium, No. 15 Tromont street, (up sains,) Mas. WATERMAN, Healing Medlum; Miss WATERMAN, Test and Trance Medlum, No. 142 Harrison Avenue. Terms, Mp

ocnts per hour. Miss M. Munsor, Medical, Cisirvoyant and Trance Medium,

No. 18, La Grange Place. See advertisement. Mas. A. J. Kasisov, Test Modium, 70 Tremont street. Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. Mas. R. H. Huar, Writing and Tranco Modium-28 1-2 Tro-

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"has caused a great commetion the country through," [mont street. Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 7

class of discases he gives his special attention. J. CURTIS, M. D., No. 23 Winter street, Boston. july 2, 1857. tf April 24

SAMUEL BARRY & CO.-BOOKS, PERIODICALS and Spinitual Publications, the Bannen of Lioit, &c., Sta-tionery and Fancy Goods; No. 836 Race street, Philadelj

hia. Subscribers SERVED with Periodleals without extra chargo

CARIS, CINCULARS, BILL-ILEADS, &C., printed in plain or or-namental style. International and a store, or at White's Music Store, Tremont

7.9" Musie farnished for Pic-Nics, Parties, Excursions, &c. june 5. Sm l'emple. . Sm

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, FREE.-MRS. A. W C PRATT, of Chelsea, Chairvoyant and Ilcaling Medium, informs the public that she will give free examinations to the afflicted. Examination of hair, written out, \$1. Office,

No. 77 Willow street, near Central Avenue. P. S.-Medicinos, conveniently put up, will be farnished, if desired, tf july 10 TARMONIAL INSTITUTE, NO. 17 SOUTH MAIN ST., H PROVIDENCE, R. L.-Office hours-From 10 A. M. 111 3 P. M., Privato Tests; from 3 till 6 P. M. exclusively for Ladles, Evenings-Circles and Lectures. Sabbath Morning contents

at half-past 10 o'clock.

H. E. ATWOOD.-TRANCE AND HEALING MEDIUM.-E. ATWOOD.-TRANCE AND HEALING MEDIUM.-Sittings for general communications, 50 cts.; medical examinations, \$1.00. Office hours from 9 A. M., to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. No. 3 1-2 Brattle street, Boston. tſ jy17

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.

C. MAIN, No. 7 Dayls Street, Boston, Those sonding locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should aclose \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to oropay their postage. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2, to 5 P. M.

Dec. 12 MBS.-C.-L.-NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, having fully tested her powers, will sit for the curo of diseases of a Chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Acute pains in-stantly relieved by spirit power; Chronic Rheumatian, Nou-raigin, Chronic Spinal diseases, pains in the side, Diseases of the Liver, Nervous Prostration, Headache, &c. Torums for each alting, 31.00.

Terms for each sitting, \$1.00. Hours, from 9 A. M., to 3 P. M.; will visit families, if ro-

quired; No. 26 West Dedham street, two doors from Wash-ngton street, Boston. tf Feb. 6.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE, the 'well-known Test Medlum and Opposite the United States Hotel.) Terms, \$1 per hour for one or two persons, and 50 cts. for each additional person. Clairvoyant examinations, \$1.

June 10 - tf

C. STILES, Bridgeport, Conn., INDEPENDENT OLAIRVOY A. C. STILES, Brugeport, Commences of the disease of the ANT, guarantees a frue diagnosis of the disease of the orson before him, or no PEE WILL BE CLAIMED. Terms to be strictly observed. For Clairvoyant Examination and pro-scription, when the patient is present, \$2. For Psychometrio Delineations of character, \$2. To insure attention, the **FER** and postage stamp must in all enses be advanced.

Dec. 2. If M. SONATING MEDIUM, No. 38 South street, will sit for Communications between the hours of 9 and 12 A. M. and 2 and 10 P. M., or, if desired, will visit families. Torms for one sitting, 80 cents. If Nov. 14 M. RS. YORK, IIFALING MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT, No. 14 Pleasant stroct, entrance on Spear Place. Ros

No. 14 Pleasant stroct, entrance on Spear Place, Bos Mrs. Y. heals the Sick and reveals the Past, Present Puture: Terms for Examination, \$1; Revelation of its Al content and the stroke and Future. 50 cents., Hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. may 22 No. 11

Writing and Trance Medium. Rooms, No. 15. Tremont street, (up stairs) opposite the Museum. tf june 5 tf june 5

in the second

ιſ BOARDING. BOARDING AT MR. LEVY'S, 231 WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, where Spiritualists can live with comfort and commy, with people of their own own sentiments. June 19 tf MRS. HATCH'S DISCOURSES.-First Series, 372 pages 12mo., Just published, and for sale by S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones street. April 24 Agent for New York. tf MISS M. MUNSON, Medical Clairyoyant and Trance Medium, AS REMOVED from No. 3. Winter street, and in connec-tion with Mas. JERNES, taken the house No. 13 La Grango place, which has just been thoroughly fitted, up and furnished, and will be kept in a style to suit the most fastidl ta taste MRS. JENNESS will have charge of the house, and care of the patients, for which she is well qualified by her experience at Dr. Main's. She has also had much practice as an ac-coucheur, and offers her services with confidence in that capacity. Miss Munson will continue to give sittings as heretoforo, and visit patients at their homes, if desired. Appropriato remedics prepared in the house, and furnished whon requir-

TERMS.—Communications, verbal or written, one, hour, \$1; examinations, \$1,00; by hair, \$200; hair sent by mail, re-quiring written diagnosis, \$3,00. If july 3.

July 3. J. OF SEALED LETTERS, may be addressed at No. 3 Windor street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Good Store.)

TERMS.-Mr. M. dovotes his whole time to this husiness. and charges a fee of \$1.00 and four postage stamps to pay return postage for his cliorts to obtain an newer, but does not outbanter an answer for this sum. Persons who wish a OUARANTER, will receive an answer to there is the root or their money will be returned in thirty days from its reception. Fee to be sent in this case, \$3.00.

""" No lotters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee. Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays,

Wednesdays and Salurdays. Persons are requisited not to call on other days. tf Dec. 26,

M R8. II. A. LANGFORD—Through spirit directions, has changed her labors to the examination of, and prescrip-tions for, diseases. Hours of cousultation from 0 to 12 o'clock A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. Medicines prepared, through spirit directions entirely to ber.

Treesdays and Fridays assigned for personal communica-long, as usual, by tranec and writing. Terms, one dollar per hour.

10050 rear of No. 71 Chambers street, june 19 Sm^o

A HOME FOR THE AFFLICTED,-HEALING BY LAY-June 10 Jmn² A HOME FOR THE AFFLICTED,-HEALING BY LAY-ant and Healing Medium, who has been very successful in curing the sick, treats with unprecedented success, by the laying on of hands, in connection with other new and inval-uable remedies, all Chronic Diseases, such as Consumption, Liver Complaint, Ecrofula, Rhoumatism, Gout, Neuralgis, Paralysis and Heart Complaint. Diseases, considered incur-able by the Medical Faculty, readily yield to his new and able by the Medical Faculty, readily yield to his new and scan be accommodated. Terms for an examination at the of-fice, one dollar-by letter, two dollars. Hours from 9 A. M., to 7 P. M. Rooms No. 110, Cambridge street, Boston. the four the fourth of the fourth of the fourth of the fourth and the fourth of the fourth of

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.--PROF. HUSE may be found at his residence, No. 18 Osborn Pince, leading from Picasant street, a fow blocks from Washington street, Boston-Ladios and gentiemen will be favored by him with such ac-counts of their Pars. Ladios and gentlemen will be favored by him with such ac-double of their PAST, PRESENT and FOTURE, as may be given him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he feels himself endowed. LETTERS ANSWERED, ON FOCSILT of a letter from any party,

onclosing over DOLLAR, Professor lluse will answer questions of a business nature. On receipt of miner DOLLAR, a full ma-tivity of the person writing will be returned. He only requires name and place of residence

There have an place of residence. Hours et consultation from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 60 ents each lecture, t=21 Aug. 21

Liours of consultation from 7 A. M., to 9 P. M. Terms 60 conts each lecture, tt-21 Aug. 21 MRS. M. A. LEYON, M. D., MIDWIFE AND LADIESI PHYSICIAN, No. 30 Bench street, Boston, Mrs. L. has engaged a superior Trayce Medium, for the examination of disease and spiritual communications, either by Writing, Rapping, Tipping, or Entranced. Persons sending hair must enclose 91, and two stamps. Information given upon other subjects by letter, \$2. Medicines for every part of the world. Also, healing by laying on of hands. Patients attended at their residence. icir residence. N. B.-. Fersons in indigent circumstances considered.

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