

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Original Poetry.

### EVENING REVERIE.

BY J. ROLIN M. SCOTT.

The day was gone! the sun's soft, distant light  
Went down the West, and tinged its gates with fire,  
And left the silent world to meet the night—  
Then slowly settling over roof and spire,  
And still my being throbb'd with strange desire.

At evening's holy hour the spirit wings  
Its flight through contemplation's vast domains,  
And lives beyond this poor world's transient things,  
And lists such music while it there remains,  
That e'en Time's discords fall to break the strains.

The soft moon rose above the sombre wood,  
And left its silver glory tissued there;  
As happiness, inheritance of the good,  
When present, mingles with our daily care,  
Or lights us in the hour of dark despair.

And thus did Night her starry crown reveal,  
And leave her seat of splendor on the skies;  
Oh! what a world were this, could we but feel  
That those bright stars were but the tender eyes  
By which another world our own desires.

We live not as the souls we bear demand—  
With cold deceit we weigh our spirits down;  
Our better nature lends a helping hand,  
Which selfishness repulses with a frown,  
And in life's race we lose the Future's crown.

The Past, the dark, dim Past, rolls up to view,  
And from its page I read of misspent years,  
And feel the presence of the lost, and true,  
Who blest my hopes, and sought to soothe my fears,  
To make my future not a time of tears.

A kindly hand is stretched above me still,  
A happy heart is beating with mine own,  
With such to guide me I can fear no ill;  
It hovers near, but cannot gain the throne  
Where sits the heart—I am no more alone.

A happy thought is this consoling truth,  
Which, should the world so prone to wrong, engage,  
That those we love, who quit us in our youth,  
Are present with us still from youth to age,  
To guard us when temptations round us rage.

And Death, grim messenger of many fears—  
At least so he'd be by man misinterpreted—  
Becomes the angel from the better spheres,  
With life eternal—mighty gift from God!  
And trustingly we meet him as we should.

We trust no more forgiveness at the last,  
And let that trust enhance a life of wrong;  
We know the bark on which our hopes are cast  
Is self, to which salvation must belong,  
Despite the evils which about us throng.

We cannot feel that our Creator sent  
A living spirit forth imbued with ill;  
We know his purpose wise; could he have meant  
To cause a life, which life would thwart his will?  
This cannot be! our God is Justice still.

Then self-reliant every soul should be,  
And recognize divinity within—  
That part of God, which, through eternity,  
Must still remain as first it did begin;  
And keep it uncontaminated by sin.

Oh, gentle evening! how time influence thrills  
Through all my being with a boundless power;  
From every tree I list the mock-bird's trills,  
And fancy gaily glides each fleeting hour,  
And calls for Memory's shelf full many a flower.

Men fail to read their destinies aright,  
And make themselves their sorrows and their gloom,  
Till superstition crowns the reason's night,  
And mankind walks in darkness to the tomb,  
Bopling, though they hold it as their doom.

Of that belief the world so long hath had,  
That, the result; and yet the world will rave,  
If one deny mankind immately bad,  
And hold that God by some wise plan will save,  
Even though that wisdom act beyond the grave.

But time must aid and firmly found that cause,  
Which demonstrates that Immortality  
And lasting Progress are the Father's laws;  
That revelation ne'er can cease to be—  
As God, once still, must lose Infinity.

God, self-created, that he might create—  
Vast principle within the mighty whole;  
Moved over Matter's dark, chaotic state,  
And of all things became himself the soul,  
And his wise laws himself and them control.

God lives as well within the blushing flower,  
As in the moving image of the man,  
The capacities of each receptive power  
Revealing all of Duty, they can;  
An acre will not fit a cubic's span.

Destruction total, will, can never reign!  
God lives in all things, all things then must live;  
The first from God produce their like again—  
From them again their kind in fashion thrive,  
For God to live, Eternity did give.

Sail on, fair Moon! I bless the joyous times  
In which thou reign'st; the night is fleeting on;  
Sail on, till Morn his cloudy stairway climbs  
And lifts thee free before the rousing dawn—  
Until the army of the Day has gone.

And thou, oh Night! how many hearts are ope  
When thou art by, to free some struggling thought;  
How many prayers, the children of our hope  
Dear at thou away with thine own influence fraught,  
Which trust or suffering from the heart have wrought.

Oh, fare thee well! the Morn is speeding near;  
Thy veil is rent already by the light.  
The Sun is throwing from his burnished sphere;  
Oh, fly! lest Day should read thy page aright,  
And hence proclaim the Mystery of Night.

A GOOD WITNESS.—Lawyer.—Did the defendant  
knock the witness down with malice prepense?  
Witness.—No, sir; he knocked him down with a  
station.

Lawyer.—You misunderstand me, my friend; I  
want to know whether he attacked him with any evil  
intent.

Witness.—Oh! no, sir; it was outside the tent.  
Lawyer.—No, no; I wish you to tell me whether  
the attack was at all a preconcerted affair.

Witness.—No, sir; it was not a free concert affair;  
it was at a circus.

## DAISY NEEBROOK;

### Romance of Real Life.

BY CORA WILKINS.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

In a quiet part of a large and populous city, in a small room that is almost devoid of furniture, sits Ada Clayton, the once brilliant beauty and heiress, the sun-bright gem of the household, in mourning garb, her sleeping child upon her lap. Alas, how changed! the brightness has almost all departed from the large, dark, tender eyes; their splendor has been extinguished in the bitter fount of tears; care and watching and privation have paled that once rose-tinted cheek; the impress of power has departed from lip and brow; sad lines of discouragement—of utter weariness and woe—are written there; the seal of anguish is on her heart; if it were not for her child, Ada would willingly lie down to die; but little Amy lives, and must be cared for. Ah, the generous, high-souled Ada, is alone with her grief and want! She, so benevolent and good, sits forsaken by the cheerless hearth, that never more shall greet his footsteps; alone, alone, with grief and memory! As she asks, wistfully, the frantic question: "Where, oh where, is Howard?" a voice threatening and terrible, no angel's whisper of consolation, replies: "Gone, gone forever!—dead! never to return to thee!"

Yes, Howard Clayton is dead! the noble and true is gone. Labor, fatigue, discouragement, exposure, rendered him the victim of a quickly wearing disease; and she, for whom he laid down his existence, was left to the mercies of that bitter world, that amid his toils and hardships, sought him not to welcome and sustain. It was not alone the love, and the peace, and the happiness, rare glimpses of which revisited even their sternest poverty, that had fled with him. But faith and hope and energy forsook the wretched wife, when his last sigh was drawn; and hopelessly, despairingly, she threw herself into Daisy's arms, and called upon death to take her too!

A fearful task devolved upon the gentle, shrinking Daisy; but she met it nobly, bravely, as the heart of devoted woman only can. Although she knew it not, listening angels hovered around, inspiring her tongue with such fervid eloquence, her words with such a power of consolation, that, for the moment, listening entranced, wondering, hopeful, Ada would cease to weep, and clasp her infant to her bosom, with all the olden enthusiasm of her nature; but the heart-wound was too deep; its infliction had been too sudden. From the contemplation of heavenly reunion and future blessedness, the bereaved one turned with reproach and defiance in her voice and manner, to the cheerless present; there was such bitterness in what she said!

"I have never injured a living being; I have been generous, forgiving, charitable, always. I loved my fellow-beings—where is my recompense? I was contented with an humble lot—a crust, a glass of water, with him; and he, my only refuge, my only joy! I am taken from me. Where is Heaven's vaunted justice? that beautiful humanity that decks the page of fiction with such glowing images of charity and love? Where is the practice of the golden precept to be found? Have they done unto me as I would unto them? Answer me, Daisy! thou art the only true soul amid the multitude. They left him to toil and starve!—never acknowledging his talents—never lending him, who was so infinitely their superior, a helping hand. Think you they will succor me, and provide for his orphan child? I hate the world, Daisy! it is full of selfishness and falsehood. Why will you expose yourself to its repulses, to cruelty and humiliation? Leave me; you can better obtain employment if you leave me. Return to Forestdale—they will gladly welcome you!"

To these wild discourses, Daisy replied with soothing caresses; with tender words, regarding the agony the mention of Forestdale brought to her own suffering heart. Alas! she had never heard from its beloved inmates!

Much has been said and written upon that worst phase of slavery, that bonds so many womanly hearts in misery and degradation, flying from the bondage of toll—from needle-servitude. That little, shining implement! a toy in the fair lady's hand, for her careless stitiches are not counted with heart-throbs of anguish; what an instrument of untold torture it is to slaving millions—that glistening, flying, delicately-pointed needle! It has stolen the roses from rounded cheeks; it has robbed the smooth brow of its serene beauty, and curved the defiant lip with bitter mockery, in place of sunny smiles! Yes, think of it, sister woman! it has been the harbingers of death to many; more cruel than the dagger that kills instantly—it wounds by inches; inflicts its nameless martyrdom with torturing slowness and unerring certainty.

To this life of slavery, this miserable bondage, was the soul of Daisy fettered for many weary months—and how her spirit pined for freedom, for air and sunshine abroad—how her weary brow throbed with heaviness and pain, and longing desire for change—how she prayed that voiceless prayer of the afflicted—how often her faint arms drooped with utter exhaustion, let those tell who look her have passed through the fiery ordeal of servitude to toll!

You are waiting for the story, gentle and pitying reader?—waiting to hear how Daisy was rescued

from this uncongenial lot. Have a little patience. With the beauty and the romance, the strange vicissitudes and the startling details, receive also the sternness and the every-day trial and experience that is also the reality of life—that is of its grandest and most useful lessons—that teacheth faith, forbearance, resistance unto wrong.

It is not the bitter, unremunerated toil alone that goads the soul to desperation, and leads it to temptation and sin. It is the scornful frown of the world's self-constituted classes, imposing humiliation, contempt, neglect, upon the toilers for the daily bread; monopolizing to themselves all that is beautiful in art, and rare in genius; docking themselves with earth's universal offerings of wealth and beauty; wrapping around them their costly robes, lest they should be soiled by contamination with the child of poverty; closing their aristocratic portals upon the unfortunate, fearing their bare, bleeding feet might soil the glossy richness of their velvet carpeting; that their toil-worn fingers might leave their plebeian impress upon some carved or gilded ornament! This withdrawal of sympathy—this negation of heart—has driven proud and long-suffering souls to ruin, to forgetfulness of honor, duty and virtue! It has driven despairing souls, that a kindred smile, one grasp of the hand would have saved, to misery and degradation, to theft and sin, and self-murder! Once, on the gained shores of the spirit land, accuser and accused will stand; the child of affluence and luxury confronting the child of penury; and the one earth deemed lost shall say to the flattered, petted daughter of pride—to the son of those earth called high and honorable: "Thou art my murderer! thou wert my tempter unto evil!" And the wretch that the world's unanimous applause placed on the beauty's brow, the forehead of judge or statesman shall pale and shrivel 'neath that accusing voice. Oh, there! tinsel will not pass for heart-wealth; fashion will not conceal a soul's deformity, nor sweet words belie with outer semblance, a haughty, pitiless spirit. Yes, Daisy toiled, wearily—often till late into the night—toiled for herself and the grief-stricken Ada, who were it not for her child, would have sunk beneath the burden of her woes. She was for a time so weak and helpless, that the entire responsibility rested upon Daisy, who, striving herself for the effort, sought and obtained embroidery and other fine sewing, the proceeds of which barely sufficed to provide them with food. But by degrees Ada aroused from the lethargy of sorrow—from the numbness of suffering—and looked upon her child; that growing in beauty, and rosette with health, in the midst of their many privations, seemed calling upon her to make an effort for its sake.

And Ada looked upon the child with unutterable love, and the purpose strengthened in her heart; she would relieve Daisy of her labors—that true friend should not toil for her. Remembering that she possessed a fine voice—one that had won her admiration and applause from many—she determined to make use of this noble gift for the maintenance of herself and child. Even in her widow's garb, with her subdued and sorrowful air, she applied for music pupils, sinking forever the pride that in his lifetime would have deterred her from such a step. She was moderately successful in obtaining scholars, and Daisy, relaxing somewhat her unwearying efforts, rejoiced to behold an interest in the things of life returning to her afflicted friend.

Thus they lived—sharing each other's sorrows for two years after Howard's death; and little Amy grew in infantile beauty a sweet, loving, affectionate child; and over the face of Ada there stole a mild reflection, as if picturing the growing resignation of her soul—as if the mountain-weight of her sorrow was lessened, and her burden worn more cheerfully. It was little Amy's voice and smile that brought the change; no gleam of light from above had yet fallen on the troubled heart; she knew not that her beloved one was nigh, hearing her sighs, a witness to her despairing grief—the grief she abandoned herself so fully to when alone! For her child's sake she toiled, and endured meekly, humiliation and reproach; she, the proud, high-souled Ada Lenox! But in her spirit gleamed no hopeful dawn;—no vivid faith portrayed a blissful future. Ada, amid her heart's grief and bitterness learnt to doubt, to fear, even for immortality.

One day, an unaccountable restlessness possessed Daisy; she could not sit still and sew, and she cared not to go forth into the dusty streets. Unheeding the innocent prattle of Amy, she sat with her face gleaming upon her hands, listening to every passing footstep in the house, wildly expectant—of she knew not what. There were several boarders in the house; Ada and Daisy, living so humbly retired, preparing their own meals, held no intercourse with them; but when the landlady, entering at mid-day to make some inquiry of Daisy, mentioned "the young man from the South, who was lying very ill up-stairs," her heart stood still with a great and undefined terror; and tremblingly she inquired his name—the place he came from. Mrs. Bently was about to reply, when she was summoned from the parlor, and Daisy saw her not again that day.

Ada noticed her friend's unusual abstraction and paleness, but forbore to press her with questions. She had an appointment that evening with a new scholar, to agree upon the hours of tuition, and the terms. She left Amy and Daisy with a kiss, and an injunction to take care of themselves. When she was gone about half an hour, little Amy's eyelids drooped, and she whispered "Aunt," to put her to sleep. Soon she was sleeping in her little crib; and pale, silent and abstracted, Daisy watched the moon-rays falling in at the window, playing upon the sombre

carpet. As if an invisible arm grasped her, Daisy arose; as if voices, bade her go onward, she went; as if some powerful, guiding, though unseen influence, directed her, Daisy followed, as if in a dream, yet with a deepened consciousness—with senses painfully acute—with wildly throbbing heart and flushing cheeks—with panting breath, yet with determined will. She passed up the stairs meeting no one, along the well-lighted entry, to where a room-door stood half open. She paused, with her hand upon it—could she, dare she enter? A sweet fragrance of roses came wafted around her as she stood irresolute; she heard faint moans from within; deep pity and tenderness, and a dread and fear unutterable, caused her to rush forward with trembling limbs and tear-blinded eyes. She stood within the sick chamber. A shaded lamp was burning on a small table; before it stood a vase, filled with choice flowers; rose-leaves were strewn around the snowy coverlid of the bed, whose curtains were drawn back for the admittance of the summer breeze that came in at the half-opened window; an air of luxury and refinement pervaded the chamber. Daisy took all in in one quick glance, then her eyes rested searchingly, timidly, with trembling expectation, upon the sufferer's face. It was upturned, as if in invocation or entreaty; the moonbeams rested full upon its glorious, unearthly beauty, softening the harsh lines of illness, effacing with their spiritual, tender light the haggardness of disease, the impress of the destroying angel. The blue eyes uplifted with such holy fervor—the wide, pure brow, around which damp, yet beautiful, the golden hair lay like a glory; the wan hands fabled with the earnestness of supplication. With a cry that broke from the awakened depths of her soul, a heart-wail of love and anguish, Daisy rushed towards him, forgetful of all beside—unmindful of all, save that he lay there, pale and dying. She clasped her loving arms around him, and before he could recall his thoughts from heaven to earth, cried wildly, imploringly—

"Reginald! oh, Reginald! speak to me! it is I, Daisy—Daisy come to find you!"

A soft blush mantled his cheek, rose to his brow, then died away like a departing joy; but a deep, earnest, tender light filled his eyes, and they beamed assurance upon her, ere his trembling voice could frame a word.

"You here!" he said at last, and a beautiful smile lighted up his face. Still her arms were entwined around him, her dark curls floated over his brow; still with her tender eyes, now fully revealing the long-looked secret, bent upon upon him; she stood as in a trance of joy; no conventional fear intruding—no false shame invading the sacredness of that beautiful and sad reunion.

"You here, Daisy?" he repeated. "You come to me in my last hours, when my thoughts were of God and heaven! You, his ministering angel, come to me to bring the breath of home around me—to say that you forgive me, that I may go hence with your blessing, as I go with my mother's pardon?"

Still in that strange abstraction, listening to the music voice, but hearing not the words he spoke, Daisy stood; her eyes bent full upon him with all her soul's hoarded tenderness and sorrow revealed so fully; yet moving not her lips to speak; untwining not that loving clasp, that would have shielded him from death, with the power of a mighty, saving love.

"Daisy!" he said soft and tenderly, "how came you here?—how heard you the tidings? I did not hear you come in."

"I am here," she replied, low and dreamily; "I know not how I came—angels guided me, I believe. But you are ill, Reginald! What is there I can do for you?" her arms relaxed their hold—she gazed upon him with reverential pity.

"You can pray for me!" he replied sadly, "and you can say again you forgive me, for my harshness—my cruelty of yore—that is all, dear Daisy. My days, nay, my hours are numbered. Hush, Daisy, do not weep so bitterly! Is there yet one on earth to weep so for me?"

The strange spell that bound her seemed loosening—now she stood—facing—the cold, stern reality. She had met Reginald Danby, but it was soon to lose forever that smile, now beaming upon her so tenderly; those blue eyes, answering glances of recognized affection.

"No, no!" she murmured, "it cannot be! The prayers of my young life—the bitter tears of my solitude—the cross that I have borne—shall it be all in vain? My youth—my life, my every hope destroyed? It cannot be! though never again to behold him. Father in Heaven! oh, spare him yet to earth! let me know that he lives, and is happy, though I never see him more!"

She thought that she spoke unheard, save by the ear of God; but he heard—the wailing sufferer listened, and treasured every word; amid the lost hours of life—amid the circling shadows and the advancing mist, uprose a mighty joy, a glorious revelation that thrilled his soul with ecstasy.

"My mother!" he murmured, with outstretched hands, as if recognizing her spirit-form, "I will perform thy mandate."

"Where is my friend, my mother, my generous benefactress? Reginald, where is your mother?"

I should never behold her again! But you will recover, Reginald! You are young—you will be restored to health, now that you have returned to your native land. The balmy air of the South will work wonders; the physicians say so, do they not?"

"Poor Daisy! true, gentle friend! you, too, are looking pale and thin. Have you been ill, Daisy?"

"No—yes—it does not matter; tell me of yourself. Oh, Reginald! you are indeed ill and weak. Your face flushes and pales—your breathing is oppressed. Oh, tell me, what can I do for you?" and Daisy wrung her hands and wept in anguish.

"Pray for me, and if you will, stay beside me," he replied. "Poor Sampson here has fallen asleep, and the nurse will soon return. Do not distress yourself; I am prepared, happy, and willing to go to my mother."

"To leave me forever in this bleak, false, heartless, cruel world!" cried Daisy. "Oh, take me with you, Reginald! let me, too, go with you to your mother! Take me with you!" she frantically implored.

The light of a joy ineffable broke over his pallid face—transfigured by the power of a pure, self-sacrificing love, it glowed with angelic triumph; tears, that were heart-signals of acknowledgment, welled from his eyes. A lofty, inner prompting grew strong; he sought the little, trembling hands, that were covering the pallid face, screening the weeping eyes.

"Look on me, Daisy!" he whispered.

She obeyed. There was unutterable love, passionless and exalted as the expression of an angel's devotion, in the blue eyes speaking to her soul. There was a promise of celestial joy upon the finely chiseled lips, that smiled so radiant, hopeful, hope, mysteriously beautiful, sat enthroned upon the open brow. Surely death could not claim him yet; so Daisy deemed, as in worshipping awe and tender reverence, she gazed upon the illumined countenance—listening enrapt to the sweet, solemn voice, that spoke of death and life eternal, bliss and reunion, with so deep and fervent a faith.

He held her hand, and gazed intently upon her face awhile. Once more, the heart glow irradiated his features, as he said, "Be calm, be firm in this coming trial; be so, for my sake, Daisy. Listen: soon the nurse and the physician will return. I may not have another opportunity to converse with you thus. Daisy, do you love me?" low and tenderly the words were spoken.

"More than life! better than night on earth!" she replied, not with timid blushes and maidenly hesitancy, but with all the fervor of her soul, that solemnly registered the vow that bound her spirit with his forever. A holy kiss, the seal of eternal union, as it was the signal of earthly separation, was pressed upon her brow. A solemn calm stole to her long-tried heart; a thrilling hope, wild, vague and delicious, nestled to her soul, breathing promise—peace!

"I have long known your worth. I have prayed for this hour, Daisy! For many months you stood beside me, even as now, invoked by my longing, repentant soul. The image of the false and heartless one has faded—her treachery causes me no pang—not one regret; only for what it caused me to suffer. Daisy, the veil that shrouds our mortal sense is withdrawn when immortality draws nigh. I behold my spirit mother; I feel her touch upon my burning brow, life-like, warm and soothing; believe it, Daisy; my mind is not wandering. And now if your love be deathless as mine can be, will be for you, say, if I return from the land of spirits, that you will not shrink in superstitious terror, that you will not repel the spirit-visitant, when the worn out, shattered frame, the sunken visage repels you, now not! Say that I shall be welcomed; for if I can return, I will. Daisy, can your love outlive the barriers of the grave? Can you love beyond this world?" She folded her hands as if in prayer; not a shadow of doubt or fear marred the angelic repose of her sweet, pale face; no terror darkened her trusting soul, awakened to a higher consciousness, a new found consolation.

"I can love for eternity!" she replied, gazing with renewed and wondrous longing upon his beautiful, inspired countenance.

"But you are young and beautiful," he said; "it were wrong to fetter your freedom, to lead you aside from the common lot of humanity; the common life, that is so rich and full of beauty. And yet it were to save that sinless soul from passion's blight and disappointment's stings, from discord, and wearing jealousy, perhaps; it were to win a virgin soul for the spirit realms of love and purity. It were a high and glorious destiny—if what I dream be true. No stain of earth should cloud that angel brow; world-aparted, consecrated to a heavenly union, how rich in blessings would be such a soul! But, I would not bind thee, Daisy, by vow to promise; perhaps, some future day thou wilt love another far better than me; thou wilt seek, and find thy loving counterpart on earth."

Blending with his thoughts, and reading his soul's desire, the spirit of Daisy grasped the beautiful faith he held, and pressed it to her bosom, a fund of joy, a gloriously won trophy! With the light of a holy enthusiasm blinding with a rosent glow the erst pale face; illumined with unearthly splendor the dark, tender eyes, Daisy upraised her hand; and with a voice rich with its heart-toned power, untrembling in its noble purpose, spoke the solemn word that bound her, heart and spirit, on earth and in heaven, his own forever! Then she took his unresisting hand, and pressed her pure, girlish lips upon it; baptised it with the warm flood of grateful tears, that consecrated the loving, mysterious.



bound no mortal power henceforth could rivet. The wild tide of her sorrow was stayed; a heavenly influence seemed pouring balm into her wounded heart; even there beside the sufferer's couch, melodious waves, bearing towards her the summing-up of her life, seemed to lull deliciously and to whisper peace! Noontide and silvery clouds, floated around her, and cool and fragrant flowers, strangely emblematic, seemed to fall upon and around her bed. With his hand in hers, while his sudden fluttering, and the glowing pallor of his face, told of expiring life, she felt the nearness, the beauty and the glory of immortality. She forgot the earth surroundings, her poverty and loneliness—she remembered nought, save that she was his own, for all eternity.

The weaned negro, awaking, was surprised to find a young girl watching beside his master, but soon with every demonstration of joy, he recognized "Miss Daisy," and she recollected the faithful Sampson, one of the attendants at Forestdale, now the freed and attached friend of his former master, whom it was his delight to serve to the last. When the nurse and the physician returned, she was presented to them by Reginald, who was sinking rapidly, as his mother's friend and his affianced bride. They regarded the pale and beautiful girl with tender pity and respect; the good physician's heart felt a pang of inexpressible sorrow, when truth compelled him to reply, in answer to her whispered, eager inquiry, of how long Reginald might live: "He cannot be with us longer than to-morrow."

A shrinking and timid girl, who entered that sick chamber with a soul that shrank from suffering, an undisciplined heart that waited alone for its idol's restoration. She left that room, to summon Ada, a sorrow-matured woman, "one degree less than the angels," in the purity and nobleness of her love; the lofty heroism of endurance, the beautiful patience and religious calm, that, born of faith, waits resignedly the decrees of the Father; "saying not with the bitterness of grief and defiance, 'Why is this to me?'" but humbly and truthfully, "Thy will be done."

Her face was very pale, but it was also calm, and her step was firm; and though her sweet tones were low, there was no trembling in them, as she folded Ada in her arms, and told of her meeting with Reginald. A strength not her own, upheld her; she flattered not herself with the vain hope of his recovery now; but close nestling to her soul, a truthful angel whispered, "He will return to thee, have faith and patience." It was no overwrought excitement that brought this revelation, it was no wild phantasm conjured by sorrow, invoked by despair; it was a truthful angel's whisper of consolation.

All that night, and the following day, Daisy watched beside him, holding his fluttering hand, wiping the death damps from his brow; and Ada shared her vigils, and bent her suffering, still devout spirit to a gentler mood. When the evening shadows gathered, and ere the lamp was lit, Reginald, joyfully exclaiming that he saw his mother, stretched out both hands towards the vacant spot, whereon he fixed his kindling eyes; then he fell back exhausted upon the pillows, and the joyous flush died out of his face, and the dim, mystic shadows of transition gathered there. Daisy bent over him, and his eyes unclosed; with a long, lingering gaze that concentrated all his spirit's love and promise, they rested upon her own, until the death film overspread them; the noble heart ceased beating, and the lips closed with the name of Daisy lingering there in music to the last!

One kiss of love she imprinted on the pale, still brow; her longing gaze of unutterable affection seemed unwilling to withdraw from the loved form and placid face, on which so benignly rested the seal of beatitude. Unwillingly, she was torn from the room, giving vent to no violent outbreak of grief; but with hands clasped in all the beauty of resignation over the torn and bleeding heart, she said low and reverently, as if repeating a prayer, or some promise of Holy Writ:

"He will return! my Reginald will return to me!"

Daisy was rescued from poverty and toil, from the world's grasp of oppression; but, oh! how sad and heavily passed the days for her, ere the heavenly sunshine brightened the solitary path, and the spirit bridegroom came with loving token to awaken her heart to joy!

#### CHAPTER IX.

At Westonsville, the mistress lies a prey to disease and mental anguish, a victim to incurable remorse, tossing wearily upon a couch of thorns; calling loudly, frantically upon the sister she has driven to exile, the child she has so deeply wronged. But her cries and groans are unheeded, her tardy prayers avail not; the wronged and suffering respond not; they are afar; perhaps they are in the land of souls. Miss Broom, hypocritically soothing, caressing her mistress as the tiger strokes the booty within his grasp, whines out condolence, mock religion, and mock sympathy. Worse, far worse than the inflictions of bodily anguish is the gnawing of conscience; the avenging voices of Right that clamor incessantly for a hearing; the pictures of memory that haunt that guilty woman's soul, with the remembrance of her sister's despairing farewell; the fatal aspect of a little child calling in delirium upon its mother! Sarah Weston groans and tosses in anguish of spirit, and calls upon "Alice," and loudly wails for "Daisy." Only a menial's voice responds with chilling tone; her sabbat attendants serve her through fear. Oh, for one word, one look of love, from kindred hearts!

Impressed by the unseen intelligences that ever guide our willing footsteps into "paths of pleasantness and peace," impelled by a last, despairing hope, a travel-worn, solitary woman, wends her way on foot, from the near village, to Westonsville. She wears a faded, mourning garb; it bespeaks poverty, as her sorrow-bowed figure indicates much trial. Yet, on the pale face lingers an impress of serene and touching beauty; the hair is folded plainly over the wide, intellectual forehead, and is intersected with shining threads of silver. The sweet mouth is tightly compressed, as with suffering or self-control; no rose-tint visits now the hollow cheek—but in her calm, deep, tender eyes, what a revelation of love and devotion, what a faithful, tried, all suffering spirit is mirrored there. It is a strangely beautiful face, despite its sorrowful look, its pallor of grief and sickness; there is a glory upon it that angels recognize and hail with blessed joy; a martyr's crown adorns the brow of the pure and faithful wife, the lone, bereaved mother. It is Alice Nesbrook, returning after many years of wandering to her native place; impelled by the irresistible desire of once

more beholding the scenes of her youth, of gazing upon the stern, sister's face, of weeping upon the grave of her only lost one. It is Daisy's mother, returned alone, guided by angels to seek and to find!

Aunt Abby, now bent with age and infirmity, hobble painfully to open the gate, and peers curiously at the ill-dressed stranger. Pompey, too, advances, but he recognizes her not, though she remembers them both so well. In a low, trembling voice, she inquires for Miss Sarah, and is informed that "she's more 'n dead nor alive, an' giv' up by all do doctors an' perfumers long ago, a lingerin', honey! 'twixt life an' death, an' a waitin' for de blessed Massa's summons to go to her long home."

An expression of tenderness and compassion swept across the stranger's face. "Do you not remember me, Aunt Abby?" she softly inquires.

"Deed, honey, I can't say I does. You look familiar, as dey calls it, but I disremember 'xactly where de resemblance is. Please gib yez name, missus, an' I'll try to 'member right."

"You look like de old woman's hand, black hand; 'Yop, 'yop, 'yop, Alice Nesbrook, Abby?—Miss Sarah's poor little Daisy's mother, do you not?"

"My golly, Lar! Hebbenly Savior an' holy Massin!" shouted Abby, starting back; then, rushing forward, she put back the lady's bonnet and scanned her altered face; passing her trembling hands over the smooth bands of hair, put away beneath her widow's cap.

"You is de young missus! Lord, Lord in Hebben! it is Miss Alice! de blessed darlin', de honey lamb, it is! Where you come from all by yerself, in dis old ragged gown, a trampin' all lone some by de way, wid no nigger along and nobly to 'nounce yer comin'?" Where you come from, honey; do tell ole Auntie as is most crazy wid de suddenness ob dis yer joyful 'tuck; say, missus?"

"I am alone, Abby," sadly replied the widow; "my husband is dead, I am poor and friendless, I come to see my sister."

"An' ye shall see her, honey, if dar were seventy thousand dragons a watchin' round about. I has my orders to let no white person in, nor nigger either, to see ole sick missus, but you is her sister, honey, and you shall see her, if ole new Missus Broom kill dis nigger for disrespect. Foller me, honey, right dis way!"

She led Alice into the house, up the old familiar stairs, into Sarah's sleeping room. Aunt Abby had determined to brave Miss Broom's displeasure, though her own martyrdom should ensue; for it was her strictly enforced order, that no visitors were to intrude upon her lady. Old Pompey having heard the name of Alice Nesbrook, hastened to communicate the news to the rest of the servants. Abby's courage was not put to the proof, for Miss Broom was absent; she had gone to the village; only Jane, a little mulatto girl, sat watching by the bedside; she beckoned to her to leave the room, and resolutely summoned fresh courage and eloquence wherewith to meet Miss Broom on her return.

Alice took off her faded and crumpled bonnet, and cast aside her shawl; she took up the fan Jane had thrown upon the floor, and waved it over the sleeping sufferer's face. Low pale and haggard she looked! how weak and helpless! A flood of tender recollections stole to the forgiving heart of the gentle sister. She watched her anxiously, tenderly, with melting pity in her eyes, as she groaned and tossed in unquiet sleep; she drew gently back, so as not to startle her too suddenly when her eyes unclosed, and she gazed wildly, fearfully around.

"Where am I? where have I been?" she cried, passing one hand over her brow; "this is Westonsville, and I am home again. Will this never, never end? this racking, ceaseless, burning remorse? this memory of Alice, the pale, reproachful face of that child? It is her ghost—I know it; and Alfred's ghost, and the avenging shadow of Alice! Oh, Westonsville will be haunted—I know it! My sister's spirit walks its chambers! Oh, Alice, Alice! I drove you forth to misery and exile;—Oh, if you be living, parlor, parlor me! I cannot die thus—I must not—I dare not!" she wildly screamed.

Alice advanced with gentle footsteps; she saw the insane gleam in her sister's eye; the wildness of her manner; the incoherence of her speech. She would bring peace and soothing to her troubled soul at once.

"Sarah!" she said, with a sweet and mournful smile, advancing towards her, and extending both hands, "I have returned. It is I, Alice, returned to cheer and comfort you!"

"You, Alice?" shrieked Sarah. "It is a trick, a mockery! my sister is dead! I killed her with scorn and cruelty; privation, cold and hunger, did the rest! Come here—come nearer; see you not that I cannot move—that one side of me is paralyzed? Let me look at your face; I am half blind; I cannot see you where you stand. Oh, for pity's sake, whoever you are, draw near!"

With blinding tears, Alice obeyed; she saw that her stricken sister could not rise without assistance from that bed of torture; that one arm and hand hung powerless; that every movement caused excruciating pain. She assisted her to a sitting posture, and then sat down before her, holding her stricken hand, gazing upon her distorted countenance with angelic pity. Eagerly, tremblingly, with panting breath, and broken words of doubt and hope, Sarah passed her other hand across her sister's face, and put her altered countenance close to hers, and entreated her to speak, to tell her truly who she was; but when Alice drew from her bosom little Daisy's miniature, and the locket containing the tress of golden brown hair, the doubt and suspicion fled from her disordered brain, and with a loud, piercing cry of joy she fell back upon the pillows, overcome with commingling emotions, but not insensible.

Then, the guiding angels, who had hither led the wanderer's feet, sang a song of joy and victory; and the icy coldness melted from the long obdurate heart of Sarah Weston, and there was joy in Heaven for the repentant sinner! On her sister's bosom she poured out a full confession of the past; but when she spoke of Daisy, living, wandering she knew not where, the mother uttered a loud cry of horror, and drew her hands from the cruel sister's touch. Alas! she trailed her stricken form to the ground, and groveled in the dust at the feet of Alice, beating her breast, imploring wildly for forgiveness, telling her that when last heard from, Daisy was safe with honorable friends; that she was pure and beautiful, beloved by many; that she had sought for her, written to her, but received no answer. She had left—with Ada Lenox and her husband for the North; she could gain no tidings of her. Again the heavenly influences, ever guiding her faithful heart aright, inspired the forgiving Alice with the

words of pity and pardon; but trembling with its mighty joy and vague fear, her spirit walled forth its unuttered plaint: "My child! my child! where shall I seek thee?"

When Miss Broom returned, she started with astonishment and turned pale with apprehension, as she beheld Alice Nesbrook; her plans were all frustrated, the evil plottings of so many years, the well-laid schemes were all in vain. The helpless woman she had successfully coped with so long, came in the hour of her final triumph to wrest all from her hands; to wring the guarded secret from the remorseful heart of her sister, to overwhelm her, with shame and discomfiture.

The outcast wanderer, the patient, enduring toiler was reinstated in her lawful rights. Westonsville became her rightful property, as it had been her early home. She watched with and prayed for the erring sister, and Sarah, thanks to her saving presence, died calmly, in faith and hope. Miss Broom was discharged with a mild rebuke that wounded her guilty soul far more than indignant language would have done. Alice gave her money, and bade her be truthful and honest in the future. Despite of her obduracy of feeling, she left Westonsville in tears. The negroes wept for joy, as they embraced the new mistress, whose gentle heart forbade not the familiarity; women and children embraced her with tears of congratulation, for her and for themselves; the men blessed her, and called down length of days upon her, and rubbed their toil-worn hands for joy, anticipating the mildness of her loving sway. In all the newspapers, Alice called upon her child, for information of Howard Clayton; but no response came. She called upon all the neighbors, even upon Ada's father. He dismissed her rudely, saying he knew nothing of the "beggar Clayton, nor of his disobedient daughter; they might live or starve as they pleased." After many unavailing efforts, weary and discouraged, Alice sat down in her lonely home, and wept afresh, as if she had just then lost her child. Thus, again, two years passed, and Alice dreamed of the little child she had left, now grown to a woman; and her motherly heart pictured her exposed to want, and toil, and the world's varied temptations. She traveled North several times, but she could gain no tidings of Daisy Ellis; she resigned herself to meet her child in heaven.

#### CHAPTER X.

Meanwhile, restored to comfort and affluence by the saving hand of the departed, Daisy lived a secluded life, devoted to the care of her friend, to the task of leading along life's flowery and thorny path the unfolding spirit of Ada's gifted child. Forestdale had been her bridal room, and she would long since have returned to its quiet shades and hallowed memories; but Ada, the sensitive, suffering Ada, refused to return to the neighborhood in which her father's name was as a by-word of reproach—where the haughty, cruel Estella ruled in her mother's place. So, ever yielding to those she loved, Daisy argued not with her best friend, and as she had ever done, she strove to overcome every consideration of self—to live only for others. With clinging faith and trust, that almost changed to wild despair as time passed on, Daisy waited for the fulfillment of Reginald's dying promise, for his spiritual coming, for the renewal of the pledged troth, pronounced on earth. She dreamed of him often, and he smiled upon her, gently and pityingly; but it was still his mortal face that greeted her; pale, wasted and beautiful, with its earthly sufferings. She longed to behold his angel form and radiant visage; the robes of light with which she deemed him decked; the kindly gleam on his noble brow; the joy and the bliss of immortality rendering seraphic the mortal beauty; exalting the spirit's excellence. As months sped on and he came not with the exceeding glory her fond love deemed his meed, as he appeared in mighty vision, pale, calm and beautiful as he had been on earth, a deep sadness fell upon the expectant heart of Daisy, and she cried in bitterness:—"My Reginald cannot return; there is an impassable barrier betwixt earth and immortality!"

They traveled much; they crossed the broad Atlantic, and visited the sunny, tropical isles, for Ada's health was failing, and the hectic glow settled on her cheek, the fatal brilliancy of consumption glanced from her beautiful, dark eyes. At length they returned to their native shores, and heard with wonderment of the first indications of spirit-presence, of the mysterious sounds and alphabetic signs announcing the return of spirits to the earth.

"It can be; it must be true!" said Ada; "souls cannot be severed, even for the earth-life; but I comprehend a portion of the mystery, dear Daisy; certain conditions are deemed necessary. Had I been cold, unloving, selfish, my Howard could not have loved me. It was my endurance of hardship without murmur or reproach, that so elevated me in his eyes, that inspired him with energy and perseverance so long. I have become hardened by his loss; my beautiful faith, my lofty enthusiasm, my hope and pride and energy—I buried all in his grave. I retrograded spiritually in place of advancing; I feel now, I accepted not the divine purposes of sorrow, as my heavenly Father decreed them; I turned the salutary current into a poisoned stream, and I became impious, defiant and despairing. May God forgive me! I am awakening now; this new and beautiful faith, with its divine philosophy and healing strains of angelic joy, it thrives around my heart; it is the crowning glory of my life; it reveals to me the solution of many a problem; through love it leads my soul to God! to worship in humility and resignation; to calmly await the reunion that is now to me a certainty. Oh, Daisy, it is a beautiful faith!"

"In this book before me," replied her friend, "I find the echoes of my Reginald's lofty thoughts and holy aspirations. Truly, he was inspired by the progressed spirits of the departed; he obtained glimpses of those lands of beauty, here delineated with such magical power of description. My own vague imaginings, the beautiful dreams of my childhood, find their explanation here. I know to what they pointed with intense longing, and partial revelation. They tell me solemnly, these men of creeds and churches, that in the universal, dazzling, earth-bright heaven of all, there will be no marriage! Ada, the intuitions of the soul are true; they are whispered angel teachings. I believe that, joined heart to heart and soul with soul, I shall stand beside him, my earth-chosen one, throughout the endless ages of eternity! loving him above all created things, being beloved by him, with that exalted, ever augmenting affection, that based upon all that is pure, spiritual and beautiful in humanity, knows no change, and fears no death to its sacred fervor. Yes, I believe in Love in Heaven; a love so far transcend-

ing all earthly estimate, that my spirit falls in worship before its dimly fore-shadowed glory. Verily, its mortal vision in bewildered joy!" Beautiful enthusiasm! giving expression to lofty truths and divine realities. Ada gazed upon her with a true heart's admiration.

Edwin Maywood lived at Forestdale, and managed its affairs for Daisy. She did not wish it bruited about, that she was its mistress; therefore her name was never mentioned in the neighborhood, nor ever came to the ears of Alice Nesbrook. Edwin lived happily with his gentle wife, grateful for his fortunate escape from the toils of Estella Mitchell, who lived in gilded imprisonment, in solitary grandeur at Wardley Hall. Mrs. Sharp had retired into obscurity; she left the neighborhood, telling no one of her future intentions, or place of abode.

Over town and valley, city and village, plain and mountain, sped the glorious news; throughout the wide land of Freedom the hymning chorus sped, and was responded to by thousands of loving, suffering, expectant hearts. To the palatial mansion and to the lowliest hovel sped the peace-winged messengers, proclaiming the nearness of the spirit-land, the communication from soul to soul, uplifting the mystic curtain, leading orphans to their parents' hearts; wives to their husband's bosoms; friend to friend, and countless souls to God. And Ada, arousing from the pain and lethargy of disease, welcomed the joy-bringing messengers, and clasped the beautiful revelation to her soul; and Daisy, long waiting and expectant, heralded the coming of this new and glorious belief with a consciousness of peace and power. And Alice Nesbrook, the childless and bereaved, wept for joy, and in the silence of her chamber listened to the mysterious rappings, and knew that her beloved husband lived, and loved her. And many a toil-worn, weary heart, many an aching brow, lighted up with the flashing of a sudden joy, as spiritual intercourse was proclaimed.

Soon, and Daisy's spiritual sight was opened, and she beheld her loved one, robed with the ideal splendor of her dreams, the excellent beauty of an angel. And beneath this holy guardianship, the soul of the long-suffering girl grew strong and bright and beautiful; and she spoke in inspired strains of poesy and exhortation, and wrote for the defence of purity, love and truth, vindicating the newly-given light from false aspersions; from all earthly stain, from all selfish motive. She placed the spiritual belief in all its beauty, simplicity and truthfulness before the minds of men, and called upon woman to aid by precept and example, by lives of holy self-abnegation, and spotless purity, this most sacred cause of all—the cause of human redemption.

Time passed on, and Ada's soul grew lustrous and divinely meek beneath spirit guidance, and she beheld the spirit portals, and the smiling, radiant face of her husband, and his outstretched hand, beckoning her to come. With serene and inspired countenance, with holy trust and unflinching faith, she confided her child to Daisy's keeping, and followed the angelic messenger. She died with her head upon Daisy's bosom, with a blissful smile upon her lips, saying with her last drawn sigh—"We meet soon again, dear Daisy!" And Daisy reverently folded her arms across the still breast and smoothed the shining hair, and sweetly soothed poor Amy's grief, and then she sat down to think and upraise her spirit to the heights of communion with the departed—not to weep and wail for them. As she sat there in holy reverie, she beheld her loved one; and he smiled, and bade her look above; and she obeyed, and saw the graceful, thrice-beauteous form of Ada in renovated youth, and spirit garments, smiling upon her, and saying sweetly—"I am happy!"

The earth-ridden, heart-disciplined woman, now no longer a shrinking, timid girl, obeyed the voices of her soul that bade her go to Forestdale; no news of Aunt Sarah's death, of the changes at Westonsville had reached her. Yielding compliance to Ada's request, that she might be spared the mention of her home, of aught connected with the early, bitter memories, she had desired Edwin Maywood not to write to her, but to manage all as he thought best. Poor Ada had grown morbidly sensitive, since her husband's death, and this shrinking sensitiveness had painfully augmented during her illness; her faithful friend, desirous of sparing her all possible pain, readily yielded to her entreaties; but now, with unaccountable restlessness, with a wild expectancy of some strange, undreamt of joy, she prepared for her departure.

It was summer when Daisy arrived at Forestdale; blooming, luxurious summer, with its fruits and flowers; its brilliant skies and gorgeous pencillings on plain and forest. Daisy beheld, not only the outer semblance of glorious Nature, with its divine colorings and fragrant offerings—she saw and felt the inner-spirit of the Beautiful, and her heart expanded with triumphant joy!

Daisy knew that a mighty joy awaited her—her spirit-guides had told her so, but she knew not what it was—from whence it was to come. But when seated at the cosy tea-table, the first evening of her arrival, Edwin Maywood said—"Miss Ellis, I may now tell you all the news, I hope; though you forbade me to write?" Her heart fluttered with a strange emotion; the joyful revelation was drawing nigh!

"Miss Sarah Weston's successor, the mild and beautiful lady of Westonsville?"

"Where is Miss Sarah herself?" hastily interrupted Daisy.

"My dear young lady, she has long been under the sod; didn't you know it?"

"How should I, when I was traveling?" replied the trembling girl.

"How should Miss Ellis know anything about it, Edwin, when you were forbidden to write?" said his pretty wife with a mischievous smile; "besides, Miss Weston was not such a near neighbor at all; it is many good long miles to her place."

"Who is her successor?" inquired Daisy, mild and beautiful; "then it cannot be Miss Broom, though all expected she would be heir to Westonsville?"

"It is quite a romantic story, Miss Ellis," said Edwin, "just such an one as we read of and cry over. It appears that Miss Sarah had a sister, whom in former years she discarded and cruelly banished upon the world, with her child. After many years of toil and wandering, in other lands, the sister returns, a widow, and finds the implacable Sarah in the last extremity. She forgives her past cruelty, and now, at her sister's death, she is installed the mistress of Westonsville. The slaves adore her, she is so good and gentle. About the child there is a mystery. Miss Sarah had some hand in concealing the little girl, but whether she is dead or not, I could not comprehend, the negroes tell such jumbled-up

stories. Gracious heavens! Clara, see to Miss Ellis; she is ill!"

Faint and breathless, pale with emotion, a great joy struggling at her heart for utterance, Daisy waved them off with a reassuring smile—"What is the lady's name?" she faintly asked.

"The lady at Westonsville? Mrs. Alice Nesbrook," replied Edwin.

With a cry of joy, Daisy sprang from her seat, and seizing both his hands cried eagerly, with joyous tears—"Take me to—Mr. Maywood, take me there this very moment. She is my mother!"

He started back in astonishment. Clara clasped her hands in bewilderment. "I am Daisy Nesbrook; Sarah Weston was my aunt; for a fault committed by my poor father long ago, she refused to own me. My dear, dear mother! she never deserted me, as Aunt Sarah told me! Oh friends! order the carriage; take me to my mother!"

The perplexed but kind-hearted man obeyed, and in an hour's time they were on their way to Westonsville.

Spare me the recital of that joyous meeting; the thrilling heart-clasp of mother and child. Perhaps some among you have felt the sharp pangs of separation, the heavenly bliss of reunion; picture them to yourselves; the fullness of the mother's joy, as she gazed upon her beautiful child; the gratitude and affection throbbing in Daisy's breast, as she listened to her mother's voice, and bowed her brow in reverence before her mother's blessing, and felt the loving impress of her lips, the responsive beatings of her true, maternal heart. Sitting at that mother's feet, looking up into those beautiful, yet undimmed eyes—those mirrors of her faithful soul—Daisy felt that life's discipline had been beneficial; that from the sorrow and the anguish had arisen winged angels of light and aspiration. She blesses the chastening hand, renders gratitude for earthly and heavenly blessings, and lives on in the calm fulfillment of her duty, a holy, peaceful life of usefulness.

Little Amy, beneath her fostering care, is growing beautiful in spirit, as fair in face and form. Her's is her mother's dark and lustrous Southern beauty; but she has her father's breadth of forehead, his bright, merry blue eye, and mischievous smile. She summons the spirits to rap for her on chairs and tables, and they come, giving lessons of truth and wisdom, adapted to her comprehension.

In a few years Estella Lenox died, it was said, of grief and disappointment; her lord proved cruelly jealous, and almost confined her to the house. He treated her violent outbreaks of temper with scornful indifference; her haughty spirit could not brook the neglect; she departed, leaving no children to bewail her loss.

For awhile Ada's father continued his brutal orgies, and outrages upon decency and right, until he was confined to his bed by illness, lasting and severe. Daisy, then taking little Amy by the hand, went to see him, to talk to him of Ada. She had endeavored to win his attention before, but was denied admittance. He appeared moved at sight of the child, and her gentle guardian surprised a tear in his eye, as he called her to him, and stroked her raven curls. Though often churlishly received, Daisy persevered in her ministrations; on his death-bed he blessed her, and invoked the pardon of his much-wronged child. Amy was heiress of Wardley Hall; but she continued beneath the care of "Aunt Daisy," at her grandfather's special request.

There were many bitter memories associated with Westonsville, so mother and daughter took up their abode at Forestdale, retaining Edwin Maywood and his wife as guests.

To the still beautiful face and graceful form of Daisy many glances turn admiringly, but they awaken no emotion in her constant breast. Many have bowed their souls before the shrine of her spiritual loveliness, before the might of her intellect; she smiles and turns away, and tells them that her heart's treasured love is in heaven; that she will give them friendship and sisterly regard; but that her marriage vow is registered on high; that a spirit wears her token; that her bridal wreath is blossoming in supernal bowers.

She has told the story of her love to Alice, and the gentle mother kisses her brow, and says, approvingly—"Do as thou wilt, my child!"

Another old maid, dear reader, have I presented to you; a happy love-blest old maid is she! After her many trials, purified, exalted and made beautiful by love's crowning glory, she sits at her mother's feet, and dreams those prophetic heart-dreams that never cease to charm the loving heart. She loves no fantastic ideal, no romantic hero, but a love-warm, kindred spirit, known and loved and owned as such. She is faithful to her pledged vow, and the earth probation is not long to her, for even here his smile irradiates her life, and his messages of faithful affection come joy fraught, never ceasing, to her grateful soul. To that soul heaven is nigh, for its love and peace and harmony enfolds her spirit with its varied melodies; her life and hope, her aspirations and her prophecies, abound with the seraphic watchword, the eternal heart-hymn, *Love!*

In distant New England, where so many warm, frank hearts respond to my humble efforts; where welcome voices greet me, with words of cheer and encouragement; where true hands are extended fraternally, unto me the solitary toiler—and its hearts of oak and fragrant flowers, a sweet white Daisy blooms, a gentle, tender friend to me, to whose heart I send these written messages—to whom in especial, I dedicate, this simple story; for she, too, knows that many angels walk the earth unrecognized; that the crown of earthly suffering is transfigured by the angel's touch to a diadem of starry beauty.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY, 1853.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
LILLY DEAR.

She left us ere her heart had known  
A sorrow or a fear;  
Ere o'er her spirit care had thrown  
The mildest of a tear;  
And life to her was like a gleam  
Of sunshine on the valley-stream.  
She sleeps beneath a rising hill  
That looks upon the west—  
Dead to the world, but living still  
To those who know her best;  
And on her grave, with folded wings,  
The little blue-bird sits and sings,  
Much as our darling now we miss,  
Her laugh at eventide,  
Her fondling arms, her gentle kiss—  
'Tis well; we know she died  
As pure and bright as at her birth—  
A gain to heaven; a loss to earth!

When man learns to govern himself, the need of  
kings and queens will cease.



Written for the Banner of Light.

## My Last Experience

IN  
LOVE-MAKING.

BY A BACHELOR.

I am a bachelor—though not a disagreeable one. Pardon my conceit, dear reader, but my sympathies always were strongly enlisted in behalf of that unfortunate class of male beings, whose mature age and peculiarities of character have caused them to be stigmatized by the fair sex as "old bachelors."

In the course of my forty-five years' brief experience upon this miserable planet, (mind you I am no grumbler), my heart—if bachelors are supposed to possess such an organ—has by no means escaped the shiftings of the boy Cupid. To confess the truth, then, during my somewhat adventurous life, I have fallen indiscriminately in love with rich and poor, opera singers and ballet dancers, village beauties and city belles; all of whom, I soon found, loved my money much better than myself, and valued my affection only while the former lasted; but never have I been so completely "taken in and done for," as in the instance which I am about to communicate.

Left at an early age with a large fortune at my command, which years of labor and industry only served to augment, I found myself at the ripe age of thirty-five, what the world calls "a gentleman at large," with neither business or family cares to control my movements, or absorb my time and attention, but in the full exercise of that much-prized privilege, which permits one to come and go at their own pleasure, without the fear of inconveniencing others, or consulting the opinion of a second person in the matter.

It was at the close of a winter of universal gaiety and dissipation, in the year 1855, that I resolved upon visiting Europe. Even New York, that world within itself, failed to satisfy the cravings of my soul. Various reasons were alleged as the cause of the terrible anæsthetic state of mind I had fallen into of late. Sage heads declared that time hung heavily upon my hands, that I had found idleness but poor pastime; however, I had no inclination to return to business, and accordingly rejected the theory of wiser and graver men without further thought.

My bachelor friends (and their name was legion) declared that I, Harry Brettnall, was in love. It was true I had paid some considerable attention to Miss Angeline Fitz James, (that is, as much as my rheumatism would allow, which by the way, was part and parcel of the inheritance received by me on the occasion of my father's death,) a pretty miss of eighteen years—who had recently become emancipated from boarding-school, and was now enjoying her first season of bellefdom with all the fervor and zest of her frivolous nature. My love for Angeline Fitz James—which I now look back upon as "a passing fancy,"—was not sufficiently strong to retain Harry Brettnall in America.

It was in the early part of spring that I set sail for Europe. Being somewhat of an enthusiast in art, I entered upon my journey with bright hopes and joyful anticipations. A sea voyage is always monotonous, and I was not sorry when my feet pressed firmly the shores of merry England. I had not proceeded far in my travels, before I discovered that I had made one grand mistake. I had no traveling companion, no friend to share in the pleasures and enjoyments which were outspread before my enraptured eyes on every side. Even my faithful and trusty servant John, had been sent home, because in taking him, I had feared his society a bore.

I wandered restlessly over all Europe, I mingled in the gayeties of the French capital, and lingered for days amid the galleries of art in glorious Italy; I lurked in the shadows of the old Alhambra, and gazed with fresh delight upon scenes of Alpine beauty. North, south, east and west I rambled, overwhelmed on every side by the beautiful in nature and art.

Yet, for all this, I was alone; a stranger in a foreign clime, with nought to bless or cheer me in my solitary travels. At that moment I could have truly echoed the words of the Frenchman, who said, "solitude is sweet!" but I wish to have a friend to whom I can say, "How sweet is solitude!" Feeling, as I did, my entire loneliness in the solitude of creation, I may safely say that for once in my life, I regretted my bachelor existence. The only thing that clung to me with more than usual tenacity, was my old enemy, the rheumatism. He, I found, like an evil companion, was not to be easily shaken off, even in days of prosperity; so I slowly turned my steps homeward, towards dearly loved America, the land of the free and brave.

I arrived in New York the first day of May, having been absent just two years. My taste for foreign travel was fully satiated, and my weary heart yearned for the loved society of old friends and the more tranquil delights of home.

To my surprise and extreme disappointment, I soon found that two years' absence had made me a stranger even in the depths of my own native city. My boon companions had one by one dropped off; some gone to their last resting places, others to explore new territories, and make for themselves homes in far distant cities.

Saddened by the changed state of affairs during an absence of only two years, I determined to retire to my country-seat, (situated some fifty miles distant from New York), for two or three weeks, until I should have entirely recovered from the fatigue and discomfiture of my sea voyage. Accordingly bidding my few remaining friends good-bye, I sprang on board the cars and was soon fairly en route for Chesterville. Arriving there, I found my friend and trusty servant John, in waiting to receive me at the depot. A long and by no means pleasant drive, through a drizzling rain, at last brought me to "Valley Farm." This estate, for long years the residence of my father, after his wife's death and consequent retirement from business, was situated in a romantic portion of country, upon the outskirts of the little village of Chesterville.

A beautiful stream ran through the place, dividing the somewhat extensive farm into two equal parts. Across this stream a small and beautiful little bridge had been thrown, which only served to lend an additional charm to the otherwise fair scene.

A wet and tired man, however, is poorly calculated to enjoy the beauties of nature. John quickly discerned this fact, and accordingly ushered me into the cheerful sitting-room, where, by the blaze from a warm fire, I did ample justice to a steaming-hot supper.

I did not take particular pains to inquire into the

state of my affairs in the country that night, for I was both sleepy and tired; while John, faithful old soul, was so overjoyed at my safe return, that he could not content himself in any one place for five minutes, but was bustling about with an air of increased importance, giving orders, first to the housekeeper, then to the gardener, or man of all work.

I learned, however, on the following day, that the little cottage, at the foot of the lane, had been rented for over a year to a widow and a daughter, calling themselves Vernon. Vernon! I liked the name, and only hoped that I should like the bearers of it as well. I desired to learn something of their history, but to my inquiries upon the subject, the man John sagely shook his head, and whispered in a low tone, that "they were the strangest and most mysterious people he had ever met with." They neither went into company, or received it at home. They made no acquaintance with the villagers—to whom their perfect isolation from society was regarded as a thing equally marvelous and alarming, and whose peculiar mode of life furnished sufficient food for scandal among the village gossips for many a week.

The old ladies of Chesterville were particularly bitter in their feelings towards the tenants of the little cottage, because of "the slight," (to use their own language,) "the widder and her stuck-up-dar-ter" had given the minister's wife, on the occasion of her first and last call upon them, soon after their arrival in the village. It seems that as soon as the news of the Vernons coming to Chesterville had been whispered about, the ladies comprising the "Samaritan Benevolent Society," called a special meeting, and commissioned their President, the minister's wife, to call upon the new occupants of the cottage, for the purpose of learning their views upon the subject of religion, and inviting them to attend "service" at the Orthodox church, the oldest and most flourishing parish in all Chesterville.

Most flourishing the Vernons had received their stranger guest with a degree of courtesy not to be complained of, and had expressed in words their combined thanks for the friendly feeling and interest shown in regard to their spiritual welfare, by their exceedingly patronizing (but nevertheless curious neighbors,) yet, strange to say, neither mother or daughter had ever condescended to return the call of the minister's wife and her Samaritan co-laborers, but had steadfastly pursued the even tenor of their way for the space of a twelve-month, without once presenting their faces at church, or evincing in the slightest degree, a disposition to mingle in the somewhat limited, but social festivities of the villagers.

I must confess, that, bachelor as I was, I had yet no inconsiderable desire to make the acquaintance of my "mysterious tenants," as John always persisted in calling them, although I took care not to betray too much curiosity upon the subject, in the presence of the latter, who would have been horrified at the thought of his master's ever becoming intimate with so peculiar and eccentric a family.

From the less superstitious and more charitable old housekeeper, I learned that Miss Alice Vernon was an exceedingly handsome woman of about twenty-one years, with a complexion as pure as the driven snow, and hair as black as the raven's wing. The story of Miss Vernon's beauty was not calculated to lessen my interest in a lady, whose isolated and retired mode of life was rather of a novelty in this world of perpetual excitement and gaiety. Why a beautiful woman should desire to seclude herself from all society, and what was still worse, bury herself in the depths of a country town, was a problem that I could not possibly solve.

Contrary to my usual custom, I prepared my toilette with extra care, for the purpose of attending church the first Sunday morning after my arrival in Chesterville. Special orders were communicated through John to the hostler, to give the old iron greys an additional dressing, that they might not suffer from comparison by being placed before the comfortable and more modern coach. John was delighted in being once more allowed to resume his old post of valet, and flushed and excited with the thought of the sensation we should undoubtedly make among the astonished towns-people, we started for church in grand style.

Folks stared a good deal when they saw me walk quietly up the broad aisle, and enter the old family pew, which for long years had remained unoccupied. I fancied that there was an additional rustling of dry goods and waving of fans among the female portion of the congregation, when I entered the sacred precincts of the old parish church. At heart, however, I was ill at ease. I was disappointed in not seeing Miss Vernon, as I had anticipated. During the lengthy sermon of an hour and a half, my thoughts were constantly reverting to a little vine-clad cottage at the foot of the lane, where lay enshrined my imaginary love.

I rode home in sullen silence, leaving, I fear, no very favorable impression upon the minds of the villagers, as regards my amiability of character. I was inwardly vexed with myself, for having expended so much additional time and pains upon my toilette, only for the sake of appearing in the best possible light before the unobtrusive eye of an inexperienced rustic beauty, the sight of whom (had such a privilege been granted me,) was in all probability unworthy of more than a passing notice.

Thus I reasoned with myself, dear reader, as many another disappointed man has done before me, when too proud to acknowledge that peculiar kind of weakness to which all mankind are more or less heir to.

I had not been in Chesterville more than a week, before an unexpected circumstance transpired, which threw me at once in the way of the very people whose acquaintance I had most desired to make. It was a rainy night. John had prepared a comfortable fire in my own room, where I sat nicely ensconced in dressing-gown and slippers, with no other companion but my favorite Meerschaum. I was revolving in my mind the somewhat dismal prospect of death from ennui, if I further prolonged my stay in the country (where, for the most part of the time, neither sun or human creature had condescended to smile upon me) when I was suddenly roused from my gloomy meditations by a loud and heavy knock upon my chamber door. I started quickly, for I had not dreamed of being molested by any one on such a disagreeable night. Opening the door, I beheld the old housekeeper with half-suspended breath and glaring eyes. Perceiving that something unusual had occurred to so frighten and alarm her, I bade her enter, and assisted her to a seat. A moment or two elapsed, and then the terrified woman gathered strength to say: "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Brettnall, go at once to the mysterious cottage, for as sure as I'm living there's been murder committed there this night!"

Her strange words and agitated manner gave me

a momentary shock, but recovering myself, I inquired her reasons for believing that such an outrage had been perpetrated in the midst of our quiet and purely moral a village.

She then communicated the cause of her terrible fright, and consequent lack of strength upon reaching home. She had been to the village on business, and being unavoidably detained there until dark, had taken the shortest way home. Benighted and drenched by the rain, she had struck into the little lane, which led directly to the farm. Upon arriving at the cottage, her attention was arrested by the tones of a female voice. The cry was that of distress. Pausing a moment to assure herself that the sound which fell so distinctly upon her ear issued from the cottage of the Widow Vernon, she was surprised to see the porch door open, and a man muttering what sounded like a heavy curse, rush forth into the intense darkness of the night. The momentary gleam of light, which shot forth from the half-open door of the cottage, temporarily blinded her; she was conscious of a feeling of dizziness, and no more. How long she lay there upon the cold, wet ground, she knew not, but when she partially recovered her senses the rays from the night-lamp had faded out, and the terrible sounds which had at first arrested her attention had also died away, leaving no outward trace of the dreadful scene that had been enacted within. Making a hasty exit from the spot, the old housekeeper soon reached the farmhouse, where she did not stop to pause in her flight, until she had gained the door of my chamber.

After thoroughly convincing myself that the faithful domestic was by no means laboring under what I at first took to be a nightmare delusion, I quickly donned my overcoat and seizing a small pocket pistol hastened unattended to the spot of action, with no possible evidence but that of a bewildered and strangely-affected woman. The loud knock which I applied to the brass knocker vibrated clearly upon the evening air.

Several minutes elapsed, and still no answer came to my summons. The loneliness and extreme danger of my situation, inspired me with fresh courage and additional strength. Acting wholly upon the impulse of the moment, I pressed my shoulder against the door and it yielded. Regardless of all fear I dashed through the narrow hall, and soon found myself in the midst of what appeared to be a small but tastefully furnished apartment. A large and rather portly woman of between forty and fifty years was bending over her companion, who lay apparently senseless upon the floor. In the marble face and wealth of raven hair, I thought I recognized the woman whom report called Alice Vernon.

My forced entrance into the cottage had, as might have been expected, alarmed the elder of the females, for a slight scream escaped her lips as I stood all unannounced before them. As soon as the first symptoms of fear were over, I advanced towards her and apologized for my somewhat nocturnal visit, on the plea of being desirous of extending to my tenant such protection as a gentleman of honor might offer.

A look of recognition overspread the holly-cut features of Mrs. Vernon, as rising and offering me a seat she said—"I now know to whom you are indebted for such unsolicited kindness. You are Mr. Brettnall, the proprietor of Valley Farm, if I mistake not." I nodded assent to her last remark, and then proceeded to reveal the object of my visit to the cottage in as delicate a manner as possible.

I then assisted in placing the beautiful Alice upon a couch in an adjoining room, and suggested the propriety of my despatching a servant at once for a physician. But to this Mrs. Vernon objected, declaring that her daughter was subject to fainting fits, which were never induced except by some unusual excitement, and then frequently lasted several hours.

I then ventured to express the fears of the old housekeeper concerning their personal safety, and hinted something about foul play having been committed in the cottage. A hysterical laugh broke from her lips, as she assured me that no murder had been perpetrated, although they had been shamefully robbed of their family jewels, to the value of three or four thousand dollars.

The recital of so daring an outrage made me thirst for revenge. I proposed instituting an immediate search for the decamped villain; but Mrs. Vernon begged me not to think for a moment of so hazardous a thing, adding in a tone whose extreme calmness surprised me, that they could not but feel themselves exceedingly fortunate in having escaped without loss of their lives.

I could not but wonder at the coolness exhibited by Mrs. Vernon in the matter, but my attention was now diverted towards the fair sufferer, who slowly began to revive under the influence of powerful restoratives. The first words that fell from her lips as returning consciousness dawned upon her, were—"Has he gone, mother, or will he return again to torture us by his fiendish presence?" The inquiries of Alice seemed to trouble her mother, for she bent over her couch and caressing her fondly, said—"Do not think any more about the events of the last few hours; in future we shall be better protected, since God has indeed seen fit to raise up a kind friend to us in the hour of need in the person of Mr. Brettnall, the noble proprietor of Valley Farm."

A tear glistened in the eye of Mrs. Vernon, as she concluded this last remark, which proved to me her gratitude of heart, and engendered a feeling of deep respect for the injured woman which I then firmly believed time could never efface. I moved towards the couch whereon lay the beautiful girl who was fairer than I had ever dreamed of. A faint flush stole into her marble cheeks as she gently extended her hand with eyes that revealed a soul full of tenderness and love, murmured in tones of liquid sweetness, her fervent thanks for the kindness I had bestowed upon a stranger.

From that moment my heart was gone. A new life seemed opened to me, and the sunlight of affection once more crept into my desolate soul. I could not leave her, but watched beside her pillow until the rosy tints of morn began to streak the horizon. Do not laugh at me, reader, but in that hour of blissful emotion, I would willingly have yielded up my life to her, if, like Herod's daughter, she had requested it! But it was not my head that she took captive—it was my heart.

When I left the cottage that morning, Mrs. Vernon conducted me to the door, and in words of heartfelt eloquence, poured out again and again her sincere thanks. Alice was too weak to bid me farewell, but her eyes spoke a richer, deeper language, than eyes issued from the lips of woman. Her wondrous beauty had intoxicated me, and I believed then, that I had experienced what the novelists term love at first sight.

Arriving at the farm, I found the small household in a perfect state of consternation; John, with all his loyalty and devotion, was, at heart, a coward. I found him pacing to and fro in the hall, walling and mourning for the loss of his dear master, whom the superstitious hostler declared "Would never escape the clutches of the devil in that mysterious house."

The housekeeper, although less demonstrative in her anxiety for her bodily welfare, was nevertheless greatly distressed at my long absence, and had more than once reproached herself for communicating tidings of so terrible a nature, as to cause her master to rush headlong into danger. Gratiified as I was at the high value which they attached to my life, I could not refrain from smiling at what seemed to me imaginary fears upon my account. That a robbery had been committed I sincerely believed; beyond that I had given myself little or no trouble concerning the matter, my whole attention having been directed towards my new made acquaintance whose extreme beauty had from the first moment of our meeting so strangely impressed me.

Day after day found me a constant visitor at the cottage of the Widow Vernon. One thing, however, surprised me, which was, that neither mother or daughter ever alluded to the circumstances that had given the beautiful Alice so severe a shock, upon the night of our first interview.

A few days only elapsed, and Alice had quite recovered. It is said that a lovely woman is never half so beautiful as during the period of convalescence. Not so with Miss Vernon; if I had thought her beautiful when suffering from physical exhaustion, I now thought her doubly so, when the elasticity of health had returned and her languid spirits began to assume their wonted buoyancy. In conversation Alice Vernon was unusually brilliant, possessing a large share of feminine wit, which at times might have been almost mistaken for satire. It was evident that Alice Vernon had seen better days, and had only been banished from the more aristocratic circles of society in which she was so well fitted to shine, by some sudden reversion of the wheel of fortune.

She never imparted to me the history of her past life, but assured me that she should never cease to wear black while she lived, out of respect to the memory of a dear friend whom she lost a few years previous to her taking up her residence in Chesterville. My admiration for the fair unknown increased every hour, and for once in my life I was conscious of woman's power. Horses, vehicles, in short everything that I possessed, were soon at her service; besides which I was constantly lavishing gifts of great value upon her, which she received with the air of a person who was accustomed to similar marks of favor and indulgence.

It was in the early part of August that I proposed to Alice and her mother a visit to Newport. Both were delighted with the idea, and attended by John, who had learned to look with more charitable eyes upon the inmates of the little cottage, we set off in high glee upon our journey, with only a single object in view, that of courting the favor of the goddess of pleasure. The wardrobe of Alice, although mostly of a black color, had been in a great measure replenished before leaving, by the free use of my purse.

A feeling of pride stole into my heart, as I walked into the spacious dining-room of the Ocean House, the first evening of our arrival in Newport, with Alice Vernon robed in a dress of rich black velvet, leaning gracefully upon my arm. I noticed that a low murmur ran through the crowd there assembled, but supposed it to be occasioned by the magnificent appearance my fair companion presented in her simple, yet elegant costume.

As we passed through the corridor leading to the drawing-room, I noticed that a dark-looking man, dressed in exquisite taste, stood at the entrance of the saloon. I saw with all the jealousy of a lover, the burning gaze which he bent upon Alice, as her dress swept by him in her progress towards the centre of the room. I thought but little of the circumstance, until I observed, with a flash of indignation, that the same individual occupied a seat directly opposite to us at the breakfast table the following morning. During the entire meal, the impudent foreigner, (for such he appeared to be,) kept his cold, grey eyes constantly fixed upon the face of my companion. I noticed her loss of appetite, and, inquiring the cause, received, as an excuse, that she was suffering from the effects of a severe headache. I escorted her to the door of her own apartment, and then left her, with the determination of cowhiding the impertinent rascal who had so insulted the fair Alice. On my way to the piazza, I noticed that a group of gentlemen were amusing themselves greatly over the house register, but did not stop to investigate the cause of their merriment, so intent was I upon confronting him whom I believed my rival.

After a long and unsuccessful search, I returned to the hotel, but neither Alice or her dark-looking admirer made their appearance in the dining hall. I despatched a servant to her room, but to his repeated knocks he received no answer.

I finished my dinner in silence, and then sauntered lazily into the gentlemen's smoking room. I had not been there more than two or three minutes, before an old companion of mine, (whom I had left behind in New York city, some three months since,) entered, looking terribly pale and excited. I rose slowly to meet him, inquiring, at the same time, the cause of his annoyance. He did not speak, but drawing my arm within his own, hastily led me forth into a remote corner of the piazza.

"For God's sake, Henry," he gasped, as soon as we were alone, "tell me by what means you ever became acquainted with that notorious woman whom you so eulogized in your letters as the beautiful Alice Vernon."

I looked at him in amazement, but perceiving his steady gaze still fixed upon me, I drew myself up proudly, with the air of an insulted man, and was about walking off, when my friend clasped his hand upon my shoulder, and whispered something in my ear that made me start as if a bullet-shot had pierced my heart.

"Merciful Father! you cannot be serious, Frank," I exclaimed.

"That I am speaking truth, rather than falsehood, can easily be proved by referring to the house register."

I followed him into the reading-room, and running my eye quickly over the list, saw underlined beneath the name of Alice Vernon, and just over my own, Catharine Bell, mistress of the celebrated New York forger, John Smith.

"Good God!" I groaned, as, with fast purpling lips, and clenching hands, I fell heavily to the floor.

For six long months I was confined to my chamber with a violent fever, from which I awoke an altered and deeply mortified man. As soon as I was able to

be moved, I left Valley Farm, with its many disagreeable associations, never more to return to it. The robbery at the cottage was a ruse, which the crafty and intriguing Catharine Bell, (a woman as notorious for her crimes in the Empire city, as she was famed for her beauty), had planned to ensnare another lover. Having extorted large sums of money, together with many valuable presents from her too susceptible admirer, she considered her part in the skillfully arranged drama quite played out. Writing to her accomplice of our proposed visit to Newport, she then met with him in the disguise of a gentleman of leisure, and suddenly decamped with the individual in black, who had so excited my jealousy. From that day to this, I have never seen or heard from my beautiful but fiendish innamorata. I am still a bachelor, and, thank God, shall still continue one till the day of my death. Occasionally I chance to see the name of Alice Vernon in print, but it always sends a cold shudder through my frame, which I hasten to dispel by embracing, not my wife, but my pipe. Bachelors, read and take heed!

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE FOREST STREAM.

BY FLORA.

Through the forest dawning,  
On its merry way,  
Through the pasture glancing  
Back the smiles of day,  
With its voice of music  
Sounding silvery clear,  
Singing songs mysterious,  
Angels love to hear;  
Sweetly, softly gushing  
Mid the stalling flowers,  
Down the hill-side rushing,  
Peeping through green bowers—  
Hastes the fairy streamlet,  
Fed by heavenly showers,  
Round the oak tree creeping,  
Whispering sounds of love,  
With merry eye out-peeping,  
To greet moss above,  
The jagged rock-sides biting  
In playful, merry strife,  
In the sunshine flitting,  
Like a thing of life—  
Goes the streamlet weaving,  
Towards the river deep,  
On its bosom breathing  
Sweet, unconscious sleep—  
On, still onward hastening  
To its ocean home,  
At last the busy streamlet  
Rests in crystal foam.  
Like that forest streamlet  
Is man's earthly life—  
Now in scenes of beauty,  
Now 'midst din and strife—  
On through deepest shadows,  
On "neath sunbeams bright,  
'Neath the smiles of daylight,  
'Neath the stars of night—  
Like the streamlet flowing  
To the boundless sea,  
Our lives are hastening onward  
To eternity.

EAST MEDWAY, 1858.

## ENGLAND AND WE.

Since England, according to all reliable advices, has openly and frankly conceded the claim which America has been making so long,—that the flag of our country protects the vessel over which it flies everywhere on the high seas,—there has been great congratulation from one end of the country to the other. People believe that a step has thus been taken forward by our government, which goes to make us a greater and a more influential power on the earth than ever. Whether that be so or not, it is matter enough of rejoicing that a question which involved such momentous consequences, has been finally adjusted, not only without disturbing the harmonious relations between the two governments, but in a temper that has even strengthened the bonds that should ever hold two such powerful and intelligent nations together.

Our flag, therefore, in time of peace, goes over the world without being challenged. England, the greatest of the maritime powers of this day, has conceded a right that hitherto she has been loth to concede—that neither she, nor any other nation, has a right to challenge us on the high seas. Our colors are inviolable. We shall brook neither visit nor search at the hands of any. We shall sail the waters of the world without let or hindrance on any side.

But with this greater admitted freedom, comes also a greater responsibility. We owe it to ourselves, not less than to the world, to see to it that that flag is not abused; that it does not cover foul purposes; that wherever its folds fly, they fly only to encourage lovers of liberty, and give hope to those who would be free. Those who abuse it should be meted out extreme punishment, whenever they pass themselves off on the world under protection of any flag, as honest traders, and men of commerce. If, therefore, our government will see that our flag is kept as inviolate from pirates as from other nations, it will have settled this matter on a basis to challenge the respect and admiration of the world.

## DREAM OF A QUAKER LADY.

There is a story told of a pious Quaker lady, who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged in the habit until it had increased so upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in her bed for this purpose during the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the book of life. He disappeared; but replied, on returning, that he could not find it.

"Oh," said she, "do look again; it must be there." He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying it was not there!

"Oh," said she, in agony, "it must be there! I have an assurance that it is there! Do look once more!" The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence, he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed,

"We have found it! but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke, that we could hardly see it."

The good woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in "smoking again."

Sophistry may perplex truth, ingenuity may warp the decrees of justice, and ridicule may raise an undesired laugh; but where free inquiry prevails, error will be corrected, justice will be reversed, and ridicule will be retorted on those who have abused its influence.

In an age like ours, the eloquence of the pulpit is little or nothing, if there be not behind it the better eloquence, the louder protest of the life.







## MRS. J. W. CURRIER IN MIDDLEBORO'.

On Sunday morning, July 26th, Mrs. C. attended the Congregational Church, for the purpose of listening to a discourse from Rev. I. C. Thatcher against Spiritualism. When Mr. T. commenced his sermon, the spirits began to rap in various parts of the house, so loud that every person present could hear them. Every sentence of the sermon would be responded to, if true, by three raps; if false, by one rap, very loud. These raps came so loud and profuse, that many of the congregation became frightened and left the house. The minister turned pale, and stopped speaking several times, and said, "I don't know what is the matter here to-day!"

Some of the good people, more inclined to find the cause of the raps than to say they were imagination, pulled away the underpinning, and crept under the floor of the church; and while some were here engaged in investigating the cause of the raps, they came louder and more profuse inside and outside, and all around the pulpit. The minister stopped several times, and finally, being unable to proceed, the meeting was broken up.

It was rumored that Mrs. C. was intending to attend another church in the town in the afternoon, and this church, it is reported, fearing the same disturbance that took place at the Congregational Church in the forenoon, stationed a constable at the door to prevent her entrance.

In the evening of the same day, in the same town, Mrs. Currier lectured to an audience of about seven hundred people. She stood upon a platform; a table with a desk on it, stood before her. While lecturing, she stepped back from the table, so that she was not within three feet of it, and, without physical touch or contact, before the faces and eyes of the whole audience, the table rose up about three or four feet, turned over, and fell upon the floor. A. B. C.

## A WOMAN OF EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE ENTRANCED.

A lady, of about eighty years of age, whose voice is trembling and faltering, whose speech and memory are so broken by age, that she could hardly speak a single sentence intelligibly, was suddenly and unexpectedly entranced, and spoke for one hour and a quarter with eloquence, power and beauty; and, after the trance, was perfectly unconscious of anything she said. She was not a Spiritualist—knew nothing of it—but was induced to sit around a table with some friends who had barely heard of Spiritualism, and sat down to the table for an experiment, to gratify idle curiosity. This happened some ten or twelve miles from the village of Plymouth, on a lone some road, where the nearest neighbors are a mile off. A. B. C.

## HARMONIAL TOWNSHIP.

Some months since we published the plan of Bro. Gates for the establishment of a township, partly on the social system. We then took occasion to state that it had in its elements of success, inasmuch as it took hold of life as it now is, instead of endeavoring to inaugurate a system too far in advance of this material age. Each man is a proprietor to such lands as he may purchase, and of such buildings as he may erect thereon, thus acknowledging the right to hold property individually. By associating, the owners obtain their land at cost. Each man follows his own trade for his own benefit. In this way an enterprising colony may be established, individual rights respected, and yet all its members be bound together in love and peace; for, what is for the good of one and the thrift of each, will enhance the value of all property. We quote from the Practical Christian, edited by Rev. Adin Ballou, published at Hopedale, the following summary of Mr. Gates's plan:—

Bro. Gates's Diagram contemplates an area of some 16,000 acres, laid out as follows: 40 acres in the centre for a common and public buildings; 600 acres around this common for a Village Site; and around this Village Site 42 group farms, containing each 4 single farms; thus giving 30 acres each to 168 actual settlers. The Village Site is to be divided into 168 equal lots, one of which lots is to belong to each original owner of an 80 acre farm. He proposes that government lands, or other unsettled territory, be purchased in sufficient quantity, laid off by an accurate survey, as above, and then deeded at cost on proper conditions to individual members of the Association. These are presupposed to have previously invested, or furnished in some form, the requisite funds to carry the thing through.

The peculiar aims of the Association are these:—to have members that will really love to do unto others as they desire to be done unto; good homes for all these members at cost; congenial social intercourse, always reciprocally spontaneous if possible; the best available means of individual improvement, physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual; progression out of all error and evil into all truth and good; kindness to all, injury to none; harmony. How nearly these very desirable results will be approximated remains to be seen. There is said to be a great deal of human nature left yet in very well meaning people, whether with small or large professions. We rather believe it.

In this issue Mr. Gates's notice of a Convention, which he has called in furtherance of his plan, will be found.

## MASS PICNIC.

Dr. Gardner, at the earnest solicitation of the friends here, has projected a Picnic, to come off at Abington Grove—one of the best in the State—on Tuesday, August 17th. A detailed account of his arrangements will be found in another column.

We hope the Spiritualists throughout the State will report themselves "present," and let old fogeydom see the strength of the youthful hero, who seeks to infuse new life into humanity. We should be pleased to see about fifteen thousand people present—such a crowd of talent and respectability as the cause can collect, if our country friends pull with the Boston folks. It might serve to make our opponents a little more respectful towards us.

The price from Boston is fifty cents out and back. All the Railroads except the Worcester and Lowell Roads, run trains in season for the friends to return at night. These do not; but we suggest to the friends whether it would not make a delightful excursion for them, and do some good. A little enterprise on the line of these roads, will put on a return train at 6:30 from Boston, which will be in time. Let the friends in Worcester and Lowell make arrangements with the road to run an excursion train at half price, to Boston, and see if they do not enjoy the trip.

## A REVEREND VS. A TRANCE SPEAKER.

We have received from Miss Rosa T. Amey a letter written by Rev. S. D. Church, of Taunton, to Harrison Tucker, a trance medium, accompanied by a letter and some notes by Miss A., having reference to the same. They will appear in our next.

Gold has been discovered at Fredericksburg, N. B. Jewelers say it is of fine quality.

## Correspondence.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Free Convention at Utica; The Mission of Spiritualism; Our Conferences; The Discussion on the Question of "Evil," &c.

New York, August 7, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—The Free Convention, to be held at Utica on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of September, to consider the "Cause and Cure of Evil," is attracting public attention, and promises to be well attended. On this point, through the columns of the Telegraph, Mr. Davis says:—

"Physiologists have promised, and will come to the Utica Convention, to tell us what they know of the cause and cure of human ills. Honorable politicians, too, (for I believe that the race is not extinct,) will shed for us some rays of wisdom upon political economy. Woman, who is a perpetual witness of causes which result in discontent and slowly wasting wretchedness, will also be there; for the world should hear her voice, and receive her own unflinching testimony."

Mr. Davis then extends an invitation to East, West, North and South; to Spiritualists, Materialists, Jews, Gentiles, Shakers and Skeptics—to all who can shed any clear light on the interesting theme, to submit their views to the Convention, and, if possible, attend in person.

There are some few of the brethren who object to Spiritualists "mixing themselves up" with the reform questions of the day; but this arises, I apprehend, from a too circumscribed view. The mission of Spiritualism without doubt is—and that as soon as its rudiments are settled—to become a power—the modeling, developing and regulating Power of the World; acting from a new centre—Love—and achieving its victories with new instruments of war—the Law of Peace and Good-will. A complete cycle of seven years, it should seem, ought to suffice for a foundation sufficiently grounded to be followed by a structure of ACTION; and hence Spiritualism in its second cycle may be expected to move.

Our Conferences feel the new impulse, and are weekly increasing in interest. The whole field of reform is before it, and the structure and relations of all natural and spiritual things. At the session of last week, in reply to Dr. Gray, who had asserted that a government of law and a government of will could not co-exist, Dr. Orton made the following points on the question of a Special Providence:

1. Everything is under the government of fixed and unyielding law.

2. One of these fixed laws, is, that the lesser law shall always give way before the higher.

3. All our achievements as a race have been accomplished by our discovery, from time to time, how to supersede one law with another. We conquer gravitation; we propel our ships against the wind; we harness the lightning; and with strong arms snatch each other out of danger.

4. In the case of a drowning man, saved by the intervention of some man, or spirit, the quality of water is not changed in order to effect it, but the law of water is superseded by the higher law of muscles and mind.

5. In saving this man, whether by men or spirits, law is just as much broken, if at all, as though God had stretched out his own right hand and performed the act.

6. The law of will is supreme on all the planes of the universe. We are making it so here, as fast as we can discover how; and it is the same with spirits on their plane; and with angels on theirs; and absolute with God.

7. A general and special Providence, or a government of law blended with a government of will, are thus harmonized; and however short we may come in the proper exercise of our functions under it, we need not fear that with the Supreme it will suffer abuse, be administered by "caprice," or be liable to shipwreck.

The strictures of Mr. Tiffany, J. T. Calkin, of Iowa, and some others, on certain views entertained by prominent members of our Conference, on the question of Evil, will be likely to furnish us texts for future use. An essay by Mr. Calkin was introduced and read by Dr. Gray, of the last week's session, in which his opinions and those of Dr. Hallock on this were ably opposed. Mr. Calkin is a strong, candid writer, and backs his opinions with experiences of his own as a medium. He has no doubt but that there are evil spirits, and brings strong evidence in proof.

In combating this proposition, as both do, Drs. Gray and Hallock occupy a little different ground from each other. Dr. Gray freely admits the existence of special or circumscribed evil; and that a man is substantially the same on going to the spirit-world, that he was here. But he contends not only that man's most interior is pure, and always remains pure, but that, at death, he gains just so much by the change, as he does on passing into the clairvoyant or trance state on this plane. The trance medium is generally observed to come into a greater intellectual light than in his normal state, and on to a purer moral plane; while the grosser propensities seem, for the time being, to be suppressed. Hence, reasons Dr. Gray, the medium would make a moral and intellectual gain, by remaining always in that state; and that gain all spirits do actually make, on passing from natural life.

To this it may be replied, that the worst men and women among us may, under favorable circumstances, and for a limited time, be reduced to a like condition of quiescence; but that experience shows that this sleep of their evil passions is but temporary and uncertain; and there is this difference between a person in a trance, and a spirit. The entranced person is in an abnormal condition, with a part of his faculties laid asleep; while a spirit is in his normal condition, with all his faculties awake. Hence no reliable judgment as to the propensities of spirits, or the change, if any, which death may make in a man's moral condition, can be drawn from the appearance of persons in a clairvoyant or trance state.

Dr. Hallock maintains that there is no such thing as evil, general or special, and, of course, no evil or malicious spirits, or evil and wrong-doing men. Everything is just right as it is; every man is acting according to his best light. Crime and brutishness are inseparable from development, and in their places do no real harm. God is omnipotent, and nothing can exist in his Universe of a quality different from himself.

Though thus differing, Drs. Gray and Hallock are agreed in their efforts to explain away all facts going to show that spirits, in their intercourse with mankind, ever exceed the bounds of strict propriety. So in the case of Calkin. His account of the manner in which he had been lied to and persecuted, con-

trolled against his will, and made to "weep, laugh, pray, swear," etc., met with little sympathy from these gentlemen. Dr. Gray thought all such "possessions" fantasies—the effects of disease. Mr. C. was probably suffering from bilious melancholy. Dr. Hallock called for proof. He would take nothing but tangible proof. He knew from experience that heaven could manifest itself to mortals, let hell do the same, if there be one. The other side, which embraces the great majority of the Conference, called on the doctor for the proof of heaven's manifestation to himself. The debate was a lively one, lasted to a late hour, and will doubtless be resumed.

The prospects for the picnic next Wednesday, at Pleasant Valley, are flattering. Munson has secured the services of a fine test medium, a lady from New England, who may be seen at his rooms. Mr. Dresser speaks to-morrow at Lamartine Hall, on the Spiritualism of the Greeks and Romans—their Priestesses, Pythonesses, etc.—a field for which he is well fitted. Dr. Dods lectures in Brooklyn. York.

## The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—Original Poetry—"Evening Reverie;" Conclusion of "Daisy Newbrook," by Cora Wilburn; "My Last Experience in Love-making," by a Bachelor; "The Forest Stream," by Flora; England and We; Dream of a Quaker Lady; Editorials; Letter from New York; Sunday Meeting at Plymouth; Miscellaneous; Five Columns of Spirit Messages; History of the Mediumship of Mrs. Helen Leeds, by Dr. A. B. Child; The Soul's Destiny; Letter from Judge Chase; The Dead Raised—Spiritual Media Triumphant; Letter from the West; Case of Insanity treated by a Medium; Letters from Maine, New Orleans, and Cincinnati, Ohio, &c., &c.

An interesting article, entitled "The Dial," by Francis H. Smith, will appear in our forthcoming issue.

The regular Sunday meetings of Spiritualists in Boston will commence on the first Sunday in September. Mrs. A. M. Henderson will occupy the desk through September, Miss Emma Harding every Sunday in October, and Mrs. F. O. Hlyzer each Sunday in November.

The thunder-storm, August 6th, did considerable damage in Essex county. A barn was struck in Swampscott, set on fire, and entirely consumed, together with the celebrated mare Lady Suffolk, and about seventy tons of hay. The house of George P. Farrington, in Salem, was struck, and Mr. F. slightly injured; also a house in process of erection at Danversport was considerably shattered, and one of the laborers named William Collins, was instantly killed. The owner of the building, Ira Story, was considerably injured, but will doubtless recover. A friend informs us that, while sitting with a medium, some four weeks ago, a spirit told him he might expect heavy thunder-storms during the month of August, and many casualties in consequence.

The British soldiers found at Delhi an idol with large diamond eyes. That idol was unlike the ghost of Hamlet's father. It had speculation in its eyes.

THE BITE, BIT.—A lady, not long since, commenced a suit in the Common Pleas Court at Ravenna, Ohio, for \$5,000 damages, for a breach of marriage contract. The defendant answered that he had agreed to marry, that he never refused, and was willing to comply with his contract. He got a licence and a Justice of the Peace, and then went to the lady's residence and tendered himself. She wanted time to think the matter over, and finally concluded to dismiss the case and pay all the costs.

The Boston Museum opened on Monday evening, the company having been enriched, meantime, by the addition of several popular artists, including Mr. L. P. Barrett, Mrs. Virginia Cunningham, and Miss Mary Shaw.

We so seldom use our scissors that they have become quite rusty.

In the communication upon our seventh page, entitled "The Soul's Destiny," in the first line of the second paragraph, read *allegory*, instead of "allegory," as printed. A typographical error, simply, but a bad one.

A Scottish parson betrayed into more puns than he meant to make, when he prayed for the Council and Parliament, that they might hang together in those trying times. A countryman standing by, cried out:—

"Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; it's the prayer of all good people."

"But, my friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does; but I pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," the fellow sang out again, "so it's only a strong one."

MODEST WORTH.—Not a day passes that we do not come in contact with persons who are "doing good continually," whose souls are alive with sympathy, and whose hands are ever ready to minister to the needy, and give aid to those who require it. But as they are not "prominent citizens," they pursue their course scarcely marked, and their coming and going attracts slight attention from the world.—Middlesex Journal.

The universal education of the masses should be the chief end and aim of all good men.

DEPARTURE FROM THE CAPTAIN OF THE NIAGARA.—The New York Express says the following despatch has been received by the family of Capt. Hudson:—

Trinity Day, Aug. 6.—God has been with us. The Telegraph Cable has been laid without accident, and to Him be all the glory. We are all well.

Yours, affectionately, Wm. G. HENSON.

A writer from the "Tip-Top House," Mt. Washington, who with others reached there in a rain storm, says that after dinner they sat around a charcoal fire and counted noses, and found that the party consisted of five rain-drops and twelve rain-clouds.

Instructions have gone to Gen. Lamar to advise Costa Rica and Nicaragua that the United States will take justice in their own hands.

The Elkhart, Ky., Times contained this verse:—

"Answer this question, if you please—If England's mistress of the seas How happens it that she's unable To hold 'em while she lays the cable?"

Punch calls the once separated Atlantic telegraph cable, "very hard lines." Nevertheless, they have "fallen in pleasant places" at length.

It is said that Kansas has rejected the "English Bill."

Digby says the laying of the Atlantic cable is a "fixed fact."

Two thousand troops, equipped with the most effective arms known to the army, will soon be in the Territories of Washington and Oregon, and make a vigorous campaign against the Indians. General

Harney will command the operations. A skirmish took place about the 20th of July, in the immediate vicinity of Fort Kearney, between a small war party of Cheyennes and Arapahoes and the Paiutes. The assailants succeeded in surprising a party of Paiutes, killing three, among whom was the chief, and carrying off a large band of horses. A considerable force of Paiutes afterwards pursued the Cheyennes, recaptured the animals, and wounded several of their adversaries. There were over one thousand Paiutes assembled near the post for peaceful purposes.

## SPIRITUALISTS' GRAND MASS PICNIC FOR 1858.

The Annual Picnic of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will be held at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, August 17th. A special train of cars will leave the depot of the Old Colony Railroad for the Grove at half past eight o'clock in the morning. All friends of Spiritualism, both in city and country, are cordially invited to attend this Grand Social Festival, and participate in the exercises of the day. Several eminent Trance Speakers are expected to be present and take part in the exercises. Good music has been provided.

Tickets, fifty cents each for adults, and twenty-five cents for children, may be obtained at the depot on the morning of the excursion. They may also be obtained at all the way stations between Boston and South Braintree, at one-half the regular fare, on regular trains which leave Boston at half past eight in the morning. The friends in Plymouth, Kingston, Plymouth and Hanson, can obtain tickets at their several depots at half fare to Abington, and return by regular trains.

The Spiritualists of Fall River, New Bedford, Myrick's, Taunton, Middleboro' and Bridgewater, will take the train which leaves Fall River at 7:15 a.m. to South Braintree, and then connect with the excursion train for Abington. Returning, leave the Grove at 5:20 p.m. by regular train to South Braintree, thence by the New York express train home—the express stopping only at Bridgewater, Middleboro' and Myrick's. Fare up and return, from Fall River, \$1.00; Myrick's, 75 cents; Middleboro', 55 cents; Bridgewater, 40 cents—children, half price. Those living near the line of the Eastern Railroad, can take the 7 o'clock a.m. train from Salem, and return the same evening. Those on the line of the Woburn Branch Railroad can take the cars from Woburn at 7 o'clock a.m., and return same day. Also, those near the line of the Reading Junction Railroad may take the train which leaves Reading for Boston at 6:15 a.m., and return at night.

Should the weather be favorable, it is anticipated that this will be the largest gathering of Spiritualists ever assembled in this or any other country. Come one—come all!

N. B.—Should the weather be stormy, the Excursion will be postponed until Friday, the 20th inst.

## SABBATH MEETINGS SUSPENDED.

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

## THE MAILS.

There is too much carelessness or dishonesty on the part of post office officials, somewhere, and it needs correcting. A friend, at present visiting in Vermont, says that the Banner sent to his brother, whom he is visiting, does not reach him regularly. He further writes, that he mailed eleven papers (all spiritual) just before he left Boston for Vermont, and, of the eleven, only two have been received. This is the smallest kind of swindling, and the department at Washington should see why its mails are so irregular and unreliable.

## FUTURE ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

A discussion on the merits of "Future Endless Punishment," is soon to commence in this city, between Rev. Dr. Adams, pastor of the Essex Street Church, and Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, through the columns of the Christian Freeman, a Universalist organ, edited by the latter gentleman. Both disputants are acknowledged leaders in their particular denominations, and we may anticipate a brisk discharge of "paper pellets." *Non verbum, as the Richmond Inquirer would say.*

## J. V. MANSFIELD AT HOME.

Mr. M., under date of August 3, writes us that he will be at his office, in Boston, on Monday, the 9th inst., to attend to the letters which await him.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE AND PROBABLE MURDER OF A YOUNG GIRL.—A young lady, named Miss Martha M. Jeffrey, residing in New York city, left her home on the 6th of April, 1857, to go to her place of business, since which time no trace has been had of her.

It is believed that she was seduced away by a man named Daniel Hays, at that time a watchman in the Washington Market in that city. Hays had a wife at the time, who was an invalid, and he induced the girl to reside in his family, to render some little assistance about the house. It was by this means that he gained her confidence, and effected her ruin. Both disappeared at the same time, and no intelligence having been received during the long interim, it is feared she may have become the victim of violence. Hays is about 33 years old, low in stature, broad, round shoulders, blue eyes, fair complexion, and has a singular way of talking. The distracted mother is anxious, if possible, to procure some light as to her lost daughter, and will reward any one with \$100 who shall restore her, if living. She will also pay a liberal reward for any information concerning the whereabouts of Hays, who has resided on Long Island, and at or near Galveston, Texas. He is a blacksmith by trade, and has followed booting. The young lady is 19 years old, low stature, rather broad shoulders, chestnut brown hair, fair skin, nearly black eyes, round-moulded features, and small hands. Any information will be most gratefully received, by addressing J. A. Jeffrey, 187 Pond street, Providence, R. I.—*See.*

## SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION AT PLYMOUTH.

A Convention of Spiritualists will be held at Plymouth on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 14th and 15th, 1858. All persons interested in the subject of Spiritualism, are invited to take part in this Convention. It is the object of the Convention to present new truths and fresh thoughts that are constantly flowing into the souls of men from the spirit-world. Cars leave Boston from the Old Colony Depot for Plymouth every day, Sundays excepted, at 8:30 a.m., 2:40 and 6:10 p.m. Leave Plymouth for Boston 6:30 and 9:20 a.m., and 4:40 p.m.

DANIEL F. GODDARD, GEO. SIMMONS, JR., BARTLEY ELLIS, CHARLES B. HUBB, BRADFORD BARNES, D. J. LANE. Plymouth, August 9, 1858.

## VERMONT SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION.

The Spiritualists of Vermont will hold their Annual Convention at South Roylton, Vt., on the 27th, 28th and 29th of August, 1858. It is not only hoped, but known, that there will be a spiritual and general attendance. From correspondence in hand we are assured that full delegations will come from our sister States; and while we hold out our hands of welcome to these, we feel confident that they will make their advent into no menage or mean assemblages where they will be bored by "side issues."

We shall rally around our olden altar at South Roylton as "familiar worshippers," remembering the unparalleled harmony which cemented our efforts on former occasions at this "Bethel" (this being the third "Roylton Convention"), and knowing that there is a charism in the "Call," even.

A beautiful grove will be fitted up for the occasion, an orderly hotel stands open to care for the outer man, a commodious new church is at our service; and, what is of infinitely greater importance, "ministering angels" beckon us, and point to our fraternal gathering.

Regular speakers will occupy the stand, per arrangement of committee, during the forenoon and afternoon sessions, whilst morning and evening conferences will be opened at the church for all who wish to hear or engage in miscellaneous speaking.

Half fare will be charged on the Vermont Central Railroad; seventy-five cents per diem at the hotel, and fifty cents per diem in private families. No door fee.

D. TARNELL, A. E. SIMMONS, A. C. ESTABROOK, NATHAN LAMB, JOHN D. POWERS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Letters not answered by mail, will be attended to in this column.]

J. G. CORLEMANVILLE.—Such cases as you write of, do certainly occur with Mr. M., as with all other mediums. Yet you see we have published some very remarkable tests, the truth of which we can guarantee. We are more inclined to believe that some spirits find it impossible to control him, and hence cannot answer the inquiries of their friends, where such cases as yours occur. We do not believe there is a medium who can give satisfaction in every case, as one that can be controlled at all times, and by every spirit, to good advantage. Many perfect tests of identity are given—other letters are answered without a test, except that names are signed which were not in the request.

A. W. N. BIRMINGHAM.—The communications you send us are sent to appear in our newspaper, being exceedingly interesting. Your reason should be that you find Daniel Webster, and a minister, would not write such stuff and so on badly. You are being harassed by spirits, decidedly, if those are specimens of your medium powers, and the sooner you cut loose from such spirits, the better. We never reject any spirit, who comes to us with truth; but when a spirit who cannot write about English, to say nothing of common sense, who shows a total ignorance of spelling words, gives the name of Daniel Webster, or the name of an uneducated man—advice at that, we cannot believe such. By a proper course, you may do the spirit good by unmasking him. If you allow yourself to be imposed upon by such a one, you will be among the foolish ones. We give you this advice in kindness. You may depend on us being helped by lying spirits, if you are sure these do come from spirits.

MARY S. SHERBORN.—We have only one objection to printing your letter; and that is, you forget to give us the name of the spirit you had from. There are so many Springfield's in Uncle Sam's dominions, that we should be the cause of misleading our readers, did we print your letter as it is. CHAS. S. CHAMBERS, Ohio.—Your poetry, much of it is very good, but you lack variety, which a little time and practice will give you. Try again.

DR. G. L. CHASE, N. Y.—No such communication as that to which you allude has been received by us. It would be advisable to express your opinion of your intelligence clearly, as regards his mistake.

S. C. C. CANTON, Mass.—We placed "Sir Randolph" on file to print; in this way we set unaccountable reasons to rest, it is not to be found. We hope it may come to "light" soon, however.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Doubledtreet. Admission free.

MEETINGS are held on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUTHRIE HALL, Westminster street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, Tuesday and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

## Special Notices.

## HARMONIAL COLONY CONVENTION.

All persons interested in the establishment of a Harmonical Township, Vermont or New Hampshire, on the general basis announced in the last number of B. C. Gates and others, are hereby respectfully invited to meet in select Convention at Worcester, Mass., on the 15th and 16th days of September next, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M., on the 15th. The undersigned expects that a goodly number of those numerous friends, in various parts of the country, who by letter or otherwise, have expressed their readiness to cooperate in the movement, will be present on the occasion. Also such others as are prepared to take a working interest in the cause. Spectators and mere takers are not invited. Adin Ballou, as a cordial friend, adviser and promoter of the enterprise, has engaged to be present, and to submit for discussion such specific documents and plans of operation, as in his judgment, may be requisite to our success. For the place of meeting, owners will please inquire at No. 1, Bay State Block, Main street, Worcester.

In behalf of the movement, DANIEL C. GATES.

## NEW YORK SPIRITUALISTS' PICNIC.

There will be a Picnic of the Spiritualists of New York City and vicinity, at Pleasant Valley, on Wednesday, August 11th, 1858, and if it rains on that day, the Picnic will take place on the second day following, Friday, August 13th. The Steamboat Plaza will leave the foot of Spring street at 9 o'clock in the morning and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, coaching at the dock at Twenty-second street, each trip, for passengers.

The Committee have made arrangements for the ground and good houses, and to say that, expense tickets are on sale at Messrs's Bookstore, No. 5 Great Jones street, and can also be had at each meeting at Clinton Hall. The price of tickets is Ten Cents each. The fare on the Steamboat is also ten cents each way, and children half price. The whole excursion 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.

"Nothing is so unfortunate, nor set down ought in malice."

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE RUTLAND CONVENTION, photographed by Mr. J. M. W. Verrill, is just published. This is a very full report, in the reading of which the public will be able to gather how much of falsehood and misrepresentation has been promulgated and sent broadcast throughout the land by the secular press, claiming to have a tender regard for, and in some sort the guardians of, the public morals. This book contains about 200 pages, large octavo, and will be furnished at the very low price of 50 cents, in paper, or 67 cents bound. The object not being to speculate, but to get the facts before the people, it has been conducted to make the price as low as possible. The price is 50 cents from 10 o'clock A. M. till 2, and from 3 till 5 P. M. Evening orders sent to the undersigned will meet with prompt attention. Address S. T. MUNSON, Aug 14 if 8 Great Jones street, New York.

MEDIUMS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE CONSTANTLY, day and evening, at Messrs's Rooms. S. T. M. has the pleasure of announcing that he has engaged the services of some of the best mediums in the country; the hour will be from 10 o'clock A. M. till 2, and from 3 till 5 P. M. Evening orders sent to the undersigned will meet with prompt attention. Address S. T. MUNSON, Aug 14 if 8 Great Jones street, New York.

HEALTH TO THE SICK.—MR. LEMUEL EDMISTER, having fully tested his powers as a healing medium, would be happy to meet his friends at his residence in the street, South Malden, near Malden bridge, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Terms, \$1.00 an hour. He will visit patients at their own homes, if desired. Mrs. Lemuel Edmister, as clairvoyant, speaking and writing medium, may be seen on the same days, and at the same place. Terms, 50 cents an hour—poor considered. Aug 14







# History of Mediums.

[Compiled by Dr. A. B. CHILD, for the Banner of Light.]

NUMBER VI.

## MRS. HELEN LEEDS.

Mrs. Leeds was born in Boston in 1824, where she has since resided. Her education has been exceedingly limited, having never attended school after the age of ten years. From the time she came to years of discretion, to the time of her development as a medium—to use her own figure—a dark veil was drawn between her and immortal life; and during this time she had no evidence, no belief, that the soul lived after death.

All her life she has had conflicts within her own bosom, known only to herself, and which arose from no visible, external cause. Her thoughts have ever been silently active, admiring the wonderful phenomena of all life around her. She has ever been a child of nature, free in the growth of her spirit, though industrious in her material efforts. Her medium powers have been growing in the dark, like the seed sown in the earth, which expands and germinates in darkness beneath its surface, to spring forth with a stronger root for its support in after-growth and maturity. Doctrines, creeds and beliefs have ever been regarded by her in her soul as things of nought. She has been exposed to many, many temptations; but has passed them with a smile and a tear. Many clouds of sorrow have fallen around her; but she has waited in patience, in calmness, till the sun has shone again.

At the age of twenty-seven, the dark veil that hung between her and immortal life, was suddenly drawn away; and when alone, in solitude, without any knowledge of modern Spiritualism, or ever having had any thoughts or feelings for, or against it, she heard raps, very loud and distinct, and a voice spoke to her, appearing to come from the air above, which said: "Get a pencil from behind the sofa." She knew (not that a pencil was in the locality named; but on moving the sofa, she found one, and was moved mechanically to take it and sit by the table, though she resisted with all her power. When at the table—her hand and arm being under a powerful influence, new and foreign to herself, which she could not control—she wrote as follows:—

"You have an immortal soul to save, and we come to assist you."

From this moment she felt a thrill run through her whole being—a feeling of delight that she had never felt before; and ever since has felt a love and interest of indescribable power for the subject of spirit communion.

For three months after the first manifestations through herself, she had never seen a medium—to know one as such. This fact argues against the assertion, that the so-called manifestations of Spiritualism are but the symptoms of a contagious disease. If Spiritualism be a disease, it is epidemic, for it falls on thousands as it has fallen on Mrs. Leeds, without any knowledge of, or contact with it.

Three months from the beginning of Mrs. L.'s spiritualism she was developed a drawing and personating medium. Immediately after this development she wrote from impression. About nine months subsequent she was entranced, and her first entrancement continued five hours. A Chinaman purported to have possession, and spoke through her organism, rapidly and fluently, and some sentences, caught from the sound of her voice, and written down, have since been tested, and proved to be real Chinese language. Successive trances immediately followed this, in which various guardian spirits and departed friends of those present spoke our own language, addressing their earthly friends with much feeling and affection. Mrs. L. has fully retained all the phases of her mediumship, with a constantly increasing growth to the present time.

Excepting intervals of sickness, she has been daily, and often hourly entranced for the last six years; and spirits of various kinds and degrees of development have spoken freely and easily through her to mortals. In her conscious moments she has been devotedly in love with the subject of spirit intercourse and immortal life; nothing in life has given her so much happiness.

A great many convincing tests of spirit presence have been given through her mediumship; spirits unnumbered have been identified by their earthly friends; and so far as external proof has been instrumental in turning the attention of men to the unsatisfying subject of spiritualism, for this, Mrs. L. has been a very useful and efficient instrument. And she has been and is perfectly willing to lend her powers and devote her life to the spread and growth of a gospel, so fraught with love and happiness to humanity. She is well adapted, and has been chiefly used by spirits, for private communications, in circles of from one to a dozen persons.

In the fall of 1863, an association of gentlemen and ladies was formed, with the object of adopting the best means for spirit communion. It was their plan to support a medium who should devote her whole powers, if practicable, to spiritual manifestations; and for this purpose Mrs. Leeds was selected; and the house 45 Carver street was procured, and a tax levied on each member of the association of twenty-five dollars a year for its support. This plan was immediately carried into full operation, and has continued with excellent effects to the present time. Mrs. L., the medium selected, has well filled the position; firm, willing and active in the performance of every duty incumbent on her; and, it is believed, with perfect satisfaction to the association, for the period of over four years.

So long exercising her medium powers, they have attained a high degree of susceptibility. She is easily entranced, often without a moment's premonition; and as suddenly restored to consciousness. She sees spirits, and converses with them in a normal state, as mortals see mortals and converse with them. As an instance of this phase of her mediumship, an interview with an unfortunate spirit here follows in a

## HAUNTED HOUSE.

Mrs. Leeds, Mrs. J. T. Bickford, Miss Laura Edmonds, and Miss Jennie Keyes, all mediums, were by spirit influence, against the opposition of their earthly friends, influenced to go together and visit a house that was really haunted. The house, a splendid mansion, had been deserted by two different families at different times for the reason of frightful, mysterious noises,—the moving of articles of furniture and the opening and shutting of doors without visible agency. As they approached this house, which they arrived at with some difficulty and much effort, they found it guarded at the massive iron gate which entered its beautiful surroundings,

by four large, savage watch-dogs, chained inside the gate—which was unfastened—for the purpose of guarding its entrance against all intruders. These dogs were very savage, so no one dared attempt to pass them. At the approach of these four mediums, they seemed to become powerless, and were passed fearlessly, carelessly and safely.

At the window of a conservatory, which made one wing of the house, Mrs. Bickford saw inside the glass a spirit beckoning to them. As Mrs. Leeds approached, an earnest request was made of her by the spirit, that she should come inside the house; which, after some search for the key, and strong objections on the part of the keeper who had the house in charge, they were admitted. Mrs. Leeds, on entering the conservatory, came in the immediate presence of this spirit, and together they held a long conversation, of which the following is a very brief and imperfect sketch. The spirit said:

"In my earthly life I have been rich in the possession of earthly goods. This estate was once mine. The failure of my brother and father made me insolvent; and, to save myself from poverty, this estate I entrusted to the keeping of one I then believed to be a friend, with the private understanding that it should be given back to me when the affairs of my brother and father should be adjusted. This, in a few months, was accomplished; and then I asked this friend to give back my claim to this estate, which he utterly refused to do, and spurned my demand with contempt. For this base dishonesty I swore vengeance upon him. I committed suicide. My remains were taken to, and buried from, this house. My spirit awoke in the spirit-world, filled with revenge—revenge for the base deed of a pretended friend—and for twelve years my mission has been to do the work of this revenge. By the power and perseverance of my spirit, I have brought my victim from opulence to poverty—from respectability to degradation—from a comfortable life, to squalid misery. My work of revenge is finished; and here, to this house, my spirit is chained. Oh, help me break the chains that bind me here; through you I can be unchained. Oh, God! have mercy upon my soul."

After the interview with this spirit, Mrs. L. described his appearance and his features to the keeper, and related many incidents of his life, which led the keeper, who was acquainted with him before death, to suppose that she was also well acquainted with him. But to her he was a perfect stranger.

The following are selections from private communications given through Mrs. L. in a trance state:—

"I tell thee not to place thy affection too strongly on earthly things, for a spirit-bride awaits thee, whose every thought is love to thee, and who watches every anxious gaze of thine, to bring thee wisdom, love and truth from the sphere in which I dwell. And then with whispers low and sweet, my spirit bids thee hope; telling thee of the ever green land of joy that will meet thy gaze. Where, together, we will sit and sing our Father's praise; and gaze together on the living waters that shall flow by: there we will read together from the volumes handed fresh to us from Nature's library, from the hand of the living God; there we will read of his wondrous works and ways; and the motto our spirits shall bear, is, 'love ye one another, for God is love.'"

"Every flower here speaks its own language of love: they fade not, neither do they wither and die; they bud and bloom in eternal fragrance. From these flowers I have culled for thee a bouquet; I shall now bring it to thee, and place it in thy hand, and its fragrance shall refresh thy soul; and its fragrance still shall pass from thee to many, with its refreshing, purifying influences; and my spirit will around the hover, never tiring to pray that thy life may be among mortals such as to advance thy spirit to my embrace, when it shall be called home."

"Ascend the ladder of progression by a steady step, not growing giddy by the height, nor the beauty that thy spirit eyes may behold. Thy guardian spirits will nerve thee for the ascent. Remember that man in his earthly existence can bear but little; spirit beauties must not detract the reason. Could mortals catch but a faint glimpse of the glories that await them, through the gates that lead to their home in the spirit world, their vision would be dazzled and their eyes blinded. Spirits are permitted to give but faint rays of spirit light, that the buds of human nature may open in strength and fragrance."

"There is an electric cord of sympathy that reaches from the spirit in the form to every spirit kindred to it in the spirit world; and every thought of the spirit in the form is heard and felt by the sympathizing spirits, when our thoughts are on them."

"Spiritualism is the key given to mortals by God himself to open the secret springs of thought; a communion between spirits in and out of the body. The ponderous doors of superstition are opened by it, and man stands forth in the essence of love, and in the light of truth, to keep them back forever. The Bread of Life is free, and man is becoming conscious that he can ask and freely receive what he asks for."

"The tomb has no darkness to the soul of light and love. The passage from death to life is strewn with flowers, and spirit guardians lead us through the dark and narrow valley to a world of freedom; to the gardens of unfading flowers, fragrant and fresh forever."

"Pain and grief are only transient; they are angels sent to work out the spirit's earthly probation and make it brighter for eternity."

"As the aspirations of the spirit go upward, it draws from the fountains of angel love, and is thereby elevated."

"He who manfully works for his brother in suffering is surrounded by divine and holy influences."

"He who stems the current of earthly opposition without a murmur, knows that a spirit power guides him, and will deliver him from all evil. Man never asketh God to deliver him when in prosperity, but when he goes forth a pioneer in the cause of truth, and meets contending influences in clearing away the underbrush and weeds of error that grow in the gardens of his soul around him."

"There is a dark, unfragrant flower, called a weed-flower; it is grown to maturity; its leaves are now becoming faded, dry and crisp. How mortals have along to this flower! yet it has sent forth no fragrance. Mortals call it beautiful, and yet it is dark and gloomy. They have not found that in it which has satisfied the soul, for the soul is yet longing and in doubt. This flower will soon break and crumble away in every hand that holds it, and in its place flowers innumerable, of every hue and perennial beauty, fragrant and beautiful, are brought to earthly children in great abundance by angels' hands in the love of Christ."

## Written for the Banner of Light. TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY LELIA.

Lonely my heart, since bidding thee farewell,  
Pain would I nurse within my breast the grief  
Which parting from thee gave,—yet 'tis not well  
Thou'rt sorrow seemeth deep—'tis too brief,  
And full of earnest work, wasted to be  
In vain regrets. Thy voice I seem to hear,  
Borne on soft zephyrs, from afar to me—  
Crying, "Beloved, be thou of good cheer!"  
Lift up thy drooping heart! Dost thou not see  
Great purposes in life? Make thy soul strong.  
Its mission to fulfill! Oh, friend! on thee  
I lean for strength to battle with the wrong.  
A joy I count it thy great heart to know—  
To dwell within the circle of thy love—  
Childlike, to sit at thy feet so low,  
And let the magic of thy touch remove  
All trace of pain from my oft-aching brow,  
And from the fountain of thy strength to fill  
My soul with great resolves. Ah! even now,  
Though far away, I feel thine influence still.  
HARMONIA, MICH.

## Communications.

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

### THE SOUL'S DESTINY.

The following was received through Hon. Salathiel C. Collinsbury, and reduced to writing, (as delivered by Mr. C. in the trance state,) by J. L. Hackett and J. Eastman Johnson, amanuenses:—

I will relate an elegy. A Gnome sat in a cave; and the cave was dark; and the darkness was called chaos. An angel of life descended from the great vortex of Divinity, in the form of a ray of sunlight, and bathed his brow, and the Gnome became a mortal. His mind was perfect, but, as yet he knew nothing. The angel bade him to go out into the Universe and learn his soul's destiny. He dwelt many years upon the earth, and had not yet learned it. He came to a people who professed to be in possession of great wisdom and knowledge. He entreated them to extort from the mysteries of their sciences an answer to his great question, "What is my soul's destiny?" They told him that that knowledge was not to be drawn from science—that its source was above philosophy and human reason, and that to get his answer, he must consult the Divine Oracle. He demanded of them to lead him to the oracle. They replied to him, that they would bring the oracle to him, in the form of a Divine Revelation from the embodiment of Divinity. They presented him with a book, which they called "The Bible." They told him to read that, and it would teach him of his soul's destiny.

He returned again to his cave, and he opened the book and read. In the book he learned that there was a God, the Father of all things—the Creator and finisher of all things. He read in search of the knowledge, of the attributes of that God. He read that that God was a unity; and then, again, he read that he was a trinity. Then he went back to the people. He pointed out to them these contradictory readings, and wished the wise people to explain to him what he should then do to obtain further light in relation to the attributes of the Deity. The wise people smiled upon him, and told him that the book had over two thousand errors in it, and that they did not undertake to reconcile its errors.

Now, then, said the mortal, that had been a Gnome, can I learn my destiny, or the destiny of my soul from this oracle, without some one to point out to me its truths, that I may distinguish them from its errors.

The wise people replied, that he must not question the Oracle. The Gnome threw away the Oracle, and went in further search of light, which would guide him to a knowledge of his soul's destiny.

He came to another wise people, who likewise presented him with an Oracle, which was also a book; and in it was written about the Deity. In it he read that the Deity was an unit; but it was not written in the book that God was a trinity. He told the wise people what he had read in the other Oracle; and they told him that that part of the Oracle which he had read concerning the trinity, was a falsehood. They told him that Jesus Christ, concerning whom he had read in the first Oracle, was an impostor.

They gave him another book, called "Al Koran," which, when he read, told him concerning his soul's destiny. But it contradicted the other Oracle he had read. He then asked the wise people how they had obtained the last Oracle; and they replied that it was given to them by the Deity, through the Prophet Mahomet. He then asked them if the Prophet was a mortal. They replied that he was. Then he said to them, "I will not have the Oracle which cometh through mortal, for I, too, am mortal, and I want to learn divine things concerning the destiny of my soul, which no mortal can give me;" and he cast it in the sand.

The wise people laughed, and spit upon his beard, and told him that the other Oracle which he had read had also come from God, and was given to them through the Prophet Moses; and then he cast the other Oracle in the sand, and placed his right foot upon it, and his left foot upon Al Koran, raised his eyes towards the sun, smote his breast, and wept.

He turned away and said, "I will have knowledge of my soul's destiny." Again he retreated to his cave, and a sunbeam stole in after him, and warmed the damp rock, and a little flower grew in a crevice of the rock. He watched it hourly, and its seed ripened and fell upon a ledge of the rock, and there germinated, and put forth a tender branch; and again the same little flower which had withered, fallen, and rotted, reappeared on the branch; and the mortal that had been a Gnome wept with joy, for the little flower, he read the secret of his soul's destiny, and that it was eternal.

EMMA A. POE.

A communication recently appeared in the Cleveland Agitator, from the pen of J. D. Ferguson, entitled "Spiritualism—Its Antiquity," from which we make the following extract, want of space alone preventing our copying the article entire:—

"But if it still be asked how is it possible for spirits to return, I answer, by the same method through which they leave the world. How do they leave? Let the skeptic answer. If it be asked how can they converse, we answer, how can men converse on earth, thousands of miles apart, by an earthly telegraph? Are we told, by the medium of electricity? You have then our answer. And we would press the inquiry by asking, if men, by a knowledge of an eternal principle of nature, can decipher a human countenance upon a metallic plate, think you it must be impossible for spirits to stamp an idea, a thought, a sentence, a book upon a human intellect? And which is the most reasonable to suppose, that God, in the construction of his universe, left no means of communication to his children, or that He has given to all the agencies of reciprocal approach and friendship?"

## Correspondence.

### LETTER FROM JUDGE CHASE.

GENEVA, ASTORIA CO., O., Aug. 2, '63.

DEAR BANNER—Yesterday we closed here another of our protracted meetings—if a three days' meeting can be called protracted—and again hundreds of glad hearts went home beating quicker and happier for the words they heard and the influences they felt from both spheres.

July has now gone, and in a few days I shall bid adieu to the green hills, rich valleys, beautiful homes and warm hearts of the Buckeye State, and bent eastward to see the leaves fall in New England, and the snowflakes scatter over her hills and vales. My friends in Ohio and the West need not call for me again till the spring birds return from the South—for voices are now calling me to the home of my childhood, New England, where I shall stay till the cold storms drift me southward.

Never, since engaged in this cause of uniting the two spheres, has my heart been so often elevated and gladdened and my mind so much encouraged, as during the last three months. Hundreds of the best families where I have traveled are fully imbued with the Harmonical Philosophy, and are putting forth all their energies to sustain and extend it. On the Western Reserve the friends hold meetings every pleasant Sabbath, in groves—in the temple not made by hands—and usually several speakers are in attendance; and songs of birds, and choirs of mortals, and angelic choirs, all join to praise the God of Nature, and thank him for opening his church for the meeting held often near the closed churches of the Christians, which stand unoccupied and useless.

I think Spiritualism has gained, on the Reserve, more than twenty per cent. during the last year. Several able speakers are in the field all the time, and among the foremost is Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Editor of the Agitator, a semi-monthly paper of Cleveland, and a spirited and well-conducted sheet, for one dollar a year, but not exclusively devoted to Spiritualism. She is one of our ablest speakers, and an excellent writer, and has health and strength to do much, and is using them. We have also S. J. Finney, an early and able pioneer in our cause; Mr. Sutcliffe, Mr. French, Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Barnum, Mr. Tuttle, and a score more I cannot name here, and still the cry is for more, and more hearers than can be supplied with open ears waiting to hear words of truth and reason.

The meeting here was held in the Free Enquirers' Hall—a large hall, built by and for our friends, in which is placed the motto, "Free Speech," and under that is painted a cross and bible, in clouds of darkness nearly emblematic of their real condition. We had no strife, no contending, no discords, but each man or woman said or sang, with or without spirit-influence, and the audience seemed delighted, edified and instructed—heard sermons, songs and poems—bought books, subscribed for papers, and went home happier.

One week before that day (Sunday) I was surrounded by a crowd of more than a thousand people, in the beautiful grove near Barrow street, in Hudson, Ohio, and talked till I was tired, with Alexander Merriam to help me; and when night was approaching, we all left the grove to birds and animals, and gladdened and happy, found homes and places to rest.

The cause moves, this way, and by other pens I learn it does in other parts also.

The friends in New England can have my voice in October, November and December, by applying in time at No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

WARREN CHASE.

### THE DEAD RAISED—SPIRITUAL MEDIA TRIUMPHANT.

NEW BEDFORD, July 29, 1863.

Messrs. Editors—That the time has arrived when we no longer need search the records of the past for that class of phenomena usually termed miracles, no candid or sensible mind will for a moment deny. The sick are healed, the blind made to see, the lame to walk, and those pronounced dead are restored to the bosom of their sorrow-stricken friends and families. These things I do not assert, but, from actual observation, I know them to be true. Not a title of the truth can be told, for an avalanche of facts confronts the investigator at every step of his progress. Though these facts be legion—yet I feel that a new spring to swell the already rapid stream can be furnished in an almost miraculous raising up of a lady, who may well be considered as having entered, if not to have already passed, the portals of death.

The case was as follows:—Mrs. Allen, a well known clairvoyant and spirit medium of this city, was, on last Sabbath evening, while in the act of retiring, suddenly afflicted with paralysis of the heart, (the scientific name I am unable to state,) and fell to the floor lifeless; everything was done to bring back life, but without avail; she was, to every appearance, beyond recovery. She remained in this condition for about two hours, when a spiritual medium, who had been sent for, arrived; he was influenced the moment he entered the house, and was propelled by some unseen power to the bedside, when he began to make violent passes over the body, which, in about five minutes, manifested signs of returning life. In the minds of those who witnessed the operation, there seems not to have been a single doubt as to its being of spiritual agency, though some present were skeptics to spiritual manifestations, yet they express the opinion that no one could see what they beheld, and doubt the intercession of an intelligence beyond the power of the medium.

When the life-blood began to flow, it seemed like some pent up river that had suddenly burst its banks, so quick was the rush of blood through the heart. The lady was so much restored by this, and an operation on the succeeding day, that she is now able to attend to her usual duties.

Of course our medical faculty will see nothing in this but a trance; it was not so, however, when a few weeks ago one of our most respected citizens, on rising from his bed, fell in the same manner, and from the same cause. The faculty were called in, but could do nothing at all. Here is a fact for the investigation of the skeptic. All that I have stated, and much more of the particulars, can be attested by calling on the lady at her residence, No. 72 Chestnut street. If more testimony is desired, they can then be referred to others, all of whom will testify to what I have written. All that were present firmly believe that Mrs. Allen never would have been restored to life had the faculty been relied on for that result.

I regret that I was not at liberty to give the name of the medium, who was so instrumental in restoring a wife and mother to her family. He is not

willing that his name should be sounded abroad, but, like the great medium of old, charges them "to go and tell no man." This is but one of the many remarkable cures performed through his mediumship, all without money and without price. Spiritual gifts like his cannot long remain obscure, and I foretell his mission to be of great use to mankind.

In addition to his healing powers, I consider him to be one of the best test mediums in this part of the State. The city of *whale oil* will not long be behind in spiritual gifts; there are a great many mediums of all kinds being developed. I could give you some very interesting tests received through our mediums; but more anon. AVON.

### LETTER FROM THE WEST.

PHOENIXTOWN, July 16, 1863.

DEAR BANNER—I did not expect to intrude myself upon your notice again so soon. I am, however, on a visit at P., a place where the cause of Spiritualism prevails to such an extent, that the churches cannot command even a "Corporal's guard," and some things have come under my notice with regard to the celebration of our natal day in this place, that I cannot forbear giving you a short account of; as it occurred on Sunday, and the good people of P., not having the fear of the churches or the priests before their eyes, concluded to celebrate it on this holy day. Accordingly, a large bower was erected, and three long tables, spread with the rich banquet with which this beautiful prairie land abounds, by mine host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Annis, of the Cusley Hotel, in P. Both are warm-hearted believers in the harmonical philosophy. Mrs. A.'s round form, of over two hundred, was among her guests, smiling a happy welcome to all.

Dr. A. E. Porter, a gentleman of fine abilities, was the orator of the day. He is not an ardent Spiritualist, but thinks and acts for himself, without regard to what the churches may say of or about him. Now, while all was going on "as merrily as a marriage bell," at the celebration, the scattered remnants of the church assembled at the school-house, to pray to their God to send all sorts of dire disasters upon the ungodly people outside, who had met to celebrate the Fourth on a Sunday. Unlike him whom they profess to follow, these meek Christians got to wrangling among themselves, and made a most violent attack upon Mrs. Porter, who is a member of the church, because she had not sufficient control over her husband, to make him do as they, the church, wished. One of the most golly of this meek band, in all the bitterness of his righteous indignation, got up and declared that Dr. Porter was a dangerous man in the community, and unsafe to trust in their families, and, for his own part, he would leave so ungodly a place in less than a week. Whereupon Mrs. P. arose and said, she thought he had better leave by the break of day next morning.

From all accounts, this must have been a tornado of wrath and golly vengeance, which has damaged no one but himself. The truth is, the church in P. is making a last desperate struggle, and a few more such blasts, and some abler pen than mine will have to write her *Obituary*.

Yours, as ever, in the cause of truth,  
CHARLES SYDNER.

### CASE OF INSANITY TRFATED BY A MEDIUM.

A correspondent writes us from East Greenwich, July 22, as follows:—

"Thinking it might be of some interest to your numerous readers to learn of a new phase of mediumship as reported through myself, and resulting in the cure of an insane man, seventy years of age, I will state the facts as briefly as possible, and if you deem them worthy of notice in the 'Banner,' perhaps I may thereby find some other brother whose reason may be restored through this mighty influence, and to our Father be all the glory."

About one week previous to the manifestation of insanity in Mr. J. C. G., I left home, purposing to stay two weeks. I was impressed while walking in the street in Providence, that I must go home that afternoon, it being the seventh day of my absence. I obeyed the inward voice, and found Mr. G. under a violent delirious excitement, requiring three or four strong men to hold him. The family requested me to stay with him and render what assistance I could. He was then under the care of one of our best physicians, whose remedies only seemed to increase the delirium, until at last he pronounced him incurable, and abandoned medicine. I now took full charge of the patient, and by manipulations, soft words, and little restraint and water, this man is now and has been for two months in the full enjoyment of his reason. For confirmation of these facts, application may be made to J. H. Eldredge, M. D., East Greenwich, R. I. Mr. G. had been previously insane for seven successive years, and two members of his family, a father and sister, have died insane. May it not be said, there is hope for the insane?"

### LETTER FROM MAINE.

SEARSBOROUGH, ME., July 16, 1863.

DEAR BANNER—Let all our friends, from every portion of New England, give short reports of the spread of the cause of truth, through the columns of the Banner. It is interesting to hear the "good news."

The cause with us was never in a more flourishing condition than at present. The friends of the new dispensation have held their regular Sunday meetings for the last three years, keeping up a good interest—numbers are continually added. As Spiritualists, we keep in view the principles of the Christian religion, and thus our meetings partake of a devotional character. The moral, religious and spiritual seem to blend and harmonize, and thus give strength and firmness to the believer.

We have been blessed with laborers from abroad. Miss E. E. Gibson was with us last year—a very good impressive speaker. She labored with untiring zeal, and did great good. On the 6th, we celebrated the nation's birthday by having a picnic in the grove at South Montville—a fine day bringing together some fourteen hundred orderly and well-disposed people, who listened with good attention to the "spoken word" from Mr. Elevensailor of Belfast, Dr. Bonn, and Mrs. Morse, of Seabrook, closing the exercises for the morning. We subsequently partook of a well-provided dinner. Dr. Moody, of Belfast, responding to a call, came forward and gave us a very good discourse, which was listened to with great attention. Trance-speaking followed. Miss Cortell of Rockport, Mrs. Dyer and Tyler of Seabrook, Elevensailor and Mrs. Morse, all spoke. Order and good feeling pervaded this large assemblage of people.

Yours, in the cause of truth,  
N. P. B.



MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

POWER OF GOLD.—A person writing from San Francisco relative to the gold discoveries on Fraser's river, says:—We had a revival here, but Fraser river knocked it cold. People care less just now, apparently, for salvation than gold. The corner of the city complains that the new diggings have put an end to the suicides. Several literary and political gentlemen of this city have been infected, and have gone off to dig the shining ore. They have dug for the land of Magonia, where the yellow oranges blaze amid the dark green leaves.

I have clipped the above from one of our papers, thinking it to afford a good illustration of the "Christianity" of the "Orthodox" Christianity. The writer doubts that a large majority of the worshippers of the Creator ("I") in their churches, were less, just now, apparently, for salvation than gold. If he does, let him resort to some very costly experiments, as tests of the genuineness of his opinion. First, let him accuse the church fraternity of the power of his number who is too poor to aid in supporting the church and its machinery for proselytizing (the distribution of tracts, &c.); and, sustaining his accusations, see whether the offending "brother" will not be forthwith rebuked and excommunicated. Then let him thus accuse a really "brother," whose magnificent contributions materially accelerate the operations of this "Christian" machinery, proving incontrovertibly that his accumulations result from fraudulent practices, and then notice whether his "pious" and consistent brethren will not invent some plausible excuse for acquitting the accused and permitting him to remain in full fellowship.

Jesus denounced the "orthodox" fraternity of his day for having made "the word of God of none effect" by their traditions. Were he now here, would he not denounce the "orthodox" of our day, for having perverted and rendered "of none effect" his own very significant admonition, viz: "ye cannot serve God and Mammon?"

We need not travel to California for evidence of the applicability of the above text, such evidence abounding in any locality, not beyond the boundaries of Christianity, which we may happen to occupy. Those who, under the influence of their "pious" piety, lament the "demoralizing tendencies" of Spiritualism, while grossly ignorant of its details, may derive wholesome instruction from the perusal of the following paragraph, also selected from one of our local journals:—

Look at how "John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a test-taker; you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you never take a drop yourself, minister?" "Yes, John; you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Verra true, sir," said John; "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that." "Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean."

New Orleans, July 27, 1858.

THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL HOTEL DISASTER.

The effect of the National Hotel disaster, which proved Mr. Buchanan's inauguration, still lingers upon the country, and seems to point its finger significantly towards the Presidential mansion.

Mr. Buchanan, we understand, has never been considered completely sound since its occurrence, and now General Quitman has fallen a victim to the disease which he there contracted.

No event in our country's history has been more mysterious than this National Hotel calamity, nor has conjecture ever exerted itself more to find a cause than it has in this. But, none has yet been found, nor is it now probable that any ever will be.

But while our minds are thus exercised in the pursuit of a specific object, let us, also, direct our attention a little further back in historical affairs, and see if there are not other events of equal mystery attending the relations of our Presidential incumbents. Presidents Harrison and Taylor were both removed from this plane of existence within a brief period after their respective inaugurations. Clonm was sent through Tyler's cabinet by the bursting of the large gun on the steamer Princeton; and Pierce went skimming through his term in consequence of the loss of his only son, who, between the election and the inauguration, was removed from his mortality by the upsetting of a train of cars.

These are significant facts, which seem to point to interior design, and may well deserve the attention, not only of him who is, but of those who may hereafter be, incumbents of our Presidential functions.

Each of these successive Presidents met with his particular calamity at or about the commencement of his term, which coincident itself, as well as the tragical character of the events, is, to say the least of it, exceedingly strange.

Why these calamities have thus fallen upon our Presidents, is not for us to know. That which is finite can never comprehend infinity. But, in the movements of things, we may see glimpses of light, which may probably excuse, if not justify us for indulging in conjecture.

At or about the time these visitations first fell upon our Presidents, the spirit world had approached—as it still approaches—the material, and brought disembodied spirits in rapport with man in his earth condition. In the United States, this approximation has been more direct than it has been in any other country; and, as a consequence, spirit influence has been more complete.

But while the spirits have labored to benefit mankind, and redeem them from their idols, the world has resisted them with all its powers, and clung with the grip of madness to the pomposity and ennoblements of state. Every four years our whole nation surges, like a storm-bent ocean, with a struggle for presidential power, and, when these commotions are over, all eyes are fixed with interest on him who outlived the storm. At such a time—when the whole nation may be influenced by a single blow—it is not improbable that the spirit-world may seize upon the occasion to humble Presidents, and show men the emptiness of the bubbles which they so madly pursue. When men become wild with ambition, they become blind to truth, and when elevated in position, are too apt—and the contemplation of their dignities—to forget that they still are but men. Then, as the eagle which rises above the sunny plain, and soars into perpetual snow, returns benumbed and frozen from his lofty flight, so do kings and princes learn humility when brought down to nature and shown their true conditions as men.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, 1858.

**CURE IN EAST STOCKHOLM, N. Y.**

Messrs. ENROBES.—A. M. Convis, now of Lisbon, Illinois, made us a short visit last October. A young lady reading with us had for some years been troubled with a sort of paralysis in one side of her head, arm and hand—was unable to labor most of the time for fourteen months—her hand, except the fore finger and thumb, was entirely useless. Doctors had given it up as an incurable case; but by manipulation with the hand of the medium, a permanent cure, to appearance, was effected. It is now over eight months since. Up to this time it is well.

A few words in regard to the cause of Spiritualism in this vicinity. There are a goodly number of believers, but we are scattering—a few in a town—and we seem to be rather neglected by lecturers. If a traveling lecturer should pass on our Northern Railroad through to Ogdenburg, and would call and spend a few days in this vicinity, it might advance the cause much. They would be very welcome to receive, and probably get enough of the "needful" to make it an object to visit us.

REMARKABLE TEST.

Mr. B. H. Cranston, a leading, writing and rapping medium, of Plymouth, was called upon, early one morning, not long since, by an elderly gentleman, and requested to go with him to visit a daughter of his, who lay, as he thought, dangerously ill, some ten or twelve miles from P. Mr. C. at first thought it would be impossible to go until he had attended to some business which he had at home. The gentleman then handed Mr. C. a lock of hair, which he took in his hand; he was immediately influenced, and his hand commenced writing. After some two pages were written, the communication was read by Mr. C. and he told the gentleman he would—seeing he was so anxious—accompany him in the course of two hours. They started from P. about 10 o'clock, and, after riding some three miles, Mr. C. was strongly influenced and impressed concerning the person whom he was going to see. (By the way, Mr. C., the medium, never knew the family, and had never known that there was such a person in existence as the one to whom he was now called.)

The impressions being so strong, he made the inquiry if the lady was married, to which the gentleman replied in the negative. They rode on some two miles further, when Mr. C.'s hand was again influenced, and began writing, the wagon being stopped. After a page had been written, Mr. C. read it, the purport being this:—"It is of no use to go any further; the lady is being delivered of a child; a doctor is present." Mr. C. then wanted to get out of the wagon and return home, but was entreated to go on, which he did. On their arrival, before going into the house, they were informed of the fact, that everything which had been written through him concerning the case, both before starting from P., and on the road, was literally true.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE LAID.

That the Atlantic cable has been successfully laid from Ireland to Newfoundland, the following dispatches to the Associated Press will abundantly show:—

TRINITY BAY, AUGUST 7.—The Atlantic cable was successfully landed here yesterday, and is in perfect order. The Agamemnon has landed her end of the cable, and we are now receiving signals from the telegraph house at Valentia.

The U. S. steam frigate Niagara and H. M. steamers Gorgon and Porpoise leave for St. John's to-morrow. We landed here in the woods. Until the telegraph instruments are all ready and perfectly adjusted, communications cannot pass between the two continents; but the electric currents are received freely. You shall have the earliest intimation when all is ready, but it may be some days before everything is perfected.

The first through message between Europe and America will be from the Queen of England to the President of the United States, and the second his reply.

TRINITY BAY, AUGUST 8.—Pry excuse what you may have thought neglect on my part in not giving more particulars about the laying of the cable, but I have hardly had time to eat, drink, or sleep. Mr. McKay, the superintendent of the New York and Newfoundland telegraph line, has been working day and night to get everything ready.

The people here seem to have had little faith in the cable's arriving, and had made very slight preparation for receiving it.

The end of the Atlantic cable was landed on the Irish coast from the Niagara on the 6th of August, 1857, and the other end from the same vessel on the 6th of August, 1858. The heavy shore-end laid from Valentia by the Niagara, last year, still remains, and was to be spliced up to the main cable, so that both ends of the cable have been actually laid by the Niagara.

The telegraph fleet sailed from Plymouth on the experimental trip on the 29th of May. The cable was broken at the first attempt to lay it on the 29th of June, and the splice in mid-ocean on the last successful attempt, on the 29th of July. Hoping to soon see you, I remain very truly, your friend,

CINCINNATI, OHIO, 1858.

To D. H. Craig, Agent Associated Press.

A dispatch received from Trinity Bay on Saturday, reported that "signals are now being made through the whole extent of the cable, but it is unlikely that the line will be opened for business for several days, or perhaps weeks, as the electricians will require time for a series of experiments with their recording instruments. Due notice will be given of the opening of the line for business."

Mr. FIELD TO PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.—Bedford, Pa., Aug. 7.—A large crowd assembled to-day to congratulate the President on the success of the Atlantic Cable. It is estimated that 1600 persons were present.

The following is Mr. Field's reply to the President:—

TRINITY BAY, Aug. 7.—To His Excellency James Buchanan, President of the United States, Bedford Springs:—Your telegraphic dispatch is received. We landed here in a wilderness, and until the telegraph instruments are all perfectly adjusted, no message can be recorded over the cable. You shall have the earliest information, but some days may elapse before all is perfected. The first message from Europe shall be from the Queen to yourself, and the first from America to England your reply.

With great respect,

Very truly your friend,

C. W. FIELD.

Copious extracts from Mr. Field's Journal of the Voyage is also given; but our limited space precludes our copying it.

Rejoicings all over the country is the result of the successful accomplishment of this great international enterprise.

"Even goblins damned, lose not all their virtue."

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.—The arrival of the steamship Arago, from Havre and Southampton 28th ult., brings one day later intelligence. Ship Heather Dell had arrived at Liverpool from Australia, with a million and a half dollars in specie.

Some interesting debates had taken place in the British Parliament. In the House of Lords, Lord Lyndhurst called attention to the right of search question, and asked for the correspondence relative to the negotiations on the subject with the United States. Lord Malmesbury said an arrangement calculated to put a stop to the traffic in slaves under the cover of the American flag, at the same time to avoid all cause of misunderstanding between the two nations, was in course of preparation, and would, he believed, accomplish the desired object.

Baron Rothschild was sworn in as a member of the House, and took his seat at the Monday morning sitting, when he voted for the first time.

There has been an extraordinary discovery of old coins in France.

The Calcutta mail has brought interesting details of news from India and China, confirming previous despatches.

By the late gale in the vicinity of Liverpool, thirteen vessels were driven ashore, but came off at flood tide.

There had been a large meeting of Jews to commemorate the passage of the law admitting Jews to Parliament.

At Alexandria, Christians have been insulted and menaced. The aggression was immediately punished.

Mohamet Pasha, Minister of Police, has been sent to Candia on a special mission by his government.

Count Cavour, Sardinian Minister, had been on a visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Plombiere. A conference between him on the affairs of Italy is said to have taken place.

The trial, at Salerno, Italy, of Baron Nicotera and others, charged with a revolutionary attempt last year, had resulted in seven prisoners being condemned to death, and several others to twenty-five years in prison; some to less severe penalties, and many were set at liberty. Orders had been issued to suspend the sentence of death, and it was thought that the sentence would not be carried into effect.

ARMY, INDIAN AND UTAH NEWS.—St. Louis, August 7.—Gen. Harney, Major Buell, Capt. Pleasanton, and Surgeon Wright, arrived here last evening. The councils between Gen. Harney and the Cheyennes, at Cottonwood Springs, and with the Pawnee near Fort Kearney, resulted in their pledging themselves not to molest the whites, and promising to remain in peace with each other.

The Utah correspondent of the Republican, under date of July 3d, says that Brigham Young has had all the animals, taken from the government trains last fall, driven into Salt Lake City, for the purpose of having them delivered up to General Johnston.

Young has desired Gov. Cumming to receive them officially, and forward them to Gen. Johnston.

Companies are forming in this city to proceed to Fraser's River in the Plains.

BOSS INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.—At Newark, N. J., on the morning of August 1st, 1858, Walter, son of Robert D. and Mary E. Battle, left the earth-form, aged one year four months. This tender plant, so fondly cherished by affectionate hearts, has been transplanted to some congenial clime, where, as a "good citizen," he will still be able to assist and, by his loving presence, will cheer, guide and assist his dear parents through their earthly life, and finally, with the spirit host, will welcome them to the radiant shores of their eternal home.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

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

IN BOSTON.

H. E. ATWOOD, Trance and Healing Medium, No. 31-2, Brattle Street. See ad.

J. V. MANSFIELD, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.

Mrs. ENROBES, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery Place, up one flight of stairs, No. 2. Hours from 9 to 1, and 2 to 6. Terms 50 cents a session.

Miss ROSA T. AMERY, 32 Allen street, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 32 Allen street. See ad.

Mrs. BEAS, Trance, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, Rooms No. 20, Elliot street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 6 P. M.

Mrs. W. R. HAYES, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium, No. 24, Broadway.

Mrs. B. K. LITTLE, Test and Clairvoyant Medium, No. 33 Beach street, (nearly opposite the United States Hotel).

Mrs. H. A. LANGFORD, Clairvoyant Medium, examines and prescribes for diseases. See advertisement in another column.

For notices elsewhere:—

Mrs. C. L. NEWTON, Healing Medium, No. 26 West Dedham street. See ad.

Dr. C. MAIS, Healing Medium, (by laying on of hands), No. 14 Davis street. See particulars in another column.

Mrs. J. B. COVERT, Writing, Speaking and Personal Healing Medium, No. 33 South street.

Mrs. E. MOORE, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, No. 15 Tremont street. See advertisement.

Mrs. WATKINS, Healing Medium; Miss WATKINS, Test and Trance Medium, No. 142 Harrison Avenue. Terms, fifty cents per hour.

Miss M. MASON, Medical, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, No. 13 La Grange place. See advertisement.

Mrs. J. B. COVERT, Test Medium, 70 Tremont street. Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 2 to 5 P. M.

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium—25 1-2 Tremont street. Hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 2 to 5 P. M.

IN THE COUNTRY.

Mrs. GARY, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, No. 4 Park street, Charlestown, has herself been very much benefited by spirit power, and she now offers her services for assisting others in examinations and prescriptions for the sick. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M.

JOSEPH ELLIOTT, of Franklin, N. H., will respond to calls to lecture on the Sabbath or week-day evenings.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Mount Auburn, Mass. Mr. C. will set for the sick from 7 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Miss SARAH A. MAGOON, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 375 Main St., Cambridgeport—care of George L. Cade.

Miss M. E. JENKINS, healing and developing medium, may be found at No. 25 Pleasant street, Charlestown. Terms for examination, 75 cents; for developing (one hour), 50 cents.

Mr. SAMUEL UHLMAN, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Will also attend funerals. Address, Randolph, Mass.

Mrs. B. H. COVERT, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will receive callers at her residence in West Randolph, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week. Terms, for Examination, 50 cents. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour.

JOHN H. CUMMER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 12, Newbury street, Boston.

Mrs. S. WELCH, Healing Medium, No. 120 Newbury street, Lawrence. Sends diagnosis of disease and prescription therefor, on receipt of the name of the person affected, and one dollar.

Mrs. J. W. CONNOR, trance-speaker, will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Mrs. C. is a Clairvoyant, Test, Healing, and Rapping Medium. Address J. W. Connor, Lowell, Mass.

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 disease:—

Messrs. B. O. & G. C. WILSON, Botanic Druggists, No. 20 Central street, Boston.

Gentlemen—In 1848 I took a violent cold, which soon resulted in chronic bronchitis; and the continuance of the disorder, by constant coughing and spitting, in the winter of 1851 was confined to my room. I had recourse to every remedy within my reach, and placed myself under the care of a physician. In February, 1854, I was much emaciated, took my food with difficulty, had frequent hæmoptoe bleeding from the lungs, &c., &c.; three or four physicians checked, but could not cure, and I was in a state of great anxiety. At this juncture, I received a supply of your medicines. I had been so often disappointed, I doubted their efficacy, and hesitated to use them; I tried, however, the Cherry Balsam, and, after using one bottle, I experienced a true, CHALKY expectoration, and from that gradually recovered, and the cough and bleeding became less and less.

For the benefit of those in the same afflicted and almost helpless condition, I will state the effect of your remedies in my case. The Cherry Balsam produced free and easy expectoration, and the cough was removed, and the tendency to cough in the throat, and always irritability and tendency to cough; the Cherry Bitters 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 dagger-shaped, and I had lost all flesh to grow thin—my ribs were all visible, and I was in a state of great anxiety. It is now February, 1857, 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.

Quincy, Feb. 10, '55. Sm

WARREN A. REED, Jr.

FOR NABANT—FROM LONG WHARF.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT FOR THE SEASON. Fare Reduced.—On and after Thursday, June 24, the vessel, steamer and fast sailing steamer NELLY BAKER, Capt. Covill, will make four trips a week between Boston and Nabant, as follows:—

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

Leave Nabant at 7 3-4 and 11 A. M., 3 3-4 and 6 P. M.

Fare only 25 cents.

On Sundays—Leave Boston at 10 A. M., 1 3-4, 7 1-2 P. M. Leave Nabant at 11 A. M., 2 3-4 P. M., 5 3-4, 8 3-4, 11 P. M. each way.

Excursion Parties and Fishing Parties accommodated upon liberal terms.

H. P. NEWHALL, Agent.

17 Portland street, Boston.

B. O. & G. C. WILSON, WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS, Nos. 18 & 20 Central St., near Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

Every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Bark, Seeds, Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid, Fluid and Concentrated Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Apothecaries' Glass Ware; Bottles and Phials of every description; Syringes of all kinds; Medical Books upon the Reform System of Practice; Brandy, Cognac and other spirituous liquors of the best quality, for medicinal purposes; together with great variety of miscellaneous articles usually found at such an establishment.

Orders by mail promptly attended to. If

HALL'S BOSTON BRASS BAND.—Rehearsal Room, No. 20 Brattle Square. D. C. Hall, Leader and Director. 4 Winter place; Rhodolph Hall, 21 Levee; 3 Gough place. Applications made as above, or at White's Music Store, Tremont Temple.

Music furnished for Pic-Nics, Parties, Excursions, &c. June 5. 3m D. C. HALL, Agent.

DRS. GUTHRIE & PIKE, Eclectic Physicians, and Medical Electricians. Give special attention to the cure of all forms of Acute and Chronic Diseases.

Office—17 TREMONT ST., (opposite the Museum), BOSTON. S. GUTHRIE, M. D. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D.

OCTAVIUS KING, ECLECTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY, 64 Washington street, Boston.

Spiritual, Clairvoyant, and Mesmeric Prescriptions accurately prepared. Dec. 10, 1857.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY, 92 SUDBURY STREET, (UP STAIRS), BOSTON.

Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Private Families supplied with all kinds of help at short notice. L. F. LINCOLN, Feb. 27-1

ALEXIS J. DANDRIDGE, Healing Medium and Electropathist, No. 31 Brattle Street, Boston.

Office hours from 3 to 5 o'clock P. M. Terms reasonable. June 5.

DRS. BROWN, DENTAL SURGEONS, No. 21-1-2 WINTER STREET, BROWN'S BUILDING, BOSTON.

Patients psychologically, or entranced, and operations performed without pain. Nov. 21

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, No. 16 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Parker's Sermons of Immortal Life, 5th Edition—Price, 10 cents. Parker's Speech delivered in the Hall of the State House, on the Present Aspect of Slavery in America, and the Immediate Duty of the North. Price, 10 cents. Parker's Sermons of Revival, 10 cents. One on False and True Theology—Price, 3 cents each. Just published, and for sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Brimfield street, where may be had all the various other writings of the same author, either in pamphlet form or bound in cloth, at wholesale and retail.

MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.—The subscriber, having found Electro-Magnetism, in combination with other remedies, to be the most effective in the treatment of all diseases, takes this method of informing those interested, that he continues to administer it from the most approved modern apparatus, in cases where the nervous system is involved, to which class of diseases he gives his special attention.

J. C. GUTHRIE, M. D., No. 25 Winter street, Boston. July 2, 1857.

SAMUEL BARRY & CO.—BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS, the BAZAR OF LIGHT, &c., STATIONER AND FANCY GOODS; No. 838 Race street, Philadelphia.

Subscribers served with Periodicals without extra charge. Bixby in all its branches neatly executed. CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, &c., printed in plain or ornamental style. Dec.

WOODMAN'S REPLY TO DR. DWIGHT. A NEW EDITION OF THIS EXCELLENT WORK IS JUST PUBLISHED. It has been carefully revised and stereotyped, in order to meet an increased demand, and is put at the low price of one cent per copy. A liberal discount at wholesale.

BEILA MARSH, Publisher, July 24. 14 Brimfield street.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, FREE.—MRS. A. W. PRATT, of Chelsea, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, informs the public that she will give free examinations to the afflicted. Examination of hair, written out, \$1. Office, No. 77 Willow street, near Central Avenue.

Medicines, conveniently put up, will be furnished, if desired. July 10

MRS. B. K. LITTLE, the well-known Test Medium and Clairvoyant, has removed to No. 33 Beach street, (nearly opposite the United States Hotel).

Terms, \$1 per hour for one or two persons, and 50 cts. for each additional person. Clairvoyant examinations, \$1. June 10

A. C. STILES, Bridgeport, Conn., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, guarantees a true diagnosis of the disease of the person he examines, on \$5 fee, by the following plan:—To be strictly observed. For Clairvoyant Examination and prescription, when the patient is present, \$2. For Psychometric Delineations of character, \$2. To insure attention, the fee and postage stamp must in all cases be advanced.

Dec. 2.

MRS. L. B. COVERT, WRITING, SPEAKING AND PSYCHOMETRIC MEDIUM, No. 33 South street, will sit for Communications between the hours of 9 and 12 A. M., and 2 and 10 P. M., or, if desired, will visit families. Terms for one sitting, 50 cents. Nov. 14

MRS. YORK, HEALING MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT, No. 14 Pleasant street, entrance on Spear Place, Boston. Mrs. Y. heals the Sick and reveals the Past, Present and Future. Terms for Examination, \$1; Revelation of Events, 50 cents. Hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

SPYRITUALISTS' HOTEL IN BOSTON. THE FOUNTAIN, corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach street. Terms—\$125 per day, or by the week, at prices to accord with the times. Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Proprietor. Dec. 12.

JAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING AND DEVELOPING MEDIUM.—Rooms, No. 16 Tremont Street, (Up Stairs), opposite the Boston Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their homes.

A good Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium may be found at above address, whom I can recommend to the public wishing for Tests. June 5

MADAME DU BOYCE, MESMERIC CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, from New York City, who has been so successful in the treatment of all diseases, especially of the Eye and Ear, is at the Marlboro' Hotel, Washington street, Boston. The afflicted are invited to call. Sm July 31

MRS. R. L. GERROLD, CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM.—Rooms, No. 7 Lincoln street, Boston. Terms: Examination and Prescription, \$1.00. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. July 31

MRS. PHELPS, CLAIRVOYANT AND SPIRITUAL HEALING MEDIUM.—Residence, 32 Carver street, corner of Elliot street, near the Boston and Providence Railroad Depot. N. B.—The sick visited at their homes, when desired. July 31

N. O. LEWIS, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.—Examine all kinds of diseases, and prescribe for them. Office, No. 70 Tremont street. July 31

MRS. E. D. STARKWEATHER, WRITING AND RAPPING MEDIUM, No. 11 Harrison Avenue. Terms, 50 cents each person. July 31

NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S ROOMS. No. 5 Great Jones Street, New York.

MRS. JAMES M. SEYMOUR will give Physiological and Psychometrical delineations of character, at Munson's Rooms, 5 Great Jones street, every day—Saturdays and Sundays excepted—from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. This lady's Psychometric powers have been tested, and are pronounced unimpaired, by those whose opinions are entitled to respect. She is also an excellent personating medium. Terms \$2 per hour, or \$3 for each examination when written out. A complete test medium will also be in attendance on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week, from 3 to 5 P. M.

The regular circles, set down for Tuesday and Thursday evenings of each week will be continued, Mr. J. B. Conklin being the medium. S. T. MUNSON, July 24.

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY. THE SUBSCRIBER continues the publication of this Magazine at No. 6 Fourth Avenue, New York. He is entering upon the publication of the Fourth Volume. The Magazine is devoted to the investigation of the principles of mind in every department thereof, physical, intellectual, moral, and religious. It investigates the phenomena of Spiritualism without partiality or prejudice, giving tribute to whom tribute is due.

He solicits the patronage of all who wish to become acquainted with the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, its dangers and its uses. The Magazine is published monthly, each number containing from ten to twelve pages.

TERMS. 1 Vol. (2 Nos.) - \$2.00 5 " - 10.00 10 " - 20.00 12 " (one address) - 25.00 Sent for sale at the Bookstore of BELLA MARSH, 14 Brimfield street, Boston. J. TIFFANY, June 26.

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY. ADDRESS delivered before the Convention in favor of extending to Women the Elective Franchise, by Geo. W. Curtis. Price 10 cents, or to the trade at \$7 per hundred.