VOL. III.

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NO. 19

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. NATURE'S FIDELITY.

BY LITA H. BARNEY.

Nature, in all her devices ways, unto herself is true-She knows both Instinct where to place, and locates Reason

She whispers to the herb, its power all essence vile to shun, Within the leadly breast of man, plants Wisdom yet unknown, The bird hath mated with a bride, and brought her to his

And for the birdfings, and for her, he quells all wish to roam But ah! the school-boy lingers near, the sportsman's aim is

And when a few short mouths have past another be will

The leaf that grown upon you clin, she but one season gives-In that sweet summer-time of bliss its all of life it lives-Its fibres cut by autumn frosts and ripcoing decay, Unmissed, nor mourned by parent tree, it sadly floats away.

But when Futurity she means, and not Finality, She, with unerring finger, points to immortality;

The long-drawn chords of human love she makes more firm And binds our hearts as captives, where our loved once raise

And thus we see our l'ather-God, and his great ends can view, Who gives his creatures nought but what well serves his

To bird and tree that perisheth, its frail and earthly love-

But to our capt, aspiring souls, a heavenfler one above ! PROVIDENCE, R. L. 1858.

DAISY NESBROOK;

Romance of Real Vife.

BY CORA WILBURS.

CHAPTER VI.

At Forestdale, that home of beauty and serenity; Daisy dreamt over the past and strengthened hor soul for the battling with the future. Sitting at Mrs. Dauby's feet, she told the story of her childhood, the simple, pathetic story of her wrongs and griefs; and the gentle listener wept for sympathy, and kissed her with motherly affection, offering her a home and resting place from oppression and privation. Poor Daisy's heart, swelling with gratitude. yet throbbed with an unnamed sorrow. Reginald and Estella, when wedded, were to live at Forestdale; she could not remain. Following the advice of Mrs. friendship extended to her; of her determination to Wardley Hall to prim old Forestdale!" trespass no louger upon her bounty; she expressed received, and she mentioned not the evil. The letter drunken Lenox's Wardley Hall--" was a revelation of Daisy's inner self; truthful, "In Wardley Hall, I could do as I please," interpower; bending beneath no prejudice; displaying the of a cross, prim old woman." lofty, self-reliant nature nurtured by experience and I with ; revenling the child-like simplicity of her soul. schooling for a year or two more, if she desired to rid of the old thing here till she is laid in her return; unwilling to take advantage of the lady's grave." generosity, she thanked her with grateful tears, and "You really are too heartless, Estella. Supposing waited for Ada's decision.

Reginald often brought his betrothed to Forest- would not Ada counteract your influence?" manner, such as she bestowed on Daisy. For the I'd have no interference with my rights!" first time in his life her son had disregarded her "Now don't get excited, sissy! you know that not their steel-like glauces, their icy disdain; he but he would fly as from a serpent, sissy!" impossible that the beautiful face could ever be and tired of you all," darkened by the shadows of an evil temper; the musical voice be raised in anger; or that deceit and his own, so fondly.

One morning, Daisy had gone to the library for a book, and was standing before one of the shelves, do so; try and cool down before I get back." looking for the volume she sought; she heard voices in the adjoining room, the door having been left heart beat wildly; if Estella were to come in and open; it was the voice that ever vibrated painfully find her! A few moments that seemed a long hour to Daisy's soul, for amid its blandest, sweetest tones, clapsed, and a servant entered, requesting the presshe detected the ringing falsehood, the hidden mal- once of "Miss Stella, as there was some company ice; it was the voice of Estella Mitchell, pitched just 'rived, and Miss Lenex thought the young heart: "You cannot provide me against Estella she wiped away her tears, and a soft glow suffused high in anger; her brother was endeavoring, in his Missus would like to see 'em." Stella languidly arose own sarcastic way, to sootho her into quiet.

the bargain. I'll either manage him as I will, or send him flying. To think, that I, Estolia Mitcholl. am to be governed by an old weman's whims! I prayer, her little hands clasped tightly, tears won't stand it! I won't! I won't!" she almost streaming adown her whitened cheeks; she rescreamed.

"Hush, sissy ?" said her brother, half soothingly, half ironically, "remember you are on a visit to Forestdale; you'll make some one hear you. Keep believe aught against his beautiful bride. And yet your tantrums for home, and your vexation to your to save him from life-long misery and remorse? self, pussy! Maybe, you can manage Reginald Not one thought of self intruded to mar the beauty better after you are married; I know the old lady of her devotion, the heroism of her unacknowledged holds him in check, and I fear she will you, too; and love. keep a sharp lookout on your extravagence. She "If it were but Ada?" she oried, as she wrung has the eye of a lynx, by George! No deceiving her; her tonder hands with grief and perplexity—" if it gait was unsteady, and his eye gleamed wildly. He of the course I mean to follow. I have been a wit every change of her expressive countenance, Ada now

she reads one through, with those soft, clear eyes of hers. But we must bear it all; father is quite low iu funds and health, that you know, pussy! I am terribly in debt; we make a great splutter in the neighborhood, but there's no foundation to it; you mauage Reginald, cleverly; that's all you have to

"I am heartily sick of this dull, old Forestdale," replied the shrill unmusical tones of Estella; "I am sick and tired of our old plantation and father's sickness, and queries about me! I want Reginald to take me to the city as soon as we are married; and he won't, because that sanctimonious, quakerish old mother of his, don't approve of it. I won't stay hero, poked away in this grim old place. I want to go to balls and parties, and enjoy myself; that's why I marry Regionld Danby."

Daisy's feet, that willingly would have sped away, were fixed to the spot; there was no egress from the library, save through the room occupied by the imprudent speakers. Daisy's hands fell powerless to her side; a deathly pallor overspread her face; a rushing sound, as of a whelming flood, was in her ears, but consciousness forsook her not; and when again Estella spoke, though her tones were low, they reached the heart of Daisy, piercing it with an agony too great for words. Fraught with terrible distinctness, every intonation of Estella's voice, engraved itself upon her memory, to haunt and trouble her thenceforth; unbidden came the thought, how she would shrink from so desecrating her noble love. Daisy wept in bitter anguish, with one hand vainly striving to still the tumultuous beatings of her henru

"I know that I must submit," Estella said, with bitter emphasis; wand it galls and chafes my spirit that I must; I have never been thwarted in my life, and now an old woman is to have authority over me, hey? I thought I could wind Reginald around my little finger, but he 'owes so much to the maternal devution of the best of mothers'-[she imitated his manner of speaking, and added with heartless, fine old mother of his, though I don't exactly reciprocate his exalted sentiments. I love his possessions, his aristocratic name and his gentleness, which is a good contrast to my over-fiery temper. But love? Pshaw! Sentimental foolery, that I never indulged in yet!"

"You simulate that same 'sentimental foolery well enough, you little actress!" replied her brother. "You heartless belle! how many hearts have you broken, since last summer ?"

"Seven," she said, laughingly. "Aud I could ve old Mr. Lenox, only I fear his sister, she's Aunt Sarah; informing her of the protection and such a tyrant; but, oh dear me, how I would prefer

"You speak very disrespectfully of your future ber willingness to visit her aunt, if her presence home and mother-in-law; you have no taste, sissy! would be agreeable; she was grateful for the good Forestdale is a much more beautiful place than

forgiving, magnanimous; crouching to no wordly rupted Estella; "bere, I shall be under the control

"So you would, in becoming Mrs. Lenox, pussy!" "Not if Mrs. Thorp were out of the way; I should Mrs. Dauby offered to bear the expenses of Daisy's be mistress of house and negroes. I shall never get

oven that you could be mistress at Wardley Hall;

dale; his mother's manner towards her was uni- "Ada?" replied his sister, scornfully, "she copo formly kind, but there was no spontaneous heart with me? I would soon get the old mun to disinwarmth in her tones, no loving confidence in her herit her, if she disobeyed, or I would murry her off.

counsel, and refused obedieuce to her warning voice; game 's up. You are engaged to Reginald Panby, blindly infatuated with the beauty, the seeming gen. and it's a pity-for the poor fellow, I mean, he is tleness of the artful Estella, he disbelieved all the so desperately in love with the excelling virtues, the rumors that bespoke her so cold, cruel, and self- feminine graces of my amiable, gentle sister! Ha! willed. That soft, white hand! surely it could nover ha! ha! what a mistake he made when he said inflict chastisement upon the poor creatures appeal-|that! Poor fellow! poor, silly creature! he should ing to her mercy; those beavenly blue eyes l-he saw see you in one of your tantrums at home. When I

beheld not the withering sarcasm, the contemptuous "Hush your foolish, senseless talk, you addleseam that disfigured those rosy lips; he thought it pate!" angrily retorted the beauty; "I am sick

"Come and take a walk, Estella."

"A walk, this bitter cold weather? Not I, intreachery could brood within the heart he deemed deed. I want to take a nap upon this sefa. You may go."

"Thank you for the gracious permission-I will

Daisy heard his retreating footsteps, and her and followed the negress; and Daisy emerged from "He is a sentimental fool! and headstrong into her involuntary concealment, pale, breathless with agitation, trembling and bewildored. She reached her chamber, and sank upon the floor in voiceless mained thus for hours; thinking, planning, praying. What was she to do? Would her word be credited? Reginald was too deeply infatuated to

would exult in his happiness; but this false, vain, direction of Severton, Estella's home. heartless coquette, to trifle with a heart like his!" terror at the young girl's changed appearance.

tears from the eyes of the suffering girl,

" Yes, yes-evil tidings-sorrow, disappointment grief. Mrs. Danby-Reginald-Estella-oh! 1 cannot speak !"

"What is it, dear child! You alarm me!

dove! Yes-I know-I dare not speak!"

"Not dare speak to me-your friend? I, who would be as a mother to you, Daisy?"

"Yes, I will!" she replied, with sudden energy, raising her pallid, tearful face to the lady's mild, questioning eyes, that now wore a shadow of alarm; but as she essayed to tell the tale, a hand of ice seemed to grasp her heart-strings, and bid the voice of her soul to be still; a mist passed before her eyes; they closed in atter weariness; with a deep sigh, she fell fainting upon the bosom of her dear friend.

Mrs. Dauby knew intuitively that there was a ecret for her car only, and that it concerned her son: so she called in no aid, but with prompt and efficient self reliance and composure, proceeded to restore the sufferer to cousciousness. She soon succeeded, and with her gentle, magnetic touch, and and with many tears, and shown sobs, softening down as much as possible Estella's disrespectful her visits were short, and her manner was abversation she had unwittingly overligard. Mrs. Danby turned pale, then a crimson flush mounted the noble girl. to her forehead; she spoke in low, decisive tones:

wbat you have told me!"

Pale with emotion, yet firm in the right, Daisy responded unfalteringly-

"l will!"

Remain in your room, my love, until she departs; tears, and cried imploringlywill see you cared for."

chosen this pure, humble, loving heart! Would that never again to cross the threshold! Mrs. Dauby, she could be my daughter!"

beauty's heart, for Mrs. Danby's manner had been threatened to kill me-he dared to strike me !" complained bitterly to Reginald, and he returned what has occurred that you, too, come to sorrow?"

herself face to face with Reginald! Her eyes drooped Ada?" eneath his severe, inquiring gazo; her color roseher agitation was extreme; but ever the guiding voices of intuition eried unfalteringly, " Do right, do burst into tears. right-let come what may!" She repeated, at Mrs. Danby's request, the conversation she had overheard: and when she had finished her painful task, she he is a man of ungovernable temper-that his people stole one glance at Regigald's handsome face. She complain of his harshness-that he is addicted to beheld it convulsed with inger, shame and definite : he hurled back the accustion-vindicated the truth multreat his only child! Can it be possible, just and honor of his betrotted-declared himself convinced of her love and lidelity, and avowed his reselve never to resign her for all the slanders that could be uttered. The cruel words sank secthing madam! But there is one who will never desert into Daisy's brain, and kil like firebrands upon her me-who will share with me good and evil!" and all the combined world rould fail in convincing me her face, rendering her sorrow doubly touchingof her falschood. You may be truthful in all elsein this matter you are not-you cannot be. Estella beside ber, Dalsy passed both arms around ber neck, has warned me against jou-I see that she is always right."

"You doubt me-yet disbolieve my words-my soul still deeper.

were but a true and noble woman he loved, how I mounted a horse, and galloped madly away, in the

Mrs. Danby sat long alone, weeping and reflecting As the hours passed on, her grief and anguish by turns; then she arose to seek basy, whose heartdeepened; the sharp thorns of the ordeal crown secret sho had now fully read. Reginald returned pierced her brow, penetrated to her soul! She heard not for several days; he was gloomy and reserved not the gentle rup of Mrs. Dauby at the door, and thenceforth, for he know that if he wedded Estella when that true friend entered, she started back in Mitchell, he would wring his mother's heart with grief; that she would never admit his bride to "You pre ill, dear Daisy," she exclaimed, folding Forestdale. In view of this change, the fielde bride her arms around the shrinking form, "have you had received him coldly-had showered invectives eccived any evil tidings? what has occurred to upon the unoffending Daisy, and had for the first afflict you? tell me, my child!" And the gentle time shown the glimmerings of that evil temper, lady kissed the pale brow, and wiped the streaming that rendered her the terror of the negroes, the scorned of all humane and Christian hearts. But so deep was the fatal fascination she had twined around to those I love!" cried Daisy, wildly; and f ... him, that he determined to brave his mother's dis-I am the raven messenger-my mission is to bring pleasure, and seek a home elsewhere, his fortune being at his own disposal. Never had mother and son been parted before; in view of the coming separation, the Borrowing, mother shed bitter tears, but eft them all safely in the parlor, not a moment she could not revoke her sentence. Her home was to remain sacred from the footprints of deception-"Safe, safe! the serpent begins the unsuspecting the intrusions of falsehood. Daisy appeared not again before Reginald; she would immediately have left the house, but his mother entreated her to remain, and she, yielding a willing compliance to the gentle lady's motherly request, remained.

Alas! for a long, long time, the withering contempt with which Reginald had spoken, the cruelty of his denouncing words, the anger lighting up those asually so tender eyes, haunted poor Daisy's dreamhours, and revisited with mocking distinctness her oft-recurring sorrowful moods and silent musings; returned to embitter life, to trouble and perplex with that off-repeated question of the trial-worn soul; " Why, oh, why is this ?"

At was Ada's birthday, and, at her friend's request, Daisy had arrayed herself in festal garb, and was waiting for the carriage that was to convey her to Wardley Hall. She felt troubled for her friend, too, for within the last few days the shadow had deepscorn]-"I want him to love me better than that Poothing voice, she lulled her into comparative quiet; ened on her brow-the determined expression had settled upon her lip; when she called at Forestdale, language, Daisy repeated the substance of the con-structed; she searcely noticed Daisy's paleness, and that true friend knew that trials were encompassing

That afternoon, Daisy had arrayed herself, with a "Reginald must know this, ere it be too late: I heavy heart, in a robe of dark blue silk, with soft have vainly warned him-perhaps he will hearken falls of lace around the neck and sleeves; her goldennow. Daisy, dear! a solemn duty devolves upon brown ringlets were arranged with care, and a band you; though you shrink, go boldly onward. You of pearls passed over the wide, pure forehead. The have my friendship, my trust, my love! Bear with robe and the band was a gift from Mrs. Danby; the ny misguided son, if he give no credence to your gold chain around her neck, with the exquisitely words-for alas! her power outweighs his mother's carved cross attached to it, was a token from the influence; it may your simple, truthful story. To- generous Ada. Waiting for the carriage, she sat at morrow she returns home; I will summon my son Mrs. Damby's feet; her pale face irradiated with g before me. Daisy! in his presence, you must repeat momentary glow of pleasure, for she was reading a heart-stirring poem, a sweetly rhymed story of unrequited love, that met with final triumple.

Suddenly the door of the apartment opened, and Ada Lenox rushed in, pale, and breathless with "Oh, my presentiments are all too true," said haste, her festal garments in disorder-her dark Mrs. Danby; "I knew that this betrothal would hair streaming wildly round her face; the rich ornabring sorrow upon him-my noble boy, that never ments she were contrasting strangely with the undisobeyed me before! but it may yet be time to save earthly pallor of her cheeks; the agitation of her him. Rumor is not all false, when it proclaims manner, as throwing herself at Mrs. Damby's feet, Estella Mitchell the cruel, heartless woman she is, all her regal self possession gone, she burst into

" He has thrust me from his home! he has turned And as she again pressed her to her maternal me from Wardley Hall in presence of the negroesbosom, the thought arese: "Would that he had of his sister, who stood calmly looking on! I am you are a friend. I am no longer my father's The next day, Estella Mitchell and her brother heiress. I am a poor, discarded girl! Will you give left Forestdale, and Reginald accompanied them me shelter, until my saving angel comes ? Will you home. There was doubt and dismay in the proud gunrd me from his violence? for, Mrs. Danby, bg

more than usually distant and constrained. She! "Who, who, my dearest Ada? What is all thisome with a clouded brow and a troubled heart. | cried the mistress of Forestiale, pressing Ada to her How poor Daisy's heart bent when she was sum- bosom. " You asking for ghelter-for protection? moned to the presence of Mrs. Danby, and found Who dured to threaten, to lift a finger upon you, dear

"My father, madain !" replied Ada, with so much serrow and humiliation in her voice, that Daisy

"Your father!" cried Mrs. Danby, recoiling in astonishment. " Your father, Ada? I have heard that intemperance—but that he would strike a woman-Heaven!"

"Yes, yes, possible; only too true," sobbed Ada. I am an outcast from home-a wanderer now, dear enhancing her wild and wondrous beauty. Kneeling and spoke sweet, comforting words of hope and promise.

"The world, that knows nothing of my private onthi!" wailed forth Daisy, as the iron entered her wees and suffering, may misconstruc my actions, and attach the stigma of disobedience to my name." "I do!" he replied and his eyes flashed defiance said Ada, rising to her feet, and unconsciously asapon her; those eyes that smiled so sweetly upon suming the regal attitude that was so natural to her, when under the influence of strong emotion. her in her nightly dreams.

With a wild, loud sib and cry, Datsy fied to her "You, dear madam, have known me from childhood; chamber, and mother and son were left alone; she, you knew my sainted mother; you knew me to be pale and sorrowful and collected -he, quivering with incapable of a false assertion. I have never, before unjust anger, defying every given proof of his idel's this, breathed aught against my father. I do so perfidy. When he let his mother's presence, his now, for mine own honor demands it, in vindication

ness of unheard of cruelties-of wrongs that chilled my blood with horror. I have seen the memory of my mother wantonly outraged: the home, once hallowed by her presence, perhaps, even now, revisited by her watching spirit, desecrated by unblushing vice! Mrs. Dauby! I have suffered long and silently-1 can endure no more! To escape from the sights that shocked me, from scenes of brutality and courseness, I left home, I remained so long in the uncongenial atmosphere of a boarding school. Beneath your hospitable roof I first met lloward Clayton; you know him well-he is Reginabl's friend. You know that he is honorable and trustworthy; I have long been betrothed to him, but we kept it secret, hoping to win my father's consent. Now, beloved friend 11 can no longer frame excuses for remaining at school; I must either do violence to every letter feeling of my nature, by sanctioning with silence my father's proceedings, or I must leave that home of bitlerness, though it be for a crust by the lowliest hearth, for a shelter by the wayside! Say, that you blame me not for following Howard Clayton's humble lot; say that you approve my course; give me your blessing-true and tender mother that you are, and l will go upon my path rejoicing!"

Again, Ada Leuox, giving way to her greewrought emotions, fell weeping at the lady's felf, and kissed the hand that had never been upraised sate to bless and succor friend and stranger.

Mrs. Danly gently raised her, kissed her tenderly as a mother would, and assured her of her entire approval; promised protection and shelter to the young, sorrow-bowed head. They conversed long and earnestly, Ada fully revealing to that best friend the miseries of her childhood and youth; the life for which so many envied her.

When the lights were brought in, Mrs. Dauby led Ada to the mirror, and arranged her hair and her disordered dress; then they descended to the supper room. Daisy, with a heart full of sympathy and grief, could not eat a morsel: Ada's eyes were heavy with weeping, with the unshed tears pressing closely those tender orbs.

Reginald came not home that evening. Mrs. Danby led Ada to Daisy's elember, which she was to share with her. Classed in once other's arms, these true friends wept and prayed, and planned together, till late into the night. The drunken father called not-scut no message to his child. His anger and resentment, kept alive with skillful cunning by his sister, he pronounced a bitter curse upon his daughter and Howard Clayton, and consigned them both to oblivion.

There was a quiet bridal in the near church of - village. Without pourp or estentation, in simple garb, attended only by her youthful friend, Mrs. Dauby, and the necessary witnesses, Ada Lenox became the wife of Howard Clayton; and Daisy, willing to share their labors and their humble joys, accompanied them to their home in -----

Sad and oppressed was Daisy's heart as she folded the motherly friend in a last embrace, and wept upon her bosom. But Mrs. Danby whispered: "I will write to you, Daisy; you have a daughter's place in my soul; come good or evil, you shall know it; sometime you may return to me, dear child?" and she fondly, solemnly blest her, and Daisy's heart thrilled with a painful feeling, as if the echo of ther mother's voice was departing, and the bleak, wide world opened its dark' portals, bidding her go forth, never to return to that quiet vale--to Forestdale, and joy and peace.

But Ada's eyes were illumined with hope and love, and the determination of a loving will curved her red lips with the impress of power, and beamed in glory from her triumphant smile. She shed no tearof regret, but her gratitude to Mrs. Danby was sincere and fervent.

On a bright moonlight night, while great icicles hung from the glistering caves--while the snow lay deep, and the earth and heavens were calm-the newly married pair, and their tried friend, Daisy, proceeded in a hired carriage to their awaiting home. They traveled a night and a day, and entered the little town of ____. In one of its widest streets stood a nent two-story house-it was the home, provided by Howard, for his bride. It was neatly, confortably furnished, and Ada looked her gratitude. Daisy offered up a voiceless, fervent prayer of thanks, and murmured tearfully: "It is home !**

CHAPTER YII.

Howard Clayton, inspired by love, impelled by that feeling of protection that is so sweet, exerted all his energies in the pursuit of his profession, and succeeded as for as his limited surroundings afforded the means. Their mode of life was simple, and contentment, ever smiling, waited upon them all. They hired a black woman to do all the harder lah for the house; and, with the sum realized by the sale of some of the trinkets she had wern on her bifthday, Ada purchased a piano, and henceforth welcomed her husband with the songs he loved so well, when he returned from his daily cares, to enjoy the quiet and harmony of his home at evening time.

Ada heard not from home; Mrs. Danby wrote occasionally to them all; but no mention was ever made of Wardiey Hall, and Ada sighed and was silent. Six months after their arrival in ----, Daisy received a letter from her friend; she perused it engerly, and her check flushed crimson, then paled to a deadly whiteness; she uttered an exclamation of joy, and read on; then her brow clouded; a pensive shadow overspread hor sweet face; she sighed deeply, and tears started to her eyes. Watching

approached her softly, and, placing one hand on her shoulder, said : " What is it, dear ?" "Read for yourself, love!" she replied, wiping away the now quickly starting tears; " poor Reginald! thank heaven he is saved from life-long misery! But he suffers so much, poor, poor Reginald. But now he will believe me! he will retract those cruel words, that haunt me every time I think of Forestelale. He believes me now, oh, God be praised!"

Ada read aloud Mrs. Danby's letter. "My Beloved Datay!" she wrote, "I have joy and sorrow to communicate. Thanks be rendered unto him who doeth all things well! My son, so long estranged, has returned to his mother's heart; he is convinced of the utter unworthiness of her he had chosen, for her outward attractions, her syren voice, and seeming gentleness. You know what it cost me to gain from him'the promise that he would at least postpone his marriage until the summer. Well it was for him that he did so; for now he knows that she is hekle, selfish, cruel and unloving. His early friend, Edwin Maywood, has returned from abroad; he was once the accepted lover of Estella; he found her totally lacking in every feminine attribute of gentleness, forbearance and charity; he saw her cruelty towards the negroes, her disrespect towards her infirm old father; not that she displayed her real character before him; but because, as he devoutly believes, some sacred influence shielded him from her wiles, and revealed her real self. Her beauty then became repugnant ; her voice discordant to him; he turned from her in disgust, upbraided her with hypocrisy and deceit, and gave her free. He solemnly warned my poor, deluded Reginald; but alas! his infatuation was so strong! although not daring to disbelieve his friend, he made apologies for her conduct, and strove to screen her faults. Daisy, darling! when you kneel in supplication before heaven, pray -- pray fervently for Edwin Maywood; he has been the savior of my boy! With untiring offort he has striven to bring proof upon proof of her baseness before him, until he has convinced him that she is indeed unworthy of his love. My Reginald is free, and curious rumors are affoat about Estella: she spends a great part of her time at Wardley Hall; the gossips say she will marry Ada's father, but I cannot believe than she can stoop to so much baseness. But, my Daisy! while you rejoice with me, I must reluctantly inflict pain also-for 1 know that it will pain you to hear that we shall leave Forestdale for Europe in a few weeks. My poor boy's health is shattered, -he was never very strong; excitement, suspense and anxiety, has told upon his system; he is pale and haggard, totally unlike his former self. The physicians advise change of scene, the variety of travel; my Reginald is again the loving, obedient, gentle son you knew him to be, dear Daisy, and if he were but well, my happiness would be complete, for I should then build a beautiful fairy castle, who is smould have the green fields of Forestdale for it foundation, not the viewless air. Let us all wait, as I pray, and hope, dear Daisy. It will be a gratification to you, dear, noble child, to be told that yester by my Reginald, who seldom now leaves my sight, but sits for hours at my feet, resting his head upon my lap, as he used to do when quite a boy--said to me: 'You write to Daisy Ellis, mother?' "I do," I replied. 'Please, then,' said he, and his voice trembled, and large tears stood in his eyes, tell her I entreat her forgiveness for my rudeness; that I was blinded not to feel her truthfulness. I shall feel happer if she forgive me, for I have committed a gross injustice. I know your heart, Daisy, and already I read your gentle reply. Write to me immediately. We shall not pass through would call to see you, my child; but I wish to avoid all excitement for Reginald. I will write again before our departure. Our people all send their love to 'young Missis Daisy.' Give my love to Howard and Ada, and bid Howard lay aside his prejudice, and accept my offer. Believe me, dearest Daisy, your motherly friend, who will not yet say farewell

The offer alluded to was one tendered by the generous lady to Howard Clayton, of a sum of money, to carry on his business, which the high-minded, scrupulously honest young man refused to accept. though his heart overflowed with gratitude for the unsought kindness. Daisy wrote an answer that same asy, assuring Reginald of her entire and full forgiveness; pouring forth the rich strains of filial Live and thankfulness to the responding heart of the maternal sparit, that so well understood her own. Ada pondered over that passage in the letter that referred to E-tella Mitchell and her father; and when Daisy said: "impossible! absurd!" Ada shook her head, and replied: "I believe Estella capable of anything; my father always admired her; it is not at all improbable."

Howard said it would puzzle a much abler lawyer to tell the sublen changes of a woman's whims; he believed the icy-hearted, steel-eyed maiden would marry a Turk, to forward her own selfish cuds. In a few weeks a letter came from Forestdale, announcing their departure on the following week; and Daisy wept over that farewell letter, wept as we weep over the beloved ones gone from our sight, in mortal garb forever. She felt that she would never again behold the gentle lady-never again on earth!

No news from Westonville. Miss Sorah had not replied to Daisy's letter, and, independent as she was, in spirit, the young girl forbore intruding upon her. As Daisy Ellis, she lived contentedly; as Howard said to his wife, the joy and sunbeam of their home-for the feelings of youth are buoyant, and music gushes from young hearts spontaneously, even if an undertone of sorrow mingle with the bird-like strains. Under Ada's tuition, Daisy again read much useful knowledge; her own intellect, vigorous, fresh, and ever unfolding, grasped many things intuitively; and reasoned upon many subjects with the facility and eloquence of inspiration. They were a happy household.

Ada was not surprised when she read the announcement of her father's marriage with the scheming Estella Mitchel.

"There!" she cried, handing the newspaper to Daisy, "read for yourself, love! and acknowledge that I foresee rightly. It is a fate I would not doom my worst enemy to; but it is deserved by her, the scheming, artful, heartless coquette! She will soon tire of the glories and splenders of Wardley Hall, of its gilded misery! One thing I am glad of; Mrs. Thorp's reign is over; the imperious Estella will suffer no one to rule beside her. That proud, cold, despotio woman's reign is over! She stood calmly by, while my father's hand was raised against me. Daisy, she never moved a step to shield me; her iron countenance underwent no change of pity or indignation! I do exult in her dethronement; I know what that callous soul, insensible to all other's woes, must feel in its solitude and debasement. We are poor, but we can gaze upon the face of heaven and man with untrembling consciousness, with trust, andfaith, and self-respect. We live humbly, but we are blessed with innocent joys!"

Daisy kissed the glowing cheeks of Ada, and looked in admiration upon her beautiful countenance, irradiated as it was with love and contentment.

At the end of a year a beautiful babe was pressed to Ada's bosom, and Daisy owned another treasure, which it was her joy to watch over with untiring seal. An atmosphere of peace and purity was around

warming and inspiring; its songs were hymns of i gratitude; to its music, unseen angels bent to listen reverently, and scatter flowers on that household shrine, whose leve-lamp waned not, whose consecrated garland bloomed fresh and fragrant, guarded by unfaltering faith and constant love. At their frugal board, cheerfulness dispensed her golden smiles, contentment threw ideal charms, around their commonplace surroundings. Ada, the high-bred lady; the delicately nurtured, performed, with a native grace and willing heart, her simple, domestic duties; blushng with no false shame. The sweet poetry in Daisy's nature revolted not at the recurrence of her daily duties; they were labors of love to her. Assembled me!" and the speaker-a tall and brilllant-looking around the cosy tea-table, they discussed the loftiest girl of some twenty years, with flashing eyes and themes, the most important social questions, with raven tresses-stamped her foot loudly upon the freedom, harmony and eloquence, such as the meetings of the great and fashionable could never present. now reflected a face wild and stormy with passion, If ever Howard's brow clouded with disappointment, and hastily cast aside the robe of costly velvet, t was for Ada, longing to restore her to what he which she held in her hand. leemed her true position. Did she not always behold the cloud, and, with beaming smiles, and sweet who despite her deep sable robes and sorrowful caresses, chase it from the brow she loved? Did she countenance, still bore a sufficient resemblance to not sing for him the songs he level best, and call the young girl, to enable a beholder to perceive that upon him for a dance with her and baby, when she was none other than her mother, "it pains mo she noted the gathering gloom within his eye? greatly to see your temper so easily disturbed by Truly, a cheerful spirit is a celestial gift, and it was things so trivial." this hopeful, sunbright, energetic spirit, ever manifest in Ada's voice and manner, that nerved llow. patiently; "for Mrs. Carlton well know that I deard's soul to action, and rendered home the dearest pended upon the elegance of my costume, this evospot on earth to him. This hopeful spirit was shared ning, above all others, for I am determined to make by Daisy, who flitted about their "fair" sunbeam," an impression upon the distinguished stranger, as the good, brotherly Howard named her; and when 4 whom report says, is to honor Mrs. Leslie's soirce at times, the young girl's brow was shadowed with by his presence." As Blanche Alford gave utterthought, and her dark eye swam in moisture, they knew that it was with no thought of self, that her proudly up, and glanced once again towards the heart, was with distant friends, with Reginald and massive mirror, which revealed to view her entire Mrs. Danby. As the months flew past, and no letters person, so wondrous in its beauty. came, the shadow deepened on her face; Ada oft surprised her in tears; but when Howard came home. bounding step grew laggard,-a terrible suspense, strangely tormenting dreams, embittered her life; of a few days. for a while, even, the consolations of Ada failed to draw her soul from the darkness that seemed gathering around her. She would cry in anguish:

"Mrs. Danby is dead, or dying! I know it, I feel not a being of earth! Reginald is alone-alone, sick, weary-perhaps, too, dying! Oh, I feel it, some the opening of our story. great misfortune has befallen him !"

Gently, and most tenderly, as a brother would, Howard sought to soothe her; bidding her place no he had transplanted to his Northern home. Blanche reliance on dreams; Calling upon her to be strong Alford was a beautiful and intelligent girl, who, and enduring faithful throughout life's ordent, as it though she inherited her mother's rare beauty, yet was woman's task to be; listening to that grave, differed widely from her in point of disposition.

Howard did not tell Daisy-for he desired to spare mother. her sufferings-how coldly he had been received by the old maid of Westonville, when he presumed to call upon her, to urge Dairy's claims; she contempt other disagreeable traits of character, Mrs. Alford nously called him "a meddlesome interferer," denied formed the plan of adopting a child as her own. all knowledge of her sister's child, and said the whole story of the relationship was a fabrication of Daisy Ellis, the pauper child she had taken " out of charity." Miss Sarah was greatly changed; she looked very old and haggard, and was so feeble, she could not walk without assistance; Miss Broom appeared to have supreme control over house and servants; the poor negroes cowered before her, fearing her far more than even the severe Miss Sarah; an air of gloom overhung Westonville, an irod rod of despotism all intrusion. The shadow of a great wrong haunted ts stricken mistress, now powerless in her menial's

Time sped on, and from the quiet town of -Howard Clayton removed to a Northern city. TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

From the Atlantic Monthly for August.

MY CHILDREN.

Have you seen Annie and Kitty, Two merry children of mine?
All that is winning and pretty
Their little persons combine. Annie is klysing and clinging Chattering, laughing, and singing, Romping, and running away. Annie knows all of her neighbors, Dainty and dirty allke,— Learns all their talk, and, "bo jabers," Says she "adores little Mike!"

Annie goes mad for a flower, Eager to plack and destroy,— Cuts paper dolls by the hour, Always her model—a boy!

Annle is full of her fancies, Tells most remarkable lies, (innocent little romances.) startling in one of her size,

Three little prayers we have taught her. Graded from winter to string: Oh, you should listen my daughter Saying them all in a string!

Kitty-ah, how my heart blesses Kitty, my fily, my rose! Wary of all my caresses, Chary of all she bestows,

Kitty loves quietest places,
Whispers sweet surmons to chairs,
And, with the gravest of faces.
Teaches old Carlo his prayers. Matronly, motherly creature! Oh, what a doll she has built-

Guiltless of figure or feature— Out of her own little quilt! Naught must come near to wake it; Noise must not give it alarm: And when she sleeps, she must take it Into her bed, on her arm.

Kitty is shy of a caller. Uttering never a word; But when alone in the parlor, Talks to herself like a bird.

Kitty is contrary, rather, And, with a comical smile, Mutters, "I won't," to her father,— Eyeing him alyly the while," Loving one more than the other lan't the thing, I confess; And I observe that their mother Makes no distinction in dress.

Preference must be improper In a relation like this; I would n't toss up a copper— (Kitty, come, give me a kiss!)

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal re- ford, were the only adornments to that chaste yet proach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition elegant costume. of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A regard to dress. man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.—Webster.

that vice will mildew the most beauteous blossom behind a moment to imprint wkiss upon the check ther; the sunshine of that humble home was soul- that ever opened its petals to the dew of affection. of her dearly loved mother. A few moments and

Written for the Banner of Light. THE SISTERS;

t 'OR, THE HEART'S REVENCE.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER

CHAPTER I.

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all. Shakspears.

"I will endure it no longer! This is the fourth dress which that odious dressmaker has ruined for floor, as sho turned away from the mirror, which

"My child," said a lady of some fifty summers,

"I cannot help it, mother," replied Blanche, imance to these words, she drew her stately form

Mrs. Alford would have returned an answer to her daughter's last remark but for the entrance of a she summoned all her former cheerfulness to greet youthful and sylph-like girl, whose blue eyes beamed him; but her merry laugh was forced, her clastic, with tenderness, as she quickly advanced to embrace her sister and mother, after an absence from them

And while our little trio are busily engaged in earnest conversation I will take the opportunity of presenting to my readers a few facts relative to their history. Mrs. Alford was the widow of one it too surely. I see her in my dreams, and she is of the wealthiest merchants of the Empire city, whose death had occurred about a year previous to

> But a single child had graced the union of Mr. Alford with his wife, a fair Southern flower, whom

tender voice, to Adn's hopeful words, Daisy struggled | Naturally impulsive and wayward, with none to with her soul's presentiments; struggled nobly, and eross or tease her, when in the midst of her childish partially obtained the conquest, striving to return to sports, Blanche would have grown up a spoiled her daily avocations with a firm heart and cheerful child, petted and carressed on all sides, had it not been for the superior wisdom and judgment of her

> Thinking that her child's exclusive mode of life would tend to the devolopment of sclfishness and llaving gained the permission of her husband, while on a visit to the city of Philadelphia, she repaired to the apylum for poor chaldren, and being well pleased with a promising babe of some ten months, that had been recently placed there by its mother, she took it to her home, with the determination of fulfilling tho solemn duties of a parent towards the little orphan.

For years Mrs. Alford had watched tenderly over her protege, who, day by day, endeared herself to all hearts. At first the little Blanche was delighted swayed above its fertile fields, and closed its doors to with the idea of having a sister; but as, she was some four years the senior of the infant Alice, she soon began to assert her rights and privileges, to which the younger was obliged to yield.

> As years flew by, and the sisters grew towards womanhood, Mrs. Alford was grieved to see that Blanche manifested no slight degree of jealousy towards her sister. On the score of beauty there was no cause for such a feeling; since the brunette complexion, the large and lustrous eyes, and the jetty hair of Blanche always attracted attention and commanded admiration; when often times, the sweet and more subdued beauty of Alice, was passed un-

But Alice had the peculiar tact of making friends and entwining herself around all hearts. This gift, or power of affection, Blanche never possessed: and proud as she was of her own superior charms, she would have gladly exchanged her outward beauty for the more imperishable beauty of the heart of Alice, which she so strongly coveted.

The secret of Alice's adoption had been carefully guarded from the world by both Mr. Alford and his wife. Painful as would be its revelation to the sen sitive and loving girl, Mrs. Alford felt it to be her duty to communicate the fact to Alice, when she should have arrived to years of womanhood. The sudden death of Mr. Alford had been a severe blow to the heart of his cherished wife, and as she thought of her leneliness and desolation/ a feeling of thankfulness pervaded her heart, that God had sent to her. so great a comfort, in the person of the devoted

· CHAPTER II.

It was evening, and the spacious mirror in the boudoir of Mrs. Alford rejected the lovely forms of the sisters. The fond mother gazed admiringly, first upon her own child then upon her protege. That night was to be their first tppearance in fashionable society since the death of their father .-

-Blanche, with an eye to her own peculiar style of beauty, had chosen a dress of rich black velvet. The snowy neck contrasted beautifully with the ebon darkness of her robe, while the symmetrically. moulded arms, bared nearly to the shoulder, were clasped about with rich bracelets of jet. The long raven hair was classically arranged in heavy braids around her oval head, making in all, a picture of striking and wondrous beauty.

The slight and graceful form of Alice was simply attired in a robe of snowy muslin. Over her marble shoulders the golden ringlets were allowed to float unrestrained. A set of pearls, the gift of Mrs. Al-

The contrast between the bonde and the brunette was as remarkable as were their respective tastes in

A servant announced the carriage containing Mr. Scott, who was to act as thell cavalier for the evening. With a majestic step blanche descended to Love can excuse anything except meanness; but the drawing room; while Alice, gentic Alice, lingered

the joyous group were on their way to the mansion gay and lovely hostess.

their view. The rare and startling beauty of captivated his heart. Blanche, however, at once riveted the admiration of Into an obscure corner to enjoy, undisturbed, a few moments conversation with an old schoolmate.

face of Charles Scott, as he led his Beauthful partner Neville! The studied coquetry of Blanche Alford forth to dance. He was an carnest and devoted failed to make an impression upon the heart of one admirer of Blanche, and he folt honored that, he who had seen so much of the follies and artifices of alone, of all her crowd of worshipers, should have fashlonable life, as had the English lion. been her chosen attendant for the evening.

At a late hour, Mr. Neville was duly announced. once in her life, arose disconcerted from the instrument, and, taking the proffered arm of Charles Scott, the two passed into the conservatory.

As Blanche swept gracefully by Mr. Neville, who was conversing in a low tone with Mrs. Leslie, sho, either from accident, or purpose, let fall her fan. Quickly raising it from the floor, the young man, with native ease of manner, presented it to Blanche,

A murmured "Thank you, sir," was all that escaped the lips of Blanche, as she crossed the threshold of the saloon; yet her quick ear did not fail to catch the words, "how gloriously beautiful!" which Clarence Neville addressed to his companion. A few moments after, and Blancho Alford was again mingling with the crowd of dancers that filled the saloon of"Mrs. Leslie. The latter, however, had not falled to espy her little violet, as she termed Alice, in her refired corner; and thinking that an introduction would be equally agreeable to both parties, Mrs. Leslie accordingly presented the distinguished Englishman to the blushing and modest Alice Alford.

As Alice politely declined the stranger's invitation to walk, the latter proposed that they should take a short stroll in the conservatory, for the purpose of examining and contrasting the flowers of America with those of his own native land. Alice willingly gave her assent to accompany him, for the easy and polished address of Clarence Neville had made a most favorable impression upon the mind of the gentle

An hour later, and Blanche Alford, heated and ex hausted with dancing, sought repose and quiet in the conservatory. The evening was a most delicious one, and, throwing a black lace mantle over her shoulders, the young girl stepped forth into the lovely garden below, which was, on this occasion, tastefully adorned with colored lanterns, giving to the scene a most brilliant aspect.

The cool air was refreshing to her feverish brow, and, turning into a dark and narrow path, Blanche saw before her a small and vine-clad arbor. Seating herself upon the rustic bench, she relapsed into a thoughtful mood. The night was far spent, and he for whom she had intended to display her most powerful charms and fascinations, had not even requested the pleasure of an introduction to her. To return home, without having won the heart of the distinguished stranger, was a thing which wounded greatly her woman's pride and ambition.

"Love me he must and shall!" were the words thal half audibly fell from the lips of the passionate

A slight rustle among the foliage, and of approaching footsteps, arrested the attention of Blanche, and aroused her to the dangers of her exposed situation. The distinct marmar of voices convinced the young girl that the intruders were seeking out her place of retreat.

The thought, that perhaps her absence from the mansion had been noticed, and that persons had been despatched to find her, now flashed across the mind of Blanche.

She had only time, however, to envelope her face with her mantle, and to shrink back into the deep shadow of a corner, when, arm in arm, a couple entered the latticed arbor. Blanche scarce dared to lift her eyes to them, through fear of being discovered; but the first word spoken by the female convinced her at once that the voice was none other than that of her sister Alice. Her companion was Clarence Neville, of whose heart Blauche Alford had vowed to make a conquest of. The interview between the lovers was a long and protracted one, and as Blanche listened to the impassioned tale of love which the young Englishman poured into the not unwilling ear of her sister, a strange sense of jealousy, and a fiend-

ish desire for revenge took possession of her breast. Not until some moments after the departure of Mr. steal out from her hiding-place. As she half breathlessly entered the saloon, sho was met at the door by Charles Scott, who started back as he beheld her palo hand. To his inquiry, " if she were ill," she careessly remarked, "that she was slightly fatigued." Charles proposed that they should at once return home, but Blauche expressed her determination to the snowy temples of the sufferer. "My poor participate in the pleasures of the closing quadrille It was not that Blanche Alford cared to dance longer, but to compose her disturbed spirits, so that her nervous manner might not excite the observation of her have spared you, in revealing the secret of your sister and Mr. Scott.

The carriage was ready, and Charles Scott assisted his fair companion to enter; Clarence Neville escorted the levely Alice to the door of the coach, and, resigning her to the care of Charles, respectfully hade and Blanche with a quickened step sought refuge the party/adieu.

CHAPTER III;

The following morning, as Alico was passing quire the cause of her sorrow.

dress not having been executed according to orders. gently upon her pensive face, sat Alice Alford. Alice simply inquired to what amount her sister was indebted to Mrs. Carlton; then drawing from her nigh destroying the life of that young and sensitive purse a five dollar bill, she placed it in the hands of heart. In it was made known the secret of her obthe dress-maker, and was out of sight before the poor soure birth, and final adoption by Mrs. Alford. The woman could murmur her heart-felt thanks of grati- letter purported to have been written by Clarence tude to her fair benefactress.

A During the morning, Mr. Neville called to return. of Mrs. Leslie. Arriving there, the re-appearance of as he sald, a bracelet, which had slipped from the the sisters in society was hailed with delight by the arm of Alice, on her way to the carriage, the evening previous. This delightful interview was but the As Charles Scott entered the brilliantly-lighted precursor of many others to follow. It was some saloon, with his fair burdens leaning gracefully upon time before Clarence could credit the fact that Blanche his arms, a thrill of admiration ran through every Alford was the sister of the gentle Alice, whose modheart at the loveliness of the scene presented to esty and unaffected manners had, from the first,

Mrs. Alford was highly pleased with the interest the crowd; and Alico, ever retiring, sank modestly which the noble Englishman seemed to evince towards her daughters. In vain did Blauche don her sweetest smiles, and exert her most powerful charms A flush of joy and pride was manifest upon the to fascinate the senses of the distinguished Clareuce

Alice and Clarence now met frequently. Indeed no party was complete without their presence. Even Blanche, who was scated at the piane, warbling a Blanche had learned to conceal her bitter feelings of brilliant operatic air, caught the first glimpso of him, jealousy towards the happy pair, from the eyes of as he entered. Their eyes met; and the deep flush world. Charles Scott, encouraged in his addresses which overspread the face of the beautiful songstress by the unusual kindness and friendship of Blanche, was not unnoticed by Clarence Neville. Her heart pressed his suito with great carnestness. What was beat violently, while her voice grew tremulous. his surprise and delight, to find himself at last an Drawing her song rapidly to a close, Blanche, for accepted lover. Alas! he little knew the frailty of that woman's nature, into whose keeping he had given his heart's happiness.

CHAPTER IV.

A few months subsequent to the opening of our story, and Clarence Neville was on the eve of his departure for England. A month had clapsed since the engagement between Alice and her lover was announced to the world. Mrs. Leslie congratulated hersolf on having brought together a pair, which were, in every respect, so well suited to one another. Even cold and haughty Blancho smiled upon their happiness; yet within that very smile lurked deceit and jealousy.

The parting with Clarence over, Alice returned once again to the society of her loved mother and sister. One thing surprised Alice. It was that Blanche's manner, lately so cold and unsocial, was now changed to mirth, blended with a strange degree of tenderness. Mrs. Alford smiled sadly, as she saw the apparent devotion and love which seemed to exist in the hearts of the two sisters.

A short time after the arrival of Clarence in England, Alico received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had made known to his parents his deep love for his fair American flower, and that, contrary to his expectations, they had expressed their approbation of his conduct, giving, at the same time, their free consent to his union with his heart's chosen love, at any time which he might appoint.

The contents of this letter filled the youthful hears of Alico with unutterable joy. Clarence was her first and only love, and around his noble soul she had closely entwined her purest and strongest affections. Alice did not hesitate to make a confidant of her sister; and, accordingly, she placed in her hands, for perusal, Clarence's letter. Her unsuspecting heart failed to discern the deep revenge which lay concealed beneath the surface of that calm and joyous exterior.

Meantime, Alice had not forgotten the poor dress-maker, whom her sister had treated so cruelly. Blanche had bestowed her patronage upon a rising and more fashionable mantua maker of the city; but it mattered not to Mrs. Carlton, since Alice, gentle Alice, had not only given her her entire custom, but had proved herself a true friend, in many an hour of emergency.

Weeks and months passed by; but still there came no reply to the letter, which Alice had returned immediately after the reception of Clarence's first one. Could it be, that her lover had so soon forgotten the heart he had but too early won? No! she would not for a moment nurture such an unjust suspicion. And so chiding her elf for her lack of faith in her lover's vows, the young girl penned an epistle to the absent one, expressive of her heart's deep and unchangeable love for him, and at the same time gently rebuking him for his past neglect.

Some six weeks after Alice had dispatched her hopeful missive, there came a letter. As the young gir's eyes glanced at the superscription, a thrill of delight shot through her heart, while with eager hands she tore away the envelope. But as she read, the blue eyes grew dim, the color fled from her cheeks, and the slight frame shook violently. Suddenly the letter dropped from the hands of Alice, and Mrs. Alford perceiving the deathly pallor of her child's countenance, sprang forward with a wild ory, and caught the inanimate form of the fainting

Blanche alone retained the utmost composure. Raising the document from the floor, she carefully perused it, and without the slightest show of emotion; then refolding it, and placing it upon the table, she hastened to the side of Alice, who now Neville and Alice from the arbor, did the young girl lay apparently lifeless upon the couch. Recovering herself. Mrs. Alford gave orders that a physician be immediately sent for, and then turning an anx. ious look upon Blanche, she sorrowfully inquired the countenance, and felt the almost icy touch of her cause of her child's distress. Blanche said nothing. but pointed to the letter upon the table.

Mrs. Alford caught at it, and speedily devoured its contents, while Blancho was engaged in bathing child!" sobbed the agitated woman, at the same time sinking into a chair, "another has caused thee the pain, which thy mother willingly would birth A look of blank amazement was all that was perceptible upon the face of Blanche Alford. The arrival of the family physician at once precluded all chance for conversation upon the subject. in her own chamber.

CHAPTER V. -

A year from the time of the commencement of through the hall, she met Mrs. Carlton, her sister's our story has clapsod. Within a large and comlress maker, who had been sent for by the exaspe- fortable room, situated in the second story of a rerated Blanche. Tears were in her eyes, and Alice, spectable dwelling house, in one of the retired streets with her usual tenderness of manner, stopped to in of Philadelphia, sat two females, busily engaged in sowing. The elder one, a beholder would easily After much urging on the part of Alice, she learn- recognise in Mrs. Carlton, the poor mantia-maker, ed from the unhappy woman that Blanche had re- whom Blanche Alford treated so unjustly. By her fused to pay her for her work, on the plea of the side, with the soft light of the shaded lamp falling

The contents of that fatal letter had indeed come himself; and although expressive of deep regret that so great a guif should have opened between When fully alirecto consciousness, Mrs. Carlton reeither party.

the latter. Alice consented, and the devoted friends knowledge. were soon established in a comfortable heme, where tence.

Since her desertion from the 'hôme of her child hood. Alice Alford had received no intelligence from either her mother or sister, until one evening, somo three months after their arrival in Philadelphia, her eye caught sight of a paragraph in one of the daily papers, announcing the marriage in New York, of the distinguished Clarenco Nevillo of London, handed the paper to Mrs. Carlton for her inspection, but her friend noticed that the color paled in her cheeks, while a slight chill ran through her frame. A fortnight after the circumstance just men-

tioued, as Alice was walking hurriedly through to return to the home of her birth. Chestnut street, a gentleman passed her, whose countenance strongly reminded her of Charles Scott. the former lover of her sister. The scrutiuizing look which he bent upon her in passing, caused have increased her pace but that a hand was laid her how truly her memory had served her on that occasion.

The first embarrassment of a meeting with Neville, and their departure for England. Mrs. loss of her cherished child.

word or blessing.

dwelling, the tears no longer stained her cheeks, but observation. a strong determination was visible in the depths of her clear blue eyes.

After communing freely upon the subject with wife, but Blanche continuedher friend and confidant, Mrs. Carlton, it was decided view of visiting once more the homo from which she have resorted." had voluntarily exiled hereelf.

Neville.

The latter said but little cencerning the marriage of Blanche with Clarence, except that they had returned to England, with the view of making that country their place of abode. It may have been that Mrs. Alford refrained from broaching the subject. seemed painful. If so, her motive was a most chariness and cruelty. table and noble one.

doubts upon that score were soon put to rest by ished all she had to say, Mrs.-Alford-making a-similar offer of a home and protection to the poor mantua-maker.

enjeying a social chat, when Mrs. Alford suddenly paused in the midst of her mirth, and said ...

"I have something to show you. Alice, which I meant to have given into your hands before this."

Unlocking her bureau, and touching a scoret spring, a little drawer flow open, from which she noble soul!" took a small, but heavily chased looket. Opening it. the miniature of a young and levely woman was presented to view. Mrs. Alford handed it to Alice. saying in a low voice-

"My child, sho whose image is before you, was in all probability your mother; since I found it upon whur neck when I took you an infant from your home at the Asylum."

Alice gazed long and carnestly upon the beautiful face before her, then turning towards Mrs. Carlton. she mürmured—

"A form so fair, could not have enshrined a soul, otherwise than pure!"

But as the eye of Mrs. Carlton fell upon the mini-

ature, she gasped, and sank back in her chair, while her face grow deadly pale.

Alice, greatly alarmed at the sudden emotion of Mrs. Carlton, chafed gently the cold hands, and pressed her lips to the colorless cheek of the powerless woman. A sort of stupor had taken possession the further you can hear them. Women are like of her senses, which, by the aid of gentle restoratives | tulips; the more modest and retiring they appear, and perfect quiet, a few hours served to dispel the better you love them.

their respective positions in life, yot nevertholoss, vonled to the astonished mind of Mrs. Alford and urged the necessity of breaking off an engagement Alice, that the miniature, which had caused her such that could no longer be agreeable or satisfactory to a severe shock, was none other than her own. That Alice was her long lost child, she doubted not, since The blow was a crushing one to the pride of Alice on the eccasion of the death of her husband, she had Alford; yet she murmured not at the destiny fate been forced to part with her babe, on account of her had decreed for her Summoning all her woman's great poverty and distress. Owing to the advice of courage, she left forgyermore the home which had straugers, Mrs. Carlton consented to place her infant sheltered her loved head, even from infaucy. She child in the Asylum for young children at Philadelcould no longer endure the society of those, who phia, intending, when she should have procured though they still tenderly cared for her, must hence. employment, to reclaim it. But a few mouths after. forth regard the outcast with pity instead of love. on making application for the little one, she was Why had not Mrs. Alford revoaled to her before the coldly told by the hard-hearted matron, that a lady, secret of her doubtful birth? From her lips she whose name she had forgetten, had adopted it as har could have heard the truth, all terrible though it own, taking it with her to her own untive city, New was, with composure and firmness. But that a York. Poor, and unbefriended, the distracted mostranger tongue should have sought to embitter her ther knew not how or where to turn. She must life, through the medium of one who was dearer to work, or else starve, and so trusting her child to tho her heart than all the world beside, was more than unceasing care of Providence, she sorrowfully set she could reasonably endure. Determining that the about her labors. The feeble success that attended finger of scorn should no longer be pointed at her her efforts in Philadelphia, induced her to try her in the fushionable circles, of which she had so long luck in the populous city of New York. There, in been the brightest star, the young girl sought pro her employment as a mantua-maker, she had mado tection under the humble roof of Mrs. Carlton, the acquaintance of Mrs. Alford and her daughters. whom she had so generously befriended. Auxious And, although the peculiar misfortunes of Alico had to leave a place which could no longer afford a rendered that gentle being very dear to her heart, charm to her daily existence, Mrs. Carlton proposed she had never dreamed of the near and sacred relathat the two should remove to the neighboring city tionship in which she stood to the young girl, until of Philadelphia, which had once been the home of fate accidently revealed the circumstances to her

As Mrs. Carlton finished her narrative, Alico threw by their united efforts in the use of the needle, they her arms about her mother's neck, and wept for very soon gained for themselves an honorable subsis. joy; then taking a hand of both Mrs. Alford and her mother, she sald-

> "I know not which I love the best, for both are equally dear to this fond heart."

> Mrs. Alford stroked the golden curls of her protege caressingly, while sho murmured a blessing upon her youthful head.

Letters had been received from Europe, stating the arrival of the newly-married couple in England, with Blanche Alford, daughter of the late William and casually mentioning the ill-health of Blanche. Alford Esq., of that city. Alice spoke not, as she Mrs. Alford gave herself but little uneasiness concerning the matter, attributing her daughter's sickness to the effects of the sea-voyage, until another letter came, announcing the severe and continued illness of Blunche, together with her great anxiety

CHAPTER VI.

The last rays of the setting sun shone faintly inthrough the heavily-draped windows of an aparther to blush deeply, and drop her veil. She would ment, where lay an emaciated; but still beautiful woman, apparently in the last stages of consumption. firmly upon her arm; and a voice at her side told Blanche Neville lay upon her death-bed. An unearthly light gleamed in hor large black eyes, and the hectic spot burned upon her hollow cheek. A crowd of weeping friends were there, for the sufferer Charles Scott over, Alice breathed more freely; for had requested their presence in her chamber, that his kindly sympathy was grateful to her desolate she might reveal to them the evil which pressed so heart. From him she learned the particulars of heavily upon her heart. Mrs. Alford knelt weeping his haughty refusal by Blanche, her marriage with at the foot of her child's couch, while Clarence Nevillo stood with hulf-averted face beside an open Alford, he said, still remained inconsolable for the window. Alice alone retained her composure. Rais, ing gently the head of the sufferer from her pillew-Tears filled the eyes of Alice as she thought of the she propped her slight form up with the snowy belloncliness of one who had been more than a mother sters, that she might breathe the easier, and gather to her in days of infancy, and from whom she had strength to communicate what of importance she se cruelly severed herself, without even a parting had to say to her relatives. Fixing her black eyes upon Alice, she told her that it was her alone who Charles Scott respected too much the delicacy of had embittered her life's happiness. By accident, his friend's feelings to urge her to return once she had learned the secret of Alice's adoption by again to the arms of her mother, all open as he Mrs. Alford. When Clarence Neville declared his knew they would be to receive the predigal child. love for Alice, she had been a listener to his words But when he left Alice at the door of Mrs. Carlton's in the garden of Mrs. Leslie, although screened from

Clarence Neville started, and a flush stole ever his cheeks, as he heard the words prenounced by his

llad Clarence loved me from the first, as I had upon, that Alice, accompanied by Charles Scett, fondly hoped, God knows I should not have been should start for New York, on the morrow, with the prompted to so terrible a revenge as that to which I

"Alice," the speaker said, with great effort, "it The surprise and jey experienced by Mrs. Alford was my hand that penned the cursed letter, which on beholding her loved child again, words can but ill was designed to poison the ear of Clarence Neville, express. Left to themselves, a long and painful in and wrest him from the affections. To his eyes I terview ensued. The secret of Alice's birth was represented you as the child of shame and penuryfreely discussed by both parties, but Mrs. Alford an object unworthy of his noble love; nny, start not, was unable to gain the slightest clue, in regard to my sister, full well I know thy purity and virtue, the person who had revealed the sad facts to Clarence but my excessive leve maddened me to desperation, I knew not what I said!"

Overcome by the remembrance of her own sinful deeds, the dying woman sank back upon her pillew. and grouned aloud, in very bitterness of spirit.

"Oh, most unnatural woman! may God forgive theo for the misery theu has wrought in this houseout of regard to the sensitive nature of Alice, to hold," passionately exclaimed Clarence, whose seul whom even the base mention of the name of Clarence | had been roused to a conviction of his wife's wicked-

He would have said more, but Alice motioned him Mrs. Alford begged her protege to remain with to be silent, for a fearful change had passed ever the her and share the home and bounty, without whose countenance of the invalid, and she felt that the joy presence life seemed desolate and drear to the wid- hand of death was upon her sister. The struggle for owed heart. Alice hesitated; she could not think of breath had already commenced, but with almost leaving Mrs. Carlton alone, who had proved herself superhuman strength Blanche raised herself onco so theroughly her friend. But the young girl's more upon her couch, for she had not quite yet fin-Come nearer, Clarence-my husband," she would

have said, but the words seemed frozen upon her One evening, a few weeks after the re-union of the tongue. Clarence approached the bedside of his wife, now happy trio, at the mansion of Mrs. Alford, the and pillowed her head upon his breast. A grateful three were cosily seated in the boudeir of the latter, smile flitted across the face of Blanche, and then was lost in the look of intense agony and sorrow that succeeded it. 201106.27

"Tell Charles Scott, Alice, when I am gone," said the dying woman, in a tone of deep emotion, "that Blanche Alford was all unworthy the love of his

A violent coughing fit ensued; but recovering herself, the distressed woman, although weak and exhausted, placed the hand of Alice within that of her husband's, then murmuring a prayer fer their forgivoness, she fell back upon the pillow a lifeless corpse.

A look of blank amazement rested upon the faces of all present, at the close of Blanche's unhappy confession.

A due season for mourning allowed, and Clarence Neville clasped fondly to his heart his lovely bride. the gentle Alice. Owing to his wife's desire, Clarence Neville consented to make America his future abode and residence; while Mrs. Carlton, the mother of Alice, found a comfortable and happy home with Mrs. Alford, who had proved horself a mother to the. erphan child in days of adversity.

Men are like bugles; the more brass they centain,

Written for the Banner of Light. CONSOLATION.

BY COBA WILBURN.

Volcos thrilling, low and solemn, telling of storn duty here, Voices of the pure heart augels, wafted from a helier aphere, Voices of the unforgotten, tones of promise, words of love, To our longing souls are given, sent in mercy from above. From the sinless lands of Preedom sounds the stirring clarion's voice.

And its holy warriors arming for the battle, cry, "rejoice." To the toiling, slaving millions, bending 'neath the desput's

Crouching 'neath the threatened vengeance of a dire and

angry God. Father I gazing on the mirror of thy beauties e'er us spread,

Trembling with its adoration, lowly bends the suppliant From thy sunset heavens, glowing with a lustro all divine Turns the longing heart to seek thee, at thought's inner,

fearless shrine. from Religion's creed-draped altar, see, the heavy pall is thrown.

And the dark and fearful shadow from the heart and hearth has flown:

Death ne more his scoptre wielding, threatens loving hearts with woe,--

In his place is life eternal,—radiant angels come and go. To the soul in darkness, eroughing 'neath a human brother Beorn.

Comes a ray of heavonly beauty, of angelic pity born; To the heart long vice entrammoled, holy, spotless angels hend;

To the homes of sin and sorrow, swift their gleaming foo steps wend.

O'er the heaven's bright and glowing, o'er the fair and prayerful earth,

In the flow ret's blush of beauty, by the silent, darkened hearth.

In the ocean's bosom, swelling solumnly its anthem grand. O'er the mountain's snow-crowned summit, 'mid the smiling Dwells a Spirit; all-peryading, in his love and wisdom's sway,

Through the night of serrow, leading to the realms of endless day, Sending to his earth-tried children, angels in the varied guise Of the flowers and the sunshine, and the glory of the skies: Opening to the seeking vision, wide the portals of that shore,

Where no temposts beat in fury, where no threatening billows roar;" Where the waves of life immertal sun-blest flow in music on Where the strife of sorrow ended, the eternal goal is wen, Velces thrilling, low and solemn, come to me at evening time, aden with familiar music, ringing with the olden chime; Voices of my lost home-angels, telling of storn duty hero; Of the pure heart's life of glory, circled by that upper sphere Voices sweet of consolation, angel-promises of love,

Holy watchwords of affection, wafted from the lands above; To my soul in mercy given, far uplift it from the sod, To a rapt and close communion with its loving Father, God! PHILADELPHIA, PA., July 21, 1858.

Stephen Briarly: 'THE MAN WHO KNEW HIS RIGHTS.

AND MAINTAINED THEM."

"But, my dear sir-"

"I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but I can't do it." Everybody has an opinion-mine may be wrongas I do."

"Still there may be reasons, Mr. Briarly;" here the young nobleman stopped, and glanced at a purse was at election time. that he was helding, but not tee estentatiously, in his hand.

"There may be," replied Stephen Briagly, without even looking at the intended bait; "but they have no weight with me. I have a conscience."

Lord Skimperly opened his eyes-a conscience! His lordship flattered himself that he was up to a thing or two; but, that a small farmer, who was, like most other small farmers, under the thumb of his landlerd, should speak of such a thing, syrprised

"A conscience? why, ha! ha! of course you have.

them up, one after another, at a good round sum.

a very mellifluous chink.

emewhat sternly. perlys, were always particular "upon a point of stroke of business during the elections. henor;" it was their boast, that every meinber of The inhabitants of Shullleborough were ever the family had killed his man, from rattling Tem stiff-necked race, as Lord Skimperly of Skimperly Skimperly (son of Anne Skimperly, the founder of Castle (the castle was just three miles from Shufthe family; a lady who was so fortunate as to attract fleborough) was often heard to complain. Lord the notice of Charles the Second,) down to Hector Skimperly-the old lord-was a proud man, "ven-Skimperly, the present young man's father, who geance proud, and level not the common people;" man's ewnewerds, "with the very same pistels with well as his hand in his pocket, when he sought the which Best shot Camelford." Honor! Skimperly sweet voices of the men of Shuffleburough. There Castle was the right place for that kind of thing, but was a time-ah! how the Skimperlys dwelt upon it was searcely the commodity to be expected in the that time-when their ancestors owned the entire house of a poor, hard-working farmer.

Yet it was a commedity, and must be considered when Ranulph Skimperly, the founder of the family, as such, so Skimperly returned the purse to his kept a Bastergus or headsman, as a retainer in the pooket, and drew forth a rustling substitute.

must.—come, you can't do better than that, I'm sure." there remains but one power that rebelllous Shuffleand, right before Briarly's eyes, Skimperly waved a bank-note, a bank-note for twenty pounds.

note, then hardor at his lordship.

"Might I make bold to ask how many such notes our lordship has in your pooket?" "Yours ls a very dear conscience, Mr. Briarly."

"Very dear," and the farmer repeated his question.

de, you know." "Yos, yes, I know; there's still a third of Shufflborough to buy-stay!" for Lord Skimperly had to the voters of Shuffleborough; they were a conslipped the note into the hand of the farmer's wife, stituency that Sir Robert Walpole would have regive me that note, Hannah."

Hannah did as she was bid, and her husband smoothed the orumpled paper, folded it up carefully, money was "always respectable." A sad place this and returned it to the astonished Skimperly.

place, might have torn it."

man in Shuffleberough but would have torn his hair strictly independent principles. His son has "a rather than have seen that menoy slip through his snug something" semewhere, and there is an

"Then you refuse it ?"

walls with similar notes, my answer would be the same. I tell you I am pledged to Mr. Dale."

"And why?"

"lam a poor man-and might be content with my lot, but that I have many children; therefore I would leave the world better than I found it."

"And Mr. Dale is to make the desired improvement ?"

" Mr. Dale knows the poor man's wants. He was once a poor man himself; by his own abilities he has risen, and he is not ashamed of the soil in which the good seed was first cast."

Lork Skimperly was getting angry.

"And has my father-have I done nothing for vou ?"

"You have re-creeted the maypole-and revived most of the old festivals, so that on certain days there are not twenty sober men in the parish. You come among us and superintend our drinking bouts and games; and-

"There is not a better cricketer in the county than your lordship."

"But as cricketing is somewhat different from lawmaking-and keeping up the games is not the only salve required by the people for their wounds, I think, upon the whole, that Mr. Dale is the best man for our iuterests."

"Are you aware your landlord, Squire Grindley, is with us ?"

"The squire is his own master, not mine."

" He is your landlord." "And I pay his rent honestly-never fear, sir-I

know my rights, and will maintain them." At this moment the squire entered the cottage. "How d'ye do, my lord-getting on well in your

canvassing, I hope? Friend Briarly is with us, of eourse." "It's by no means of course," replied the party

addressed, somewhat pettishly. "Farmer Briarly has a conscience-" "A what!" the squire's face darkened, and he

turned upon his tenant, "What do you meam, Bri-"Merely what I have said. I have my rights, and

shall maintain them." "Your farm progresses well, I understand?"

"Pretty well, thank'ee, squire. Indeed, I may say, very well. I have laid out money upon it; and what with night and day labor, it ought to produce something in time."

"You have no lease, I believe?" "You promised me one."

"And can be turned out "-the farmer wincedat any time we like."

"But after my expenditure, both of money and labor, you would n't."

"I have n't the wish to do so; indeed, I am glad to hear the farm is likely to be so profitable to you." yet it is but just I should vote with them who think | He moved towards the door, while Skimperly was busy kissing the children; his lordship's fondness for children was remarkable at certain seasons. His

Arrived at the door, Squire Grindley turned to his tenant, who had followed respectfully at his heels.

"We understand each other now. You are with us, of course ?" The farmer answered firmly,-

"I vote for Mr. Dale." "Then," and Grindley hissed the words into the

car of the farmer, "then out you go!"

"I know my rights, and shall maintain them." .It was thus landlord and tenant parted."

Our way lies over green fields-among bearded grain, over rustic bridges, and along dusty roadsshould hope that every veter in Shuflleborough had but our journey does not improve as it draws to a close. There are many sounds and sights we could His lordship ought to know, for he was buying dispense with; for this is Shuffleborough, and Shuffleborough is not a clean town, as the most enlightened of its inhabitants confess. The Sanitary know myself. I have given my word to Mr. Dale." | migsioners have somehow overlooked it, with very "It's not too late to retract it," and Skimperly agi- many other towns in a similar state; and its inhab. tated the partially concealed purse, so that its con- itants, that is, the majority of them, who are not tents gave a very audible, and, to Mrs. Briarly's ear, enlightened, cling to old habits and take kindly to dirt, ready-like the venerable bantam in the Shuf-"I have given my word of honor," said the farmer, fleborough market-place-to oppose all innovation, and battle stoutly for the impurity of the daughill liere was another surprise for the young neble, they inhabit. They are, nevertheless, an acute race, man. He knew what honor was as well as most men; and boast other privileges besides that of being of had n't he been "out twice; once at Brussels, and created men the most dirty, drunken, and disoronce at Baden? the first time with young Blazer of derly,-their greatest privilege, as it is also the the Guards, who had doubted his word at the rouge least deserved, is that of returning a member to et noir table, and the second time with a Prussian | Parliament. Now the population of Shuflleborough Baron, te whose wife, he, Skimperly, had made some is independent, not to say rude, in its character; rather audacious proposals: honor, let any one doubt and-excepting some few, who, with despair at their it, and he would have to look down a pistol barrel in hearts, and hunger on their lips, crawl out of the less than four and twenty hours. They, the Skim- way to live or die as they may think fit-do a good

brought down his bird," we quote the old noble but his lordship was compelled to put his pride as land upon which Shuffleborough now stood; and castle, to be ready when occasion might require. "I must have your vote, Mr. Briarly, positively I But those times have long since passed away, and borough will how to-the power of money-a power that had already at the previous election defeated Stephen's eyes glistened; he looked hard at the the noble Skimperly, in the shape of the very long purse of plebian Smith, " Radical Smith," as ho was called, the mill-owner. Ah! that Radical Smith! How he was publicly

ondured and secretly hated by the stately Skim. perlys; and how old Jacob Smith-for that was his "Oh I some dozen, perhaps; but we have much to name-in public always spoke lightly of the Skimperlys, and in secret envied that name and position his money could not purchase. But it was all one joiced in; for, though the most independent of voters, every man "had his price," and with them Shuffleborough! And the clergy? Here is one-"Thore's your money, my lord. You are fortu- the sample of a class-a most devoted follower of nate in having it safely returned—another, in my the Skimperlys. He has supported them through thick and thin-and thick and thin in Shufflebor-Innocent Stephen Briarly! Why, there is not a ough is no joke; of course he has done this upon equally "snug something" somewhere else, in the gift of the great family, that will clothe the old age "Could your lordship paper these whitewashed of this complaisant shepherd with the mantle of

prosperity. And his flock? He cannot be said to neglect it; on the contrary, he has some fifty sermons, one of which he preaches every Sunday, and has done so for years with the same regularity as the time kept by the old church clock-that was never out more than a few minutes at the most. The rector was what may be called an "easy-going" man; but the women-bless their hearts! how they run after a red coat or a cassock-liked him much, and through them, and the establishment of a Dorcas and other mild charities, he commanded a fifth of the votes in his neighborhood. The attorneys, too, had good pickings in Shuffleborough, for the inhabitants were quarrelsome and litigious. They made good pickings out of the borough, but more out of its members; for there all demands were equalled by the supply-Lord Skimperly's government interest being great, and Radical Smith boasting the purse of a Fortunatus.

But a change has come over the prospects of the Skimperlys. Radical Smith died; his family asserted, in consequence of a too strict attendance to his parliamentary duties; others said-but we have all our detractors—that it was the result of a too constant attendance at public dinners; whatever the cause, the effect was that he died and left the borough of Shuflleborough once more open to com-

The great Shuffleborough election was at its height; the members, tory and liberal, had a hard fight for it; bribes were offered and refused by members who speculated upon a "rise" in the evening. Mrs. Grump's little girl received a superb doll, intrinsic value, eighteen pence, with a bank-note for its apron. Stirrup, the drunken cobbler, was presented with a sorew of tobacco whose envelope was also a bank-note, with which he was about to light his pipe, until interrupted in his proceedings by the shrill virago who figured as his wife. The effect of sudden surprise was so great upon Messrs. Grump and Snap, that both these gentlemen lost their recollection, and, though promised to Mr. Dale, went to the poll and voted, unconsciously, of course, for his opponent. Many, however, were the mistakes that occurred among the Beetians that hung about the polling booth; one, especially, excited the indignation of the clerk, and the risibility of the audience.

"Now then, my good man, what do you want, ch ?" said the clerk, as a large good-tempered face grinned in upon him for the third time; each time withdrawn without its owner speaking a word, what do you want?"

"Oi doant want nothin.' Ize got all oi wants." "Then what do you come here for ?"

"Whoa' cos they gi'ed it of to come."

"I suppose you 've come to vote?"

"O' coorse, an' oi wishes it was every day, they vould n't eatch oi at work again in a hurry." "Well, well, don't stand there, come in."

The gentleman entered, and stood grinning, and roosting, so to speak, first upon one leg and then upon the other.

"Who do you vote for ?" " Who do oi wote yor?"

He stared at the polling clerk in much perplexity, and buried five red fingers in a shock of yellow hair.

"Wot vor-whoy of wates vor-danged if of an't vorgotten-" and he continued his manipulation with all the arlor of a phrenologist-" of wotes vor, vor-" here he gave it up in despair-" of must jist go back an' ax the zquire," and with the puzzled look still upon his face, he turned round and disappeared down the ladder.

At half-past three, the numbers stood thus :--Dale, 360

The excitement was great -it increased with each

minute-for the poll closed at four o'clock precisely; e time drew nigh, expectation was independent freeholders mounted the ladder, they were all tenants of Squire Grindley, and voted to a man for the liberal candidate-for Mr. Dale ?-no! the most liberal candidate we should have saidlike Cassius, each had an itching palm, and a cooling salve had been found for it. Lord Skimperly was now equal with his opponent.

"It's all right, my lord, we shall beat the manufacturer," and the squire took the patrician hand and shook it heartily; it was a privilege, and Grind. lev felt it to be such, but society relaxes its bonds, and class forgets its prejudices at a borough election. "Curse the fellow, his father was a handloom weaver, and he himself only a factory boy; what business have such riff raff in parliament."

Mr. Grindley's father was an attorney who had made much money in Shuffleborough; had twice narrowly escaped being struck off the rolls, but had succeeded by the sharpest of sharp practice in making a large fortune, which he laid out in the purchase of an extensive estate, which, immediately after his death, came into the possession of his son. No wonder the latter gentleman felt indignant at Mr. Dale's presumption.

"Four o'clock," and he turned quickly to the polling clerke

"Wants two minutes to it, said that worthy, pre paring to close his books. "Stop!" cried a voice from the crowd, and "stop!!!" roared the unwashed, too glad of a pre-

text to roar at anything. A man, "fiery-red with hasto," pushed his way through the noisy mob and ascended the ladder.

"Just in time." "I had to fight my way along, but I'm not the

man to be daunted." "Just in time," and the books were closed as the neighboring steeple told the hour.

The mob shout, hiss, applaud and yell, tearing

like wild beasts at each other, they are announcing the close of the poll :--Dale, 361

SKIMPERLY, 360 And so Mr. John Dale is declared to be duly elected. "It was that scoundrel, Briarly," said the squire,

purple with passion. "A dangerous character," cohoed Skimperly, white with rage.

"He shall have notice to quit the first thing tomorrow."

"Quite right-such men must be taught their place—things are at a pretty pass when a fellow sots himself up against his landlord and talks of "Consolence!" and Grindley smote the table with

his clenched fist-"I wonder what my father would have said, had he been alive to see it l" What Indeed? that "upright and righteous man"

we are quoting his epitaph, still to be seen in Shuffleborough church-had always considered the [CONTINUED ON BIGHTH PAGE.]

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Banner of Wight.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858. THOS, GALES FORSTER,

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HAS PERSECUTION CEASED?

Who undertakes to say that it has? And yet, who is there that does not rest easy in a sort of inert belief, growing out of ignorance and disinclination to look around and investigate, that persecution, for the Christian world, is at an end forever? We seriously wish it were so indeed.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that men look back to the times when Nero threw Christians to the wildbeasts, when Rogers was burned at Smithfield, when Calvin sent Servetus to the stake, as at periods of bigotry that can hever return. But are we go very certain of our safety? Have we every reasonable assurance that we could ask, that thispage in which we live, boasted and toasted as the age of liberality and Christian enlightenment, is as tolerant as its liberality and enlightenment would lead us to sup-

No. The question may be answered without any hesitancy whitever. A person need not be either vaporous or dyspeptic, to see a real spirit of perseention abroad still, from which there is as much to dread as there was for the 'early Christians to fear from the inhuman Romans, who threw them into the amphitheatre to be torn of wild beasts for the public amusement. The only perceptible difference between this time and those times is, that persecution is not as hold and barefaced now as it was then; it has a sense of shame about it, which is an altogether new en lowment, and thus, while it would do exactly as eruel things as it did in other times, it is averse to that previous styles of execution. It would not, perhaps, throw a man into a den of wild beasts to be devoured, but it loss not hesitate to throw his reputation, his position in the world, his business, his family, and his influence, into a den of hissing and gnashing destroyers of character,-traducers, vilifiers, scan laborongers, and their congeners,-and thus sacrifice him just as surely and effectually as if his life were made to pay a forfeit instantly.

The change is merely for the sake of decency; it has been made for the appearance of the thing; it would not do for a church to go into the work of bodily assassination, but it may covertly lend itself to that of another sort, hardly less crack in its results, and nowise differing from the other in the malignity of its devilish spirit and temper. We have only succeeded in substituting one thing, with a "goodly outsid"." for another thing which people have refused to tolerate. That is all. And if we seek for those who have done the most service in whipping or shaming this spirit of persecution into outward decency, it is very certain that they will have to be looked for somewhere else than among those who make a boast of our present liberality and latitu linarianism.

To reach a state of true liberality in modes of thinking, or, in other words, a state of toleration, requires many slow steps, much patience, and a great deal of faith and trust. This most desirable condition never comes, and never will come, in a hurry, First they tried force, hoping to hasten it forward in that way; they did but try the old method of making proselytes, and succeeded quite as poorly as those against whom they leveled their weapons. And why? Because they were not wise enough to go to work in a new and better way; they expected to kill uncharitableness by uncharitableness itself.

But after a time it was given to the world to see the foolishness, as well as the injustice, of such a plan. Their eyes were gradually opened. They were able to see their error. And yet, so great is the perverseness of the human heart, and so wedded to custom does it soon become, they were brought but slowly to realize the condition in which they were, and slowly, of course, do they reason themselves and ! discipline themselves into compliance with their loftier instincts.

"But," says the article we have already alluded lessons to teach them, suffering has much to do in enlarging their sympathies, before they can learn true charity-before they can be willing to let others visit social ostracism, so fur as they can, on all who differ from them politically, religiously, or otherwise. They recognize the right of every man to think as he pleases, without the interference of the law; but they will not, practically, admit his right to do it, yet remain in fellowship with themselves. We remember the time when, in this city, (Philadelphia,) from society. Our grandfathers can recall the period | do it? when to be a Unitarian led to a similar exclusion."

On what ground, it may well be asked, does one man, or one set of men, take it upon himself or themselves to ostracise and condemn others? Indeed, what derived authority has one man to judge another man for his opinions at all? We cannot comprehend on what principle those who call themselves Christians, base any such assumption. It is for their conduct, and not for their thoughts, that people are responsible to others; and, according to the theory of our popular form of government, those others must number sufficient to constitute a majority. For example-a man may call himself a Jew, a Quaker, a Calvinist, an Episcopalian, a Unlversalist, a Baptist, a Democrat, or a Republican, and it is nobody's business but his own; he can be called to account for it by no living person-but if he so far forgets himself, or infringes the laws of 80,000 bushels,

1.23.3

morality and society, as to be a thief, a liar, a druukard, an adulterer, or a murderer, then he is by all considerations amenable to public opinion.

it is broad enough, and plain enough, to be respected lowing incident :and acquiesced in. The difference between thoughts and things is thus too palpable to be mistaken; and it is thus unquestionable that for one's conduct one may be answerable, while for his opinions no living being can assume to call him to account. And the momenthis line of demarcation is generally recog- From this she judged she was not a relation of Mrs. nized, the sooner will real, positive, and profitable T., but a child who had known her when it lived in progress begin its steady march over the face of the civilized globe.

Any of us, with looking back, can see the slow rate at which advancement has been made up to this by the lady-medium, and that child was that of a present time. It is not more! than fifty years ago, when to be esteemed a Reformer, in England, was to subject one's self to the indignities and insults of an infuriated mob; less time ago than that, it was cause of public reproach there for a man to avow himself a Roman Catholic; and even in our day, they are seeking, and seemingly in vain, to remove those constitutional disqualifications for a Jew's holding a seat in Parliament.

So things progress, and progress slowly. Old preudices, together with ingrained timidity, seem to be all that constitutes the conservative power; but for these, all would go well at once. Yet even these are for a wise purpose, else would not God tolerate them himself. If they are capable of serving no other useful office, they at least go far to teach us all lessons of patience and hope, and, especially, lessons of not the very object of their existence?

THE TRAGEDY IN CALAIS.—WHAT SPIR-ITUALISM HAD TO DO WITH IT.

There is a disposition manifested by the press to fasten upon Spiritualism all the crimes of the age. Thus the "Free Press" of Burlington attributes the above tragedy to Spiritualism, and the Boston papers, placing too much confidence in the statement, copy it, and thus it goes from one end of the country to the other, that spirits were "the head and front of this offending."

We know the secular press is not to be confided in, and that its managers are exceedingly fallible, having prejudices to pander to, sectarian ideas to promulgate, churches and other cliques to flatter and to please; while a thousand other things so influence them, that misrepresentation and deception is too often met with in the press.

The following statement of the affair is copied from a paper published at Montpelier, within six miles of the place where it occurred. It says nothing of Spiritualism, neither does the Universalist paper, published at the same place :-

HORRIBLE TRACEDY IN CALAIS .-- Last Friday morn ing, July 16, Rial Martin, of Calais, Vt., a young man, aged 17 or 18 years, secreted himself with a loaded rifle, in or near a meadow where Mr. Jenison Wheelock was mowing, and shot Mr. Wheelock through the body, of which wound he instantly died. While the neighbors were trying to do something for Mr. Whoelock Martin reloaded his gun, and passed on some half or three-fourths of a mile, where he found Mr. Lucius Ainsworth in a hay-field. There, in the presence of a Mr. Goodell, he drew up his rifle, and nimed it at Ainsworth's back. Ainsworth was hard of hearing. Goodell, supposing that Martin was merely in fun, remarked, "That's a careless trick," when instantly Martin fired, and Ainsworth fell. shot through the back. He expired in about an hour Wheelock and Ainsworth were young married men, probably 21 or 25 years of age. All three were neighbors, and it is not known that there had been any difficulty between them, or any hard feel ings on the part of Martin towards either of his vic tims, nor has he been thought to be dangerous. It is thought that Martin must be insane, though he has not heretofore been regarded as crazy. Some say he has had crazy turns before. When asked why he killed these men, he replied, "Because they have used me mean." When asked had misused him, he replied, "They always used me mean," but could tell of nothing in particular. No assignable motive for this atrocious act is perceptible. Martin appears cool and unexcited. He was MR, H. FOSTER, TEST MEDIUM. IN HAsecured, making no resistance.

In order that the truth should be known in this this matter, we wrote to our friend, S. B. Nichols, of Burlington, Vt., who has sent us the following let- interest manifested by the people in Spiritualism.

MONTPELIER, July 26, 1858. was duly received. In relation to Martin, "the Calais murderer," I think he never pretended to be a Spiritualist. I was at Calais last Saturday, and saw and conversed with Martin's brother. He said some eight years since Martin was very sick, (I think with the measles:) that since that time he has had frequent spells of being insane, and dangerous, and has frequently threatened to take the life of his brother and others. I talked with several of his neighbors. I noticed that they generally regarded him as insane, and all referred back to the time of his sickness, Nothing was said about Martin being a Spiritualist The first time I ever heard it intimated that Spiritualism had anything to do with the murder, was contained in an extract of the paper you enclosed me. 1 think the gentleman who gave the editor information, must have been misinformed.

AZEL SPALDING. Yours truly, [Mr. Spalding is a lawyer in Montpelier.]

We will merely remark, in conclusion, that both Editors of the Burlington Free Press are leading comed by a few earnest friends. He writes in glow-49, "they do not at once emancipate themselves from __members of the Calvinistic Congregational Church. the dogmatism and self-will of youth. Life has many The senior editor was formerly a professor in the the fruits and the delightful music of the birds. "University of Vermont." The junior, G. G. Bene- The Aloe (Century plant) grows there in perfection, dict, has been quite active in the Business Men's Prayer Meetings, held in Burlington, during the last and beauty in the woods and along the ways. May do their own thinking. In this second stage, they three months. Both have manifested a bitterness against Spiritualists and the cause, which shows very little of the Christianity of Christ. Although they make abundance of professions, it seems to us | Truth, and, strange to say, they are all Catholics; there they have yet to learn that truth was a trait of Christ's character, which no Christian can do without. They have an opportunity now to correct their error, and thus make amends for the falsehood which appreciate facts." to be a Democrat was almost to exclude one's self has gone from them all over the country. Will they

> We learn from the New York Spiritual Telegraph that a project is on foot in that city to enter into a sceintific investigation of the causes of the spiritual phenomena. The editor remarks :- " If solonce will condescend to take off its kid gloves, and shake a reef or two from its stiff, neck, we shall delight to afford it every facility within our reach to aid it in its investigations. Such of our readors as are still skeptical as to the origin of the modern manifestations had better address 'Society,' and organize tho 'Society of Scientifics' as soon as possible. We hope they will meet with better success than that which, crowned the efforts of the Cambridge Profes-

A farmer in McLean county, Ill., has 1500 acres in wheat, which he anticipates will yield about

A TOUCHING MANIFESTATION OF SPIRIT.

Mrs. Dora M. Taft, daughter of Father Taylor, and Only here can the distinction be drawn; and here a lady universally respected, related to us the fol-

> While in a store on Hanover street making purchases, a lady medium by the name of Felton, who was also present, told her that she saw a little child in spirit-form standing beside her, of exceeding loveliness, but very timid, keeping her eyes downenst. mortal form.

Mrs. Taft remarked that she could recollect of but one child who answered to the description given her man who at one time worked on her farm in South

There then appeared above the child a picture, as it were, of the doorway of a house, so that the child seemed to be standing in the doorway, and outside

the door a man was represented sawing wood. The child was a spirit form-the rest of the repre sentation, a picture, presented by the spirit governing the manifestation, for what purpose will appear.

Mrs. Taft did not recognize the picture-could not see what it had to do with the child, but it was deeply impressed upon her mind that it was the child of the farmer she at first thought of. After reaching her residence, she met the father of the child, and spoke of the manifestation to him. He was not a Spiritualist, but the manifestation seemed to touch his heart, and he remarked, "There is more charity. Who shall undertake to say that this is in these things than we know of." He then went on to say that his daughter, after being attacked by the disease which finally caused her spirit to leave its mortal casket, seemed to love to stand in the doorway while her father sawed wood in front of it. The mother would object on account of the ill health of the child; but as it seemed to give her so much pleasure, she was indulged. And there she would go daily, while her father sawed wood after his day's work was done on the farm, until her spirit was too weak to sustain the care of the mortal. The manifestation would have been incomplete without the picture presented after the child had made herself manifest to the medium. Was it not a pretty, touching manifestation?

> Written for the Banner of Light. A SONG OF TO-DAY. BY JOHN 6. ADAMS.

There is a glorious course before us.-We feel its sunlight on the brow. And, trusting in the love that 's o'er us, Our souls are happy now.

What is the work that bringsth glory, If it be not to help along The Time, foretold in song and story, When Right displaceth W.rong ?-

When every heart by anguish riven, That doth to-day an exile mourn-Far from its father's mansion driven-Shall rise to hall the dawn!

But Now to work, there's call to duty: 'Tis night as yet, though we can see, In faith, the rays, the coming beauty Of day that is to be.

Humanity is calling loudly For hearts that feel, for hands that hold E'en to a cross it may be, proudly, For something work than gold. Yet they who give themselves to labor,

Their feet upon a struggling neighbor, And calculy rest in sleep. To-day we feel that we are ready-Come Hate, come Scorn with all your might,

May must the scorn of those who'd keep

You'll find our purpose strong and steady To blutle for the Right. Within, are hopes without a limit, Beyond, a crown which God will give; Mankind may think we die to win it But when they think we big we live!

VANA.

Letters received from Mr. Charles II. Foster, medium, now in llavana, indicate a rapid increase of Soon after his arrival in April last, he wrote-"There is not much interest manifested here in Spiritualism. S. B. Nichols, Esq: Dean Shi-Yours of the 25th I have met with but few persons who wish to investigate. The rappings and lifting of tables still continue to attend me, and the spirits who are with me appear to be perfectly at home in conversing in o Spanish, German and French-uames and sentences in these languages are given by rapping and also through the dial, which I am using, as it facilitates communion." Although at this time he had given several private sittings, he had not been allowed public ones. On an occasion when the English Consul, the Administrator of Customs, and several other officials and persons of note were present, communications in Spanish were received, which greatly surprised them. Mr. Foster knows none other than his native language, being born and always having lived in Salein. The table was repeatedly moved and each person was touched by spirit-hands.

On arrival at Havana he was most warmly weling terms of the beautiful weather, the flowers and the Cereus Grandiflora blooms in great abundance 10th, he writes-" I have been allowed to open rooms for public sittings, at No. 24 Callo de O'Reilly, where I am daily visited by crowds of anxious seekers after is not that higotry among them which I expected to find, and which characterizes so many of our people at the North, of all denominations. They appear to

Mr. Foster is residing in the family of C. Tynge, Esq., Commission Merchant from Newburyport, ono who has the cause of Spiritualism truly at heart. and to whom Mr. F. is indobted for his invitation thither. The villa is a few miles out from the city, adjoining the Bishop's Garden, where he writes..." I stroll almost daily through very beautiful walks shaded by Mango and Palm trees, and labyrinths of most beautiful and fragrant flowers-hero are many rare aquatics-the Lotus, the worshiped flower of the Egyptians, is in full bloom. It is a large flower. about the size of the Victoria Regia, and of a very delicate perfume, the leaves measuring from one to two feet in diameter. Longfellow in Evangeline thus beautifully alludes to it :- - 1

Water-lilles in myriads, rocked on the slight undulations Made by the passing oars, and, resplondent in beauty the

Lifted her gelden crown above the heads of the boatmen." Mr. Foster further writes, that ever since the openling of his public rooms, they have been crowded, and

are willing to fairly investigate the subject. It was be published in a volume. his intention to return last month, but so great was the desire of the people to learn of Spiritualism, he mediums. In her particular field, as a delineator of has concluded to prolong his stay, probably through character by means of symbols and pictures, which August, visiting other Cuban cities before he leaves for home.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK. New York, July 31, 1858.

Mrs. Davis's Lecture-The new "Gospel of Jesus"-Practical application of the Law of Love-John F. Coles on the mismanagement of Criminals - Another Free Convention-Mrs. Hazen at Munson's-A new work by Prof. Bush-Patent Mill, Sc., Sc.

MESSRS. EDITORS.Mrs. Davis's lecture at Union Hall, last Sabbath, on the Uses of Spiritualism, is greatly praised; and, I have no doubt, deserves it, as she is a highly intelligent and cultivated woman, of a firm, but gentle spirit, well fitting her to teach. the spiritual and theological books of all ages and The age of Spiritualism is opening new doors and fields of usefulness to the sex. The doctrine of St. Paul, forbidding women to teach, must be considered ex- phenomena of modern Spiritualism, an interesting ploded, or capable of a new interpretation. No doubt and valuable work may be anticipated-something the apostle is good authority for a fact or an inspira- greatly surpassing, I trust, the reiterated rehashes tion; but neither the one nor the other can become useful to us, until we can get it in such form as to world. be able to take it into our consciousness as a truth, and reconcile it to our conscience. This sweeping has recently created and patented a mill for grindprohibition of Paul refuses thus to be reconciled; and ing grain, the plan of which was revealed to him in we are forced to the conclusion, either that he has a tranco state. It performs admirably; and the been misinterpreted, or that, in this instance, as in | Commissioner of Patents at Washington, on issuing another, he has given us simply his own opinion, based the patent, remarked, that in his judgment it was on the traditional sentiment of his age and nation. the most useful invention he had over granted a pa-While I do not believe that woman will ever take a tent for. Thus the curse of inutility, to those who place in the arena of public affairs, as the chief actor, can see no value in anything which will not grind, is teacher and preacher; and if she will exercise her But how much surprised such men as Morse and of the world will sustain her. Woman, though she minds, piecemeal, after much toil and many failures, occupy the rostrum, head an army, or fill the Chair of State, should be a Woman still.

The new "Gospel of Jesus," of the Rev. Gibson of Rome, would seem to have fallen nearly stillborn of Dr. Dods, published in the last number of the Spiritual Age, the affair furnishes a curious chapter. If Mr. Smith exercised the same degree of imagination with regard to the manuscript, that he seems to have done in connection with Dr. Dods's visions, the mystery of the book is easily explained. Dr. Dods, when he was fourteen years of age, and the other his father appeared to him, and informed him that the nature of the life to come, and the teachings of Christ, were not understood; but that, in his day, would be given "a new illumination from heaven to the soul of man." In his second vision, the Doctor saw a high, barren mountain, with a poor pasture about its base, covered with half-starved sheep. On the top of the mountain stood a man, much enveloped in mists, with a book in his hand, which he presented doubt not, that her connection with Mrs. Jenness, at to the Rev. Gibson Smith, bidding him, at the same No. 13 La Grange place, Boston, will result in much time, to feed the sheep with it. Mr. Smith, in the good to the suffering public. capacity of shepherd, commenced on his mission, but the sheep were in no wise improved, and he soon repersecution, aid in presenting it to the world."

has interpreted to mean, that "Gibson Smith would messages from introduce to the world the true Gospel of Jesus."

Our Conference is still occupied with the question it presents but the slightest obstaclo-nothing seemof the practical application of the Law of Love. At | ingly but a more shadow-to a full and perfect comits session of last week, some valuable facts were brought out, touching a school in the neighborhood of Chicago, under the management of the Rev. Mr. Nichols. To the praise of the city, be it said, it is a city institution, for the reform and education of the young thieves and vagabonds in the street. Mr. Nichols, it is evident, is far in advance of the common developments of the age. With the most unpromising materials he has ventured on the experiment of subjugating force to kindness, and modeling and managing a school on the principle of by the spirits as a healing medium, until some three pliant success. His course with his worst boys is kicking and striking everybody about him, and meals, this uninviting food is given him, and then Mr. Nichols has sent him his dinner, and is taking that I can but poorly express my gratitude. the bread and water himself. This opens a new field of thought with the youth. He perceives that somebody cares for him, and finally, asks to see Mr. Nichols, and promises to be a good boy. In a very short time, Mr. Nichols is able to send this same boy into the city on business, or to trust him there over the Sabbath, and rely on his good conduct and good faith. Ho is rarely or never disappointed. The Ajax of our Conferences, in throwing triangu-

lar rocks, and furnishing striking illustrations, is Mr. John F. Coles. At the session referred to, in illustrating the position that society and the State, in dealing with its criminals, ought to look to their improvement and reform-to make war on the sin, rather than on the sinner-he said: "What would be thought of a doctor, who, called on to remove a splinter from the eye, should do so by gouging out the organ? And yet this is just what society does. One of its members gets a splinter in his head, and forthwith, all fall foul of him; break him in pieces sweep him out; and call for more!"

Another Free Convention is advertised. One of the prime movers in it is Andrew Jackson Davis: and the indications are that the active Reformers in Evil." It is to be held at Utics on the 10th, 11th, business.

his sitters appear to be truly seeking after light, and and 12th of September; and the proceedings are to

Mr. Munson has added Mrs. Hazen to his corps of she first describes and then interprets, this lady la probably unrivaled. The language and imagery employed, are as chaste and classical as they are pointed and beautiful; and good tests are frequently obtained. in this novel manner, at her sittings.

Prof. Brittan, I see, proposes to take a lecturing tour through the Western States-to start in September-and to spend the winter South, extending his travels as far as Galveston, Texas, in case sufficient inducements are offered. He desires those wishing his services to address him, at this place-New York office of The Spiritual Age-or at Newark, N. J., where his family resides.

Prof. Bush, it is understood, is engaged on a Commentary on the Gospels. He is a learned man and a good man! Thoroughly acquainted with the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, and conversant with peoples: and though receiving it with distrust, having kept himself well posted in the literature and of old opinions which have latterly been given to the

A gentleman of Crawford county, Pa., it appears, or even as the equal of man, male, it is obvious that gradually being removed from Spiritualism. If it there are many departments of knowledge in which can furnish us with improved machines, it will be she is his superior, and best fitted to act the part of voted a clever thing, without regard to its truth. own functions, without undertaking to ape the man- Colt and Singer-or whoever the original Jacobs with that modesty, devoid of which woman is dis- among the Sewing Machines, is-would be, to know, robed—there can be no doubt but that the sentiment that their grand inventions were thrust into their on the part of ardent co-workers on the Spiritual Plane: and that their machines existed in full form and feather on that plane, long before any one was Smith, professed to have been found in the catacombs found on this, sufficiently advanced in a particular direction to take in the idea. Nor does this detract from the press. Taken in connection with the letter at all from the credit due to inventors. Every great achievement is the result of the combined action of many Minds. No book of any worth, no history, no poem, no simple strain of music, or complicated harmony, or instrument to tunnel mountains, or drive a peg, is ever produced, except by a mind which is braced and stayed by long columns of like mind, on it appears, had two visions, one forty-eight years ago, that plane which is peculiarly the sphere and plane of mind. So we do not act alone, nor invent alone; about fourteen years ago. In the first, the spirit of but simply do our part as one of the cogs in the great universal wheel of activity and use. York.

> MISS M. MUNSON AS A HEALING ME. DIUM.

FRANKLIN, N. II., July 20, 1858.

Messas. Epirons-I am very glad to learn that Miss M. Munson has concluded to devote a portion of her time to the relief of the sick, and hope, and

As a trance medium for communications, Miss Muuson has few equals, and perhaps no superiors. tired from the field in disgnst; the mountain crumbled | The highly moral cast of her mental organism, toto pieces, and the book was thrown aside. An im- gether with her fine and correct culture, and quick mortal then addressed him: "Gibson Smith, you and delicate appreciation of the good, the true and have been honestly deceived, and may be again; but the beautiful, in everything that surrounds her norbe not discouraged, for you shall, in a future day, mal condition, render her one of the best mediums find the truth, and, through much tribulation and for the higher class of communications from the spirit-world. Her trance condition is such that, These visions, it appears, the Rev. Gibson Smith | while it is used as a medium for the transmission of

"The world above to the world below."

munion of the spirits of the two worlds.

These peculiarities of her superior condition must apply, I think, with equal force to her as a healing medium. The immortals who minister to our sufferings and wants are dependent upon mediumistic conditions, and the more perfect those conditions, the more perfect must be their knowledge of our physical derangement and their prescriptions for our re-

lief. I was not aware Miss Munson had ever been used mutual good-will. He appeals to the sense of honor months since when I called at her rooms to obtain and better feelings of his pupils, and even with the a communication from a spirit friend. I was in a little loafers of the streets, finds that he meets with weak and low state of health and had been so for a response. The experiment has proved a trium, several months. Instead of obtaining the communication I anticipated first, I was much surprised at as follows :- The lad arrives, probably much against receiving through her mediumship, from the spirit his will, and manifests his order of development, by of Dr. Benjamin Rush, not only, as I believe, a correct analysis of my own disease, and a prescription breaking the windows. He is arrested by a boy for its removal, but one of the most able and learned police, tried, and sentenced to confinement for sove- discussions upon man as a physical being, and the ral days, on bread and water. For one or two diseases to which he is subject, that it has ever been my fortune to listen to. I followed the prescription. there is a change. He is furnished with a good and the result is, I have been raised, in a good dedinner. He asks an explanation, and is told, that gree, to health. Indeed, I am so much improved

SABBATH MEETINGS SUSPENDED.

Mr. Parker, whose seruions we have been reporting, has taken a respite from his labors, which he will resume September first, when we shall recommence our reports. The same is the case with the meetings at the Melodeon, we believe.

PERSONAL.

We are requested to state that Mr. J. V. Mansfield, now on a visit to his relatives in the country, will return to the city on Saturday, Aug. 7th, when ho may be found at No. 3 Winter street, as heretofore. Mr. James D. F. Lyons will speak next Sabbath, in the tranco state, at South Canton, Mass., morning and afternoon.

HISTORY OF MEDIUMS.

Our next number will contain the history of Mrs. Leeds's mediumship, by Dr. Child. Mrs. L. is much esteemed as a lady and as a medium, by her friends In Boston.

SHIPBUILDING IN EAST BOSTON.—There are eight this and other States, without regard to stripe, will new vessels, of nearly 100,000 tonnage, now buildgive it their hearty co-operation. Different from the ling in the different ship yards at East Boston, emone at Rutland, this will have a defined object, which ploying about three hundred and fifty mechanics is to discuss the question of the "Cause and Cure of quiters revival from the recent stagnation of the ENCE VS. J. TIFFANY.

itualists, devoted the evening of the 28th of April which it was made. last to the consideration of the case of my humble I wish Dr. Gray would give me an article on this zine. -

and impurity-between truth and falsehood, and the losophy. like; was taught and argued with a zeal becoming a But Dr. Hallock did not quite free his mind the better cause. The influence of such teachings was first time up, so that when Dr. Gray had thrown out most apparent in the lives and conduct of many; I a few hints on the" Value of Imperfection," Dr. Halneed not prove, that when an individual is convinced lock caught the inspiration of that theme, and .conthat there is no difference between purity and impultinued on this wise: rity, it will not be long before he will live as though there were no difference.

The extracts which were published in the Oberlin and for which I am arraigned. The first thing laid that is to say, the Divine love, and wisdom, and will, tions from the spirit-world were not reliable." This, Dr. Hallock says, means that "Mr. T. has been dilifor a spiritual post to lean upon with absolute cer- The Divine love and wisdom covers all that; consetradiction and absurdity-just what he went afterjust what the devotee of authority always finds.

Really, Dr. Hallock, who has said anything about authority, save yourself? Am I to take this as a fair sample of your intelligence or integrity? By to vote ourselves saints, and others sinners, or vice what authority do you infer or affirm that I have versa, we have not the necessary knowledge to enable been looking for a "spiritual post" to lean upon, us to discharge the trust. Not only do we perpetually shift the standard and reverse the judgments we pass upon ourselves, calling that bad to-day which the kind in the lecture from which you quote. The point was simply this: The communications purport that which we call bad in our neighbor, we commend ing to come from the spirit-world, were so frequently and call good in ourselves, when there is not a parfalse, that no same man dare rely with confidence upon their statement of facts; and that, therefore, upon their statement of facts; and that, therefore, tion." That we call gambling. We never do that; Spiritualism was not valuable as a means of obtainbut we do this—we step boldly up (no sneaking ing reliable information. Because I am constrained to discredit an individual who has so frequently falsified his word, that there is no reliance to be placed upou what he says, is that to be taken as evidence that I am searching after "authority?" That I am Betting out to be a pope, or to find one? Most strange the virtues, sure to present himself as the resident and false conclusiou!

But permit me to inquire, Dr. Hallock, why you have not met the objection, and answered it, instead of departing from the truth, to cast reflections upon myself? If my statement is false, deny it: if true, admit it. You have bad some experience in these matters. Have you found everything purporting to come from that world reliable? Do you advise those Beautifully their spheres interblend-virtue with getting communications therefrom, to rely implicitly virtue mixes, and by a providential, though singularupon what they get? Do you say, they are a relia- ly common coincidence, virtue No. 2 is impressed by ble means of acquiring information? I declared that, from my own experience and observation in still more virtuous, willing to back his opposite opinthese investigations, I was compolled to conclude ion too. So it is all virtuously agreed between them them not reliable; and for saying that you infer that I would "be a pope, or seek one."

Read gain this extract upon which you base your inferences and imputations, and then look the world in the face, and say, if you can, that you have dealt honestly with this subject.

"After all of our investigations for seven or eight years, we must say, that we have as much evidence that there are lying spirits as we have that there are any spirits at all. If any one were disposed to dispute this conclusion, we would say, inquire of those who have been most engaged in these investigations- Do you find these communications reliable? and you will get but one answer-'They are not.'

"Since these things are so, it is most evident that the spiritual communications, unless radically improved, can never become a reliable means of proouring information. And what is true in respect to fact, is equally true in respect to philosophy and doctrine. Whatever may be the character and condition or that come to us through mediums as from them, are mostly contradictory and absurd. Whether we diction and absurdity. And our experience has been that the individual who sits blindly and confidingly at the feet of these spiritual Gamaliels, and takes for truth all that comes from them, is soon fitted for the mad-house. Therefore, it is safe to conclude that spiritual communications, according to the present type or manifestation, cannot become a reliable means of ascertaining principles of truth or doc

And I ask Dr. Gray to read the foregoing extract, or anything else contained in the lectures from which it is taken, and point out the evidence upon which ho bases his inference, "that the individual has not yet gone out of the old school of thought, that he is er of the new diving philosophy. Such are the revelastill in search of an authoritarian revelation." Dr. Gray never had from me the slightest occasion for inferring any such thing. And I submit to his usual candor to say, if, on reflection, his inforences were not too hastly made, and without any proper foun- influence of modern Spiritualism, a decay of virtue dation. I also submit to Dr. Gray the same questions I have propounded to Dr. Haliock. I wish he "free and casy philosophy," by which some were diswould say publicly to the world what has been his posed to excuse the practice of sensualism? Could experience as to the reliability of these so-called better evidence be demanded of the truth of that sayspiritual communications.

But further, Dr. Gray has very carelessly left anoand crime, on the plea that they are as necessary to me. " for good and happiness as purity and virtue. He does not mean to say that he cannot attain his highest destiny, without becoming a drunkard, a libortine, a debauchee, so as to become fortified on these another is worse or better than himself:" Indeed! Is points. He would not advise the young and inno- this also one of the deductions of this new divine

THE SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFER- the good they could get from such an experience. Yet such is liable to be, the influence of his sugges-This modern institution of certain New York Spir- tion, made as it is, and for the apparent purpose for

self. Sometime last September I prepared two lec- subject, that I might know his views on the propriety tures, one upon the subject of Spiritualism, the other of "sinning, that grace may abound." A treatise npon the question of evil spirits, and delivered them got up on the subject of The VIRTUES OF VICE under before a meeting of Spiritualists, at Dodworth's the divine economy, would certainly be novel, and, Academy, in the presence of certain of the lyceum from the pen of Dr. Gray, could not fail to be intermembers, who have recently taken me to task for it. esting. The Dr. has, in his remarks, frequently in-These lectures were highly approved at the time, by timated that there is no such thing as evil; that all a large number of the Spiritualists who heard them, tend to accomplish the highest possible good for the among whom were those occupying high positions individual. I wish he would solve the problem how among the Spiritualists of that city. At the request it is that those who possess opposite characters, who of a number who heard the lectures, they were publare under diametrically opposite impulses to action, lished in the December number of my monthly magn- begetting opposite influences and results, so far as everything apparent is concerned, attain, by such These lectures were prepared while I was in the means, the same destiny, If vice is necessary for the city, last fall. The necessity of presenting those two vicious, how are the virtuous to do without it? If the subjects before the minds of the Spiritualists, seemed most abandoned prostitution is essential to the highimperative. Certain prominent men, and some wo est good of the inmute of Five Points, what is the men, were busily engaged in teaching a fatalistic virtuous maiden to do, who has gone to the spiritphilosophy, in connection with Spiritualism, which world without taking that degree? I really wish seemed to be very pernicious in its Influence and ten- Dr. Gray, or some other member of the spiritual lydency. The doctrine, that there is no such thing as ceum, would take the subject in hand, and give the evil-that there is no real distinction between purity world a clear and definite exposition of this phi-

DR. HALLOCK said: He had three objections to the devilish hypothesis and its entailed consequences.

Objection I. It is generally conceded (and none Evangelist, and were read by Dr. Hallock as the make a greater parade of the averment than those basis of his remarks, were taken from these lectures, God is infinite in all his attributes, and omnipresent; who find the most diabolism here and hereafter.) that to my charge, is, that I affirmed "that communica. and power, are infinite and everywhere. Hence the devil, or the idea which he represents, is not even a respectable fallacy; it is a down right nullity. Its votaries may nurse it for a fow years longer in their gently searching, for the last seven or eight years, creeds, but the fact is not to be found in the universe. tainty, and instead, has found only confusion, con- quently, evil, if it is to stand at all, must plant its infernal hoof outside of infinity, and stay there.

Objection 2. There is no ratio between one man and another, by which one person is competent to say Seek and ye shall find.' The man who sets out to be that another is worse or better than himself. The a pope, or to seek one, is sure to accomplish his idea, though thought to be a valuable Christian franchise, is subversive to the law of brotherhood and love to the neighbor, which is the very soul of Christianity.

Objection 3. Admitting we had the abstract right we pronounced to be " God's service" yesterday; but ticle of difference between the acts of either. As for example, our neighbor plays poker "for a consideraaround corners into dark alley ways-virtue courts the light,) to a courtly domicile whose door is surmounted by a golden title of the virtuous deeds performed within, and enter, with that peculiar boldness which is the crown of virtue, to have a little virtuous conversation with another incarnation of all virtue-the presiding deity, in short, of the place. Having congratulated each other on the shower of grace poured down upon the last prayer meeting, and the improvement of stocks at the "second board," VITTUE 170. I mindly suggested the second board," has a foreboding so strong that his house "up town" will be a heap of ashes within the current twelve months, that he has found it necessary, in his deep atiliction, to secure his virtuous advice in the matter. an exactly opposite opinion with respect to the future of that doomed mansion. He is ready, and what is that virtue No. 1 shall hand over to virtue No. 2, "a small consideration," in virtue of which, virtue No. 1 is to receive ten thousand pieces of virtue in ease his house goes to ashes, with the easy and pious alternative that in case it does not, virtue No 2 18 to keep the little "consideration" (paid over among friends just to make the matter seem a little interesting) forever and a day. But, blessed unotion to all respectable souls! that is not gambling; this is not a game of chance;" it is insumno! Virtue No. 1 did not "bet;" virtue No. 2 did not "pocket the stakes;" he deposited a "premium"—all the difference in the world when you do the one, and your neighbor the other. Capital judges we of evil spirits!

Hero then we have the clements of Dr. Hallock's philosophy. "God is infinite in all him attributes, and is omnipresent: that is to say, divine love, and wisdom, and will, and power, are infinite and everywhere." Therefore there is no evil-that is to saythere is no lust-there is no falsehood-there is no of the spirits themselves, the doctrines they teach, injustice—there is no vice and crime—no conflict and antagonism; and " the Devil, or the idea which ho inquire into the state or condition of the spirits, or represents, is a downright nullity." The willful respecting their occupations, habits, means of enjoy- murderer is in as just and holy a state as the good ment, etc., we meet with the same confusion, contra- | Samaritan. The abandoned prostitute, polluting herself, and seeking to pollute others, trying to entice the innocent into her den, is performing an angelic work-one that is elevating her and her victim to heaven, causing them each to grow up more and more into the likeness of the Divine. Thus Dr. H. would call the "consuming fire of lust," hungering and thirsting after rightcousness; and standing at the door of the brothel, the Dr. would cry out: "llo, every one that thirsteth, come !"

This is the doctrine and philosophy of Dr. Hallock, one of the leading Spiritualists of New York: a teachtions which modern Spiritualism has made, in his understanding. Such the purification it has wrought in his affections! Did I accuse unjustly when I said before a New York audience, that, under the general among some was apparent by the introduction of a ing, than Dr. Hallock has himself furnished?

But for saying this, I am to be turned out of the ther idea affoat, which is quite liable to abuse. He synagogue. Spiritualists are cautioned not to listen says that the adherents of the old school of thought to me—not to read my writings. The decree has "lose sight of, or altogether fail to perceive, the value gone forth that I am to be put down, and this proof impersection, or what they term evil. An oak ceeding in the New York Lyceum is one of the steps reared in a hot house under glass, where neither frost in that noble work. My magazine is proscribed. It or tempest are permitted to molest it, what would it must be stopped-I know this. I have known it for be good for?" Now surely Dr. Gray does not intend some time. I have heard of it in the east and the to have us understand that he is apologizing for vice west. Their backbitings and slanders are familiar

But hear Dr. Hallock again-

" Objection 2. There is no ratio between one man and another, by which one is competent to say that cent to make a tour of vice and prostitution for all philosophy?

itualism, as Dr. Hallock understands it? Man has not egotistically of myself, but for all. neighbor, and that these latter qualities proceed redeem humanity. from just as pure and holy a condition as the former!

deed, as he cannot judge between himself and be gathered into the treasure house of our Father. another, after what shall be aspire? Did I accuse unjustly when I said the inhunce of this philosophy upon some minds had tended to destroy aspiration? To make them contented with their present state, as best suited to them and theworld?

But hear the Doctor oncougain, for the purpose of perceividg how acute his most perceptions are under the teachings of his new dirne philosophy.

"Objection 3. Admitting we had the abstract enable us to discharge the tust, &c. For instance, our neighbor plays poker 'fr a consideration;' that the same principle as he wh plays poker; and that, he says, we call legititime. Well, if the Doctor can see no moral difference between gambling and getting property insured, his direc of intelligence will not subject him to very seve penalties-his sins being of the kind to be "wirkel at." I will not stop now to point out the different, but I will at some future time, if he cannot fint but without my aid.

My present business withhis remarks on this point, is, to ascertain whethe the Doctor intends to encourage gambling, or to disourage insuring property. We can hardly supposhe intends condemning gambling as an evil, becaue that would be trespassing upon a fundamenta principle of his philosophy, by introducing evil and thus getting the "infernal hoof" inside of infinity; and also, it would imply setting on self up as judge, which he says he has no right to to. We are therefore to suppose that the linetorintended to make respectable the practice of playing poker for a consideration, by associating it with the practice of insuring prop-

Did I accuse falsely when I said that one species of vice was naturally alled to all others? Here is Dr. Hallock illustrating the truth thereof by precept at least; and, as he does not consider it wrong, I suppose he would not coasider it slander if I should say he is not too good to jut his philosophy into practice. I hope to hear from the Doctor on this subject.

IBr. T. will confer a favor on us by forwarding to us his magazine. It has failed to reach us-especially would we like the last number. |- Eos.

Sabbath in Plymonth. MISS LITTE DOLLER.

PLYMOUTH, SUNDAY P. M., Aug. 2. [Miss Doten was again; after some weeks' rest brought under the immediate and irresistible control of spirits. We present a brief report of the manifestations made through her.]

PRAYER.

ture spring forth-bud, bloom, ripen and come to maturity at thy will; and where is the inspiration in us-the bud, the bloom and the maturity of our spirit? We have wandered away from thee. Oh, let us come back, that our souls may blossom in fragrance-let us, like the prodigal son, return to thy bosom, and rest there like little children. How much of thy leve we have received! We thank thee for this love. For the high and holy religious influences that have drawn us nearer heaven and in communion with thy messengers of love, we thank thee; for this new revelation of thy lovo, we thank thce. It was not enough that the sun of rightcousness was sent to give light to this dark earth: in proaching annual meeting at Richmond, Virginia. latter days thou hast sent thy angels and spirits to teach us that only holy lives and pure hearts can be that have bound us to those who have gone before us, however strong they may be, cannot draw them back, if our hearts are not pure. Oh, Father of our legitimate cargo on board, and she was reloading for spirits, grant that we may turn away from the flesh Africa. The Isabel reports that the sloop-of-war and temptations and be drawn to thee, that we may Jamestown was spoken off Havana, with thirty to have intimate communion with the loved "and lost." for which we have unspeakable yearnings. We know was bound to New York. that thy voice ever pleads with us; we know there is no place of safety except we come unto thy presence. Give us faith, help our unbelief, and draw us ever Dallas, who had called the attention of the British nearer and nearer thee. Amen. --- Discounse.--

Speaking from the depths of my interior nature, influence of spirits.

I am carried upon a high eminence to see a vision. I look abroad, and I behold a vast extent of the beautiful earth; blooming fields and luxuriant valleys, gardens and orchards, flooks and cattle. I behold and admire. An angel speaks to me, and says, "Why dost thou see these things and not unthe ripened sheaves of wheat are ready to be garnered into the store house. There is a spiritual meaning in this vision. I see a sea of human hearts before me. They are growing, expanding, matur. of budding, summer of unfolding, and autumn of maturity, when they are ripened for the changeready to be garnered to the treasure house of our

Father. Since I last spoke to you, these hearts have been maturing and ripening; the illumination of God's spirit may have been for a time withdrawn, but never felt before; it is like a whirlwind, or like a still advancing in Wankesha, as I trust it is in other

Is this a conclusion arrived at through modern Spir-tide that takes me onward and upward. I speak

no means of knowing what is good or evil, either in Oh, child of unbelief! the time shall come when himself or in others! He has no means of deter- you shall be unchained and come forth in the sunmining with any certainty, good on evil, either in light of truth. There is an undeveloped nature condition or manifestation! He meets with a man, within you, an Inactive spiritual vitality, which known to be temperate, loving, kind, Humaue, chaste, shall unfold and draw in those higher influences of &c. and he knows himself to be intemperate, re- heaven, which shall speedily prepare you for the vengeful, brutal-licentious, &c., and yet he has no gates of paradise, and you shall gladly join the reason to suppose but that he is just as good as his company that has now gone forth to strengthen and

God never gives but that which he requires again; and we do not realize the benefit of his gifts What are to become of those aspirations of the until we impart them for the benefit of others. The soul which are so essential to true progress under words of inspiration given to one, are required of the blighting and oursing influence of such a philos that one to be given to others. This gift should ophy? Man never will alvance without aspiration. be watered with our tears, nurtured with our love, He will have no aspiration so long as he feels no and strengthened by our prayers, and we shall grow need, or is satisfied with his present condition. In- in the stature and manhood of spirit, and soon

The Busy Morld.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER:-Poetry, "Nature's Fidelity," by Lita II. Barney; "Daisy Nesbrook," continued; "The Sisters, or the Heart's Revenge," by Adrianna Lester; Poetry, "Consolation," by Cora Wilburn; "Stephen Brierly-The Man who knew right to vote ourselves saint and others sinners, or his Rights, and Maintained Them;" Editorials; vice versa, we have not the pecessary knowledge to Lecture by Miss Doten last Sabbath at Plymouth; Correspondence: Miscellaneous; Spirit Messages; "The Promulgators," by L. Judd Pardee; Miracles; we call gambling." So the loctor goes on to show Spiritualism in Natick; A Looking-glass for the that the man who gets his buse insured, acts upon Church and Clergy; Spirit Birth; Life Eternal, part

> We have just seen a letter from a friend in San Francisco, who says that many of the miners who first started for Frazer's River gold mines, have returned, and report unfavorably. They say there is no doubt but that there is plenty of gold in that region; but a poor man, who has to did for it, will clear nothing by his labor. Provisions are at almost fabulous prices, and everything else in proportion; consequently speculators will get all the gold-as a matter of course. The writer advises laborers in the Atlantic States not to be deceived by the "dazzling " accounts they read in the newspapers-that steamboat agents and others have a hand in getting up these stories, &c., &c.

> Professor Bush's Commentary. We are happy to learn, says the Spiritual Telegraph, that Professor George Bush is writing a commentary on the Four Gospels. From his vast learning, strict integrity, candor and knowledge of spiritual things, including the modern unfoldings, we confidently expect from him the most interesting commentary ever written.

For The Post is slurring Spiritualism. It is not aware, perhaps, that it published some time since a spirit communication, (from a noted politician, while in the form,) and fully endorsed the sentiments therein contained. We may post up the editor in this matter at some future time.

We see by the Vanguard that the Agitator has again made its appearance. We have not received it.

Nicaragua was excited by rumors of another iuvasion by Walker. Gen. Martinez, after depositing the Presidency in the hands of the Vice President. had hurried to Castillo, to put that place in a state of defence.

The poetry which the Israelite recently copied from the Banner was given through the organism of Mis. Henderson, the trance medium, and to the best of our knowledge was never before published.

Costly Churches.—Some of the expensive and splendid churches in the Fifth Avenue, New York, have had to be abandoned for want of funds. It is Oh, thou Infinite Father! we deeply feel in our now all the rage to build costly churches in that hearts that we are not what we should be; that we aristocratic avenue. Dr. Gardner Spring's new church on Murray Hill, in that avenue, will cost \$200,000 and Archbishop Hughes's new cathedral will cost not much short of a million.

"Aint you going below to-day, Mike? Fine weather-lots of folks going down," said an officer-holder to one of the voters, a day or two since.

"No, I guess not, sir; I 'm down as low as I want to go now-have n't nary a red; lend us a quarter. will ye?"

It is needless to say that the friends parted as strangers, upon the refusal of the "in" to " shell out." The Executive Committee of the United States

Agricultural Society have invited Gen. Cushing to deliver the address before the Society at the ap-

The Minnesota correspondence of the Cleveland Plaindealer says that the area of crops throughout the dwelling-place of thy spirit, and make us chil- Minnesota this year is at least one third greater than dren of thy love. We know that the ties of love last year. The corn crop is exceedingly promising.

CUBA .- The barque Nancy, that was seized by the authorities of Havana, had been released, having a forty cases of Chagres fever on board, and that she

The Washington correspondent of the Times furnishes the official reply of Lord Malmesbury to Mr. government to the apprehended difficulties at Vanconver's Island, touching passage of our citizens into the gold regions. Lord Malmesbury assures Mr. I feel that I must speak or die; I cannot resist the Dallas that the British government are disposed to deal liberally with the citizens of the United States who may desire to proceed to that quarter of the British possessions.

A serious accident eccurred to the night train on the Hauntonic Railroad, near New Milford, July 31st. by running over a cow on the track. The middle car was thrown down an embankment of thirty, feet. derstand?" I look again. The golden sun has tinged killing Levi. A. Mills, Esq., of Fairfield, formerly of the ripened harvest and the full corn in the car; the firm of Mills, Bro. & Co., of New York; seriously injuring Mrs. Bassett of Bridgeport, and slightly bruising some five or six men.

REV. J. S. KALLOCH.-This gentleman, by nearly a unanimous vote of the Tremont Temple Society. ing; they have their winter of coldness, their spring has been called to resume his old position as their

> The President of the United States has issued his proclamation, ordering the sale of public lands at Lecompton on the 1st and 15th of November, and at Klekapoo on the 1st and 19th of November.

ERRATA.-In an extract from a letter sent us by this is only to add a new link to the chain of heav. Bro. L. Whitfield Morse, published July 10, his name only progress, that we may reach forward for heav. was accidentally printed Whitford, and the State menenly things, for higher and holier attainments in tioned should have read Wisconsin, instead of "Mithe brighter light of God's love; and in this light chigan." The types will sometimes make errors, in we are taught' to heed not the scoffer and the spite of our vigilance to the contrary. He again scornful. I feel a coming power, such as I have writes us cheering news. He says:-"Our cause is

places. The time is not far distant when the Spiritunlists will be recognized as holding a prominent place in the Christian world Our spiritual papers are in constant circulation, and they have caused several old church members to leave the deep rut of Orthodoxy,"

"Thou rain'st in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was screnading.

The papers of the U. S. Legation at Mexico have been turned over to Mr. Black, our Consul at the

We are gratified to see that agriculturists fare waking up all over the country. A society has recently been formed in Hancock county, Maine, says the Kennebee Journal. Since the great financial orisis, people have waked up to their true interests. and gone to tilling the soil in earnest. Nature's great Bank soldon fails.

A Printer's Toast.-Womau-the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no man be without a copy.

HEALED BY THE SPIRITS .- The child of Mr. G. Gammon, of Canton Mills, being ill with what was regarded as a fatal sickness, and given over by the regular physician in attendance, Dr. Hamilton Martin, a spiritualistic healing medium, was called in, and without asking any questions in regard to the diseases was influenced to make passes over the child, who in a short time began to manifest signs of improvement, which continued through the night, and in a few days he was well and able to be about his play as usual. The neighbors think the child's life was saved by spiritual influence manifested through Dr. Martin .- Portland Transcript.

Folings Internoence.-We have advices from Europe to July 21th, which give us important news from India and China. We make the following sum-

The news from Great Britain is unimportant. The Ningara was off Cape Clear on the 18th, 4 A. M., and the Agamemnon at 11 A. M., same day, bound

to the becan rendezvous. The Paris Moniteur, in an article on the subject, ridicules the idea of an invasion of England by the

The same paper says the French Government will join England in demanding reparation for the Jeddah massacre. The session of the Paris Conference is to be brought to a close on the loth of August. La Presse Prince Napoleon's organ, complains of the severity with which the press is treated in the French colonies. Trade is improving throughout France. The Sultan of Turkey is seriously ill.

The following telegraphic despatch was received at the British Foreign Office, July 22:- The steamer Candia arrived at Sucz on the 17th, with dates from Calcutta, of June 19th, Madras 5th, Galle 29th, Hong ng 7th, and Aden July 11th. The forces under Sir Hugh Rose, attacked and retook Gwailor on the 20th of June, after a severe fight of four hours. The forts at the mouth of the river Peiho, Chiua,

mounting 138 guns, backed by a large body of troops, were attacked by the English and French gun-boats, and taken, with a triffing loss to the French and English. The Chinese stood to their guns very fairly. On the 224, the forces commenced advancing up the river. The weather was cool, and the squadron in good health and spirits.

Six thousand French troops, originally destined to Cochin China, are on the way to Pecheli.

At Canton, on the 2d of June, an ineffectual at-

tempt was made to rout the braves on the mountains Ningpo is in possession of the rebels, and the Eng-

lish merchants of the place had taken refuge on board Her Majesty's ship Surprise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. (Letters not answered by mail, will be attended to in this

J. D., New Loxbox. - We do not think it judicious to publish the communication from G. P. It had better be sent direct to

the party. . C. P., MENONONEE FALLS.-We have not seen the Illuminatt for some months-suppose it is not published. Should be pleased to have an agent in Wisconsin; but whom shall we get?

J. E., FRANKLIN.-We shall publish the lecture given through organism of , find room for it. H. B. D., Philadelphia.-The article on "Individuality" is

on file for publication.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Spinitualists' Multisus will be held every Sunday afteroon, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission free. Miss Rosa T. Ameter will speak in Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, Sunday, August 8th, in the afternoon and evening, Mr. James D. B. Lyons, trance medicin, will speak in South on, on Sunday, 8th inst., morning and afterno MEETINGS IN CHEISEA, on Sundays, morning and evening-

ALETINGS IN CHELSTA, On Subdays, morning and evening-al Gullo Hall, Withinsummet street. D. F. Goddand, reg-ular speaker. Seats free.

**Lawrence.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, brenoon and afternoon, at Lew-rence Hall.

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

Special Notice. . = = ===

SPIRITUALISTS' PICNIC. There will be a Picnic of the Spiritualists of New York

ity and vicinity, at Picasant Valley, on Wednesday, August 11th, 1858, and if it rains on that day, the Picnic will take dace on the second day following, Friday, August 13th. The Steamboat Flora will leave the foot of Spring street at 9 o'clock in the morning and at 2 b'clock in the afternoon, touching at the dock at Twenty-second street, each trip, for The Committee have made arrangements for the ground

and good music, and to cover that expense tickets are on sale at MUNSON'S BOOKSTORE, No. 5 Great Jones street, and can also be had at each meeting at Clinton Itali. The price of tickets is TEN CENTS cach. The fare on the Steamboat is also len cents each way, and children balf-pricer-Tho whole vension will only cost thirty cents, each person. It is hoped that all persons intending to go, will purchase

their tickets as soon as possible, as by so doing they will lighten the labor of the Committee. New York, July 27, 1858.

WOODMAN'S REPEY TO DR. DWIGHT. NEW EDITION OF THIS EXCELENT WORK IS Just published. It has been earefully revised and attrestyped, in order to meet an increased demand, and is put at the low price of 20 cents per copy. A liberal discount at wholesale.

BELA MARSH, Publisher, 14 Bromfield street.

MADAME DU HOYCE, MESMERIO CLAIRVOYANT PRYSTANT CLAN, from New York City, who has been so succassful fit the treatment of all discasse, especially of the Eye-and Enr, is at the Marlboro' Hotel, Washington street, Boston. The afflicted are invited to call.

Mrs. R. L. GERROLD, CLAIRVOYANT AND BEALING MEDIUM.—Rooms, No. 7 Lincoln, street, Boston. Terms: Examination and Prescription, \$1.90. Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

If Jy 31

IRS. PHELPS. CLAINVOVANT AND SPIRITUAL HEALING
MENDEN.—Residence, 32 Carver street, corner of Ellot
street, ment the Boston and Providence light and Depot.
N. B.—The sick visited at their homes, when desired,
Jy 31

N. O. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.—Examina tions and Prescriptions by an Indian Spirit of the olden time. No. 70 Trement street.

MISS E. D. STARKWEATHER, WRITING AND RAPPING MEDIUM, No. 11 Harrison Avenue. Terms, 50 cents

cach person.

Mas. Ganer, Chairvoyant and Healing Medium, No. 4 Polk street, Charlestown, has herself been very much benefitted by spirit power, and she now offers her services for assisting others in examinations and prescriptions for the sick. Hours from 2 to 5 P. M. Terms \$1.00.

The Messenger.

CIRCLES SUSPEXDED. - We have deemed it advisable to suspand our sittings during the month of August, to resume September 1st, after which lime the usual admissions will be issued to visitors. This will enable us to publish our large accumulation of messages.

HISTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Coraxy, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are spoken while the is in what is usually denominated "The Trance State," the exact language being written down by us.

They are not published on account of literary merit, but agless; of sport communion to those friends to whom they are

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the errone-We believe the public should set the spirit world as it is-should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not Should learn that there's evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to meetals. We wis the reader to receive no destrine put forth by spirit, it there cannot, that does not compart with his reason. It is not expresses so much of truth as he parecipes, no mere, he have speak of his own condition with truth, while he goes of moors incredy, relative to thous not experienced. The Spirit governing these manifestations does not pretend to infailibility; but only engages to use his power and he whole to thave truth come through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED!

We wish the friends of Spiritualism, when they read a mossage which they can verify to write us to that effect. Wo desire simply to state, as some after publication as practicable, that we have received assurance of its truth, without mentioning the name of the party who has written us. Do but will for some one else to write us, but take the labor upon your own shoulders. Thus you will enable us to place additional in of telore the public.

Pote, A street Mary Barber, —— to Dr. Lawen, John Com, John Grovesner, Helen Reed, Larkin Co., Waty Edson, Abaguil Norths, L. of Hare, Ann Louisa Smith, Glles Hammond, John

the of Hard, Ann Louiss States, these Frindings, some fewer, Jose Paine, Olive to her Father, Win. Holland, Anoberes, Luzabeth Hook, Charles Dix, John Cartwright, John 1 Prayer, John Darlag, Patrick Casey.
W. L. Cremang, Charles Greene, Rev. John Moore, Win. Powtees. Frankful Smith, Isaac Gordon, Jerone Roeback, Jones Filis, J. Ellis, Jr. Hamerh Hewms, Smith Levant, Jacase to George Inp. p. Joseph Poster, Goorge Rand.
Jewy June et al., Mary Webster, Charles Trench, Timothy

to v. Janes et al., Mary Webeter, Charles French, Timothy Fletcher, John Graves, George R. Wentwopin, Enther Durand, For Walker, John Hedgebn, Warden Downes, Rev. Wilham Amsworth, John Farker, Wildam attleton, Patrick Fitzberry, Capl. Process Gerry to Under David. Realism White, Wilham to Wil-land. Wheeler, Hannet to Joshuy, Pike, James Undayter, George Langdon, Endalm, George W. Norris, Margaret Lowls, Alteritynesis.

Anonymous, Early Chawson, Steelien Hurd, Retsey Newell, John Locke, Win, WKay, Sie hen Grand, Charles Hammond, Henry Mel-vale, Asa Wentworth, William Homer, Charles Stavers, Mary 12 to Charles Walker, James Heil, Jonathan Rusself, Julia Charles John Robons, Haymah Hewins, Charles Ward. Charles found monother income freedom is control with Edward Coole, John Raker, Michael Bridy, W. E. Channing, Re-bard Tecker, Mary E. R. to Eliza, Elias Smith, R. Franklin, C. Winner, James Powers, lazzae Caes, John Woodbirdge, Payul Walker, Mary Cottle. Capt. William. Brown, Jake Leanard, Mary Ann. Marden.

Charles Cumningham, John Dow, John D. Williams, Anon-yaeses, Biram Locke.

Charles Kenney.

I have been a long time trying to control your mediano, and have just succeeted today. I have been told I have something to do towards reforming the world, or the inhabitants thereof. It may be that I took my passage from earth in a good time, for a good purpose. It may be that evil will bring forth good; but one thing we are sure of, and that is, that sin will bring its own punishment, and the sinner took not go to God, but may see him within, and be punished each day. Those who committed sin against me, are suffering for it-yes, in hell-and I and not sorry; for if there were no suffering for sin, . there would be no hell, and if there were no hell, there might not be a heaven, for one is born into

heaven through sorrow.

I have forgot many of the scenes of my earth life, but many are graven on memory's page, and will be, I presume, to all eternity. In coming to you now, this afternoon, I imagine myself transported immediately to earth, and controlling an organism of my own. I cannot conceive of my controlling the form of another. I know it is so, but I cannot realize it.

When I left my earthly body, there were some on earth whotsupposed I had gone to a hand of shadows and a home from which no passenger returned. But a thousand new developments have brought me back, and I believe no spiral comes to earth, except to do some good; and in doing good, we receive some good. I feel anxious, in regard to certain individuals in mortal form. I should like to shake hands with them, and ask them if they thought I was dead or filiw hif they suppose the grave had swallow I my spirit, as it has my body. I should not ask them with ut reason. The time has now cone when those credend to mortal sight are permitted to live. to move, so have an existence; not that they may bring misery upon earth, but that they may develop that which is cramped by sin. I cannot say I am not guilty of sin-no! my soul to-day feels a heavy weight cramping it-1 cannot throw it off. I find I must make a grand and mighty effort to throw this sin off, and I am fully satisfied the right way to begin that effort is to come here.

But a few years have passed since I walked the streets of Boston, and it seems to me that I have not been out of hearing, if I have been out of sight; for, were I disposed. I might to-day reveal mysteries that would chill the warm blood of many of my acquaintances-yes, it would curdle with fear, were I to speak

My mission is plain, and if I succeed in performing that, I shall do well. After I and through with my first, and have another given me, I shall do the

I have learned it is customary for those who come, to you, to give certain facts whereby they may be known. Now, what I give to day I do not give to gratify public curiosity, but I intend it shall be like an arrow going into the very spirituality of some individuals-if they have any, who dwell in mortal form--and I intend the arrow shall remain there until they see fit to take it away-and they will have to step a great deal higher than they now are to do it. I wish them no harm-I only wish to crush the evil that exists within them, and bring out the good. Too long the people of earth have carried on their dark deeds under the clock of what? Religion! Yes, too long; many hands have been steeped beneath the hearts of their brothren, and this clouk has hidden it. Spirits can strip off this clonk, and show the deformity; but if we can bring the sinner back to God in a more mild way, we are willing-if not, we must standa them-up and let the people see them in their naked deformity.

For some time after my death, I was totally unacquainted with the manner of my passing from earth to spirit life, but when I became fully aware of all things connected with the journey, I asked what shall I do?—how shall i best avenge myself? The thought suggested itself to me, "Wait—be quiet until you shall have power to return to earth, and if they are there, then speak to the guilty parties, and try to reform them, and you shall not only obtdin revenge, but de good likewise."

I feel agitated in coming here to-day-perhaps l am not all love, as I should be. I have tried to school inyself to this trial, but I find I have not yet conquered myself; and were they here, I might speak harsh words to them. I wish to tell them that I am present at any time with them; that I can both see and hear their words, thoughts and actions; and that is not all-I have power to work their overthrow; and that is not all--l can use that power to expose them to the scorn of the world. June 1.

CHARLES KENNEY.

Elizabeth Downes. I do n't know went you expect me to do. I wanted to come. I saw your paper laying here, and it reininded me of the time when I was on earth. I used to fold books, and was only trying to see what I

A sheet of paper was lying open on the table, and the spirit, after gaining possession, folded it as a book-binder folds.

I worked on Washington street, and Cornhill, sometimes. I used to work for a man named Brad-

lev: my name was Elizabeth Downes. I boarded in East Boston, South Boston, and a great many places. I have been dead four years, I think, I worked for and doing their work here. I should like to have a man named Kingman and one Higgins. I work the latest have no objection. I a man named Kingman, and one Higgins. I went little obat with you, if you have no objection. I to Roberts & Leeds', once to get work. I worked for

sister's, Martha. I would like to talk with them, not before. Now I suppose have as good a quantity I should like to come very much. I heard about of friends as any boly else on earth. I have never this place, and I wanted to come, and when I got been able to go near them—I have tried, but do n't here, they asked me if I wanted to speak, and I said know as I tried the right way. I did not have much yes, and they told me what to do. I got affected and yes, and they told me what to do; I got afraid, and did n't want to come, but they said it was too late, not believe in Spiritualisu—then how can I reach and I part found navels have and I next found myself here. It's most five years them ? since I was in Boston before this. I was sick, and went home. I had a fever, but thought I should State of Maine, and live there some time, and I soon be well, but died in a little while soon be well, but died in a little while,

I used to make some kind of bags, I think, for salt. The man's name was Robinson. Then I do you? Well, suppose I should tell fny friends, worked making boxes, fancy boxes, a little ways be through you, that I would like to have them go to have the first the south our rooms side. I became the same side and the south our rooms side. low the Old South, on same side. I learnt how, and didn't do well, and loft, and went to learn to fold I was about sixty-eight 1 am not sure whether I books and storaged of the cilib I had. I books, and stopped at that till I died.

I like where I am living now very much. I suffered a great deal for some weeks, and when I died of everything-was a blove. felt as if I was faint, and was losing all my strength. I tried to hold a cup of medicine, and I when I died. I did a little of everything-when had no strength. I tried to swallow, and had not work was dull at one hing, I did another. I lost strength. They told me I was dying, and it fright two children-not lost them for I have get them ened me. Then I knew nothing till I stood in a new where I am; but I usedto say so on earth, you see. body, with the folks all mourning about me; and I tried to lift my old body, but could not. I mourned, too, and then my mother came and told me I was in spirit-life, and then I was frightened. I asked if hey were going to bury the new body I had, and they told me no. Then I was told I was not to be sick any more, nor suffer any more, and I felt happier, see the truth of spirit communion. I think there is

to do to get here, because I thought that people light offered me, but I dected, laughed at it, considmight have to take an old body, and die over again; ered it a delusion; got u for the especial benefit of but when I saw it was not my old body, and when an old man told me that I should go away as easy the biggest fool, and I one back here to make the as I came, I was satisfied. Then I saw the paper confession. Instead of examining it, I said it is not

I did n't belong to the church; but I think I'm just publicly inform my fields who talked to me on the as well off now. I have often seen my father, but he subject before I died, that I am ashamed of myself. as well off now. I have often seen my manace, can't see me always. I wish I could talk to my but I feel as though I ad been here twenty years.

June I. but I feel as though I ad been here twenty years.

John Jackson.

"It is appointed unto man once to die, and after leath, the judgment."

planation. We would inform our dear friends, who have kindly questioned us in regard to this matter. that we cannot accept this passage as they accept it. We conceive it to be an idea flowing through and accept the one we must reject the other.

death-a moral death. It was of this that Jesus! question us, no doubt fully believe that man, as he his sentence. We do not wish to hold an argument best for them to have ligat. this much to them—they have placed too much faith, too much reliance upon the book they call the Bible; it is full of error and of contradictions, and the people of the present day are beginning to find it out.

We know mortals in many labels to find it out. with our friends, for we have no time, but we will say We know mortals in general think it a work of God, of old tracks to find it. I hope some of my friends We know mortals in general think it a work of God, will profit by this hint.

but we consider it a rork of man—poor, frail, falla, will profit by this hint.

Tell them this is from Cart. Earle, of Norton, Mass. Jesus of Kazareth is tone, and it would be will cont mortals would strive to walk in his footsteps, and obey at all times the new commandment he gave

forth, "That ye love one another." timself an inhabitant of the spirit world, and he is the grave; which induces man to leave awhile life's immediately enabled to see himself as others have, glittering toys, and search into the mysteries of a All that others have dispersion with disgust, he is future life. The gentle zephyrs of the morn are able to analyze, and he immediately becomes his own laden with glad tidings of great joy to the inhabijudge, and, as a cancequence, his own saviour. No tants of earth; when the night overshadows the mulother power is needed than the spirit.—that germ of titude, in the vast expanse above mortal, which is life, which will ever lead man to that swhich is God. studded with gens, myriads of angels fly to the carth the Christian of today places his God afar off, and sphere, that they may impart words of eternal life the Christian of old, did so, but it is not right, for to those that live in mortal form. God dwelleth in all men, and they who behold him only in the celestial heaven do not understand them- the prison-house. He stands unseen, contemplating selves or the Creator. No doubt the friends who the criminal. He seeks to overshadow that outcast have called for me will say we give forth mockery; from society with peace-with the desire to know well, that is their opinion; we thus have candially something of the future-with repentance for the given ours, as asked for. We beg of them to place past. Again, he goes out and stands at the side of that principle that exists throughout the Universe, Then he passes out, and goes to the couch of the which is constantly drawing it higher, never suffer-Our friends will pardon as if we do not discuss this subject farther—we do not care to. Our reason is, we have not time here—it opens before us a vast forgotten him.

field, and we, as are all, are subject to time, and can
Again we find him mid the gorgeous splender of the not perform our work, and do it well, without suffi-

Our dear friends may rest assured we have heard some future time we may draw nigh them and give them what we may be able to, to enlighten them, while they dwell in this dark sphere. June 2.

George Sheldon.

I have been in the spirit-land most nine years, and to-day is the first time I have undertaken to control a medium; so if I make any bad blunders you must av it to my ignorance.

My name was George Sheldon. Tlived in a place known by the name of Fredericktown, Marylandmy birthplace. I died in Melbourne, Australia. I was engaged on board a merchantman, which run from New Orleans-generally hailed from there; at least I left there about nine years ago, with the hope of reaching Melbourne. I herer got there. I had some business to transact there, but I-found-that Death, or the angel of change, had more business with mo than anybody else. Most of my friends are disbelievers in Spiritualism, and they say it oannot be true-if it is, why do not our friends come? 1 have been unable to make them understand that I

can come to them by rapping, writing or other ways. I have a strong idea I may make my friends happy by communicating to them. They may hear a reat deal if they will not close their ears to truth. What a pity it is man does not close them to error, and open them to truth l

Now, as my friends are not well acquainted with the manner of my death, it may be well for me to give what corresponds to their knowledge of it. I lied of cholera. I was slok twenty four hours only. I was twenty-nine years of age. I left a mother, four sisters, two brothers, and a great many friends and ther relatives too numerous to mention.

I left a letter to my friends, or I dictated one. after was taken sick, and I believed I should not get well. In it I told them I did not fear death, was happy, although I was suffering intense pain at that tim told them not to mourn for me, not to wear black, often wondered if I over should have the privilege of for I know that if I could be permitted to come to carth, and should see them wearing it, it would make better, I have the privilege of communing. My name me unhappy. They thought it a strange request, but was William Hardy. I died two weeks ago in Philathey performed it, and now if they will grant me one delphia. I was not a Spiritualist, but I was an inother request, I shall be able to do them good. That vestigator. I understood if I wandered here to-day, is, that they give me apportunity to communicate to and was able to give anything, I might convince my them in private. I can give them nothing but plain friends of my coming. I do not know how well I truth, for I was not educated in Greek and Latin, can do, neither do I care; for I made up my mind it and I have not advanced a step in such matters since was best for mortals to do the best they could, and I came here; but I can use my native language for leave the rest to God. I was an old man, between for your kindness, I will leave.

Miles Grant.. I suppose every one has a different way of coming to Roberts & Leeds', once, to get work. I worked for have been told spirits could come and communicate, a man named land, too. L died in Portland; I belonged there. I do n't know what I came here for. I have a sister and botther. My brother's name is William, and my sister's Vinciba I was never to be being seven years. I was never one of those people that believed what everybedy said, but when I had sister's Vinciba I was never one of those people that believed what everybedy said, but when I had sister's Vinciba I was never one of those people that believed it and sister's Vinciba I was never one of those people that believed it and sister's Vinciba I was never one of those people that believed it and sister's vincibal and the continuous sister's vincibal

> My name was Miles Gunt. I was born in the have been round the were some. I died of paralysis -I suppose it was that. You publish what I give, had got up to sixty-eigh or no, but think I had. I did not have any partidar business, but did a little

> I died in Boston; size of my friends lived here

There, have I given yu enough? Well, then, I'll go. Good bye.

Capt. Earle, of Norton, Mass.

It seems very strang to me why all men cannot a time when all will seebut why can't that time bo and have been happy ever since.

I was frightened when they told me what I was before they come to sprit life? I had a plenty of laying on the table, and it looked so natural 1 thought I would fold it; but as you did n't have a folder, I could n't do very well. (A folder is an ivery or home stick, used by book-folders.)

1 was very much frightened when I died, to think I was wrong when I val where they are and I here

I have been dead only a little time, short of a year, At first I felt despersely unhappy, because I could not do what I wished it do. But I am happy now, because I have priviless I never expected to have, and the best of this is just I can go to heaven as fast This passage, which you will find in the Book as I wish to-no fustr. I feel somewhat auxious about my friends, and b live them know I can commune; when it become an established fact to them, I shall be happier, and an loa great deal better, too.

I came to your some montis ago, and tried to communicate, but could not fir some reason or other. taking form unto itself from one of the ancients. It Now I suppose some one of my friends will welcome sprang from darkness, and was well calculated for the people of that day. "Once to die." saith the people of that day. "Once to die." saith the land I want them to help in along, and if they will, ancient. Jesus says ye all die daily, if ye six, Now how shall we reconcile the passage with this idea? It seems to us they cannot be appreciable to the passage with this idea? It seems to us they cannot be reconciled. If we ating kindness here than was on earth. I shall not say much about the clarch, or my people, but if All men sin daily, yea hourly-all sin brings, they will call for me to come and give all I can give, I will do so. I want to tell them, though, that I spake. Our friends, who have been disposed thus to found things so different from what I supposed they would be, that I did not know whether I was in passes from the material to the spiritual world, is heaven or hell-sometimes I thought I was in one, immediately called into judgment and there receives and then in the other. For this reason I think it is

I was an old man, saw much of the world, but

A voice from the spirit-land is being whispered to As man passes from the material body he finds the children of earth, which tells of a home beyond

Hezekiah Caldwell.

Behold the angel who has passed unseen through their confidence only in God—and where is he? In the widow, as the labors to earn her scanty fare. dying, and seeks to impart the balm of knowledge. ing it to go down in the scale of human existence. Perchance he opens the vision of the dying one, and he sees and realizes that he is in the presence of God's angels, and that his Father in Heaven has not

rich man's palace, and he rooks to awake the worldly one from the error of his ways-he seeks to unloose the strings of his bags of wealth, to unlock the stubtheir call, and are thankful for the same, and at born heart, and to make the fingers yield, that ho may give to the widow and orphan, and lay up a

treasure in the eternal world. We find him again, walking amld the throng which are going hither and thither, careless of the future, that perchance he may touch the cord, that shall draw them to heaven; and as that cord is found, ho strengthens it, and so makes strong the bridge which is to convey the mortal to joys eternal. He stands upon the angry billows, and seeks to whisper peace and hope to the affrighted ones who are being tossed upon the angry ocean. Why came he to the poor suffering one? Because Jehovah hath decreed it because lie hath sent his bervants to lighton the darkness of earth.

Long years ago, ministering angels gathered around the inhabitants of earth, but they could not realizethey could not understand their coming therefore wisdom withheld them. Yet that principle was ever acting in all matter, and in all men. There comes a time in the future, when the Invisible ones of God's kingdom shall mingle with the visiblewhen none shall say, Know ye, for all shall knowwhen all shall realize the hand of Almighty God. Then pray you that the God of the Heavens may send laborers, that this time may speedily come and you children of to day, rejoice you at the bless ings of the Father.

Mortals, I, in form, walked your earth two hundred years ago. The mechanism of the human form had almost been forgotten by me; yet, after some difficulty, I have succeeded in controlling, and in answering those who have seen fit to call upon me.
I lived in l'lymouth, when on earth.

HEZEKIAH CALDWELL June 3.

William Hardy.

I've come a long way to-day, and I am very happy to come. I have been here in thought a great many times before I left my mortal body. I have visiting this place. I am here to-day, and what is plain communication, and as for memory, that is as sixty and seventy years of age—about sixty-five. I bright, 1.think, as ever. Now, after thanking you died about the middle of May, 1858, so it must be for your kindness, I will leave.

June 2. James Flynn.

My name is James Flynn. I know yen; do you do n't know as I olaim any particular friendship, but man who had run away.

I do claim acquaintance. I will tell you how long I lf you should ask my sister what my mother's have been dead—it is most three years ago. I died name is, she would answer, Ellzabeth; if you ask my of smallpox, and was of Irish extraction.

Do you remember of hiring a person by name of James Fliun, about ten years ago. I had got to clear I want to let her know I can cot things up, but I should not have done it if I had not have to say, I want to say to her. been hard up; but I got better acquainted with you after. I camo from New York, and got down protty met you a good many afternoons, and you always vance; but I got it, and never went there after that recognised me. It seems to me as though you ought Well, it's paid now—Nature paid it. to remember me. I have a brother in New York. I told you so then, and that he was doing pretty well, and you asked me why he did not help me, and I told you we did not hitch horses well. You have seen me He brought me here to day.

I came here to send a message to my brother; but when I came here and saw you, it got knocked out anything, though. I aint going to stay here any of me. But perhaps he will like to know how I died. longer, so I'll say good bye.

June 15. died in California-of what, I can't tell, for I was sick only a few days. My brother and I were always fighting, and he is a Catholic, so we shall fight now. I understood when I died, that he was glad of it, for that was the last of me, and he knew where I was

But I want to tall bin I'm round as much as ever, and I want to touch him up a little—torment him. mortal body, some of whom are related to me, wish I was always up to that on earth. Ye see he was a to know it it is possible for me to come to earth and and I want to touch him up a little-torment him. little conceited-had some money, and I bothered but I was too big a fool, or too wise. Oh, I did n't bother him for any harm, but only to plague him. call on those who have passed through the shadow lie used to get bothered most when I was a little of Death; and if it meets a response, he should be tight, and went to see him. He hated drunkenness, satisfied that Spirltualism is true. and he was right about that, but then he should When I passed from earth, about ten years ago, I have talked to me different. Tell the folks I am knew nothing of the light. I heard something of bad to think I am not whore they are.

should get out some time, but he never paid a cent tions. to get me out, I guess—he would say he paid enough for me when I was on earth. But if he had paid all he had, it would not have made any difference. We shall all get to heaven, if it takes some of us a longer

enough to satisfy ourself that wo did know him, as point; but I suppose they ask for my opinion simply, he says.

John Carrol.

It appears to me that you are very fond of music. Phis is the first I've heard, this many a long year. A bird was singing while he was mesmerising the nedium.] Where have I been not to hear it? Dead! Where do you suppose I've beeu? [We remarked that spirits had music.] I'm an exception to the general rule, I suppose. What would you say if I were to tell you I've been dead nineteen years, and have been conscious of nothing, save that I existed somewhere in space-I knew not where ? I was not conscious of a God, man or devil, for a great many Yes, my caso is a peculiar one. I was born in

Falmouth, England. Where did I die? On the ocean. One thing is sure, I had the satisfaction of seeing chance to bite. I was captain of a merchantman. suppose I was cruel to my subjects. I made something like teu long voyages, and I murdered nine-teen sailors—just nineteen—in various ways; but the last crew I was master of, was too hard for marker, but on the leading of dried beef—I do n't remember how many of ship bread—a small flask of brandy, a cask of water, and put me to sea; and as God, or the devil, or somebody, would have it, I made the ocean my grave, because I could not do other-wise. Four of that crew are alive. Two are in Bos-

of the petrel. But I deserved it, and more.

Is there more for me to do here? My name? That's true, you want that; it was John Carrol. I was last on board the Ferdinand-the last-you loves in the mortal. have it. That's the name of my boat. I have told near as I can reckon time.

Lucretia Bickner.

My dear Husband-Long and anxiously have I waited for the time to arrive when I might return to earth to commune with you. Thank God it has come at last, and I have not waited in vain. Oh, may my coming be of great good to you and all our dear ones, who, I feel, will be happy to learn of me if they can give it here. My friends, my acquaintances, and be sure I do indeed come to earth with love for them. even my enomies, are all remembered by me. If I Oh, my dear companion, when you looked for the last time upon me in mortal form, I longed to tell you I forgiven; and I expect to be forgiven, as I ascend lived, and lived to speak to you in time. But it was the upward scale of being. If I harbor any illnot in my power to do so in that time—that time is feeling against any mortal or immortal, it will cause now, and will you hear, oh, will you hear me? Yes, me to descend in the scale of love and wisdom; know you will, in time. I cannot control to write therefore, all are forgiven by me. longer, elso I would give you more. Will come again. June 3. LUCHETIA BICKNER, of Dedham, Mass.

Charles Henry Kenney. I 'spose I'm a long way from the place I want to step at. I want to stop at Trenton. Now, how the deuce came I here? I have folks there-I was born

have been dead since 1850. I don't know about

your time—can't tell you what year it is now.

I'll tell you how it was, if you want to know—do
you? My name was Charles Henry Kenney. In should have been disappointed in what I find here, one of thom, and we had not got but a short distance, only on earth, in form again, one week, I would give whon we were swamped, and that was the last of me all the world—if I had it to give.

You ask me to go to my friends. How shall I go? back and talk.

medium; and when I got here I found myself not in hizant of most all that transpires about me there.

and you must not expect it. It was like this with me-I was loading in the entered it. The last I remember of earth, was a

dock, had been to sea once, was out of work, and desperate. A man came to me, and said, "Have you remember me? Well, try more. I was about five anything to do?" I said, "No," and he asked me if feet four, my hair dark, eyes blue, and, when in I would ship with him. I said, "Give me money, health, would weigh 140." I knew you when you were and I will." He paid my advance, and told me to in Devonshire street. Do n't remember? Well, I come on board in two hours, to take the place of a

mother, she would say, Betsey. She lives in Treuton-lives! a great many people stay, instead of live.

I want to let her know I can come here. What I

I was in Boston, once; stopped in Ann street, in i boarding house, kept by one Miller. Pretty good low—was hard up, and you set me to work—before I ohap, he was. I owe him, by the way, three or four got it done I found a place where I could go and set dollars, and I'll tell you how, too. I borrowed it of up tenpins. I had done that before in New York. I him, promising to pay him as soon as I got my ad-

I'd as lieve send a message to Jim Miller, as not. Ask him if he remembers the chap that borrowed three dollars and sixty-seven cents of him-lot me sec, how long since-it was about a year and a half with George Lewis-don't you remember me new? before I died. Some folks remember when a body owes them anything, and perhaps he will remember me. I left some clothes there; they wasn't good for

Calvin Cutter.

It's very hard for me to speak; I never tried to before. I have been dead most ten years. My name was Calvin Cutter. I should not have attempted to come here, to-day, had I not been requested to. A party of friends who knew me when I inhabited a communicate. They wish me to give them some him. He was a tailor, and I went to learn that trade, positive proof of Spiritualism. Now, I suppose the only safe way for man to investigate, is for him to

rappy, now. I see thousands that are happier than it, but nothing definite; and had any one spoken to num—they are pure and good, and I sometimes feel me and told me I should ever speak through a form ad to think I am not where they are.

My brother thought I was in Purgatory—that I but I find nature is working out many new inven-

My friends want to know if Christ is God. I answer, yes; as much a God as they ever wish for. Again, they wish to know if spirit life is connected with earth-life. Yes; it is but a continuation of the time than others to get there. It's a pity you do n't life they now live. They wish to know if the ele-know me! I'll come again. June 3. life that go to make up this earth were once in a We have an indistinct idea of this party, but not liquid state. I am not prepared to discuss that and it is that all the clements which go to make up the earth were once in a fluid state. I cannot tell why my friends have asked these questions, but I suppose it is right. I should be better satisfied if I could speak to them, as I speak to you, stranger. I am satisfied the time will come when I shall speak to them, face to face, and when they will not be obliged to ask so many questions in order to gain

Charles Plummer.

Oh, where shall the weary one look for restwhere shall he find peace? These questions are often asked in spirit-life. No doubt they are as often asked in the earth-life; but who can answer truthfully?

Jesus said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." No doubt, many die by my own hand, before I died. What as the spirit casts off the grossness of the carth-life, was I doing? Sailing, of course—doing my own and becomes free from all sin, that it will find a and becomes free from all sin, that it will find a business, not yours—fishing after whatever might place of rest; will be nt peace with itself, with its God, and with the great human family.

My friends, I do not come here to tell you that I am excessively unhappy. No-but I come, that by coming I may find a place of rest—yes, by doing that seems to be my duty. It is now nearly nine years since I cast off the mortal, and became an inhabitant of the spirit land. Perhaps some of my friends will ask what I have been doing, these leng years. I will answer. I have been striving to find a home, and I have learned, in order to find one, that I must return to my earthly home, and there ton-that's why I am here. Two are in other parts commence the search. And I have also been trying of the world. They do n't know, to this day, what to find some channel through which I might speak became of heard come to tell them, if they want to for the benefit of my children and friends-for I know. I am sure it would be comfortable to me to have children on earth; I left two daughters and a know I had disposed of such an individual, if I were son. My oldest daughter is a fine medium, but she in their places. Out is the master of a fine ship; knows it not, and I dare not approach her until I that ship is in port to-day. I'm particularly anxious have given her some warning of my coming. My children are what the world calls orphans; they Have I forgiven them? Forgiven! that 's a word have no parents in the natural body; but I would I never studied upon, and care about as little as I have them know that every hour has been carefully know. I've nothing to forgive. Ha! I well reguarded since I left my mortal body. Yes, I have member! the last hours of my life were lulled away watched their going out and their coming in. Someby the screaming of the sea fowl, and the chattering times I have grieved at what I have seen, and again I have found pleasure; for the spirit who has dear ones on earth is affected by the shadow, as well as by the sun-light he finds dwelling around those he

I assuro you, my dear friends, I am quite a novyou the time of my death-within a short time-as ice in these things, and do not fully understand the visit I have undertaken to perform; but I shull do the best I can, and leave the result to the Great Father of the Universe of Souls, knowing that he doeth all things well; and if I mistake in coming here to day, I do so through ignorance, and am not accountable for the mistake.

Oh, my children, my children-that I could speak to them! I have much to offer them, but I cannot have erred against any in earth-life, I pray to be

I will close, by telling you that I resided in Portland, Maine. I was a trader. My name was Charles Plummer. I have three children, as I told youtwo daughters and a son in earth-life. Good day. June 16.

Frank Cutting.

Tell me, if you can, why it is I cannot leave earth? What are you all here for ? I have been trying to flow I am no more of earth, is there no way to free communicate to my friends these four years. I myself from this constant desire to commune with spoke once to them in New York, three years ago. I carth? I cannot do this, because my own blindness and prejudice forbids it. I cannot be happy until

December, 1850—yes, 1850—I started from Now I am disappointed in everything. Instead of finding York, bound for the Gulf Stream. The name of the myself transported to heaven, I find myself still on vessel was the brig Mary Louisa. I was before the earth. Oh, how dead mortals are! Why is It man mast. You see, the night I was lost, we heard a oannet see into spirit-life before he comes here? I minute-gun, and we saw a vessel pass us, wrecked. find no more of God here than I saw on earth, and I I was on the lookout. All at once I saw a man, as find all the religions of to-day are good for nothing.

I supposed, in the water. Could not tell what he for nothing! it's true. I was deceived, blinded,—was on, but the Captain called on us to lower the grossly blinded. I placed too much faith on the boat, and called for volunteers to go to hlm. I was minister-too much on what I heard. Oh, if I was

I have been to my wife; she knows I am near her, I have got a mother, and some sort of a father - and watch over her; but if you should tell her I he's somewhere on earth; I might as well tell you, could talk to her, she would not hear tout. I have my father was a drinking man, and, instead of edu-succeeded in impressing her with my presence, but oating his children as he ought, he took care to get she will not believe I can talk to her. The church all the liquor he could. I got knocked over many a will tell her it cannot be. 1 am unhappy, for I laid time for talking to him, when I was a little shaver, the foundation of my unbappiness. I am glad I read so it will do no good for me to talk to him now. pented of my sins before I left; but I am unhappy— My mother is badly off-sick-and I want to talk I am disappointed. I expected to see God-I expectto her. A friend promised me that I should talk to cd to see and hear. And what to I find? the self-hor, and I supposed I was going to Trenton; but I same things that I found on earth. I know I am hauled up here, and he told me to speak through this out of my mortal form, yet I am still on earth, cog-

Trenton, but among strangers.

I cannot tell you any circumstances attending my
You say you will publish this; well, you will have death, for I was shut out of one existence to another a rattle-tee-bang story of it; but I can't talk finely, in a moment of time. Lhave just come to conscious. ness in spirit-life, aithough I had realized that I had 1858. It was at a fire in Boston. My name was Frank Cutting. I can call to mind my wife—my dearest and only one. I came to commune with her. | chord, which contracts upon the return. What prepired in childhood, better than those which were an enjoyment of this kind I cannot tell. But The speaker who addresses you to-day, is used from late. Tell my wife that I desire to speak with her. Tell her not to mourn for me.

The last I remember was a sense of failing, a dreadful agony and fear; everything which trans. who have solicitously sought, as they have earnestly pired in my life seemed to rush before me—then all prayed for, the gift, but have not found it. Complete was dark and gloomy. I cannot remember anything and entire separation of the spirit from the body about my funeral. I have said all I care to say here. I am sadly disappointed in regard to my religion.

I was much interested in relation to it, but belonged to no church. I may have lost a great deal by it: but I don't know. I feel there is something wrong about religion. I liked Mr. Eddy-I fear he is in the dark, though. But why is it that a spirit comes here and find things so different from what he expects? Why cannot the Christian see more distinctly? It seems to me that the raft he builds only carries him over the sea of mortality. This must be so, for many tell me that they were disappointed—that their religion served them only on earth; and I have no reason to disbelieve those I knew to be, good Christians on earth.

Oh, everything is beautiful here! But I expected to see God, when I was here, and as I am disappointed in all things, I cannot be happy yet. .

Well, if I should ever have the privilege of talking to you again, I trust I shall be in a hetter frame of mind. Do the best you can with my poor words. June 16.

THE PROMULGATORS.

BY L. JUDD PARDER.

(The following was read by the presiding officer on the occasion of a lecture by the wilter, at the Melodeon, on Sunday, July 25th :--)

"Three classes of promulgators, or speakers from the stand-point of the spiritual, are now in the field, ducts. A subtle and fine, or a strong and bold imand are engaged in the dissemination of the truths, pressment, like a stamp or engraving, is made upon not, perhaps, inappropriate to the present occasion. by way of prologue, to briefly allude to them. They substance from the skies, which sticks. The light semi-entranced, and the normal.

The first of these, and perhaps the most popular, because so novel and striking as to state the completely unconscious, are, as the word indicates, un- Such, thus affected, are fed by the heavenly truth-aware of what is passing through and from them. food that glides or springs, or is launched like aglow inherent capacity (just back of the usual and ex- much as mentally, spiritually and inspirationally While the superinduction of the trance state closes stampments, made upon the internal plane of their in and poured out. being. And so they are not mere spouts. Sooner This kind do not, as a general, or even usual thing, or later whatsoever has flowed through them becomes however, speak solely from spirit impression; for theirs; descends gradually from the plane of the in- their own spiritual instincts, the intuitions within, ternal, and is caught, at first dimly and like a dream, energized and active, and permitted to their work by then vividly and clearly, like a picture, by the ex- the closing up of the outer or sense-faculties, perternal consciousness and faculties. It becomes, thus, coive, penetrate to, like a swift arrow, and lay hold a constituent element of one's external understand- of and grasp, as with an open hand, the invisible

though it is admitted vehicles to the minds of men er; for, be it remembered, that all teaching or adexalted and noble truths and the sweet thought- dress can be but suggestive-cannot be, and is not, children of the affectious, yet (they so say) seems to indeed, admitted to be amongst us, authoritative. Is make of one a mere machine. No such piece of me-speaking by the power of the spirit a mere phenochanical absoluteness, however, obtains in a Universe menon - only that and nothing more?" The uses of just and wise control. Everything and every of this thing ought, the rather, to parentize its estisoul is beautifully lorded over; and this condition of mation. Is it not that the truth conveyed, the thought the apparent negation of self is but seeming. Those suggested, the heart-touch and brain illumination thus controlled are controlled by law, not less moral that follow it, like a blessed baptismal spirit and a and just than electric, magnetic, or mechanical. holy fire, consecrate it to its office, and make it pracves, on the very way, not less to the advantage of blaze or a wonder-show for a while-but a substanself than to that of others. There can be no tyran- tial and accepted use is, while its day is upon us and nies in the ways of God; and whatever is, or is lasts, a perpetual and a never setting sun light. I manifest, is but a manifestation and exhibition of know some use comes forth from everything—even one or more of these. Mr. A. J. Davis, in his auto- from the kingdom of phantasy, and the sphere of an biography, tells how that for four years he had not abuse-for such is an attestation of the presence of nor held any recollection of what transpired on the in- God, or good, and sweeps around and encompasses all ternal; but that, afterwards, by growth or pro- that is, like the universe. But you note the differgressive unfoldment, the minutest event or impres- ence and distinction I make. sion there, flowed down and into the outer memory. Now, though the condition of an unconsciously-en- left to the contingencies of conditions happy for tranced medium may not be precisely as was his control in its hour. Such, very oft, have the skelewhen magnetized by a spirit in the body, yet the ton outline of a discourse ambrotyped upon their difference is not material to our purpose. In so far mentals ere the time of discourse. A lecture will as the fact of impressions made upon the tablet of pass thus through them autecedent to its oral delivthe inner mind are concerned, as to either, there is ery, like a panorama. Sometimes they are grasped, a difference between the "superior" condition, to like a child, a passive child or a struggling one, it achieve by way of control over another mind in the demands translation, like a live figure forns, body, as in mesmerism, may be accomplished, certain conditions understood, and provided, by a mind have to allude to. These, I hazard nothing in stat-

last, though apparently ignorant of the talk through tors, and thence reporters, of what is transpiring. This condition, though not very frequent, is not rare. sensitive organic condition, physiologic and structuvost) and, next, that the growth or individualization of the spirit within has quite and far proceeded.

sense of falling, and intense pain. This was in May, gotten treasure. While the trance remains, that spirit is connected with its outer form by a spiritual it is a fact that some are incapable of being put in that delightful "fix." Such can tell of this, does not obtain with the foregoing class of mediums, nor, indeed, with any other-else death to the external would ensue, and the soul, out loose, would sonr to its attractive and appropriate sphere. A subtle and fine umbilical chord-connection is maintained.

The semi-entranced, or conscious and impressional kind come next. These are apparently unconscious, yet are not so. The eyes, indeed, involuntarily close -they can't 'help closing 'neath the touch and manipulation of the positive spiritual power-and every member of the body may be still like stern silence; yet the internal man or woman, youth, or maid, or middle aged, is all alive. The activities have gone in upon the inner plane, and checked and poised, are as keys of an instrument for angel fingers to play upon. That internal is vitalized and energized by the descent-brooding of spirit magnetism, fine and sweet, like a rare aroma. It is visitation, this, and baptism of the Holy Ghost, the descended apparition of the uplifted spiritual or of the celestial.

Sometimes but a simple consciousness of selfhood is loft, and nothing more. Then the soul, vacant, passive and receptive, gets and takes from the spiritunl imparters, and spontaneously gives forth-as thoughts that flow in have an almost irresistible tendency to flow out. Nor are this class but spouts or and goods and uses of the New Unfolding. It is the mentals-and remains. This is the burning in, the divine fire-light flowing in, of inspiration - a soulare the profoundly and unconsciously entranced, the that has flowed and flashed has left its track and trail of quality behind. That deposited, leaves, like matter, its essential life, or sphere, or smell, in the very way it took, and in the inner paths it trod. They are entire subjects, in so far as organism and fire ships upon them. They are not physically, so ercised kind) will permit, of a foreign and higher, controlled. A sphere of mind, composed of individuand spiritual power. In one sense they are but alized intelligences, rather than one individual spirit, tunnels; yet, still, far from merely such in another. speaks through such, and infuses its adaptive thought. Around such the clairvoyant eye perceives a white up and lays away, so to speak, the outer activities, light, like a circular mantle. It is the sphere life of leaving but the involuntary powers, heart and lung the controlling spirits, which envelops and flows action operative - sensation even being blunted like a around the mediatorial one, as water around an isle. piece of iron, or chilled like a piece of ice-these, so and is the intermediate, along whose line, or through subjected, have Ineffaceable impressions, like en- whose sphere, thought and spiritualities are poured

substance of truth, and thought, and spirituality.

Some object to this method of control, which, All this, I estimate, is legitimate and perfectly prop-And they are controlled, in the long run and end, tical or a benefit? Mero phenomenalism may be a

And too, the impressional talker is not altogether consonance. It is true, however, that there is quite mentally, by a tremendous spiritual power, field which Mr. Davis by and through appropriate appli- matters not, and get the marks upon their internals ances attained, and that unconscious state induced by by the sky-engravers. Let loose from the hold, that super-sensuous and spiritual magnetizations. I sup | within seems dim, when they come again to the expose it were not necessary, before you, to affigue the ternal. But it is there, and ineffaceably. When realness and naturalness and authenticity of pro they enter in again, upon entrancement, it shinesfound entrancement. What a mind in the body may and glows before them, and stands and walks and

The normal speaker is of the remaining kind I out of the body over one in-brought into close and ing, are always inspired-some richly, and you can subtle relations, like positive to negative, with the almost see the auroral light above them; others, again, laboriously and meagerly. As men are de-Further, with respect to somewhat the same or a veloped and open to receive, and of that quality they closely-related class of mediums. Some of these are fitted for, they do. For no man can rise to talk on a spiritual subject but that he attracts them of them, are not so-but are lookers on at this Venice, the spirit, and gets somewhat of their breath and and auditors of the spiritual say: that is, as to life. The disembodied delight to inflow themselves, their compacted and individualized spiritual selves, their thought and their feeling. How do they not they are gently pushed, by the compelling positive come, like a bright and regal band, around one of power of the operative spirits, from their own bodies, high soul and open to the life and light they can and stand as organized spiritual intelligences with impart! You can almost smell their presence from out the casement thereof, gazers, listeners, annota- the sphere of their theme-for they not only impress matter but subjects-matter. This I take it is the highest state where it is high-advanced, and he or It is a high state, and indicates, first, a fine and she who speaks from it is largely developed and spiritually sensativized, refined and harmonized. ral, (which may yet be a healthy one, and then Of course the degree of pure spirit inspiration must again not so, as in the case of the secress of Pre- depend upon the degree of soul enfoldment and of receptivity. Such, so highly gifted, become prophets and improvisers and orators, and talk with feeling A process, called the process of Spiritualization or with power. Quite a number speak from that (which I but allude to here) has for its aim, and in stand-point now-the normal, wherein the eye full its ultimate effectuates this separation from and or open, and the almost every sense alive, yet beautiganization within the body, of the elements of a fully poised, complete possession of self is had, subman's spirit. He or she, then, as to this state, is jective yet to the spirit of truth and thought that like unto a disembodied Intelligence, sees and notes floods the being from above. Man is most free when spiritual things, with great and memorable measure, divinely bound; and the inspired normal speaker or small as may be, hears the controlling spirit through maintainent of manhood and individuspeaking through his or her physical, organism, ality, is yet the subject of the higher, and so the marks the speech, is instructed and benefitted by it spiritual and a God-power. Mrs. Hyzer, who so as are the audience, and remembers the same when acceptably addressed you last Sunday, is of this the spiritual grasp is relaxed and its hold ceases, class of teachers. Such, too, and so like were the The self or essential ego thereupon returns and re- prophets of old, with greater or less degree of perincarnates itself-rich the while with the new- feetitude and the apostles who spake as the spirit notes thrill the air with delight !-sweet tones, like basement.

in the normal state, yet the inspired. A progressive to roam in this beautiful garden. mediatorial individualization will bring to that point. the plane of the semi-entranced or impressional.

Correspondence.

MIRACLES.

MESSES. Enrrors-In a report of one of the Rev. Theodoro Parker's late sermons, in the Banner of Light, his objections are given to the miracles related in the New Testament, the truth of which he calls in queston. Now it is a sufficient answer to these objections, in the mind of a believer in Spiritualism, to state that nearly every species of these so-called miracles actually take place at the present time, and are so well attested that no one who does not refuse to believe in all testimony of the most trust-worthy character, would think of denying the fact of their occurrence. If, then, it can be proved that occurrences of a similar character do take place at the present time, how does it appear incredible that they should have taken place eighteen hundred years ago? The former clearly establishes the probability of the

Again, the Bible narrative of these miracles makes part of the narrative of the life and history of Jesus and his teachings, and are so interwoven with them, that they cannot be separated from them. Whatever, then, tends to impeach the truth of the miracles. tends to impeach also the truth of all the rest of the narrative, and to render the whole unworthy of be lief. It thus would completely overthrow the New Testament, as much in one part as the other. And it would also prove that the writers of it were completely deluded in regard to the whole matter, or that hev were impostors. Is Mr. Parker willing to take this ground, and to contend that they were so ignorant and weak-minded as to be the mere dupes of designing men, or that they were so dishonest and unprincipled, as to endeavor to palm off upon the world statements which they knew to be false, and not entitled to belief? To maintain his position, he must take one or the other of these grounds.

I understand Mr. Parker to deny that such thing as a miracle can by possibility take place Now it is of no consequence whether a miracle can New Testament are called miracles, actually took from spirit-land. place, and not whether they ought to be called miracles or not. And this Mr. Parker denies. And upon what does he found his depial? Not upon any historical evidence, proving that they did not and could not have taken place, but upon a mere not have taken place. And what is this theory ? Why, that these occurrences would be a departure from the operation of natural laws, which must be fixed and unchangeable. But what are natural laws? Are they any fixed principles existing in matter itself, which act from their own innate energy, or are they merely the rules which the Creator himself has ordained to regulate his own action, in the operations he performs with matter. If the former, then is Atheism the true doctrine, and matter is the only agent in all physical phenomena. If the latter, then is God directly and immediately employed in producing these phenomena. And if he is so employed, he may vary his operations and produce the same effect by a different process at different times. And so may produce these occurrences or perform a miracle, which is only a name given to a process different from the one commonly employed. And who may say that God cannot do this? Does he not produce light by many different processes, sometimes by cold and sometimes by salt? If God can produce wine by the grape, and the fermentation process, may be not be able to bring together instantaneously, those identical properties of which the wine is composed, and which are diffused duce wive in this way?

If, in certain of his operations, he acts by what is called the attraction of gravitation, in forcing bodies to descend to the earth, may it not be in bis power to employ some other force known to him, but unknown to us, to counteract this attraction of gravitation, and cause them to rise, and float in the atmosphere? Do we know all the forces that are at his command, or that he may produce, to perform certain operations that he designs to perform? Does he govern nature, or does nature govern him? In asserting that God cannot or does not perform miracles, we only exposo our own ignorance, and assign to him the same limited powers and faculties that we are conscious of possessing curselves. of the Protestant confessional by a minister. Let And there is no reason in saying that because, in the ladies make their confessions to God, only, and invariable rule, and always produces the same effect in the same way, that under other and extraordithe same effect by a different way and process.

SPIRITUALISM IN NATICK.

DEAR BANNER-Mrs. Jennie II. Fostor, of Lowell, has been in our village, giving us tests of spirit with a whip made of twisted wire. The same paper power. Mrs. Foster is a good medium, and to some minds, at least, the tests have been satisfactory. weman was whipped with a driver's whip by a priest. The teachings which have come through her have been of a high order-chaste, pure and beautiful. headed "Unfortunate Family." A dispute arose She also gave delinentions of character, which, in between the State and the town of Greenfield conthe main, were thought to be very correct. Our cerning au insane pauper named Halpin. His father hall was well filled every evening. Her answers to was a minister, and once preached in Greenfield, questions of an intricate nature, were full, clear, afterwards sold books for a Brattlebore' company, and generally satisfactory. Mrs. Foster speaks in proved a defaulter, ran away, and drowned himself an impressed state, partially entranced. Some of hu the Mississippi. His son, who is also a ministhe communications which were received through ter, was recently arrested in Boston for stealing her were very beautiful. Below I give your readers books; but was proved insane and sent to the a single specimen from a large amount which I took Asylum. down phonographically at the time, as delivered in one of her delineations of character.

THE SOUL-GARDEN. This is the department that I am called to analyze at this time...The Soul-Garden!

have been poisonous weeds; but the gardener has another paper thinks it was not quite so had as at great care and attention, has brought this soul-gar- meeting.

den into a high state of cultivation.

gave them utterance. Sooner or later, the now an angel harp, echoes, going out in tones of beauty, unconscious and the sefficentranced will talk thus and fall sweetly upon the ear of such as are permitted

> I see fountains of sweet waters burst forth in silvery streams, and shower around their, tiny drops, and cover with rich beauty the garments of such as slake their thirst at this beautiful fountain. I see, too, drawn by attraction into this garden, celestial beings-not creatures of imagination-no ideal pictures-but a soul born into the spheres of beautyeducated in the homes of wisdom-baptized in the river of love, and consecrated to the soul that makes his throne in the centre of this garden. These are subjects-these are companions-these are teachers -these add to the everlasting beauty a royal richness to this beautiful place. Without this, the life of the garden would be lost.

I see, also, gems in the soil of the untilled fields vet to be unfolded-rich in their forms, perfect in substance, and only need to inhale the sweet breath from the celestial breezes of higher life, to unfold, expand, and cause them to ultimate themselves in this sphere.

But the light is clearly breaking. The roul of man now rejoiceth,
As he drinks in—angel voices! • • Time nor space ne'er can sever, For love must live with God forever; And so each soul here duited, And so earn southere united, Winose voice at heaven's high after's plighted, Shall meet beyond the earth's dark shore, Where souls shall meet to part no more?" Yours, fraternally, E. II. DAVIS. NATICK, July 20, 1858.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE CHURCH AND CLERGY.

NUMBER ONE.

Thou hypocrite, first east out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to east out the mote out of thy brother's eye,—MATTHEW: 7-5.

Ministers of the gospel, so-called, and members of the so-called church of Christ, find much fault with modern Spiritualism and its supporters, and are very apt to cast reflections upon them and charge them with promulgating doctrines that are evil in their tendency. The text I have selected and placed at the head of this article, I think a good one to place over the looking glass I am about to present to the Church and its ministers, for them to see some of their own deformities, before they proceed too far in take place or not, in settling this question. The the condemnation of others who differ from them. question is, whether the occurrences which in the and who think they have received additional light

It is said that Spiritualism is pulling down the church, and of a consequence is opening the way to all evil; but when this glass is used as it should be, perhops some will dare to think that, if the church has no more restraint upon man than is exhibited by theory assumed by him to be true, that they could looking into this mirror, it is high time for it to come down, and something raised up in its place that will lead mankind in the paths of Love, Virtue and

Now let us take a peep into this looking-glass, and see what is there. In the Boston Herabl of June 16th we find an article taken from the Detroit Free Press of June 11th, giving an account of a horrible murder, committed under religious (?) excitement. Two brothers murdered their sister, and nearly killed a man who defended her. In the same paper and of the same date we find that Rev. Wm. II. Sidston, an English clergyman, was sentenced to six months imprisonment in Cambridge street jail, by Judge Nash. for stealing a watch. In the Portland Transcript of June 12th, we are informed that the Pope, who claims to be at the head of the church, was obtaining subscriptions to railroads by manufacturing American Counts.

In the Boston Herald of June 17th, we find that in Staunton, Va., the trial of Rev. David Downey for ways? and does he not produce ice by different the murder of Wm. Mullins is progressing; it may be proved unintentional. In the same paper, June 21st, a case is given of religious insanity, in which Mr. Jacob D. Burt became so furious that he was sent to the hospital at Worcester.

In the Boston Ledger, June 19th, we have the through the air, the earth and the water, and pro-dodge of a minister to avoid the dog law and save his tax.

la the Daily Advertiser of June 14th, it is said Chauncy Shaffer, a prominent lawyer, and one of the recent revival converts, attempted to shoot Justice Steers while the latter was attending to his duties in the Police Court, New York.

In the Daily Journal, June 21st, we are told that in the neighborhood of Rochester a consistent and upright church member was suspended from the church out of deference to public opinion, after having been acquitted of all charges brought against him by an appropriate tribunal. Is this justice? Is it Christian?

ussert that which we know nothing about: and The Boston Herald, June 24th, has hir article from the European Times, giving an account of the Joure

his ordinary operations in nature, he conforms to an they will be out of danger from profligate ministers. The Boston Ledger, June 25th, gives an account of a minister convicted of an aggravated murder in the nary circumstances, for a special purpose, he may State of Virginia. The case was tried before the not and cannot deviate from this way, and produce Circuit Court of Kanawha County. He killed his wife by placing a rope around her neck and choking her to death. He then threw her body into the river. The Boston-Journal June 26th has an article from the Media (l'a.) American, in which a Catholic priest is charged, by Joanna Connor, with scourging her states that in Langford, Ireland, a poor, drunken

In the Boston Herald, July 15, is an article

The Ledger of July 2d tells us that Ralph Henry, of Endfield, has been confined at Monson Almshouse. He is a victim of religious (?) excitement.

The Herald of July 8th says Mr. Kalloch got into some trouble at a meeting in Rockland, Me., which In this garden there are many rare flowers. There ended in something very much like a row; but taken great pains to extract these weeds, and with first thought to be; but had enough to break up the

The Boston Herald of July Oth gives us the re-I see, not only flowers, but fruit; and the fruit volting case of David Parker, a resident of Brooklyn. hangs high. The trees have been long maturing, N. Y., a member of the church in good standing, and are now in a condition to develop the sweetest who kept a house of ill repute in New York, in fruit. I see, also, in this garden, birds of rare which he introduced his own daughter, and accordspecies-birds of fine plumage-birds, whose silvery ing to testimony, actually received pay for her de-

And now, having given those ministers and professors, who are so ready to condemn others, an opportunity to look in the glass and behold their own deformity, I will bring this article to a close, hoping that, having seen the monstrous size of the beams in their own eyes, they will proceed at once to cast them out, that they may see clearly to cast out the little motes out of their opponents' eyes. And at the end of another month, perhaps, they will have an opportunity to take another look in this clerical and church looking-glass.

SPIRIT PORTRAITS.

The following is from a Western subscriber:-· I would request that, through the columns of the Banner it may be made known, that many in different localities, by calling into action the medium powers of Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Logan County, Ohio, can obtain tests, or proofs of the spirit-existence of those allied to earth's denizens by the ties of consunguinity. These tests come in the shapo of lifesizo profiles, drawn by said medium while under the influence of one or more, who truly manifest through him a high degree of artistic skill. Through this channel I have obtained for myself and others eight likenesses of departed relatives, which were readily recognized by the earth friends.

As we are commanded to let our light shine, I wish these facts to find a place in the Banner, in order that they may go forth and help to swell the mighty flood of evidence which is continually radicating from higher life, in proof of the immortality and individuality of the spirit, or self hood of man. LOVELL Bridge."

Busieville, Onio, July 20, 1858.

Communications.

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

SPIRIT BIRTH.

In tracing these lines, my beloved parents, I desire to bring comfort to your hearts, and hope they may serve to obliterate from your minds the sad circumstances of my earthly exit, for I know you often revert to them with sorrow. When, dear mother, you and sister stood beside me, (when I languished in a distant city,) I would have given worlds, had I possessed them, could I have spoken to you, and given expression to the joyful transport of my soul, and told you of my opening vision. But that which my lips were then unable to utter, I will now pen to you through the hand of a ready writer. All the vidence I was then able to give of recognition, was by moving my head slightly in answer to your request; that was a comfort to me. Now my wish is granted, and thanks to our kind friend, I will relate what God hath wrought for me. In order to do this, I must go back some months prior to my transit from earth, for the inward monitor gave me premonition of that event. I endeavored to throw of the impression, but it haunted me still, with its stern, unrelenting realities. I knew, dear parents, that I had looked for the last time upon my boyhood's some; I knew I had gazed for the last time upon the honored brow of my father. The fuithful monitor assured me I should again behold other loved forms of earth; but I was strikingly conscious that "the scenes that once knew me, would know me no more" in the form. My spirit was gradually losing its hold upon earth-I ceased to shrink from the dread messenger, but embraced him as a kind friend, who sought to usher me into the pure light of immortality, after an interview with the loved companion of my youth, (Mary Elenor,) who, angel visitant as she was, came to me one still, calm night, as I sat near the vessel's side, watching the play of the moonbeams upon the placid waste of waters that lay stretched out before me in their pansive beauty. My brow was wreathed in sadness as I thought of the loved ones at home; the inward voice repeating again, and again, farewell, farewell; go, never to return. Thoughts of unreconciliation were coursing through my mind, when suddenly I started, for a light, bright and glorious, came athwart me, and a touch, gentle and thrilling upon my right shoulder, caused me to look up, when my eyes gazed upon a pleasing vision with joyous surprise. Before me stood, in matchless beauty, the partner of my oys and sorrows, whose form I had seen laid in an early grave, and for whom I had mourned in grief and sadness.

With her right hand raised, pointing upward, she pake, her countenance radiating with beaming smiles, and angelic beauty-

" Joseph, thy mission on earth is almost endedthy Father calls-come home. Soon we shall be reunited above, never to part. Why so sad, when such happiness awaits thee? Look! behold a glimpse of thy heavenly mansion." And following with my eves the upraised finger, I beheld that which language of earth cannot pourtray. I will not attempt a description. Entranced, I continued to gaze with delight; sweet music fell upon my listening car. Weep no more," came from the loved one's lips; farewell, till we meet no more to part."

She vanished, and with her passed away the inspiring vision, and the sweet cadence of the celestial choir. As it faded away, there fell o'er-my-spirit a calm, peaceful influence, filling the aching void within. No more did I weep in sadness. I longed for my redemption from sin, and when sickness at last laid its iron grasp upon me, and reduced me low, I rejoiced, for the conflict was nearing my heavenly home. My last earthly wish was granted, for dear friends stood beside me when death was swallowed up in victory, and mortality put on immortality, and my spirit took its light to fairer and happier realms. When mortal vision was closed I again saw my dear Mary Elenor. She it was who grasped my hand, and guided me upward to my spirit home. An elder sister, and a scraph sister with angel brothers, composed the band of waiting, guarding attendants, while sweet voices chanted the spirit welcome to joys immortal, and full of glory. From materiality stepped upon the rounds of progression's spiral ladder-have climbed alpine beights and-basked beneath the bright rays of the sun of truth and love, enjoying the companionship of loved ones gone before. We love to come to friends of earth and shed around them the sweet and hely influence of our spirit-home,-

Yes, a happy band we come On angel wings of love, From our bright, celestial home,— From circles blost, above

Dear parents, brothers and sisters, receive this tribute of affection from your spirit-sou and brother. JOSEPH BAUNDERS.

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind, have been convinced that the fate of ompires depends on the education of youth.

[sile THIRD PAGE.]

article as a pleasant fable, something akin to the Unicorn, Dodo, or Phornix, which everybody talked about, but whose existence as a tangible fact no one had yet discovered.

"Out he goes before another year is over!"

And out Stephen Briarly did go-expelled from his little paradise for tasting of the tree of knowlclee. "This is a free country," it was his custom to say when urged to do anything against his wish, nable furtherse; he was turned out of house and should a "knowing his rights and maintaining ta in !" ... What a fool !"

Step a moment, my friend; the world is not quite s had as it seems, and the whiringly of time braigs about its changes; another year saw Stephen Briarly in another farm, though under a different bindlord. He had done one thing the slight thing to do after all--he had won the respect of his neighbors-he had won that by maintaining his own-and Grindley Lit his thin hips with vexation.

Alt is market-day at Shuffleborough, and a dozen farmers are grouped about the door of the Green Dragon. "That's good carn," and the red nosereddened by wind and general exposure-of Farmer No. 1, is burief in the sample.

"tap'tal carn!" and Farmer No. 2 inhales the pleasant aroma.

"Fust rate "Locho Farmers No. 3, 4, 5, and 6. "What is the price?"

The price is mentioned, and again noses and fingers are brought into requisition.

· Is that the lowest?"

"Yes; it's Stephen Briarly's carn, and Stephen it is known makes no abatement."

" An honest man, Stephen."

"Steady chap-" "First rate farmer."

"Plucky, too-blessed if it warn't-a credit to the country the way he served young Grindley-"

"I makes it a point to back a man like Briarly; Le's to be depended upon-never has a second price, and his fust is al'ays a fair one."

So Stephen Briarly's name stood well in the market-and Stephen Briarly prospered-his crops all partiel out well-his cattle did credit to their feeding-and upon the principle, we suppose, that "he who keeps fat oven should himself be fat!"-Stephen t ik life as he had every reason to do-easily-and grew heartier and fatter every day.

He had cast the dice of fortune with a fearless hand-his stake was a heavy one-but his throw was an honest one-and had come up double sixes.

With our realers' permission we will now quit the country for a time, and taking a first class ticket -we always travel first class-on paper-hurry up to London. We have arrived, and are standing in the magnificent ve-tibule of the Carlton Club House.

h When did the news arrive?"

" This morning by electric telegraph."

" Where did it take place?" "Bais de Boulogne."

"Sad thing!"

" Yes; shot right through the lungs-died directly of course."

" And the cause of the quarrel!"

" Why $\frac{1}{2}$ it appears that a young French officer was cleaned out at cearte, lost his temper and complanted of talse play; as Skimperly was the man who had won his money, he took it up; for a man of honor can't statel an accusation like that, you know."

" Certainly is C"

"They went out directly, and the young frog eater, who was a better hand with the pistol than the eards, sent poor Harry to the other world at the first Shot.

"Pity! Skimperly was a good fellow, only too fond

Since his estate became so confoundedly dipped, Le lived by it: it was his only chance of making both ends meet, till the old Earl died."

"Skimperly knew the 'green baize pretty well—he

"Always;" here they both laughed. "A clever fellow and knew a thing or two as well as most-Lilloh here 's Bloodworth—is the House up?"

" And the motion ?"

"Lost?" and the new comer took small with much irritability; "that cursed fellow Dale made a thundering speech as usual-three hours on his legs 'till I felt inclined to knock him off them."

alle's a rising man, Dale."

Yes, he rises on every question. I do n't know what we're coming to, when these fellows, who never had a father, get the ear of the House."

" Have you heard about Skimperly?"

"Curse Skimperly! he cheated at eards and got shot for his pains. To think of losing the motion through that fellow's speech. I shall try it again next session, though;" and the politician bastened away, scattering a cloud of sputf as he went.

Back into the country again-how fast we travel in these days, to be, sure.

" l'oor Grindley's been obliged to put his estate up to the hammer-"

" You mean his creditors have done it for him but it rerves him right what business had a pettifogger's son to hang on to such nobs as the Skimperlys. I knew how it would be when he went up to London after young Skimperly's defeat at Shuffleborough."

"That election business was Grindley's ruin; he supplied all the funds, to be repaid when the old Earl died, and now Harry Skimperly's wiped out, and Grindley loses his money."

" Much ?"

"A stillish figure; but Grindley's London life has completed the business. I knew Grindley's wife when she was Polly Bateson-you know-daughter of old Bateson, who kept the Crown, and ran Blue Peter at the Shuffleborough races. She cut all her old friends, though, directly she knew a lord. Nothing would do but Belgrave Square, and an Opera box for the season-serves Grindley right."

"Quite right; but who's bought the estate?" "Oh, they've sold it piecemeal; some chap in

Shuffleborough has bought a good slice of it." "What's his name?"

"I don't know; but who's that?.. I've seen the face before." The two farmers turned and looked attentively at a man riding slowly up the road-a mean, unprepossessing figure, with a sporting, or rather "turfy" air about it-he sat his horse well, however-as one who delighted in, and was accustomed to the saddle.

"It's Grindley-come down about the purchase, I suppose; Rapp, the auctioneer, fold me he expected

"Well, push on; I don't like him-never did;

shouldersnow he 's in misfortune."

ley was traveling. That worthy gentleman let the sating mass of oreation. rein- lie loose upon his horse's neck, using neither his head was bent, and his thin lips compressed; he sources of bliss, what clysian streams it longs for, was cridently in what is termed a brown study. He rest assured Divinity has prepared. had journeyed thus for some time, when he suddenly hrouse I him - If, and looked around.

but for-" we shall not chronicle the oath-" Mrs. and fashion the inner thoughts. What progression (irindley's and my infatuation and folly. That could there be with thought, and only thought? with villain Skimperly! what business had he to go no facilities for giving the idea a shape or form; fighting ducts? his life was mine; did'n't I specu- with nothing corresponding to the first conscious exlate upon it-buy it? and here he goes and flings it istence on earth; with no glory that was typical of away, just three days before the death of his father, the bliss we once had? Would man aunit lilate comwhich would have made my fortune and his own at parison? Would be be willing to lay down all of the same time; he might then have broken his neck, immortality in the grave, and stand here etherealor blown out his brains, whichever he liked, for any- ized into a finer atmosphere? Would his soul rest thing I should care about the matter."

he'd sold it at a good price, but did n't tell me the mortal mind to feed upon? No! It is here that we name of the buyer; he's got some fine land, who | see the beauty of the eternity of matter; and in ever he is; he's my good wishes."

the spur savagely into his horse's sides, at the same; body another life—some plumaged tribe, perhaps time checking the poor brute with the rein.

"May his ploughshare be the sexton's spade, and his grave the first furrow ?" and with this Christian matter. It came up through a gradation of process, wish the squire rode on.

"I wonder what 's the name of the fellow who has bought it !-here, boy-" and he addressed a young bodiment of matter,-this clayey tenement that holds gentleman in smock and gaiters, who, scated on a the spirit. God progressed it to a point at which it bedistant gate, was busy shouting at the rooks, who came the glorious receptacle in which the great were sailing in a dark cloud within a few yards of thinking life-spirit might dwell. Look not on it as a the teeming earth-" here, boy !"

" "Wall ?" questioned the young gentleman."

"What 's the name of the person who has bought Meadow-dale?"

"Wot's his name?" the boy took some five minutes to fully comprehend the question, then answered— ("T).
"Wot's your'n?"

"1'll come and freshen up your wits with a horsewhip!" roared the amiable Mr. Grindley.

"Noa, ver wunt!" and the juvenile Corydea grinned from ear to ear.

"Why not, you scoundrel?"

" 'Cos yer can't get at I, an' so I b'aint afeard."

".If I throw you a sixpence will you answer my question ?"

Mr. Grindley muttered to himself as he felt in his pocket-" I know I've got a bad sixpence somewhere; I took it in change at Abingdon. Ah! here it is; there you are, my boy," and he threw it into Man's claims and destiny transcend even the mighty the field, "and I hope you'll be taken up for smash- power of archangels' conceptions. It makes angels ing-" (this latter part of the speech was delivered to himself.) " Now, then, tell me who it is that has bought Mendow-dale?"

The boy rose from the stile, and was about to answer, when some object met his eyes, and he extended his hand-

"There he bees!"

Grindley looked in the direction to which the arm of the urchin pointed, and saw a hearty, fat, and not submerge our spirits in his blazonry, but give us burly gentleman, clad in the usual gaiters and cords, his effulgence in atoms, as we can bear. We shall bright coat, and brighter buttons, of the well-to-do feed, and drink, and grow on God,-ever find him ani-English farmer. This one in particular looked the mating the minutest matter,-filling, to the utmost very picture of health and contentment; his arm proportion, the smallest nebular existence, and was resting carelessly upon the back of a fat ox, permeating the rudimental life-coursing through whose ribs he had just been probing, and at his feet all primary powers. And when we have fathomed reclined au-in proportion-equally fat sheep. Mr. and searched for ages on ages multiplied, we shall Grindley touched his horse with the spur, and ap- still find that Deity sits in gentral glory in unex-

for a man begins to do homage to respectability but I was asking the name of the purchaser of Men the God principle. Archangels live on Deity. The dow-dale."

farmer, briskly, as he was about to acknowledge the the soul that has come to that development, that can

salute; then their eyes niet, and they both started, say, "I have found God." He has only found him The farmer was the first to speak.

"ls it possible ?-Squire Grindley!"

The individual addressed struck his hat down conception, and Deity to him corresponds to the size firmly upon his head, and, without a word, gave his of his spirit. horse the spur and galloped down the road; it was only after he had proceeded some fifty yards that the God's love? What voyager has gone out to number words burst from his lips-

"It's that scoundrel Stephen Briarly! Well, who'd have thought it!!!"

Life Eternal.

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

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

PART TENTIL Where is mortality? Why speak we of a part that fades away? Is there an annihilation to these mortal bodies? If the soul is undying, so is the body. The body crumbles within the tomb, and changes to a vegetable existence, and goes on in ratio with the glorious flight of the spirit, so that of the brightest appreciation—tarrying for the souls man-will-never-lose-sight-of-what-was-once-the mortal tenement. They go, as it were parallel, through existence and time. So intimately and so closely connected are the spiritual and the material of man, that the two can never be distinct—for the love will shower the diamonds rare on his future life principle is in eternal rapport with the material. The spiritual and mortal are so blended, that we can never break the chains that blnd them-for mind and matter are inseparable. Material things are but garments of the mental or spiriturl. The spirit must ever find external expressions, for thoughts are ever materialized. They find their correspondence in outpard surroundings. Imagi-nation cannot conceive of that which is not. Man has not power to originate conception. All the mighty and immortal thoughts that revolve in God's external spaceway, are tangible, and things of eternal growth; so no power of man has yet originated, down in tidal love, to meet every wave that dashes for thoughts spring with Deity. Matter and mind in the life clamor. God knows no Sin and Evil. From were with him from the beginning. From creation's night he makes the day beams; from the ocean's dawn every particle has had its respective abode. depths he makes the gems and pearls; from sorrow been starry thought, that sweeps the universal he grows bright buds of hope; agony is but the life. Every starry thought, that sweeps the universal skies, was by him created, and is now standing as of fallen hopes; morning stars, of the darkest clouds; the thing of to-morrow, for the emulative soul of brightest flowers from the thick, green hedge, of times. man to grasp, not to create. Man's ideal faculty is the thorny hedge; and all that man terms the angubut a mirror wherein all things bright are reflected, lar movement, the antagonistic principle, is but God's

is only the inert power, the native principle within, spirit unto the night, instead of the noon-day? that draws the soul to futurity. Such glorious Death is swallowed up in life.

but should n't like to be obliged to give him the cold claims has man upon the immortal kingdom, that he ean traverse eternity in order to find out the Great The farmers put spurs to their nags and rode Omnipotent, who holds all matter, and rules with quickly away in an opposite direction to that Grind- eyes of wisdom, this moving, throbbing, heaving, pul-

All things on earth are but typical of the glorious whip nor spur as the animal passed slowly along; hereafter, and what the immortal soul claims as

Think of a great spaceway, inhabited by spirits, with all the immortal foliage of thought growing ... And all this was mine, and would still be mine, within, and no external material with which to shape satisfied to live in a great spaceway, where no out-"This was the first lot; Ralph wrote me to say ward chimes were visible, with nothing but the imsome bright distance, the spirit of man may recog-Here Mr. Grindley ground his teeth, and struck nize from out the coils and remnants of the decaying some feathered songster; because that which composes the mortal body, can never go back to grosser fashioned by the great Architect of Beauty, into the finely moulded form of man. It is the highest emgross combination of matter, but as a finely proportioned temple, where the spirit lingers, a temple that has no annihilation-only a gradual earth decay, to come up again through nature's laws, into some brightly-tinted flower, and then throw off all and each of its component attributes, to keep revolving in the mass of existence through eternity.

Creation and Immortality are closely woven together. Ilow delicate the fibres! and oh, how mighty the fabric that the angel of life is weaving. Mind and matter make up the warp and filling of this mighty existence. The spirit goes creeping beneath and over, in alternate motion, material and spiritual movement.

In heavenly co-operation of man's immortal inheritance, are the thickly gathering truths that fall so gently here in angel communion. 'T is only the legitimate bliss of man that takes the angels to earth. 'T is his immortal sigh that goes out through the great universe, and comes back with angel echoes. stand in wrapt astonishment, and in wonder gaze with uplifted eyes into the far, far future.

The eternal revolving of matter and mind is the theme of the noblest souls. It shakes and trembles the iron nerves of broad, gigantic powers, when, with telescopic view, they try to look into the far future. And yet we shall not go afar from Deity. No! he will move on as we near his glorious rays. He will plored dominions, where the spirit must yet bound-"I beg your pardon," and Grindley raised his hat for all this power that fills this map of creation, is but his life dispersed. All this animated matter and when his own is on the decline-" I beg your pardon, moving life comprise but a tithe of the aggregate of mound feeds on his life. How great! how incom-"I'm the fortunate man," returned the stout prehensible! Eternity rolls round him. Where is in the boundary of his own capacity, for the spiritual limits of man are the chains that bind him to his

What spirit has yet embarked on the ocean of those waves, and count the multiplied drops that make up his unfathomed glory? Earth's children have as yet but tasted of that boundless existence in which their souls are immortal. What pioneers of glory has ever caught his power? What advanced brilliancy has ever numbered the rays that crown the Deity? Where is the spirit that has learned of his justice? What brightly fledged angel has yet found out the glorious equanimity, that reigns with Divinity? How he holds the universe! What adventurous spirit has soaled the fabrics of his wisdom -counted the avenues of his glory, and the pathways of knowledge that lead to his throne? What mighty hand has swept in lyric tones across the harmony of his spirit? All untouched and unnumbered remain the pealing notes of the harmony of God. Unwhispered are the melodies, waiting for the years of harmonial conception, to drink in the harp tones.

As atoms make up the material world, so the tiny thoughts make up the spiritual universe. And if mau's spirit gathers his jewels now, the Deity of and star-crowned beauties, for the pilgrim to grasp, on his way homeward.

The tide of love and glory, that sweeps through eternity's waters, far outnumbers the atoms of darkness and repulsion. Life holds no positive evil : God's. great creative sway conceived worlds on worlds, and he works through undeveloped atoms. But he has enough shining orbs to stud every night of the soul. He has suns and stars enough to spread out in his canopy of glory, to far outnumber every adverse day. He has enough full, flowing seas of glory to come throb to bliss; life is born of death; triumphal bliss, which God has made. To say that man can conceive the dividend of joy—death, life's glorious discountof that which is not, would place him beyond the God knows well the life commotion, the strong arm boundary of Delty, or without the works of the uni-Shall man trust in Divinity? In life and immor-

The imagination may safely take its flight, for it tallty? Or shall he twine his faith to perverted horrors—claim Sorrow for his bride, and wed his

CONSUMPTION CURED.

The following letter from a gentleman who had been apparently in the last stages of consumption, will be read with interest by all who are suffering with that insidious discass. мевана. В. О. & G. C. Wilson, Botanio Druggists, No. 20

Central street, Beston:

Gentlomen—In 1848 I took a violent cold, which soon resulted in chronic bronchitts; with the continuance 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 emuclated, took my bed, had night sweats, heetle fever, coplous bleeding from the large for the care these my advactions checked but Central street, Boston :-from the lungs, e.g., e.g.; 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 disappointed, I doubted their efficacy, and hes-tated to use them; I tried, however, the Cherry Balsam, and,

after using one bottle, I expectorated a TRUE CHALKY TUBER-LE, and, from that time, gradually recovered, and the cough and bleeding became less and less.

For the benefit of those in the same afflicted and almost For the benefit of those in the same afflicted and almost helpless condition, I will state the effect of your remedies in my case. The Cherry Balsan produced free and easy expectoration; the Neuropathic Drops removed spasmodic stricture in the throat, and allayed irritability and tendency to cough; the Cherry Bittyrs aided digestion, and this increased the strength of the system. The effects of the Sarsaparilla were novel in the extreme; before I had used the first bottle, my body was a daguerrectype of Job—bolis 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.

Warnen A. Reen.

Quincy, Feb. 19, '55. Quincy, Feb. 19, '55. Sm

FOR NAHANT-FROM LONG WHARF.

DEBMANES! ARRANGEMENT FOR THE BEASON. FATO Reduced.—On and after Thursday, June 24, the well known, staunch and fast sailing steamer Nelly Barers, Capt. Covill, with matter constitutions of the state of the sta will make four trips a day between Boston and Nahant, as

Leave Long Wharf, Boston, at 9 1-2 A. M., 2 1-2, 5 and 7 1-2

м. Leave Nahant at 7.3-4 and 11 д.м., 3.3-4 and 6 г. м. Fare only 25 cents.

Fare only 25 cents.

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Nahant at 8, 11 A. M., 2, 6 F. M. Fare 50 cents each way.

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Dec. 2.

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june 19

16 No. 5 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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