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Original Poetry.

EVENING REVERIE.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUINE.

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 throbbed with strango 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 Timo's discords fail 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 seal of splendor on the skies; Oh! what a world were this, could we but feel That those bright stars were but the tender oves. By which another world our own descries.

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 iil: It hovers near, but cannot gain the throno Where sits the heart-I am no more alone,

A happy thought is this cousoling 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 held-by man misunderstood-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 soirit forth imbued with iil: We know his purpose wise; could be have meant To cause a life, which life would thwart his will? This cannot be! our God is JUSTICE still

And recognize divinity within-That part of God, which, through eternity, Must still remain as first it did begin; And keep it uncontaminate by sin.

Oh, gentle evening! how thine influence thrills Through all my being with a boundless power; From every tree I list the mock-bird's trills, And faney gaily gilds each fleeting hour, And culls 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, Repining, though they hold it as thoir doon.

Of that belief the world so long hath had, That, the result; and yet the world will rave, If one deny mankind innately bad, And hold that God by some wise plan will save, E'en 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 bluehing flower. As in the moving image of the man, The capacities of each receptive power Royaling all of Deity they can; An acro 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 thom again their kind in fashion thrive, For God to life, Eternity did give.

Ball on, fair Moon! I bless the Joyous times In which thou reign'st; the night is fleeting on; Ball on, 'till Morn his cloudy stairway climbs, And blds thee flee 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 Bear'st thou away with thine own influence fraught, Which trust or suffering from the heart have wrought.

Oh. fare-thee-well I 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

Lawyer-You misunderstand me, my friend: I want to know whether he attacked him with any evil

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.

Written for the Banner of Light. DAISY NESBROOK:

Romance of Real Vife.

BY CORA WILBURN.

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 lio down to die; but little Amy lives, and must be cared for. Adh, 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 footstep; alone, alone, with grief and memory! As she asks, wailingly, 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 the 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 upou the gentle, shrinking Daisy; but she met it nobly, bravely, as the heart of devoted woman only can. Although she knew it not, listoning 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-would 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 nover injured a living being; il have been 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! is 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 youself to its repulses, to cruelty and humiliation? Leave me; you can better obtain employment if you leave me. Return to Forestdalethey will gladly welcome you!"

To these wild discourses, Daisy replied with soothing caressess; with tender words guarding 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 bends so many womanly hearts in misery and degradation, flying from the bondage of toil-from needle-servitude. That little, shining implement! a toy in the fair lady's hand, for her careless stitches are not counted with heart-throbs of anguish; what an instrument of untold torture it is to slaving millions—that glistening, flylng, delientely-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 harbinger of death to many; more cruel than the dagger that, kills instantly-it wounds by inches inflicts its nameless martyrdom with torturing slowness and unorring certainty.

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

You are waiting for the story, gentle and pitying

from this uncongenial lot. Have a little patience, carpet. As if an invisible arm grasped hers, Daisy situdes and the startling details, receive also the as if some powerful, guiding, though unseen influsternness and the every-day trial and experience that ence, directed her, Daisy followed, as if in a dream, is also the reality of life—that'is of its grandest and | yet with a deepened consciousness—with senses most useful lessons-that teacheth faith, forbear- painfully acute-with wildly throbbing heart and ance, resistance unto wrong.

brow, the forehead of judge or statesman shall pale Daisy rushed towards him, forgetful of all besidewith outer semblance, a haughty, pitiless spirit, to earth, cried wildly, imploringly-Yes, Daisy toiled, wearily-often till late into the "Reginald! oh, Reginald! speak to me! it is I, night-toiled for herself and the grief-stricken Ada, Daisy-Daisy come to find you!" who, were it not for her child, would have sunk be- A soft blush mantled his cheek, rose to his brow, effort, sought and obtained sembroidery and other frame a word.

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 to make use of this noble gift for the maintenance of herself and child. Even in her widow's garb, with turning to her afflicted friend.

Thus they lived—sharing each other's sorrows for "Daisy!" he said soft and tenderly, "how came two years after Howard's death; and little Amy you here?—how heard you the tidings? I did not grew in infantile beauty a sweet, loving, affectionate hear you come in." child; and over the face of Ada there stole a mild "I am here," she replied, low and dreamily; "I reflection, as if picturing the growing resignation of know not how I came-angels guided me, I believe. her soul-as if the mountain-weight of her sorrow But you are ill, Reginald! What is there I can do was lessened, and her burden worn more cheerfully, for you?" her arms relaxed their hold-she gazed It was little Amy's voice and smile that brought the upon him with reverential pity. she toiled, and endured meekly, humiliation and re-weep so for me?" even for immortality.

One day, an unaccountable restlessness possessed nized affection. their own meals, held no intercourse with them; though I never see him more!" but when the landlady, entering at mid-day to make place he came from. Mrs. Bently was about to re- revelation that thrilled his soul with costacy. ply, when she was summoned from the parlor, and Daisy saw her not again that day.

Ada noticed her friend's unusual abstraction and form thy mandate." paleness, but forbore to press her with questions. scholar, to agree upon the hours of tuition, and the drooped, and she whispered "Aunty," to put her to Daisy, her blessing rests upon you. I wrote sleep. Soon she was sleeping in her little crib; and Did you not receive my letter ?" palo, silent and abstracted, Daisy watched the moon- "Nover!" sobbed Daisy. "And she is at rest?

With the beauty and the romance, the strange vicis- arose; as if voices bade her go onward, she went; flushing cheeks-with panting breath, yet with de-It is not the bitter, unremunerated toil alone that termined will. She passed up the stairs meeting no goads the soul to desperation, and leads it to tempta- one, along the well-lighted entry, to where a roomtion and sin. It is the scornful flat of the world's door stood half open. She paused, with her hand self-constituted classes, imposing humiliation, con- upon it—could she, dare she enter? A sweet fratempt, neglect, upon the toilers for the daily bread; grance of roses came wafted around her as she stood monopolizing to themselves all that is beautiful in irresolute; she heard faint moans from within; art, and rare in genius; dooking themselves with deep pity and tenderness, and a dread and fear unearth's universal offerings of wealth and beauty; utterable, caused her to rush forward with trembling wrapping around them their costly robes, lest they limbs and tear-blinded eyes. She stood within the should be soiled by contamination with the child of sick chamber. A shaded lamp was burning on a poverty; closing their aristocratic portals upon the small tablo; before it stood a vaso, filled with choice unfortunate, fearing their bare, bleeding feet might | flowers; rose-leaves were strewed around the snowy soil the glossy richness of their velvet carpeting; coverlid of the bed, whose curtains were drawn back that their toil-worn fingers might leave their plebeian for the admittance of the symmer, breeze that came impress upon some carved or gilded ornament! This in at the half-opened window; an air of luxury and withdrawal of sympathy—this negation of heart— refinement pervaded the chamber. Daisy took all in has driven proud and long-suffering souls to ruin, to in one quick glance, then her eyes rested searchingforgetfulness of honor, duty and virtue! It has lly, timidly, with trembling expectation, upon the driven despairing souls, that a kindred smile, one sufferer's face. It was upturned, as if in invocation grasp of the hand would have saved, to misery and or entrenty; the moonbeams rested full upon its degradation, to theft and sln, and self-murder! Once, | glorious, unearthly beauty, softening the harsh lines on the gained shores of the spirit land, accuser and of illness, effacing with their spiritual, tender light accused will stand; the child of affluence and luxury the haggardness of disease, the impress of the deconfronting the child of penury; and the one earth stroying angel. The blue eyes aplifted with such deemed lost shall say to the flattered, petted daugh holy fervor-the wide, pure brow, around which ter of pride—to the son of those earth called high damp, yet beautiful, the golden hair lay like a glory; and honorable: "Thou art my murderer! thou wert the wan hands folded with the earnestness of supplimy tempter unto evil!" And the wreath that the cation. With a cry that broke from the awakened world's unanimous applause placed on the beauty's depths of her soul, a heart-wail of love and anguish, and shrivel 'neath that accusing voice. Oh, there! unmindful of all, save that he lay there, pale and tinsel will not pass for heart-wealth; fashion will dying. She clasped her loving arms around him, not conceal a soul's deformity, nor sweet words belie and before he could recall his thoughts from heaven

neath the burden of her woes. She was for a time then died away like a departing joy; but a deep, so weak and helpless, that the entire responsibility carnest, tender light filled his eyes, and they beamed rested upon Daisy, who, perving herself for the assurance upon her, ere his trembling voice could

fine sewing, the proceeds of which barely sufficed to "You here!" he said at last, and a beautiful smile provide them with food. But by degrees Ada aroused lighted up his face. Still her arms were entwined from the lethargy of sorrow-from the numbness of around him, her dark curls floated over his brow; suffering-and looked upon her child; that growing still with her tender eyes, now fully revealing the in beauty, and roseate with health, in the midst of long-hourded secret, bent upon upon him; she stood their many privations, seemed calling upon her to as in a trance of joy; no conventional fear intruding-no false shame invading the sacredness of that beautiful aud sad reunion.

"You here, Daisy?" he repeated. "You come to me in my last hours, when my thoughts were of God friend should not toil for her. Remembering that and heaven! You, his ministering angel, come to she possessed a fine voice—one that had won her admiration and applause from many—she determined 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 her subdued and sorrowful air, she applied for music music voice, but hearing not the words he snoke. generous, forgiving, charitable, always. I loved my pupils, sinking forever the pride that in his lifetime Daisy stood; her eyes bent full upon him with all would have deterred her from such a step. She was her soul's hoarded tenderness and sorrow revealed moderately successful in obtaining scholars, and so fully; yet moving not her lips to speak; untwin-Daisy, relaxing semewhat her unwearied efforts, reiging not that loving clasp, that would have shielded joiced to behold an interest in the things of life re- him from death, with the power of a mighty, saving

change; no gleam of light from above had yet fallen "You can pray for me!" he replied sadly, "and on the troubled heart; she knew not that her be- you can say again you forgive me, for my harshness loved one was nigh, hearing her sighs, a witness to -my cruelty of yore-that is all, dear Daisy. My her despairing grief—the grief she abandoned her-days, nay, my hours are numbered. Hush, Daisy, self so fully to when alone! For her child's sake do not weep so bitterly ! is there yet one on earth to

proof; she, the proud, high-souled Ada Lenox! But The strange spell that bound her seemed loosenin-her spirit-gleamed-no-hopeful-dawn;-no-vivid-ing;-now-she-stood-faoing-the-cold, stern reality. faith portrayed a blissful future. Ada, amid her She had met Reginald Danby, but it was soon to lose heart's grief and bitterness learnt to doubt, to fear, forever that smile, now beaming upon her so tenderly; those blue eyes, answering glances of recog-

Daisy; she could not sit still and sew, and she cared "No, no!" she murmured, "it cannot be! The not to go forth into the dusty streets. Unheeding prayers of my young life—the bitter tears of my the innocent prattle of Amy, she sat with her face solitude—the cross that I have borne—shall it be all gleaning upon her hands, listening to every passin in vain? My youth-my life, my every hope defootstep in the house, wildly expectant of she knew stroyed? It cannot be I though never again to benot what. There were several boarders in the house; hold him. Father in Heaven 1 oh, spare him yet to Ada and Daisy, living so humbly retired, preparing | earth | let me know that he lives, and is happy,

She thought that she spoke unheard, save by the some inquiry of Dalsy, mentioned "the young man ear of God; but he heard-the wasting sufferer lisfrom the South, who was lying very ill up stairs," | tened, and treasured every word; amid the lost her heart stood still with a great and undefined hours of life-amid the circling shadows and the terror; and tremblingly she inquired his name—the advancing mist, uprose a mighty joy, a glorious

"My mother!" he murmured, with outstretched hands, as if recognizing her spirit-form, "I will per-

"Where is my friend, my mother, my generous She had an appointment that evening with a new benefactress? Reginald, where is your mother?" "In Heaven!" he solemnly replied. "She died terms. She left Amy and Daisy with a kiss, and an four months after our arrival in Europe. I have injunction to take care of themselves. When she never been home—I am going new—not to Forestwas gone about half an Bour, little Amy's cyclids dale, but to the home in which my mother dwells.

reader?—waiting to hear how Daisy was resoured rays falling in at the window, playing upon the sombre Oh, I knew when she pressed me to her bosom that

should never behold her again! But you will reover, 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 tlushes and pales-your breathing is oppressed. Oh, tell me, what om I do for you?" and Daisy wrung her hands and wept in angaish.

"Pray for me, and if you will, stay beside me." he replied. Poor Sampson here has fathen 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 so, pure, selfsacrificing a love, it glowed with angelic triumph; tears, that were heart-signals of achia-wiedgment, welled from his eyes. A lofty, inner prompting grew strong; he sought the little, trembding hands, that were covering the pallid face, screening the weeping eyes.

"Look on me, Daisy!" he whispered.

She obeyed. There was unutterable love, passioness and exalted as the expression of an archangel's levotion, in the blue eyes speaking to her soul. There was a promise of celestial joy aparthe finely chiseled lips, that smiled so radiant's hopefulhope, mysteriously beautiful, sat enthroned upon the open brow. Surely death could not claim him yet; so Daisy deemed, as in worshiping awe and tender reverence, she gazed upon the illuminate I countenance,-listening curapt to the sweet, " mn' voice, that spoke of death and life eternal, blood luess 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 caim, be firm in this coming trial; be so, for my rake, Drisy. Listen: soon the nurse and the physician will return. I may not have another opportunity to as verse 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 olemnly registered the vow that bound her spirit with his forever. A holy kiss, the second eternal union, as it was the signal of earthly separation, was pressed upon her brow. A solema cahn stole to her long-tried heart; a thrilling hope, wild, vague and delicious, nestled to her soul, breathing promisé-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 pangnot one regret; only for what it cause I you to suffer. Daisy, the veil that shrouds our mortal sense is withdrawn when immortality draws high. 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 von 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, not now! 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?" Sho folded her hands as if in prayer: not a shadow of doubt or fear marred the angelio repose of her sweet, pale face; no terror darkened her trusting soul, awakened to a higher consciousness, a new found consolution.

"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 stlugs, 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 ioy, a gloriously won trophy! With the light of a holy enthusiasm beautifying with a reseate glow the orst pale face; illumining with unearthly splender 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.

cternity. The wearied negro, awaking, was surprised to find a young girl watching beside his master, but roon with every demonstration of joy, he recognised "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:

eager inquiry, or now long or than to morrow."

"He cannot be with us longer than to morrow."

A shrunking and timid girl had 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 serrow.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, hipheld 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 dispair; it was a truthful angel's whisper of conso-

All that night, and the following day, Daisy watched beside him, holding his fluttering hand, wiping the death damps from his brow; and Ada chared her vigils, and bent her suffering, still defiant spirit to a gentler mood. When the evening shadows gathered, and ere the lamp was lit, Regihald, 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, fingering gaze that concentrated all his spirit's love and promise, they rested upon lift 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! Unresistingly, she was led from the room, giving vent to no violent outburst of grief; tion 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

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 heavonly sunshine brightened the solitary path, and the spirit bridegroom came with loving token to awaken her heart to joy!

CHAPTER IX.

At Westonville, 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 southing, 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 boilily 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 fitful 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 sable 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 pleasanthess and peace," impelled by a last, dispairing hone, a travel-worn, solitary woman, wends her way on foot, from the near village, to Westonville. 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 careworn look, its pallor of grief and sickness; there is a glory upon it that angels recognize and hall with kindred joy; a martyr's grown adorns the browief the pure and faithful wife, the lone, bereaved mother. It is Alice Nesbrook, returning after many years of wandering to her na-

grave of her early lost one. It is Daisy's mother, its unuttered plaint: "My child! my child! where returned alone; gulded by angels to seek and to shall I seek thee?"

more 'n dead nor alive, an' giv up by all de doctors life an' death, an' a waitin' for de bressed Massa's shame and discomfiture. 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.

"Theed, honey, I can't say I does. You look fermiliar, as dey calls it, but I disremember 'xactly where de 'semblance is. Please gib yez name,

missat and Altry to 'member right."

The left pook the old woman's hard, black hand;
"You are poor Alice Nesbrook, Abby?—Miss Sarah's left poor little Daisy's mother, do you not?"

nenth her widow's can.

"You is de young missus! Lord, Lord in Heb lamb, it is! Where you come from all by yerself, some by de way, wid no nigger along and nobody to ob dis ver joyful 'tack : sav. missus?"

"I am alone, Abby," andly replied the widow; my husband is dead, I am poor and friendless, I and wept afresh, as if she had just then lost her come to see my sister."

"An' ye shall see her, honey, if dar were sev boney, and you shall see her, if ole new Missus Broom kill dis nigger for disrespect. Foller me, signed herself to meet her child in heaven. 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, was her strictly enforced order, that no visitors 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 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 unclosed, and she gazed wildly, fearfully around.

be living, pardon, pardon me! I cannot die thus-I must not-I dare not!" she wildly screamed.

Alice advanced with gentle footsteps; she saw

cheer and comfort you!"

"You, Alice!" shricked Sarah. "It is a trick, a sake, whoever you are, draw near!"

loud, piereing cry of joy she fell back upon the pil- faith!" lows, overcome with commingling emotions, but not

wanderer's feet, sang a song of joy and victory; and progressed spirits of the departed; he obtained the icy coldness melted from the long obdurate heart glimpses of these lands of beauty, here delineated of Sarah Weston, and there was joy in Heaven for with such magical power of description. My own the repentant slaper! On her sister's bosom she vague imaginings, the beautiful dreams of my childpoured out a full confession of the past; but when hood, find their explanation here, I know to what she spoke of Daisy, living, wandering she knew not they pointed with intense lenging, and partial revewhere, the mother uttered a loud cry of horror, and lation. They tell me solemnly, these men of creeds drew her hands from the cruel sister's touch. Alas! and churches, that in the universal, dazzling, earthshe trailed her stricken form to the ground, and bright heaven of all, there will be no marriage. groveled in the dust at the feet of Alice, beating her Ada, the intuitions of the soul are true; they are breast, imploring wildly for forgiveness, telling her whispered angel teachings. I believe that, joined that when last heard from, Dalsy was safe with heart to heart and soul with soul, I shell stand behonorable friends; that she was pure and beautiful, side him, my earth-chosen one, throughout the endbeloved by many; that she had sought for her, less ages of eternity! loving him above all created written to her, but received no answer. She had things, being beloved by him, with that exalted, ever left --- with Ada Lenox and her husband for the augmenting affection, that based upon all that is North; she could gain no tidings of her. Again pure, spiritual and beautiful in humanity, knows no the heavenly influences, ever guiding her faithful change, and fears no death to its sacred fervor. Yes,

When Miss Broom returned, she started with as-Aunt Abby, now bent with age and infirmity, hob- tonishment and turned pale with apprehension, as bles painfully to open the gate, and peers curiously she beheld Alice Nesbrook; her plans were all frusnt the ill-fressed stranger. Pompey, too, advances, trated, the evil plottings of so many years, the wellbut he recognizes her not, though she remembers laid schemes were all in vain. The helpless woman them both so well. In a low, trembling voice, she she had successfully coped with so long, came in the inquires for Miss Sarah, and is informed that "she's hour of her final triumph to wrest all from her hands; to wring the guarded secret from the rean' perfessers long ago, a lingerin', honey! 'twixt | morseful heart of her sister, to overwhelm her, with

The outcast wanderer, the patient, enduring toiler was reinstated in her lawful rights. Westonville 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 Westonville in tears. "My golly, Lar! Hebbenly Savior an' holy The negroes wept for joy, as they embraced the new Vingen!" shouted Abby, starting back; then, rush. mistress, whose gentle heart forbade not the familiing forward, she put back the lady's bonnet and arity; women and children embraced her with tears seanned her altered face; passing her trembling of congratulation, for her and for themselves; the hands over the smooth bands of hair, put away be 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 ten! it is Miss Alice! do bressed darlin', de honey all the newspapers, Alice called upon her child, for information of Howard Clayton; but no response in dis old ragamuffin gown, a tramperin' all lone came. She called upon all the neighbors, even upon Ada's father. He dismissed her rudely, saying he 'nounce yer comin'? Where you come from, honey; knew nothing of the "beggar Clayton, nor of his do tell ole Aunty as is most crazy wid de suddenness disobedient daughter; they might live or starve as they pleased." After many unavailing efforts, weary and discouraged, Alice sat down in her lonely home,

child. Thus, again, two years passed, and Alice dreamed of the little child she had left, now grown enty tousand dragons a watchin' roun' about. I has to a woman; and her motherly heart pictured her my orders to let no white person in, nor nigger exposed to want, and toil, and the world's varied either, to see ole sick missus, but you is her sister, temptations. She traveled North several times, but she could gain no tidings of Daisy Ellis; she re-

CHAPTER X.

Meanwhile, restored to comfort and affluence by though her own martyrdom should ensue; for it the saving hand of the departed. Daisy lived a secluded life, devoted to the care of her friend, to the were to intrude upon her lady. Old Pompey having task of leading along life's flowery and thorny path the unfolding spirit of Ada's gifted child. Forestdale had been her bridal dower, and she would long since have returned to its quiet shalles and hallowed was absent; she had gone to the village; only memories; but Ada, the sensitive, suffering Ada, re-Janey, a little mulatto girl, sat watching by the fused to return to the neighborhood in which her bedside; she beckoned to her to leave the room, and father's name was as a bye-word of reproach-where resolutely summoned fresh courage and eloquence 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 Janey had thrown upon the floor, and waved it over self-to live only for others. With clinging faith the sleeping sufferer's face. How pale and haggard and trust, that almost changed to wild despair as she looked! how weak and helpless! A flood of tend time passed on, Daisy waited for the fulfillment of der recollections stole to the forgiving heart of the Reginald's dying promise, for his spiritual coming, gentle sister. She watched her anxiously, tenderly, for the renewal of the plighted troth, pronounced on with molting pity in her eyes, as she groaned and earth. She dreamed of him often, and he smiled toss d in unquiet sleep; she drew gently back, so upon her, gently and pityingly; but it was still his as not to startle her too suddenly when her eyes mortal face that greeted her; pale, wasted and beautiful, with its earthly sufferings. She longed to be-"Where am I? where have I been?" she cried, hold his angel form and radiant visage; the robes of passing one hand over her brow; "this is Weston-light with which she deemed him decked; the kingly ville, and I am home again. Will this never, never ensign on his noble brow; the joy and the bliss of end? this racking, ceaseless, burning remorse? this immortality rendering scraphic the mortal beauty, memory of Alice, the pale, reproachful face of that exalting the spirit's excellence. As months sped on child? It is her ghost-I know it; and Alfred's and he came not with the exceeding glory her fond ghost, and the avenging shadow of Alice! Oh, love deemed his meed, as he appeared in mighty but with hands clasped in all the beauty of resigna- Westonville will be haunted-1 know it? My sis, vision, pale, calm and beautiful as he had been on ter's spirit walks its chambers! Oh, Alice, Alice! earth, a deep sadness fell upon the expectant heart I drove you forth to misery and exile; -Oh, if you of Daisy, and she cried in bitterness: - "My Reginald cannot return; there is an impassible barrier betwixt earth and immortality!"

They traveled much; they crossed the broad Atthe insane gleam in her sister's eye; the wildness lantic, and visited the sunny, tropical isles, for Ada's of her manner; the incoherence of her speech, health was failing, and the hectic glow settled on her She would bring peace and soothing to her troubled cheek, the fatal brilliancy of consumption glanced from her beautiful, dark eyes. At length they re-"Sarah!" she said, with a sweet and mournful turned to their native shores, and heard with wonsmile, advancing towards her, and extending both derment of the first indications of spirit-presence, hands, "I have returned. It is I, Alice, returned to 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 mockery! my sister is dead! I killed her with cannot be severed, even for the earth-life; but I comseorn and cruelty; privation, cold and hunger, did prehend a portion of the mystery, dear Daisy; certhe rest! Come here-come nearer; see you not tain conditions are deemed necessary. Had I been that I cannot move-that one side of me is para- cold, unloving, selfish, my Howard could not have lyzed? Let me look at your face; I am half blind; loved me. It was my endurance of hardship withcannot see you where you stand. Oh, for pity's out murmer or reproach, that so elevated me in his eyes, that inspired him with energy and perseverance With blinding tears, Alice obeyed; she saw that so long. I have become hardened by his loss; my per stricken sister could not rise without assistance beautiful faith, my lefty enthusiasm, my hope and from that bed of torture; that one arm and hand pride and energy-I buried all in his grave. I rehung powerless; that every movement caused extrograded spiritually, in place of advancing; I feel cruciating pain. She assisted her to a sitting pos- it now. I accepted not the divine purposes of sorture, and then sat down before her, holding her row, as my heavenly Father decreed them; I turned stricken hand, gazing upon her distorted counte | the salutary current into a poisoned stream, and I nance with angelic pity. Eagerly, tremblingly, became impious, defant and despairing. May God with nanting breath, and broken words of doubt and forgive me! I am awakening now; this now and hope. Sarah passed her other hand across her sis. beautiful faith, with its divine philosophy and healter's face, and put her altered countenance close to ling strains of angelic joy, it twines around my hers, and entreated her to speak, to tell her truly heart; it is the crowning glory of my life; it rewho she was: but when Alice drew from her bosom veals to me the solution of many a problem; through little Daisy's miniature, and the locket containing love it leads my soul to God! to worship in humility the tress of golden brown hair, the doubt and suspil and resignation; to calmly await the reunion that clon fled from her distempered brain, and with a is now to mea certainty. Oh; Daisy, it is a beautiful

"In this book before me," replied her friend, "I find the echoes of my Reginald's lofty thoughts and Then, the guiding angels, who had hither led the holy aspirations. Truly, he was inspired by the tive place; impelied by the irresistible desire of once heart aright, inspired the forgiving Alice with the I believe in Love in Heaven; a love so far transcend-

more beholding the scenes of her youth, of gazing words of pity and pardon; but trembling with its ing all earthly estimate, that my spirit falls in wor- stories. Gracious heavens! Clara, see to Miss Ellis: upon the stern sigter's face, of weeping upon the mighty joy and vague fear, her spirit walled forth ship before its dimly fore-shadowed glory. Verily, she is ili!" livinest realities. Ada gazed upon her with a true waved them off with a reassuring smile --- What is heart's admiration.

Edwin Maywood lived at Forestdale, and managed "The ady at Westonville? Mrs. Alice Nesbrook," its affairs for Daisy. She did not wish it bruited replied Edwin. about, that she was its mistress; therefore her name, With a cry of joy, Daisy sprang from her seat, happily with his gentle wife, grateful for his for there this very moment. She is my mother P' tunate escape from the toils of Estella Mitchell, who He startled back in astonishment. Clara clasped future intentions, or place of abode.

mountain, sped the glorious news; throughout the ringe; take me to my mother!" wide land of Freedom the hymming chorus sped, and The perplexed but kind-hearted man oboyed, and expectant hearts. To the palatial mansion and to ville. the lowliest havel sped the peace-winged messen- Spare me the recital of that joyous meeting; the intercourse was proclaimed.

Soon, and Daisy's spiritual sight was opened, and duty, a holy, peaceful life of usefulness. she beheld her loved one, robed with the ideal splendor of her dreams, the excelling beauty of an angel, beautiful in spirit, as fair in face and form. Her's And beneath this holy guardiauship, the soul of the is her mother's dark and lustrous Southern beauty; long suffering girl grew strong and bright and beau. but she has her father's breadth of forehead, his tiful; and she spoke in juspired strains of poesy and bright, merry blue eye, and juischievous smile. She exhortation, and wrote for the defence of purity, summons the spirits to rap for her on chairs and love and truth, vindicating the newly-given light tables, and they come, giving lessons of truth and from false aspersions; from all earthly stain, from wisdom, adapted to her comprehension. all selfish motive. She placed the spiritual belief in In a few years Estella Lenox died, it was said, all its beauty, simplicity and truthfulness before of grief and disappointment; her lord proved cruelly the minds of men, and called upon woman to aid by jealous, and almost confined her to the house. He precept and example, by lives of holy self abnega. treated her violent outbreaks of temper with scorntion, and spotless purity, this most sacred cause of ful indifference; her haughty spirit could not brook all-the cause of human redemption.

Time passed on, and Ada's soul grew lustrous and | wail her loss. divinely meek beneath spirit guidance, and she beheld the spirit portals, and the smiling, radiant face of her husband, and his outstretched hand, beckoniffy her to come. With screne and inspired countenance, with holy trust and unfaltering 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 in his eye, as he called her to him, and stroked her soon again, dear Daisy!" And Daisy reverently folded her arms across the stilled breast and smoothed the shining hair, and sweetly soothed poor Amy's her spirit to the heights of communion with the departed—not to weep and wail for them. As she sat | Daisy," at her grandfather's special request. 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 farments, smiling his wife as guests. upon her, and saying sweetly-" I am happy !"

The earth-tried, heart-disciplined woman, now no longer a shrinking, timid girl, obeyed the voices of awaken no emotion in her constant breast. Many her soul that bade her go to Forestdale; no news of have bowed their souls before the shrine of her Aunt Sarah's death, of the changes at Westonville spiritual leveliness, before the might of her intelhad 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 ings and fragrant offerings-she saw and felt the inner spirit of the Beautiful, and her heart expanded fection come joy fraught, never ceasing, to her gratewith tripmphant joy l

Daisy knew that a mighty joy awaited her-her spirit guides had told her so, but she knew not what varied melodies; her life and hope, her aspirations it was—from whence it was to come. But when seated at the cosy tea-table, the first evening of her arrival, Edwin Haywood 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

"Miss Sarah Weston's successor, the mild and beautiful lady of Westonville ----" "Where is Miss Sarah herself?" hastily inter-

rupted Dalsy. "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 Westonville?

"It is quite a romantic story, Miss Ellis," said Edwin, "just such an one as we read of and cry ever. It appears that Miss Sarah had a sister, whom in former years she discarded and cruelly east 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 Westonville. The slaves adore her, she ls so good and gentle. About the child there is a mystery. Miss Sarah had some hand in concealing the little girl, but whother she is dead or not, I could not comprehend, the negroes tell such jumbled-up kings and queens will coase.

its mortal vision in bewildered joy!" Beautiful Faint and breathless, pale with emotion, a great enthusiast! giving expression to lofty truths and joy struggling at her heart for utterance, Daisy

the lady's name?" she faintly asked.

was never mentioned in the neighborhood, nor ever and selzing both his hands cried cagerly, with joycame to the ears of Alice Nesbrook. Edwin lived ous tears." Take me to her...Mr. Maywood, take me

lived in gilded imprisonment, in solitary grandeur at her hands in bewilderment. "I am Dalsy Nesbrook; Wardley Hall. Mrs. Sharp had retired into obscuri- Sarah Weston was my aunt; for a fault committed ty; she left the neighborhood, telling no one of her by my poor father long ago, she refused to own me. My dear, dear mother! she never deserted me, as Over town and valley, city and village, plain and Aunt Sarah told me! Oh friends! order the car-

was responded to by thousands of loving, suffering," In an hour's time they were on their way to Weston-

gers, proclaiming the nearness of the spirit-land, thrilling heart-clasp of mother and child. Perhaps the communication from soul to soul, uplifting the some among you have felt the sharp pangs of sepamystic curtain, leading orphans to their parents' ration, the heavenly bliss of reunion; picture them hearts; wives to their husband's bosoms; friend to to yourselves; the fuliness of the mother's joy, as friend, and countless souls to God. And Ada, arous she gazed upon her beautiful child; the gratitude and ing from the pain and lethargy of disease, welcomed affection throbbing in Daisy's breast, as she listened the joy-bringing messengers, and clasped the Cenutiful to her mother's voice, and bowed her brow in reverrevelation to her soul; and Daisy, long waiting and ence before her mother's blessing, and felt the loving expectant, heralded the coming of this new and glo limpress of her lips, the responsive beatings of her rious belief with a consciousness of peace and power. true, maternal heart. Sitting at that mother's feet, And Alice Nesbrook, the childless and bereaved, looking up into those beautiful, yet undimmed eyeswept for joy, and in the silence of her chamber list those mirrors of her faithful soul-Daisy felt that tened to the mysterious rappings, and knew that her life's discipline had been beneficial; that from the beloved husband lived, and loved her. And many a sorrow and the anguish had arisen winged angels of toil-worn, weary heart, many an aching brow, lighted light and aspiration. She blesses the chastising up with the flashing of a sudden joy, as spiritual hand, renders gratitude for earthly and heavenly blessings, and lives on in the calm fulfillment of her

Little Amy, beneath her fostering care, is growing

the neglect; she departed, leaving no children to be-

For awhile Ada's father continued his brutal orgies, and outrages upon decency and right, until . he was confined to his bed by illuess, 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 raven curls. Though often churlishly received. Daisy persevered in her ministrations; on his deathbed he blessed her, and invoked the pardon of his grief, and then she sat down to think and upraise much-wronged child. Amy was heiress of Wardley Hall; but she continued beneath the care of "Aunt

There were many bitter memories associated with Westonville, so mother and daughter took up their

To the still beautiful face and graceful from of Daisy many glances turn admiringly, but they lect; she smiles and turns away, and tells them that ier 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 plighted vow, and the earth semblance of glorious Nature, with its divine color- probation is not long to her, for even here his smile irradiates her life, and his messages of faithful afful soul. To that soul heaven is nigh, for its love and peace and harmony enfolds her spirit with its and her prophecies, abound with the scraphic 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—amid its hearts of oak and fragrant flowers, a sweet white Dalsy 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, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light. LILY, DEAR.

She left us ere her heart had known A sorrow or a fear; Ere o'er her spirit care had thrown The mildew 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 knew her best: And on hor grave, with folded wings, The little blue-hird sits and sings, Much as our darling now we miss, Her laugh at eventide, Her fondling arms, her gentle klas-Tis well: we know she died As pure and bright as at her birth-A gain to lieaven; a loss to earth ! BAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1858.

When man learns to govern himself, the need of

Written for the Banner of Light. My Anst Experience LOVE-MAKING. BY A BACHELOR.

I am a bachelor-though not a disagrecable one. Pardon my conceit, dear reader, but my sympathies

ence upon this miserable planet, (mind you I am no that "they were the strangest and most mysterious grumbler), my heart-if bachelors are supposed to people he had ever met with." They neither went possess such an organ—has by no means escaped into company, or received it at home. They made the shafts of the boy Cupid. To confess the truth, no acquaintance with the villagers—to whom their then, during my somewhat adventurous life, I have perfect isolation from society was regarded as a -fallen indiscriminately in love with rich and poor, thing equally marvelons and alarming, and whose opera singers and ballet dancers, village beauties peculiar mode of life furnished sufficient food for 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 commu-

command, which years of labor and industry only served to augment, I found myself at the ripe age news of the Vernons coming to Chesterville had 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 at- meeting, and commissioned their President, the mintention, but in the full exercise of that much-prized ister's wife, to call upon the new occupants of the privilege, which permits one to come and go at their cottage, for the purpose of learning their views upon own pleasure, without the fear of inconveniencing the subject of religion, and inviting them to attend others, or consulting the opinion of a second person | "sarvice" at the Orthodox church, the oldest and in the matter.

It was at the close of a winter of universal gay. ety and dissipation, in the year 1855, that I resolved of wiser and graver men without further thought.

My bachelor friends (and their name was legion) true I had paid some considerable attention to Miss what limited, but social festivities of the villagers. Angeline Fitz James, (that is, as much as my rheumatism would allow, which by the way, was part zest of her frivolous nature. My love for Angeline mate with so peculiar and eccentric a family. Fitz James-which I now look back upon as "a passing fancy,"-was not sufficiently strong to re old housekeeper, I learned that Miss Alice Vernon tain Harry Bretnall in America.

for Europe. Being somewhat of an enthusiast in snow, and hair as black as the raven's wing. The art, I entered upon my journey with bright hopes story of Miss Vernon's beauty was not calculated to and joyful anticipations. A sea voyage is always lessen my interest in a lady, whose isolated and remonotonous, and I was not sorry when my feet tired mode of life was rather of a novelty in this pressed firmly the shores of merry England. I had world of perpetual excitement and gayety. Why a not proceeded far in my travels, before I discovered beautiful woman should desire to seclude herself that I had made one grand mistake. I had no from all society, and what was still worse, bury hertraveling companion, no friend to share in the self in the depths of a country town, was a problem pleasures and enjoyments which were outspread be- that I could not possibly solve. fore my enraptured eyes on every side. Even my ety a bore.

I lurked in the shadows of the old Alhambra, and beauty. North, south, east and west I rambled,

Yet, for all this, I was alone; a stranger in a for- for church in grand style. eign clime, with nought to bless or cheer me in my echoed the words of the Frenchman, who said, "sol-I can say, "How sweet is solitude !" Feeling, as I dry goods and waving of fans among the female pordid, my entire nouentity in the scale of creation, I tion of the congregation, when I entered the sacred to me with more than usual tenacity, was my old homeward, towards dearly loved America, the land shrined my imaginary Hebe. 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 more trauquil delights of home.

Te my surprise and extreme disappointment, I soon found that two years absence had made me a perienced rustic beauty, the sight of whom (had stranger even in the depths of my own native city; such a privilege been granted me,) was in all proba-My boon companions had one by one dropped off; bility unworthy of more than a passing notice. some gone to their last resting places, others to explore new territories, and make for themselves homes many another disappointed man has done before me, in far distant cities.

an absence of only two years, I determined to Tetire heir to. to my country-seat, (situated some fifty miles dis- I had not been in Chesterville more than a week, tant from New York,) for two or three weeks, until before an unexpected circumstance transpired, which I should have entirely recovered from the fatigue threw me at once in the way of the very people and discomfiture of my sea voyage. Accordingly whose acquaintance I had most desired to make. It bidding my few remaining friends good bye, I sprang was a rainy night. John had prepared a comforton board the cars and was soon fairly en route for able fire in my own room, where I sat nicely en-Chesterville. Arriving there, I found my tried and sconced in dressing gown and slippers, with no other trusty servant John, in waiting to receive me at the companion but my favorite Meerschaum. I was redepot. A long and by no means pleasant drive. Folying in my mind the somewhat dismal prospect through a drizzling rain, at last brought me to of death from ennui, if I further prolonged my stay "Vailey Farm." This estate, for long years the in the country (where, for the most part of the time, residence of my father, after his wife's douth and neither sun or human creature had condescended to consequent retirement from business, was situnted smile upon me,) when I was suddenly roused from in a romantic portion of country, upon the cutskirts my gloomy meditations by a loud and hasty knock of the little village of Chesterville.

the somewhat extensive farm into two equal parts. disagreeable night. Opening the door, I beheld the Across this stream a small and beautiful little bridge old housekeeper with half-suspended breath and glarhad been thrown, which only served to lend an adding eyes. Perceiving that something unusual had ditional charm to the otherwise fair scene.

to enjoy the beauties of nature. John quickly dis- clapsed, and then the terrified woman gathered corned this fact, and accordingly ushered me into strength to say: "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Bretnall, the cheerful sitting room, where, by the blaze from go at once to the mysterious cottage, for as sure as

state of my affairs in the country that night, for I was both sleepy and tired; while John, faithfui old soul, was so overloyed 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 always were strongly enlisted in behalf of that un- themselves Vernon, Vernon! I liked the name, and fortunate class of male beings, whose mature age only hoped that I should like the bearers of it as and peculiarities of character have caused them to well. I desired to learn somothing of their history, be stigmatized by the fair sex as "old bachelors." | but to my inquiries upon the subject, the man John In the course of my forty-five years brief experi- sagely shook his head, and whispered in a low tone, scandal among the viliage gossips for many a week. The eld 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-darter" had given the minister's wife, on the occasion Left at an early age with a large fortune at my of her first and last call upon them, soon after their arrival in the village. It seems that as soon as the been whispered about, the ladies comprising the

most flourishing parish in all Chesterville. Although the Vernons had received their stranger guest with a degree of courtesy not to be complained upon visiting Europe. Even New York, that world of, and had expressed in words their combined within itself, failed to satisfy the cravings of my thanks for the friendly feeling and interest shown soul. Various reasons were alleged as the cause of in regard to their spiritual welfare, by their exceedthe terrible aneasy state of mind I had fallen into ingly patronizing (but nevertheless curious neighof late. Sage heads declared that time hung heav- bors,) yet, strange to say, neither mother or daughily upon my hands, that I had found idleness but ter had ever condescended to return the call of the poor pastine; however, I had no inclination to re- minister's wife and her Samaritan co-laborers, but turn to business, and accordingly rejected the theory had steadfastly pursued the even tener of their way for the space of a twelve-month, without once presenting their faces at church, or evincing, in the declared that I, Harry Bretnall, was in love. It was slightest degree, a disposition to mingle in the some-

"Samaritan Benevolent Society," called a special

I must confess, that, bachelor as I was, I had yet no inconsiderable desire to make the acquaintance and parcel of the inheritance received by me on the of my "mysterious tenants," as John always peroccasion of my father's death,) a pretty miss of sisted in calling them, although 1 took care not to eighteen years,-who had recently become emanci- betray too much curiosity upon the subject, in the pated from boarding-school, and was now enjoying presence of the latter, who would have been horrified her first season of belledom with all the ferror and at the thought of his master's ever becoming inti-

From the less superstitious and more charitable was an exceedingly handsome woman of about twen-It was in the early part of spring that I set sail ty-ong years, with a complexion as pure as the driven

Contrary to my usual custom, I prepared my toilfaithful and trusty servant John, had been sent ette with extra care, for the purpose of attending home, because in taking him, I had feared his soci- church the first Sunday morning after my arrival in Chesterville. Special orders were communicated I wandered restlessly over all Europe, I mingled through John to the hostler, to give the old iron in the gayeties of the French capital, and lingered greys an additional dressing, that they might not for days amid the galleries of art in glorious Italy; suffer from comparison by being placed before the comfortable and more modern coach. John was degazed with fresh delight upon scenes of Alpine lighted in being once more allowed to resume his old post of valet, and flushed and excited with the overwhelmed on every side by the beautiful in nathbought of the sensation we should undoubtedly make among the astonished towns-people, we started

Folks stared a good deal when they saw me walk solitary travels. At that moment I could have truly quietly up the broad aisle, and enter the old family pow, which for long years had remained unoccupied. itude is sweet!" but I wish to have a friend to whom I fancied that there was an additional rustling of may safely say that for once in my life, I regretted precincts of the old parish church. At heart, howmy bachelor existence. The only thing that clung ever, I was ill at ease. I was disappointed in net seeing Miss Vernon, as 1 had anticipated. During enemy, the rheumatism. He, I found, like an evil the lengthy sermon of an hour and a half, my could not but wonder at the coolness exhibited companion, was not to be easily shaken off, even in thoughts were constantly reverting to a little vinedays of prosperity; so I slowly turned my steps clad cottage at the foot of the lane, where lay en-

I rede home in sullen silence, leaving, I fear, no very favorable impression upon the minds of the villagers, as regards my amiability of character. I travel was fully satiated, and my weary heart was inwardly vexed with myself, for having exyearned for the loved society of old friends and the pended so much additional time and pains upon my toilette, only for the sake of appearing in the best possible light before the uncultivated eye of an inex-

Thus I reasoned with myself, dear reader, as when too proud to acknowledge that peculiar kind Saddened by the changed state of affairs during of weakness to which all mankind are more or less.

upon my chamber door. I started quickly, for I had A beautiful stream ran through the place, dividing not dreamed of being molested by any one on such a occurred to so frighten and alarm her, I bade her A wet and tired man, however, is poorly calculated enter, and assisted her to a seat. A moment or two

night!" I did not take particular pains to inquire into the Her strange words and agitated manner gave me

and purely moral a viilage.

ing home. She had been to the village on business, and being unavoidably detained there until dark, The housekeeper, although less demonstrative in had taken the shortest way home. Benighted and her anxiety for her bodily welfare, was nevertheless drenched by the rain, she had struck into the little greatly distressed at my long absence, and had more lane, which led directly to the farm. Upon arriving than once reproached herself for communicating at the cottage, her attention was arrested by the tidings of so terrible a nature, as to cause her mastones of a female voice. The cry was that of dis- ter to rush headlong into danger. Gratified as I tress. Pausing a moment to assure herself that the sound which fell so distinctly upon her car issued life, I could not refrain from smiling at what seemed from the cettage of the Widow Vernou, she was sur- to me imaginary fears upon my account. That a toring what sounded like a heavy ourse, rush forth beyond that I had given myself little or no trouble into the intense darkness of the night. The momentary gleam of light, which shot forth from the been directed towards my new made of the whose half-open door of the cottage, temporarily blinded extreme beauty had from the first motor of our her; she was conscious of a feeling of dizziness, and meeting so strangely impressed me. no more. How long she lay there upon the cold, wet ground, she know not, but when she partially recov. cottage of the Widow Vernon. One thing, however, ered her senses the rays from the night-lamp had surprised me, which was, that neither mother or faded out, and the terrible sounds which had at first | daughter ever alladed to the circumstances that had no outward trace of the dreadful scene that had night of our first interview. been enacted within. Making a hasty exit from the house, where she did not stop to pause in her flight, until she had gained the door of my chamber.

the evening air,

ger of my situation, inspired me with fresh courage tune. 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 years was bending ove her companion, who lay apparently senseless upon the floor. In the marble face and wealth of raven hair, I thought I recognized she whom report called Alice Vernon.

My forced entrance into the cottage had, as might have been expected, alarmed the elder of the females, of favor and indulgence. 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

A look of recognition overspread the boldly-cut features of Mrs. Vernon, as rising and offering me a seat she said-"I now know to whom we are indebted for such unsolicited kindness. You are Mr. Bretnall, 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 upou 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, de claring that her daughter was subject to fainting sual excitement, and then frequently lasted several

I then ventured to express the fears of the old housekeeper concerning their personal safety, and hinted something about foul play having been comor four thousand dollars.

The recital of so daring an outrage made me thirst ous 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.

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 gene, mother, or will he return again to touro us by his fiendish presence?" The inquiries of Alico seemed to trouble her mother, for she bent peated knocks he received no answer. 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. Bretnall, the noble proprietor of Valley Farm."

respect for the injured woman which I then firmly mote corner of the piazza. believed time could never efface. I moved towards the couch whereon lay the beautiful girl who was we were alone, "tell me by what means you ever fairer than I had even dreamed of. A faint finsh stole into her marble checks as she gently extended you so culogized in your letters as the beauteous her hand with eyes that revealed a sout full of ten. Alice Vernon." derness and love, murmured in tones of liquid sweet. ness, her fervont thanks for the kindness I had be-

stowed 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 ear that made me start as if a builet shot had pierced not leave her, but watched beside her pillow until my heart. 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 re- can easily be proved by referring to the house regisquested it. But it was not my head that she took ter."

captive—it was my heart. . When I left the cottage that morning, Mrs. Vernon eloquence, poured out again and again her sincere Catharine Bell, mistress of the celebrated New York thanks. Alice was too weak to bid me farewell; but forger, John Smith. her eyes spoke a richer, deeper language, than ever "Good God!" I groaned, as, with fast purpling issued from the lips of woman. Her wondrous lips, and clenched hands, I fell heavily to the floor. a warm fire, I did ample justice to a steaming-hot I'm living there's been murder committed there this | beauty had intoxicated me, and I believed then, that | For six long months I was confined to my chamber I had experienced what the nevelists term love at with a violent fever, from which I awoke an altered first sight.

a momentary shock, but recovering myself, I in- Arriving at the farm, I found the small household quired her reasons for believing that such an out in a perfect state of consternation; John, with all rage had been perpetrated in the midst of our quiet his loyalty and devotion, was, at heart, a coward. I found him pacing to and fro in the hall, wailing and She then communicated the cause of her-terrible mourning for the loss of his dear master, whom the fright, and censequent lack of strength upon reach-superstitious hostler declared "Would niver escape the clutches of the divil in that mysterious house."

was at the high value which they attached to my prised to see the porch door open, and a man mut. robbery had been committed I sincerely believed; concerning the matter, my whole attentionshaving

Day after day found me a constant visitor at the arrested her attention had also died away, leaving given the beauteous Alice so severe a shock, upon the

A few days only clapsed, and Alice had quite respot, the old housekeeper soon reached the farm covered. 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 After thoroughly convincing myself that the faith- her beautiful when suffering from physical exhaus ful domestic was by no means laboring under what tion, I now thought her doubly so, when the clasticity I at first took to be a nightmare delusion, I quickly of health had returned and her languid spirits bedonned my overcoat and seizing a small pocket pis. gan to assume their wonted buoyancy. In convertol hastened unattended to the spot of action, with sation Alice Vernon was unusually brilliant, possessno possible evidence but that of a bewildered and ing a large share of feminine wit, which at times strangely affected woman. The loud knock which I might have been almost mistaken for satire. It was applied to the brass knocker wibrated clearly upon evident that Alice Vernon had seen better days, and had only been banished from the more aristocratic Several minutes clapsed, and still no answer came circles of society in which she was so well fitted to to my summons. The leneliness and extreme dan shine, by some sudden reversion of the wheel of for-

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 faiend whom she lost a few years previous to her taking up her residence in Chesterville. My admiration for the fair unknown increasand rather portly woman of between forty and fifty ed 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 nir of a person who was accustomed to similar marks

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 fits, which were never induced except by some unu- drawing room, I noticed that a dark-looking man, dressed in exquisite taste, stood at the entrance of 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 cirmitted in the cottage. A hysterical laugh broke from cumstance, until I observed, with a flush of indignaher lips, as she assured me that no murder had been tion, that the same individual occupied a seat directly perpetrated, although they had been sham-fully opposite to us at the breakfast table the following robbed of their family jewels, to the value of three 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 comfor revenge. I proposed instituting an immediate panion. I noticed her loss of appetite, and, inquiring search for the decamped villain; but Mrs. Vernon the cause, received, as an excuse, that she was sufferbegged me not to think for a moment of so hazard | ing 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 re-

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 slewly to A tear glistened in the eye of Mrs. Vornon as she meet him, inquiring, at the same time, the cause of concluded this last remark, which proved to me her his annoyance. He did not speak, but drawing my gratitude of heart, and engendered a feeling of deep arm within his own, hastily led me forth into a re-

> "For God's sake, Henry," he gasped, as soon as became acquainted with that notorious woman whom

> I looked at him in amazement, but perceiving his steady gaze still fixed upon me, I drow myself up proudly, with the air of an insulted man, and was about walking off, when my friend clapped his hand upon my shoulder, and whispered something in my

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

"That I am speaking truth, rather than falsehood,

I followed him into the reading-room, and running my eye quickly over the list, saw underlined beneath onducted me to the door, and in words of heartfelt the name of Alice Vernon, and just over my own,

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 sho 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 jen ousy. From that day to this, I have never seen of heard from my beautiful but fiendish inamorata. 1 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 PLOBA.

Through the forest dancing, On its merry way, a Through the pasture glancing Back the smiles of day, With its volco of music Sounding allvery clear, Singing songs mysterious, Angels love to hear; Sweetly, softly gushing 'Mid the stulling flowers, Down the hill-side rushing, Peopling 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 greenest more above, The jagged rock-sides hitting In playful, merry strife, In the annshine flitting, Like a thing of life-Goes the streamlet wreathing, Towards the river deep, On its bosom brepthing Sweet, unconstious sleep-On, still onward hasting To its ocean-home-At last the busy streamlet Rests in crystal foam.

Is man's earthly life..... Anon '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,

Like that forest streamlet

OUR LIVES are hasting onward. TO LTERNITY.

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 har monious 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 concedethat 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 greater responsibility. We owe it to ourselves, not less than to the world, to see to it that that fing 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 merfof 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 noctural 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! 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 absonce, 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 liardly see it." The good woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in 'smoking

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

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

Banner of Wight.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1858.

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CUR NEW YORK OFFICE.

 $j_{\rm eff} \approx 1000$. Then is alone of the fit is authorized to be by New York, in the way of reand our met subscriptions, communications The circulation of the Bassins or the second as they and is increasing at each issue, good redding of communication bein a stators, and the pathle.

THE STOTARIAN PRESS ON SPIRITUAL. ISM.

The server in papers just at this time seem to be expending all clear strength to show the world that Spiritudism is not of Good, because some of the professed believers in the possibility of spirit intercourse are known to be no better than the church people; and especially because some Spiritualists oppose the existing church organizations.

Mr. Tiffaný, in a discourse delivered in New York, and subsequently published in his monthly magaszine, took or od a to impress upon Spiritualists, that something more than a belief that disembolled spirits could communicate with embedied friends, was necessary to bring about that state of true happiness, and prevalence of goodness and truth, that then of all classes are auxiously looking for. However lost some of the errors, which those who stooged at that point-of belief in spirit communion shall fell in into, by using the gift for the gratification of s !f, or of curiosity. He endeavored to impress or on Spiritualists the fact that behef in spirit intersourse would not cleanse the world of its evils--that this work depends upon the lives men and women both. That beyond a belief in the facts of Spiritualism, was a great duty-that of a strict adherence to Right-the cultivation of man's religious nature, which should cause him to be one with the Father, and show that he was so by a strictly moral and Carist like life. He complained of the standard of morality among Spiritualists, and we have no doubt there is cause for the complaints be-

Alven's of the past few months, in Boston have not been wallout a lesson, in this course to Spiritualists here. We are too often pointed to cases of flagrant violations of morelity and decency-to eases of extortion and deception, of folly and of fanaticism, as the fruits of the Tree we are steking to foster in the garden of lafe. From this we should see the imperative necessity of striving to attain topurity of life oursely s, and insist on truth and purity in our medium. As we can have no higher laws of life than those desus left, as no better example has been given for man to follow, it should be the duty of us all, not to aggeft those kiws upon our hearts, for God has already done that in his care for his childron, but we should strive to live out those laws in every walk of life. Let us meet this objection to Spiritually n, as we have all others, and live itsdown. Magnetism, odylic force we have almost vanquishedonly occasionally do we hear of them. The cry of "it is the devil" is fast being silenced, for our opponent- 1 in to see that they are extolling the devil to the diselvantage of Gol-making too much of him alto ether. Yet the sins of Spiritualists furnish a foundation for their cry. Arguments and facts will meit the former objections, but they are powerless to meet the one under consideration. Nothing but lives of truth and purity, lived by every man and woman who profess to commune with the spiritworld, can do it. Let each one, then, see to it that he or she makes no single move in life, which reason has not first sanctioned, which Charity, Love and Truth are in perfect concord with.

But while we look at this matter in the above light, let us also see on what foundation those stand who fling this objection in our eyes. Come back to Universalism, says the worthy editor of the Christian Freeman to those of his flock who have thrown off church restraints: "Come back to the church," eries a Rev. brother of that faith, after quoting Mr. "Tiffanyle words to which we have alluded, for Spiritmalism has not tended to awaken in your souls any religious aspirations-any longing desire to be like God, and consequently with him. The Olive Branch also gives about the same reasons to prove that Spirituallem is an evil.

Now their assumption is that Universalism and the church do what it is charged Spiritualism does not do; but is this so? Is the standard of morality among church people any higher than among Spiritunlists? If there are none in the church-nay, among the clergy, who do not openly advocate free-lust, as certain few of our people do, does it not stalk abroad as hideous a monster among that very church and its priesthood, as among Spiritualists? Do the clergy and laity love money any less than spirit mediums and the seekers of spirit communion? Is there less cheating among the church people—is there less slander, and uncharitableness-is there less of the devil exhibited by the clergy and the church than there is by mediums and Spiritualists? Are the clergy and church people without sin in these days, that they feel themselves prepared to throw stones at us? Have they cleansed the inside of the cup, that they must needs come among us outsiders to upbraid us for our impurities?

You charge us with producing ineanity. Christianity (as it is called) has sent during the past ten vears fifty to the iusane asylum of the State where Spiritualism has sent one. Last winter's excitement is not without its victims. You have rejoiced with exceeding joy over the workings of lust in some medium's life or that of some Spiritualist, while we have mourned over the fall of a clerical star before the same passion, of a dozen lesser pulpit-lights and scores of those with whom you ask us to join, after giving up spirit communion. You tell us of cases the poor to build up gaudy temples-squandering millions to support church machinery, that should

be given to feed the starving poor-throwing away at all. It is not possible to pass by the little things, millions, which your church extorts by holding up and expect to find the larger ones come out as If the ven, to foreign missionary societies, while the heat properly cared for in their place. then are at home, and wrongs of the widow, the

Go back to the church to escape corruption, bigtry and intolerance! Run into the Lion's den to scape the monsfer in the forest! No-the church has not interpreted Christianity aright, and cannot save us more than can Spiritualism in its external light. It does not necessarily follow that the Christian (we use the word as denominating believers in the New Costament dispensation) is a good man a follow is gOrrist, because he has enrolled his name as such Speliever. Neither does it follow that the Spiritualist, i. e., one who believes in this new dispensation from heaven, must be a good man.

He is nightly told, no doubt, by his disembodied nother, father, sister or friend, that in order for him to ensure happiness, hereafter, he must be honeste loving, charitable, pure in thought and action—he is told every evening as he sits at the sacred tablesacred because he communes more directly with Ged than in any other way he knows of -- that he will be happy if he lives as Christ lived-that it is his duty to do this. If the seed thus sown is watered by his will to do, all his belief in spirit communion is duty to God and to man-in the Sabbath servicein the weekly meeting; but unless this seed is sown on faithful ground, where is the fruit? He may be lieve in Christ-in the church, yet he is not saved.

Is Spiritualism to be charged with evil deeds of

iabolical revelations made to man, judging from the to stand on. ections of its believers. The fruit of Christianity is neckness, love, charity; --- selfishness, hatred, envy to not grow upon the Tree. Follow Christ-take im as a pattern to guide you in your daily walk, is he one mighty exhortation of the spirit world to man. You are taught what true Christianity is: now live it, is the cry. Heap not up to yourselves treasures of earth, the angels plead, but use God's gift to bind up the broken hearted, to feed his lambs. Love God, and thereby build for yourselves a manouls are God's temple, and he demands that they be kept pure-free from sin, is the burden of every noble men. ong that is waited to the honest heart from across r they see them, and beg for a higher standard family in fact. of reason and religious feeling, does it prove that

IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.

Some people seem to imagine that in baste alone lies smartness. As if they did not get ahead, unless they fumed, and fretted, and blustered, and stuck of their nervous energy; and, as scientific mechanics calculate the power of a stream by the fall of water. so these persons base their estimates of mental force ov the quantity of perspiration thrown off.

Now there cannot be a greater, because a smaller, aim, before you for accomplishment, you of course one time, it is no less proper to proceed deliberately in the year 1850, by a party of hunters.

forces. They who get ahead furthest and fastest, men who surveyed the field calmly at the commencement, and have proceeded in the same spirit of calm to think of nothing but how soonest to work it out.

It is so apt to be true, that they who are habituof their undertaking; when they should only, see fills and overwhelms the mind of the beholder. their way with as much clearness and precision as The spire of Trinity Church, in New York, is the very number and variety, to describe.

the work in hand. General Jackson's method was and 400 feet long! the only safe and sensible one, and would save a great deal of needless trouble and perplexity.

hurry, than from being too slow. It is to be seen in at a time when a moment cannot be spared as well cular in the first place.

every day. Those who neglect trifles, may pretty Crystal Palace. generally be set down as above the reach of success. Many interesting ideas are suggested by the con

to the people the fear of hell or the delights of head minution upon which they are dependent had all been

The young ought especially to be guarded against failtiriess and the nillicted cry to just heaven for re- the habit of haste. It is an evil practice, and works dress? Is not in fact the church one vast whited no possible good. We are judged by what we do, and sepulchre, filled with rottenness, "dead men's bones not by what we intended to do. The world looks only and all uncleanness," which has commenced even to at the results; if we fail to accomplish those by our arnish the hitherto whited walls? We will not neglect of trifles, that neglect will never be taken necuse, but leave it to your own souls to judge of into the account. Men ask what you can do; not what you think you can do.

THE THING IS-DONE!

Most unexpectedly to all parties, the Atlantic Telegraph Cable has been laid. After repeated failures, that amounted to disasters each time of their occurrence, the project has at last been accomplished. It was a gigantic plan, and one well worthy the high spirit of invention and perseverance that are leading characteristics of this age. From the day of its inception till this final day of its complete success, all sympathies have been instinctively turned and concentrated upon this single undertaking; every ear has been open to catch the earliest and faintest intelligence of its progress, and every heart has at length bounded with a tumultuous joy rarely known, when the word was flashed over 'lines, that " by the blessing of Divine Providence, IT HAD SUCCEEDED!"

It is uscless at this time to speculate upon the probable results to the world of this most splendid success. We observe that different persons, however, representing different classes, are indulging in own will to do his duty-that man is a good man as | that occupation even now. The merchant is countwell as a Spiritualist. If he hears, but has not the ing the bearings it must have on his gains, on the ventures he may choose hereafter to embark upon; nought. The Christian is often reminded of his the shipping man is puzzling himself to understand how it is going to affect commerce; the newspaper publishers already foresee the greater necessity there will be for association among themselves, if they would hope to stand up under so enormous an expense, and expect to see a general caving in among clievers? Then is Christianity one of the most those papers that have not a solid money-foundation

And so they go. There are a few souls, howevercalm, thoughtful, serious and far-seeing-that study the results and outflowings of this grandest event of the age in a profounder way. They see the next step thus taken in that onward march, which is to make all peoples and all nations one. They already comprehend the awakening which this little chord, perpetually vibrating with the thoughts and feelings of men, is destined to produce on both sides of the world; the great-change which is afterwards to be sion of light and joy in this our sphere, they say, wrought in the human mind on matters of human Be true to the whispers of Divinity within, for your progress; the wide spread it is going to give all at once to liberal ideas and lotty thoughts of true and

In this success of to-day, they see the impossibilthe Jordan of death. Does Christ ask more of man ity-which will not be long in arriving-of a powerthan this? Is his standard higher than this? ful nation trampling out the life of a weaker one; If Spiritualists do not choose to heed this advice, is the approaching reign of truer ideas respecting hu-Spiritualism of the devil, any more than Christiani | man rights in the abstract and human governments y is of the devil, because hell reigns in the church? in the concrete; the spread of charity, of good will If Mr. Tiffany or any other Spiritualist sees fit to and of fraternal feelings; and the final drawing topoint out some of the faults of Spiritualists, as he gether of all the peoples of the earth into one great

The man who is deserving the praise of the world e or they do not believe Spiritualism the highest for the consummation of this great undertaking, is evelation yet made to man, or that they believe Cyrus W. Field, a merchant of New York, who staked the church to be more desirable and better cald his fortune and all his llving energies upon the plan culated to raise man to God? Spiritualism en- his fertile mind had conceived. He receives to-day lorses Christ's Christianity-teaches the same ned the congratulations of his own countrymen, and of cessity of being one with God. Men may be all men on the other side of the Atlantic. This reknown by their fruits; but to judge of Christianty sult, achieved only through matchless perseverance or Spiritualism by the acts of believers, is entirely and unflagging effort, cannot but furnish him with a satisfaction such as his soul never felt before. From this time, his name goes down the line of noted names, with those of Watt, of Fulton, of Columbus and of Washington.

We cannot omit to improve the opportunity of extending our personal congratulations on this event out their elbows, and crowded everybody else out of to our readers in every part of the country. It is their way. They compute their success by the waste an event that thrills all@hearts with a joy unknown to them before.

THE TITAN TREES,

In California, -as of course all the readers of the Banner very well know, -are to be found some of the nistake than this. There is no use in being in a largest and noblest trees on the face of the carth. hurry at all. If you set any particular object, or They are red cedars. There are but five of these groves, the largest of which contains 427 trees, and have done so only after deliberate reflection and the smallest but 10. These groves are located in thought; and if it were necessary to be deliberate at three adjoining counties, and were first discovered

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, who To be energetic, it is not needful that one should has been paying these wonders of the vegetable kingbe in haste; in fact, haste rather works to the dis- dom a recent visit, thinks that the Titans and the traction of the energies, and the dissipation of the gods fought with such trees as these for clubs, when the attempt was made to carry heaven by storm, as and achieve the greater proportion of their aims, are recorded in the Grecian mythology. The trees are so high, that you must look twice before you can see the tops, and then you cannot comprehend how high ness and determination to the end. Having first they are; until you have looked at them from many fixed their plan, they afterwards suffered themselves points of view, and compared them with the little pines in the vicinity, which do not exceed 10 feet in diameter, and 200 feet in height. No words, no exally in a hurry, are most likely to overlook some of clamations, no figures, no description, could convoy the most important matters on which success depends, to a person who has not seen the so mammoths, the They thus find themselves confused in the very heat vivid impression of their sublime grandour, which

they did at the outset. The needless complications highest artificial structure in the United States, and into which a person will be thrown by the haste that 284 feet in height; but in the midst of a grove of never gets ahead, it would be impossible, from their these trees, it would be entirely lost to sight! One can perhaps get some faint idea of the imposing mag-General Jackson used to say that he always delib- nitude of these giants, from such a comparison. The erated thoroughly beforehand; and after that, he great grove is about half a mile wide, and three quarwent on with his plan, and ceased to deliberate. This ters of a mile long. One of the trees has fallen of saves the possible occurrence of doubt and hesitation, itself, and a considerable part of it has been burned; and serves to combine and compact the energies for the trunk of that one was nearly 40 feet in diameter,

The mammoth grove of Calaveras was the first one discovered, having been fallen in with, as already There is more time really wasted by being in a stated, by some hunters, in 1850; but public attention was not attracted to the spot until 1854, when the way men behave about the most triffing matters. one of the largest trees was sacrilegiously out down, For instance, a person has no particular place to lay and the bark was stripped from another for a dishis hat, and so when he most needs it, and perhaps tance of 116 feet from the ground. The tree which was felled was 92 feet in circumference, and 300 feet as not, it is not to be found; and he spends more high, and five men worked at it 22 days cutting time in hunting for it, to say nothing of the loss of through it with large augers. On the stump, which his patience, than if he had been a little more particular been smoothed off, there have been dancing parties and theatrical performances, and now there is a We invariably have our suspicions of a man who printing office, from which The Big-Tree Bulletin, is says he is in too much of a hurry to give his atten- issued. The tree, which was stripped of its bark, tion to trifles. The fact is the trifles are what continued green and flourishing for two years and a should be attended to above everything else; and half, and did not begin to die until after a very hard then matters come round as regularly, and with as frost in the winter of 1856-57. The bark, with some of extortion by mediums. Are you not daily robbing little hitch or jar, as if the machinery was lubricated of the wood of the felled tree, is now, in the English

sideration of the age of these trees. The rings of the terrible picture, hatred towards you, and fear, seemed felled tree were counted, and its age variously estimated, according to the different ways of counting, at from 1900 to 3000 years. Probably its age was not less than 2000 years. It sprouted while Rome was in its glory. It is older than any kingdom, language or creed of Europe or America. It was a large tree before the foundation of the Christian Church, and was fifteen hundred years old before the period of modern civilization began. Twenty centuries look down from the tops of half a dozen trees; and some of the little ones of ten feet in diameter will still flourish in a thousand years from now, when all our present kingdoms and republics shall have disappeared, and our political and social systems shall have been swept away as full of evil, and replaced by other and better systems, wherein men will be enabled to live in civilized society without each being ing. Did n't he know me?" forced to rob his brother, by means more or less legal and respectable.

The writer says further of these groves, that the scenery is very beautiful. "The trees grow very close together, and the trunks, usually from a foot to two feet in diameter, rise in perfect perpendicularlty, and without perceptible dimunition of size, more than a hundred feet, without a limb, and while all is perfect stillness and rest, and shadow on the ground, the traveler, looking up to where the sunbeams break through the dense foliage here and there, can see the flexible tops swinging from side to side in the roaring mountain breeze. The ground being never visited by the sun, is always moist, and produces a luxuriant and beautiful little undergrowth of mosses, flowers and berries; and I have at times compared myself in such a place to a merman, who, while at the bottom of the sea, amid a forest of queer sea-weeds, and surrounded by beautiful shells, and the treasures of a thousand wrecks, should look up from his abode of peace, and see the surface of the sea, far above him, raging in a terrific storm."

HYMN TO THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Bow, Science, bow thy head in awe, With lightning chain in hand, Be still, as through the occan's depths, Thou bindest land to land;

For thou hast wrought a miracle, Next to the Son of God; Thou walkest down on sea's dark floor,— High on its waves He trod:

He holds the lightning in the cloud, And thou within the wave, And wind and wave, which yield to Him, Thou hast had power to brave.

Then tremble thou before thyself, That to thy hand his power comes, And seems to dwell therein;

And hushed and trembling thank the Lord For favor on thee shed,
That thou, through sea with lightning chain,
Two continents hast wed.
[N. Y. Courier and Inquirer.

A GOOD TEST OF SPIRIT PRESENCE. On Tuesday, June 15th, two gentlemen called feeble man opposes the mighty power! It is the at our office, and signified their desire to attend our second advent of Christ. He comes to his own, but sitting of that day with Mrs. Conant. One of these they receive him not; they oppose him with bittergentlemen was Mr. Magrage, of Sedgwick, Maine, a ness and scorn. It comes to men in various ways subscriber to the Banner; the other we did not through poor human mediums, and seems adapted to

man to be Parker, a resident of Natick. Mr. Magrage was present at the opening of our

this medium to him?"

organs, and therefore wrote:-

We entered into conversation with him relative to this point, which it is needless to report. He seemed to think if he could have access to McGee, who was sentenced to be executed on the 25th of the month, the State. And who could better reach the heart of no opportunity of doing so.

spirit checked us, and forbade our admitting the the soul obeys and follows the voice. new comer. We informed him that it was our custom to answer such calls, and, as another rap was to be disturbed in that manner. Still he persisted in his refusal to admit the party outside.

broken, we concluded he was about to leave the me- vancing. dium, and told Mr. M. to open the door. This being done, Mr. Parker entered, when the spirit hastily rose from the chair, and rushed towards him, con- or a normal condition; in each it is carried on its fronting him menacingly, to our astonishment, and journey. God deals with the spirit silently but to that of the other two gentlemen present. We de- surely. manded to know the cause of this manifestation of repuguance to the stranger, when the spirit turned from him, faced us, and motioned us to come to him. We did so, when he immediately "squared off" a la a few moments he came to the table and wrote:-

reason to think he was leaving us. He replied :-"I might have spoken if you had not-he is my greatest enemy."

He then left, and the party present who had not known who the spirit was, asked his name. After we had given it, the gentleman sald he did not much wonder at the spirit's repugnance to him, as he was the first | weeks since, that Miss Doten refused to allow spirits man who entered the house in Natick after Casey to speak through her, and had renounced Spiritualhad committed the murder for which he was exe. ism. Will the Recorder please notice that she is in cuted, and had of course been a witness against him the field again, so that Harper's Weekly may get the

Mrs. Connut had not recovered her consciousness. ere she was under the influence of another spirit, who spoke as follows. She could not have heard or understood the conversation, which had furnished us with a solution to the revengeful munifestation we 29th; Sutton, N. H., Sept. 5th; Stoddard, N. H., had witnessed; yet the following explains it to some Sept. 12th; Nashua, N. II., Sept. 19th; Cambridge-

"Friend—He who has just left thy midst, hath long served under the law of fear; and as hatred is spirit. Thy brother first learned his lesson of hatred in the earthly life, and when he found that his plans were to be suddenly frustrated by the appearance of

to be having a combat. But pity, rather than chidehe came to fulfill a promise he had made to one who

is soon to pass from your to our land. Friend, I come that I may restore quiet and peace, and impart a portion that hath been taken away by the unsubdued one—the one who has been trained in evil and has blossomed into spirit-life under unfavorable auspices. Many there are like him, and all must come in time and manifest through mediums, that they may take their first lessons. Lea, they must learn their first lesson of Heaven here,

and If their coming betokens evil, fear not for thy God careth for him, and careth for thee. Thy friend, Thursday, June 17, — Casey again manifested He entranced the medium yet could not use the vocal organs. He wrote:-

"Why did you let that fellow in to torment me? I saw him before he got here-knew he was com-

At the previous sitting he had given the name of Casey simply. We thought we knew his other name, therefore did not ask it. We consequently addressed him as James, having confounded him with James P. Casey of California. He answered:-

"My name was Patrick Casey, not James-he died a long way off. I used to live in Natick."

Thus we were corrected in the name of the party, although the identity we had in mind was the same. We see by this manifestation-

First-That some influence possessed the medium which could see through walls and doors, and know that one whom it held as a personal enemy stood without.

Second-That upon our admitting this party, contrary to his desires, it kindled in his buenst such feelings of hatred as one might anticipate from such an unfortunate:

Third-It could not have been any influence emanating from our own mind, or that of any other mortal in the room, for we could not knowwho was outside, neither if we had, would we have exerted such an influence, not knowing anything of the person, or his connections with the spirit purporting to manifest.

Fourth-Although having the individual in our mind when he was manifesting, we were in crorr in regard to name, and were corrected by him.

Fifth-The party applying for admission was as much astonished as were we at the rude reception he got from the medium, or through her from the influence controlling.

We see no loop by which to hang a doubt of this being a genuine spirit manifestation, proved to have been such on the spot to all parties.

LEYDEN HALL, PLYMOUTH, SUNDAY **ÉVENING, AUGUST 1.**

Rev. D. F. Goddard, of Chelsea, said :- "Spiritualism is so vast that men cannot see it; it is so deep and broad that men cannot comprehend it; but how know, at the time. They were strangers, having every condition, even to the most doubting Thomas; but just met at the Fountain House, where both to meet man's material faith, it has come away down were stopping. Since the manifestation we allude to material earth, on a plane where mechanical to, we have ascertained the name of the other centlemanifestations are given. It has done more for us than we have or can do for it. It is the greatest birth of God's Universe; it bears its followers up incircle, (half-past two, P. M.) The first spirit who to a New Jerusalem, an Eden of new delights. Well manifested gave his name as Casey. He entranced is it for us that it trickles down to us by little drops, the medium, but could not gain control of her vocal for we could not bear the full stream of its glories; well is it that it is measured out carefully and spar-"I went to McGee last night in a dream, and ing to our weak and feeble vision and senses. Men promised to do something for him. Can't I take cannot keep it back; it has a mighty grasp upon many; it is leavening the masses, and the day of spiritlight is breaking, and the new Christ is rising upon the vision of all men."

Miss Lizzie Doten said :- " The work of Deity goes on in silence. Suns and worlds revolve in silent he would be able to prepare him for his murder by beauty, the earth sends forth her productions in silence, the various functions of the human body are the condenned, than one who had shared the fate active, while the body grows to maturity in silence. allotted to him? We think none; but much as we So it is with the soul of man. We are born again; might desire to effect the wish of the spirit, we saw the work is silent; before we know that we are born again, we are apparently on a lower plane, and a After having expressed our sentiments, and dis- still, small voice whispers to the soul, and says, cussed the point with the spirit, a knock was heard arise | come with me, the same as was said to the at the door. We were about to answer it, when the poor humble fisherman long ago; and the faith of

How varied are the phases of human experience in the process of human life, when the soul passes made, suggested that it was better to answer than from lower to higher conditions! The roul is every moment changing; as one star differs from another in glory, so differs every succeeding condition of the The control of the spirit seeming to be partially soul from a previous condition; the soul is ever ad-

> The body is the sanctified temple, for it holds the precious spirit. This spirit may be in an abnormal

Why should we judge our neighbor, when each soul moves on its own way, by the unseen, silent power of God? Why should we try to turn demons and evil out of other hearts, when God comes with Hyer and gave us a blow. We caught the hands of his silent-inspiration to all, and this holy-influence the medium for the purpose of expostulating with takes the place of evil, and joins our hands to the the spirit; but seeing that Casey was using more hands of augels, and they lead us on to higher atmuscular strength than it would do for us to tainments, every moment bringing us nearer heaven? try to overcome, considering the organism he was A higher and holier influence is above you this very using, we let go our hold, and resumed our seat. In night than was over before. There are for each blessings waiting and coming, for which each soul line "- you, why did you let that fellow in, when I an affinity. These blessings will descend upon you Call the power that sends them what you will-Spi-We answered that we did not do so until we had ritualism, or anything elsc-it matters not. The consequence of it shall be to make one interest in one common causo—one common brotherhood—one God-one Father, who shall make all work together in unity, in love, in silence." A. B. C. [Harper's Weekly, dated August 7th, has just got

the news which the Recorder gave out some six news by 1860?—Eb.]

PERSONAL.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak at Lowell, Mass., Aug. 15th; Waltham, Aug. 22d; Dover, Vt., Aug. port, Mass., Sept. 26th; Lawrence, Oct. 3d. Prof. O. will take subscriptions for the Banner.

A. B. Whiting will lecture in Portland, Me., on the offspring of fear, thee should not wonder at his Sundays, August 15th, 22d and 29th. He will attend calls to lecture during his stay in that vicinity.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy will speak in the tranco state one who would recall much of the past, with all its in Watertown on Sunday, August 15th:

MRS. J. W. CURRIER IN MIDDLEBORO'.

On Sunday morning, July 25th, Mrs. C. attended the Congregational Church, for the purpose of listening to a discourse from Rev. l. 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 sontence of the sermon would be responded to. if true, by three raps; if false, by one rap, very loud. Those 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 entranco.

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 bock from the table, so that she was not within three feet of it, and, without physical touch 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 o quarter with eloquence, power and beauty; and, after the trance, was perfectly unconscious of any. of all natural and spiritual things. At the session thing she said. She was not a Spiritualist-knew nothing of it-but was induced to sit around a table that a government of law and a government of will with some friends who had barely heard of Spiritu alism, 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 lonesome road, where the nearest neighbors are a mile 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 it 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 the act. 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

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 need not fear that with the Supreme it will suffer this Village Site 42 group farms, containing each 4 abuse, be administered by "caprice," or be liable single farms; thus giving 80 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 professious. 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 PIONIC.

Dr. Gardner, at the earnest solicitaion of the Abington Grove-one of the best in the State-on arrangements will be found in another column.

will report themselves "present," and let old fogydom see the strength of the youthful hero, who seeks to infuse new life into humanity. We should be and for a ilmited fine, be reduced to a like condition pleased to see about fifteen thousand people present of quiescence; but that experience shows that this -such a crowd of talent and respectability as the sleep of their eyil passions is but temporary and uncause can collect, if our country friends pull with certain; and there is this difference between a perthe Boston folks. It might serve to make our oppo son in a trance, and a spirit. The entranced person nents'a little more respectful towards us.

The price from Boston is fifty-cents out and back. All the Railroads except the Worcester and Lowell condition, with all his faculties awake. Hence no Roads, run trains in ceason for the friends to return reliable judgment as to the proclivities of spirits, or at night. These do not; but we suggest to the the change, if any, which death may make in a man's friends whether it would not make a delightful ex. moral condition, can be drawn from the appearance cursion for them, and do some good. A little enter of persons in a clairvoyant or trance state. prise on the line of these roads, will put on a return, train at 6:30 from Boston, which will be in time, as evil general or special, and, of course, no evil or Let the friends in Worcester and Lowell make ar. malicious spirits, or evil and wrong-doing men. Evrangements with the road to run an excursion train erything is just right as it is; every man is acting at half price, to Boston, and see if they do not en- according to his best light. Crime and brutishness joy the trip.

A REVEREND VS. A TRANCE SPEAKER. We have received from Miss Rosa T. Amedy 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 Frederickton, N. B.

Jewelers say it is of fine quality.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK. Free Convention at Ution; The Mission of Spiritualism; Our Conferences; The Discussion on the Question of " Evil," fc. .

New York, August 7, 1858.

MESSES. 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 Tolegraph, 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 unfailing testimony."

Mr. Davis then extends an invitation to East, West, North and South; to Spiritualists, Materialists, Jows, 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 or contact, before the faces and eyes of the whole as its rudiments are settled—to become a power audience, the table rose up about three or four feet, 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 pew impulse, and are weekly increasing in interest. The whole field of reform is before it, and the structure and relations of last week, in reply to Dr. Gray, who had asserted 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

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 discovor 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 to shipwreck.

The strictures of Mr. Tiffany, J. T. Calkin, of lowa, 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 usc. 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 spiritworld, 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 trauce 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 propensifriends here, has projected a Picnic, to come off at ties seem, for the time being, to be suppressed. Hence, reasons Dr. Gray, the medium would make a Tuesday, August 17th. A detailed account of his moral and intellectual gain, by remaining always in that state; and that gain all spirits do actually We hope the Spiritualists throughout the State make, on passing from natural life.

To this it may be replied, that the worst men and women among us may, under favorable circumstances, is in an abnormal condition, with a part of his faculties laid asleep; while a spirit is in his normal

Dr. Hallock maintains that there is no such thing 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. Soin the case of Calkin. His account of the manner in which he had been lied to and persecuted, con. a vigorous campaign against the Indians. General Premoute, August 9, 1858.

trolled against his will, and made to "weep, laugh, Harney will command the operations. A skirmish pray, swear," etc., met with little sympathy from took place about the 20th of July, in the immediate these gentlemen. Dr. Gray thought all such "pos- vicinity of Fort Kearney, between a small war party sessions" fantasies—the effects of disease. Mr. C. of Cheyennes and Arrapahoes and the Paionees. Hallock called for proof. He would take nothing Paionees, killing three, among whom was the chief, but tangible proof. He knew from experience that and carrying off a large band of horses. A conthe same, if there be one. The other side, which em- Cheyennes, recaptured the animals, and wounded on the doctor for the proof of heaven's manifestation thousand Paionees assembled near the post for peaceto himself. The debate was a lively one, lasted to a ful purposes. 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. Dres- and vicinity will be held at Island Grove, Abington, ser speaks to morrow at Lamartine Itali, on the Spi. on Tuesday, August 17th. A special train of cars ritualism of the Greeks and Romans-their Priest | will leave the depot of the Old Colony Railroad far. esses, Pythonesses, etc.-a field for which he is well fitted. Dr. Dods lectures in Brooklyn.

The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER: -Original Poetry- has been provided. Evening Reverie;" Conclusion of "Daisy Nes--Spiritual Media Triumphant; Letter frome the by regular trains. West; Case of Insanity treated by a Medium; Let-

through September, Miss Emma Hardinge every Myrick's, 75 cents; Middleboro', 55 cents; Bridgewaday in November.

injured; also a house in process of erection at Dan- and return at night. versport was considerably shattered, and one of the Should the weather be favorable, it is anticipated ably injured, but will doubtless recover. A friend Come one-come all! informs us that, while sitting with a medium, some four weeks ago, a spirit told him he might expect sion will be postponed until Friday, the 20th inst. 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 BITER 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 to dismiss the case and pay all the costs.

Mr. L. P. Barrett, Mrs. Virginia Cuaningham, and gular and unreliable. Miss Mary Shaw.

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

In the communication upon our seventh page, ensecond paragraph, read allegory, instead of "eilegory,"

A Scottish parson betrayed into more puns than 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' 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. DESITATED FROM THE CAPTAIN OF THE NIAGARA.-

The New York Express says the following despatch has been received by the family of Capt. Iludson: Trinity Bay, Aug. 5 .- God has been with us. The Telegraph Cable has been laid without accident, and to Ilim be all the glory. We are all well.

Yours, affectionately, WM. d. Hubson. ton, 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-dears and twelve rain-beaux.

Instructions have gone to Gen. Lamar to advise Costa Rica and Mearagua 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 site'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 placess" at length.

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

was probably suffering from bilious melancholy. Dr. The assailants succeeded in surprising a party of heaven could manifest itself to mortalez let hell do siderable force of Paionees afterwards pursued the braces the great majority of the Conference, called several of their adversaries. There were over one

SPIRITUALISTS' GRAND MASS PICNIC FOR 1858.

The Annual Picule of the Spiritualists of Boston 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. Sevoral ominent Trance Speakers are expected to be present and take part in the exercises. Good music

Tickets, fifty cents each for adults, and twentybrook," by Cora Wilburn; "My Last Experience In five cents for children, may be obtained at the depot Love-making," by a Bachelor ; "The Forest Streams," on the morning of the excursion. They may also be by Flora; England and We; Dream of a Qaaker obtained at all the way stations between Boston and Lady; Editorials; Letter from New York; Sunday South Braintree, at one-half the regular fare, on reg-Meeting at Plymouth; Miscellancous; Five Columns ular trains which leave Boston at half past eight in of Spirit Messages; History of the Mediumship of the morning. The friends in Plymouth, Kingston, Mrs. Helen Leeds, by Dr. A. B. Child; The Soul's Plympton and Hanson, can obtain tickets at their Destiny; Letter from Judge Chase; The Dead Raised several depots at half fare to Abington, and return

The Spiritualists of Fall River, New Bedford, Myters from Maine, New Orleans, and Cincinnati, Ohio, rick's, Taunton, Middleboro' and Bridgewater, will take the train which leaves Fall River at 7:15 A. M. to An interesting article, entitled, "The Dial," by South Braintree, and then connect with the excursion Francis H. Smith, will appear in our forthcoming train for Abington. Returning, leave the Grove at 5:20 p.m. by regular train to South Braintree, thence The regular Sunday meetings of Spiritualists in by the New York express train home-the express Boston will commence on the first Sunday in Septem- stopping only at Bridgewater, Middleboro' and Myber. Mrs. A. M. Henderson will occupy the desk rick's. Fare up and return, from Fall River, \$1.00; Sunday in October, and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer each Sunter, 40 cents-children, half price. Those living near the line of the Eastern Railroad, can take the The thunder-storm, August 6th, did considerable 7 6'clock A.M. train from Salem, and return the same damage in Essex county. A barn was struck in evening. Those on the line of the Woburn Branch Swampscott, set on fire, and entirely consumed, to Railroad can take the cars from Woburn at 7 o'clock gether with the celebrated mare Lady Suffolk, and A.M., and return same day. Also, those near the line about seventy tons of hay. The house of George P. of the Reading Junction Bailroad may take the Farrington, in Salem, was struck, and Mr. F. slightly train which leaves Reading for Boston at 6:10 A. M.,

laborers named William Collins, was instantly killed. that this will be the largest gathering of Spiritual-The owner of the building, Ira Story, was consider lists ever assembled in this of any other country.

N. B .- Should the weather be stormy, the Excur-

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 recommence 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 agreed to marry, that he never refused, and was the part of post office officials, somewhere, and it willing to comply with his contract. He got a licence | needs correcting. A friend, at present visiting in and a Justice of the Peace, and then went to the Vermont, says that the Banner sent to his brother, lady's residence and tendered himself. She wanted whom he is visiting, does not reach him regularly. time to think the matter over, and finally concluded He further writes, that he mailed eleven papers (all | spiritual,) just before he left Boston for Vermont. The Boston Museum opened on Monday evening, and, of the eleven, only two have been received. This the company having been enriched, meantime, by is the smallest kind of swindling, and the department the addition of several popular artists, including at Washington should see why its mails are so irre-

FUTURE ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

A discussion on the merits of "Future Endless Punishment," is soon to commence in this city, titled "The Soul's Destiny," in the first line of the between Rev. Dr. Adams, pastor of the Essex Street Church, and Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, through the colas printed. A typographical error, simply, but a names of the Christian Freeman, a Universalist organ, edited by the latter gentleman. Both disputants are acknowledged lenders in their particular he meant to make, when he prayed for the Council charge of "paper pellets." Nous verrons, as the denominations, and we may anticipate a brisk dis-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 Munder of a Young Gint.—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 secondrel llays, who has resided on Long Island, and at or near Galveston, Texas. Ho A writer from the "Tip-Top House," Mt. Washing is a blacksmith by trade, and has followed bonting. 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, 137 Pond street, Providence, R. 1.—Bee.

SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION'AT PLY. MOUTH

A Convention of Spiritualists will be diolden at Plymouth on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 14th and 15th, 1853. 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 flow-

ing into the souls of men from the spirit-world.

Cars leave Boston from the Old Colony Depot for It is said that Kansas has rejected the " English Plymouth every day, Sundays excepted, at 8:30 A. M., 2:40 and 5:10 P. M. Leave Plymonth for Boston 6:30 and 9:20 A. M., and 4:40 P. M.

DANIEL F. GODDARD, Ско. Віммомв, Лю, BARTLET ELLIS. CHARLES B. IMSH, BRADFORD BARNES,

The Spiritualists of Vermont will hold their Aninal Convention at South Royalton, Vt., on the 27th; 8th and 29th of August, 1858. It is not only toped, but known, that there will be a spirited 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 vill make their advent into no mengre or mean issemblage, where they will be bored by "side

VERMONT SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

We shall rally around our olden altar at South Royalton as "familiar worshipers," remembering the unparalleled harmony which cemented our efforts on former occasions at this "Bethel" (this being the third "Royalton Convention"), and knowing that there is a charm in the "Call," even. A beautiful grove will be fitted up for the occa-

sion, 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 fingels" becken us, and point to our fraternal gathering.

Regular speakers will occupy the stand, per ar-angement of committee, during the forenoon and afternoon sessions, whilst morning and evening conerences will be opened at the church for all who vish 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 D. TARBELL.

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

tamly 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 mediam who can give satisfaction in every case-i. e. 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.

. W. N., Bebronn,-The communications you send us are unfit to appear in any newspaper, being exceedingly finterate. Your reason should teach you that Daniel Webster, and a minister, would not write such stuff and spell so badly. You are being housed by spirits, decidedly, if those ate specimens of your medium powers, and the sooner you cat loose from such spirits, the beiter. We never reject any odrift who comes to us with truth; but when a spirit who cannot write decent. 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 air educated man-a divine at that, we cannot believe such. By a proper course, you may do the spirit good by unmaskfug him. If you allow yourself to be imposed upon by such an one, your end will be among the foolish ones. We give you this advice in kindness. You may depend you are being hopked by lying spirits, if you are sure these do come from spirits.

MACO, Sparsoffeld. - We have only one objection to printing your letter; and that is, you forgot to give us the name of the State you hall from. There are so many Springfields in Unclessan's dominions, that we should be the cause of missading our readers, did we print your letter as it is. TYPE S, CLEVELAND, ORIO,-Your poetry, much of it, is very

good, but you lack system, which a little time and practice will give you. Try negit, us. G---d. Caser, Sart. O.- No such communication as that to which you allude has been received by us. It would be advisable to cross-question the source of your intelligence.

closely, as regards his mistatements. S. C. C., Cosstantini, Mico.-We placed "Sir Rudolph" on file to print; but from some as yet unaccountable reason to us, it is not to be found. We hope it may come to "Light"

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUALISTS' Muntings will be held every Sunday afteroon, at No. 14 Bromfleid street. Admission free.

MEETINGS IN CHEISEA, on Sundays, morning and evening-t Gullo Hall, Winnismmet street. D. F. Goddand, regt Guino Han, Winnlem dar speaker. Seats free.

Lawrence and Sport alies of Lawrence held regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Law-

Special Notices.

HARMONIAL COLONY CONVENTION. All persons interested in the establishment of a Harmonial

Township, Precinct or Neighborhood, on the general basis atmounced in the late Circular of D. 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. dersigned expects that a goodly number of those numerous friends, in various parts of the country, who, by letter or othrwise, have expressed their readmess to co-operate 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 talkers are not invited. Adm Ballon, as coordial 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, comers will please inquire at No. I, Bay State Block, Main street, Worcester,

In behalf of the movement, DANIEL C. GATES.

NEW YORK SPIRITUALISTS' PICNIC.

There will be a Picule of the Spiritualists of New York ity and vicinity, at Pleasant Valley, on Wednesday, August 1th, 1858, and if it rains on that day, the Pienle will take place on the second day following, Friday, August 13th. The Steamboat Flora will leave the foot of Spring street at 9 block in the morning and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, outhing at the dock at Twenty-second street, each trip, for assengers.

The Committee have made arrangements for the ground and good music, and to cover that expense tickets are on sale at Musson's Booksrong, 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 excurion will only cost thirty costs, each person.

It is hoped-that all persons intending to go, will purchase their tieffets as soon as possible, as by so doing they will lighten the labor of the Committee.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1858.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

MEDIUMS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE CONSTANTLY, M EDIUMS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE CONSTANTLY, day and evening, at Munson's Reoms. B. T. M. has the pleasure of announcing that he has engaged the services of some of the lest mediums in the country; the hours will be from 10 o'clock A. M. till 2, and from 3 till 5 P. M. Evening circles from 8 till 10. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings the circles will be public, at an admission fee of 59 cents. The mediums engaged for these two evenings are Measure Malance. mediums engaged for these two evenings are Mesers, Rodman and Conklin.

8. T. MUNSON, tf 5 Great Jones street, New York.

HEALTH TO THE SICK.—Mr. LEMUEL EDMINGTER, hav-be happy to theet his friends at his residence in how street, south Maldon, near Malden bridge, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Terms, \$1.00 an hour. He will visit patients at their own homes, it desired. Mrs. Lennuc Edminster, as clairvoyant, speaking and writing medium, may be seen on the same days, and at the same place. Terms, 80 cents an hour-poor considered.

eigh! father, dear father, why pless they away.
The dewdrops that sparkled at dawning of day—
That glittered the currs by the light of the moon,
Ou! why are those dewdrops dissolving as soon?
Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away, As though nothing that 's lovely might live for a day? The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain, but the dew is dried out of their petals again."

" My child," said the father, " look up to the skies;" My cano, said in analysis, those beautiful dyes, There—there are the deadtops in glory reset, Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet. Then are we not taught by each beautiful ray. I mourn not for beauty, though fleeting away? For though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven.

A.: that withers on earth, blooms more brightny in heaven." Alas! for the father-how little knew he

Alas: for the father—how little knew he
That would be had spoken prophetic could be;
That the beautiful child—the bright star of his day—
Was elen then, like the dewdrops, dissolving away,
or sail was the father, when led in the effect
The rambow again spread its glorious dyes; And then he remembered the maxims he'd given And their he remonitories and massing developes—in heaveful.

And thought of his child and the developes—in heaveful.

The Messenger.

CIRCLES SUSPENDED - We have deemed it advisable to suspend our sittings during the mouth of August, to resume September 1st, after who is a time the usual admissions will be ies and to visitors. This of it challed us to publish our large accumulation of messages

BINTS TO THE READER +Under this head we shall publish MINTS TO THE RELATER —I noter this head we shall publish forth communications as may be given us through the inequipment of Mrs. J. H. Coward, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Barner of Light. They are spoken whose is in what is mean violentimated. "The Transc State," I have a first the barner warmen described."

the exact time are being written down by us.
They are in typidished on account of literary ment, but as
tosts of specificonimum on to those friends to, whom they are

we hope to show that spirits earry the characteristics of their earth life to that be oud, and do away with the errores was notion that they are anything more than Fixin beings. We is inverthe public should see the spirit world as it is $s_{\rm c}$. We is inverthe public should see the spirit world as it is $s_{\rm c}$, and learn that there is exil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine pet forth by $s_{\rm c}$ (ii), in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. In these common, that does not compare with its reason. I are expresses so hanch of truth as his perceives,—no in the La h can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions in rely, relative to theirs not experienced. The Spirit governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility, but only engages to use his power and knowledge to have truth come through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

MESSAGES TO HE PUBLISHED.

We wish the friends of spiritualism, when they to d a message which they can verify, to write us to that effect. Wo desire simply to state, as soon after publication as practicable, that we have received assurance of its truth, without taentioning the name of the party who has written us. (16) not wait for some one else to write us, but take the labor ayon your own shoulders. Thus you will enable us to place

(4) on Your own structures, Their you will charge us to prove actifitional proof before the public, (1) as Inv. John Cartarry, it. John E. Theyer, John Darling, Petrosy Cases, **—— Creating W. L. Creaton, Charlest Green, E. John Moore, Win Pownes, frankful Smith, Franches to Johnson Lowers and Cartarry, John Harman Heiger, Sarrah Laward, James to theory. Lapley, Joseph Poster, George Rand.

Goorge Rand.

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estnors 93 Crawson, 81 g ben Huid, Betsex Newe'l John Locke, Who, M'Ray, Stephen Greated Cherries Hammond, Henry, Mel-ic, Asa Wentworth, William fromet, Cherry Siavets, Mary Charles Whater, James Ball, Jonathan Trussed, Julia Als, John Boteons, Rangah Hewins, Charles Ward, Istoard Color, John Baker, Machael Brady, W. H. Channing, 18 (ed. F. Recker, Mey Y. R. Golden, Eliza, Smith, B. Frankin,

Winne James Powers, Lazzie Cass, John Woodbridge, David Oser, Mary Cort S.

Ca. J. Wassam, Brown, Jake Leanard, Mary Ann. Marden, Act S. January, John Dow, John D. Wilhams, Anon-

A Spirit, to Dr. Bowen.

A wish, laden with inquiry, has reached me-it comes from one who remains in earth-life, and wanders amid thorns. But out of sorrow cometh joy; and the thorns shall bring forth flowers-yea, and the night shall bring forth the morning.

He to whom I come should understand his God. and with all his gerting, he should get understanding -an understanding of that which propels this machine. Oh, I would teach him that while he seeks to understand the outer man, he should not fail to understand the wisdom of that power which propels this piece of machinery.

He says, if there be truth in this new light that is spreading over the earth, give me some of the truth -enlighten my soul in regard to spiritual things. On, mortal, as you wander where sickness hath east its blight over mankind, learn a lesson-as you stand by the bedside of the dying, watching the change, learn from them what you ask of us.

And when, oh mortal, you shall stand at the gate-way of the eternal world, you will stand upon your own foundation-will enter with knowledge gained by your own effort; and how much better, how much dearer, is wisdom thus obtained! Again, we ask you not to pass by lightly those things that are given you for lessons. Out of sorrow, joy will come; and know ye that if all thy days here are clouded, in the other world sunshine such as thou hast never known will beam upon thee.

When thou art alone at midnight, seek you to know of the future, and seek in honesty of heart, and ye shall not seek in vain. Bid us not to come here, or go there, but invite us to thyself, and pray that the Supreme Power will give us power to place a

lamp within that sacred temple—thy own soul.

You ask, are we cognizant of the past, as regards your life? I answer, we are, and, would you have proof of our knowledge, give us but permission to give forth what we know, and we will indeed prove to thee that we are possessed of wisdom to a certain extent.

And you ask, "Shall I ever find peace on earth?" That were a question hard to answer. Man finds peace as he gathers wisdom to himself. You, oh mortal, may find peace in distributing the gifts God has given you. In other words, you, oh mortal, may find peace in acting upon and in proving the talents God has given you. No doubt the question will revolve itself in your mind, "How did my spirit-friends understand my heart?" I answer, by being conversant of that which was passing in the mind-that which was burning in letters of fire, and is still burning upon the altar of difficulty. By that fire,

we understand thoughts yet unborn in your mind. Go, mortal, visit the sick and suffering, and while you call for holy influences to be around and about you, then shall you find wisdom and joy, and be more than recompensed for all your toil. What though shadows are settled in your pathway, and darkness seems to span the horizon, fear not, for by an exercise of good judgment, and faith in those about you, you shall fear no evil, but shall stand upon an elevated plane, and mortals shall welcome you. Pray much to the God of the Universe, that he may hold you in the hand of Divine Love, and make you what you should be-a perfect, God-like man.

From a kindred spirit, in answer to one Dr. Bowen, June 16.

Pete, a Slave.

How d'ye, massa? Ise dead. (I died in Alabama. Old missis sent me here. She down in Alabama-Greenesboro' county. Old, massa's name Sheldon, Pete. was my name-put it down right, massa. I dies two months gone. Old missis say, "Pete go there and talk." Been long missis long time. Missis teach me much-tells me say something she know me by. Been live a little while-most seventy. Tell old missis many nice goodies here; fine

place here—fine place. Tell missis l'ote happy: Too old to do much field labor—did in-door work. I got two children in Louisiana—works—Missis sells them, I thinks says she lots 'em Old massa dead. My boys got good huff, massa. Pete had good 'nuff, too. Tell old missis good bye. Pete come again. Nigger better off down south. Missis tell me all bout white nigger. No. I never see 'em-don't want to see 'em. Good bye, massa. June 16. Mary Barber.

What are you going to do? I want to talk to my children. My name was Mary Barber. My chilago, when I walked the earth, they called me Mary dren—two of them are in Boston, one in California, Edson. My body was buried in Boston. and the other in the State of Maine. I have been dead most fifteen years. I want to know which one if I came here I might reach them-might do them of my children sent me here—one of them did; but I good, and gain much myself. I was twenty-seven want to know which of them sent me here—for I years of age, and died of fever on the 17th day of do n't know. I want to tell them I am happy—tell January, 1836.

them to live in peace and friendship with all men— I wish to hear them call for me, and I know I that's all I can say here. I never could write to have power to come to them power to do them any body. I could talk, but I never liked to write. good; and if they will open the door unto me, they I have much I could say to them if they were here, shall never regret it. I have many gems, fresh from but I do n't like to write to them. They wont expect the kingdom of glory, but I cannot bestow them in me to say more. If they want me to answer any this way; therefore, I will wait till another time question, if they will give it to me, I'll try and and another place, when I may speak to my own answer it, but I can't say any more to day. I lived kindred. Farewell, stranger, and died in Boston. Good byc. June 16:

Dudley Leavitt.

I visit you to day, for the purpose of ridding my-self of certain errors that I imbibed in early life. Orleans. If you want anything ask mo. Some of | I cannot tell why I am to come here to be rid of my friends called me here. What have I got to say them, except it be for the benefit of my friends. I to them? I'll answer questions. I had a father in Esture you, I find it exceedingly hard to outlive New Orleans; I suppose he's there now. They think find a marvellous change; but I found the change the devil three years before I died. Ask him if I was only in myself, and the surroundings of spirit haven't gone there. I suppose I have gono there, were but an outgrowth of what I had been accus- for I'm devil enough, myself. tomed to view in my mortal state. Flowers, trees, everything we behold in Nature's Kingdom, I found in that I was out of the mortal body. Many came and friend since. Ain't it a funny thing to be dead, and ministered anto my necessities. I questioned them yet speaking? I was n't born in New Orleans—no, closely, and I found each of them had been disapdevoid of materiality-that I had indeed passed through the change called death-was master of my senses, I began to receive the truth.

Is there a God? If so, why do I not see him in spirit life? If there is no God, where does the beautiful spring from? Who fashions all these beauties, with which reverything abounds? Thus I argued, until I began to ascend, when I learned my God was His name was Edward. Suppose I was to send a a Principle, not a Being-a principle that pervaded all things. I had always believed that my God was shop. omnipresent in all things, and yet was a Personal had fixed it up to hoax him. I'd never been where God; but when I began to reason, I saw that if my I am if it had not been for him, and I told him so tiod was omnipresent he could not be a personal God, but a Principle of Life, pervading all form. After I had become settled upon this point, I became the company I ever saw him in were blacklegs and auxious to impart my Truth to my friends, and I rummies. He must do his repenting somewhere else. said, "Oh God of life, give me power to return and

of men, ere that time could come.

I then said, "I will seek the beautiful—I will wander from planet to planet and drink in wisdom from all I see, until my soul shall be satiated, and then I will return to earth, freighted with the richest blessings.

But ah, I learn that the cup of wisdom will never be filled-man will never be satisfied, but will be I have learned that man, in spirit or in mortal, must not harry from one glory to another, but must learn of every star, and must drink every drop which presents itself to his lips, for God sets it before him. I have also learned that man must not back upon his early life with fear, and shrink from est night the stars are most brilliant. God shines forth the darkest night, and mortals may well

I have learned also in my wanderings, that the inhabitants of other planets have long been blessed know how to account for it. I knew about mesmerwith spirit-communion. That years ago those who ism—this is the subject, and I'm the mesmeriser have left their bomes in the planets have been in that's it, certain. This old man who is here told me

the hand that fashioned them there. He will come, says one, in the clouds of heaven, with power and earth. I believed it then, and now I know it. great glory. Is he not seen there always, and will There's a long story to tell, connected with my not man yet see him in the stars? Oh, yes; man earth-life, and I am going to tell it. I've a good will yet bow before a Principality and not a Person, many people to talk about, and they must be careful and this shall be the outgrowth of to-day. Ah, then, see to it that you walk in purity and humility, that look at them and throw stones at them. I told them that the would come, and it has—it has come now. your children may indeed grow upon earth.

Amid, and around, and above the mighty universe of souls, I find Progress written, clearly proving that man is a progressive being, and as he hastens from one glory to another, he will be constantly asking more-still more. Amid some of the dark temples, we find scattered abroad upon this planet, we see a bright spark -mortals cannot discover it. Angels have been trying long to fan that spark into thame, that bigotry, intolerance and sin may be buried up, and faith, love and charity shine forth. And will it ever be? Oh, yes, soon the fire will burn and the dross come forth. Then we who so learly love this earth-plane, will rejoice that it has taken its place among the most enlightened of the universe of God.

May my dear friends who cast off their earthly form, be filled with the bright flood of spiritual light, and may I be permitted to welcome them, as recipients of the truth. My name was Dudley Leavitt. I was born in

Exeter, N. II. Farewell. John Grogan.

June 17.

Good day, sir. In the year 1837 I died in Boston. ly name was John Grogan; I left one child. She was then three months old. My wife has come to me since that time. I wish to commune with that child-can I do so? I called the child Mariawhether she retained that name or no, I am unable to say. I have at times been enabled to go very near ing through the various apartments in the great her, but have never been enabled to commune, for spiritual mansion. the child is so closely hedged about by the church, that I cannot approach her. She is no member of through many different spheres, degrees, and grades the church, but she is so hedged about by those who of happiness, in order that they may best judge are, it is almost impossible to reach her. I have where they should locate. Every man is his own long sought to speak with her in private, but have judge, according to the law of Divinity—of Nature. never been able. She, of course, knows, nothing of me, except as she has been taught. I have been told sought after truth—that I ever stretched forth my if I came here, my child would see the message I sent, hand to pluck fresh flowers—that I ever had cause and would speedily seek out a way of communion to bow the knee before the shrine of love. Yes, I do with me. I know I must penetrate the walls of the rejoice in the fact that I was called to see, and hear, church to do this, but I can do it—my tools are and know, something in regard to the spiritual sharp, and my God helps me. I sinned on earth, but world, ere I was called upon to realize it, in a spirithave outlived that sin. It matters not to you und state of existence. And I rejoice and praise what my sin was—it is enough for you to know that God also to day that I am permitted to return and have suffered for it in spirit-life, and have come use a human organism to speak forth the glories of forth free from stains.

cast forth upon the angry waves of earth-life—some although I am somewhat disappointed in several times among friends, and then among enemies. I points. I am told my folks, my kindred, my achave seen it, and must now seek to stand that child quaintances expect much of me. They should not, upon a fair plane, where she may find a passport to for I find myself poorly prepared to bring forth all happiness.

It were a strange thing to some, to think that we earth-life. I may bring forth these beauties, but I who have passed from earth, can return and commany not discuss them. I may tell them of a God of mune with mortals. The friends of the child will love, but I cannot comprehend him-I may find truth say, it cannot be so; but the child will say, it must to add to the Banner of Spiritualism, but I may not be so, and I shall profit by the same. I am going, find strength to hold aloft that bannor. In time I now as I have nothing more to say. June 17.

John Grosvener. Friend, thee will please write that John Gresvener with. I would have them study well the philosophy visits the Society of Friends at Harvard, often. Theo of Death. Ere they are called upon to pass through will please write, also, he would find joy, could be that change, I would here beseech them to undercommune as well as visit. Thee will please say that stand it not be-like the disciples of old, afraid to kind angels attended John Grosvener as he entered welcome it—and instead of placing him before them the new hours. Thee will please say he is happy— as an angel of despair, to look upon him as an angel he is free. Thee will please also bear record that of love and peace, sent to release mankind from

Mary Edson.

May I not reach some one of my friends? Years

I have friends here, today, and I have been told

June 17.

Helen Reed.

Why don't you talk? I don't know why I am When I came to spirit life, I expected to I 've gone to the devil. Father said I had gone to

I was sick with fever, and died in the hospitalthat's what they said, and I suppose it's true. I my new home, and for a time I was so mystified, so have acquaintances but no friends. I lost my moth-bewildered by what I saw, that I could not realize er when I was six years old, and have n't seen a sir; I was born in the State of Maine, and came to pointed. After assuring myself that I was a spirit, Boston when I was two years old; do n't remember

it, though they said I came. Suppose I came back like a saint-they'd say I got sanctified mighty quick. Death is n't such a hard customer as to do that.

My father had the care of me; put me out to board, and used to see to me when he had time to; but I did not see him for three months, sometimes, message to him, it might reach him in some rumlle'd say it was just like me, but somebody when I was sick; and when he asked me to forgive him, I told him no. What should be expect? All

Tell him to go it while he can; he'll get to the impart light to my friends. But the answer came end of his chain the sooner. Good day. This is a tack, "The time is not yet." I then learned that funny place to be in. I was a medium myself. the spirit of God must first touch the earth, and They said I was bewitched. Good bye. I'll tell you cultivate the germ of Divinity there in the hearts a long story some day. I've got to get out now, have n't 1? June 17.

Larkin Moore.

I'm not crazy-not crazy, not dead. I'm in God's home now-in God's home, free from all those who used to torment me when I was on his earth. No thanks to them for getting here. I do n't ask any constantly asking for new truth, new glory, new attainments—something beyond what he has; and me crazy-they called me a fool. What made me erazy, if I was so? Ill usage from some of God's children. That do n't speak very well for them, but it's true. Ill usage-yes, ill usage. Now, who used me ill? Why, most everyboly did, but the people despise the day of small things—he must not look that belong to the church, in particular. When I was quite young, I went to hear a revival minister. it as if it were of no account; for, ah, in the dark. He preached long and lond, and I repented; but when I got so far upon the ladder, I fell down, and they said I was crazy. Now, God's children and thank that God for sorrow and for melancholy, for rom such mental darkness cometh spiritual light.

Thank learned also in my wanderings, that the raint me at all, not outside, but it is, inside. I the habit of returning home and communing with their friends there. The earth, with all its beauty, cannot boast of so much beauty as one of the orbs that twinkles above you at night. Yet there is crongh of Beauty to teach you that God is a God of Love, who fashions all things for the good of his subjects.

This old man who is here told me what to do, and I got here. He thought I had not got strong will enough, but I told him I had, and I me to tell people I in not dead, nor crazy, and to thank all my friends for the good they did me. I ve never reproached them, never, and I have been out of food, and had not a hat to wear on my head. When I got clear out, God sent somebody to feed me. And doth he not fashion all this beauty to allure man from this earth to go farther away to the beauties of Heaven? Oh, yes, and to teach men of low, and I don't dispute it, but I know where God the lond that factional the lond that faction are lond to the lond to the lond that faction are lond to the lond

I don't hold them up so high that all the people can I aint been dead a year, yet. I said I was not dead, did n't 1? Well, I aint been out of my body a year. Don't have to look out for clothes now-the old body that needed them is gone now; do n't have to look out for bread, neither—that is given me. I am growing in wisdom, and by-and bye I shall be among the wisest. But I shall come back many times before that. I shall bless those who used me ill, many times before it, but I shall bless them in my own way--everybody has a right to do that. My name was Larkin Moore. I lived everywhere-no place in particular-I should lie, if I said I did. Been in Boston-been all round. I've been discarded too long from my friends to tell where I lived. They'll know me, so don't be afraid. It's all right, and if you hear it is not, just call on me, and I'll make it straight. No matter if I had no money, it 's as well as though I died in the White House. I was an old man, and counted a good many more suns than any one here. I'm going. June 18.

We find upon inquiry that an old man, partially insane, wandered about the country somo years. He was inoffensive, and his insanity was of a religious nature.

Robert Hare.

Six months ago I did not expect I should be a disembodied spirit at this time—yet such I am. Yes, I am now trying the realities of spirit life—wander-

I find that all spirits are permitted to wander

I have great reason to rejoice to-day that I ever the God I tried to serve. I find him what I expected By my folly my child was bereft of a parent, and to-I find my present state of life what I expectedthat needs to be brought forward to the friends in

shall find it. There is one particular point in man's existence that I would have my friends most fully acquainted

light is about to be given to the Friends. Fare thee mortality.

Well. I regret that I had not made myself better ac-

quainted with this messenger-I regret that I had upon me to confess, may call upon another, and not stopped in my search, and communed with the angel of change, ere I was called upon to come in close connection with him; and I would publicly

When I first took possession of the subject I now urge mankind to make themselves acquainted with hlm In due time.

The world at large has eyer entertained false ideas In regard to death—these false ideas Spiritualism thing coming from the past, since I came here, somes to take away, if man will closely apply himself to that he has been called to study upon. In passing through the change of death, I beheld many mysterious things. Some of them I shall, in future, present to the world. I could scarcely realise that I was indeed changing, for I was, at times, quite conscious; and after there was a complete dissolution, well as I shall. It were better for him to make an looked around me, and I beheld millions of spirits. inquired why they had come hither, and a human voice seemed to say, "We have come to welcome you -we have come to attend your second birth." I do not, at the present time, fully understand why so many were gathered together at my coming. 1 probably shall know in the future, and will then inorm my friends.

My time has about expired, and with the last few moments let me again urge my friends to study the philosophy of death. They will find something there fully worthy the efforts they put forth, to understand it in all its beauty—in all its glory. Could mortals be permitted to gaze with spiritual eyes upon this glorious change, they would be willing to devote onethird of their time to it.

But I will say no more about it, but leave a kind word for all my friends-yes, a blessing for all. Will you be kind enough to ask this medium,

when she returns to her natural condition, if she has forgotten her promise. I find no trance of it upon her mind, therefore I imagine she has forgotten it.

I called upon her last evening, and requested an opportunity to answer a note I found here from one my friends. She promised me a time to-day, but have not seen any provision made for me. June 18. ROBERT HARE.

We found, upon inquiring, that she had appointed in hour in the forenoon to this spirit, but had forgotten to sit for his influence. Indeed, she had almost forgotten the occurrence of the previous eve-

Abigail Norris.

My dear, dear child-I have not so long delayed coming to you, because I declined so to do, but because I was obliged to delay. Do not, my dear child, to discuss the subject here, I should not do it justice. think I have forgotten you, as we are nigh unto you. It is one that demands time. I shall, therefore, de-often, very often. And, my dear child, do not think cline speaking further upon it to-day; but as I before I am not aware of all your sorrows, as you pass said, I will refer my questioners to my work, entitled, along this vale of tears. No, no, my child-do not "The Philosopy of Creation." say, "I am weary of earth, and its cares and shadows," but rather say, "I will journey on until I shall receive a call to go up higher."

My dear daughter, do not think I do not think of

any of the family but yourself,-no, they are not forgotten, but you, my dear child, have sent forth a silent call to me, and I have heard it, and, therefore, do come to answer. Remember me as your mother still, and do not again think you are forgotten. God bless my dear ones on earth. Your spirit mother. June 18. ABIGAIL NORMIS.

Ann Louisa Smith.

Everywhere I go the cry is, come to earth, and give us some proof of spirit power; and, as I come to your medium to day, I can but look upon myself, and wonder what can I do to add to the truth of this great light that is spreading far and wide over the earth-sphere. But, like the widow who, years ago, approached the treasury of the Lord, and east in her mite, I come and cast in mine, and who knows but some one dear to me may be brought to a knowledge

Oh, then, I will overcome every obstacle, break down every barrier, and do all God permits me to do, to bring the dear ones to a sense of truth.

Seven years ago to-day, my spirit winged its way from earth, to the land of the unseen, to the home of the spirit—seven years ago to day, kind friends stood around the couch of death; then one short prayer to those I still love.

home beyond this vale of tears for you, and I have Oh, I am unhappy. Tell me what to do, that 's what come to tell you of that home." Fear held me fast, I came for. and I said. "Is it true I am so soon to leave this then, though the spirit stood up in my pathway, yet there was not-what a foolish question. I under-I feared to die. I said, "Let me stay a little while stood the printing business. Hard times drove me on earth,—I am not prepared to go." And while I where I am. thus stood trembling, the angel left me, and I stood There was one on earth I promised to give some alone with my own dark thoughts.

fever. On the tenth day I left my body, and stood not help it now. with the angel in spirit-life. That angel proved to Tell the friends in Virginia that I am here to-day, be a sister, whom I lost in infancy. I did not recogin Boston, talking to a man. Tell them never to
rise the angel, but she knew me, and said she had tread in my way, nor to let melancholy be their combeen my guardian angel.

I tell these facts, that my friends may know this

s from me, and find peace.
Oh, may they know that the mansions of the land of spirits are beautiful above description. Toil on; own life! What induced me to take my life, I can't be faithful in all thy converse with those who have see. Melanchely was the great cause; but how in gono beyond, and ask that you have proof sent—till God's name came I to give way to it? the cup shall be full of blessings-spiritual gifts, fresh from the hand of the Father.

Call me Ann Louisa Smith, who passed from earth from Washington, District of Columbia. Farewell, I am repenting of the act. I repented of it the first stranger.

June 19.

June 19. stranger.

Giles Hammond. ...Who wants me here? ...I do not know.... Who says

go there and speak thus and so? Why am I thus called that life away. Good day. mystified-why do I not see and hear clearly? The spirit land seems to me like one vast wilderness, overshadowed with midnight. They say there are beauties here. I never saw them. Tell me why am here. Tell me what power drew me here!

a bridge between the two worlds, and I am called sit to receive these things, but I don't know but upon to lay one of the string pieces, I suppose. They you choose your visitors. I came here and saw an vish me to give particulars of my carth-life and my death, you say.

I shall but echo what is written on their own

senses. Oh, I see they place more confidence in the bury, N. H. There's places by the same name all echo than in that they have at home. Yes, yes; round, perhaps, so get the right place. Salisbury, "come from over the river Jordan, and give us proof New Hampshire?—well I guess I'm wrong. Do that you can come, and that you do indeed speak!" you know where Newburyport is? Well, it is Well, if what you ask for will be of service to them,

I passed a few years in that vicinity—then went found—the latter I have not yet found. After dwell. haps a year; but this did not suit me. I want my ing upon earth sixty-nine years, I was born again folks to know I can come. Talk to me about being that birth took place in the Marine Hospital, at happy when my folks are all in the dark! I did Liverpool.

My disease was ship fevor.

No, I did not consider myself old-you may con-

have them, with truth upon every one of them. sem when I died, and the flowers.

control, I told you I did not understand why I was called here-that was false. I could not conceive of the finer points, which I can now see. But some has told me why I was called here, and who had called for me. I say "the boy." He is now an old man, and he says, "If these things be true, let Giles Hammond come and tell me where my appeal to the parent-he may have nothing to confess, and may possibly find ready access to the off-

Now, as I have nothing more to give, I will leave. June 19.

John Shelly.

This spirit made many ineffectual attempts to speak. He had control of the vocal organs, so that he could make letters and words, but no sounds came forth. He then wrote :-

I wish to commune with one James Shelly. He is at Tehuantepec. My name was John Shelly. I was a native of London; James is my son. I have much to say to him; he should go quickly to London. I lost the power to make sounds nine years before I died. He knows not of my death. He should go quickly to London. All is waiting. I died on the fourteenth day of January, 1853. Ho left me in a fit of anger. No correspondence has been held between us. Tell him to go home-all awalt his coming a June 19.

Thomas Paine.

I have been requested to present myself here, and to answer the following questions:Is there a God? If there be such, where is he,

and what is he? I cannot tell why I have been singled out from the vast multitude of spirits who are in the habit of communing with mortality, to answer these questions. I would inform my questioners the subject they have presented to me I have answered heretofore. If they desire to know my opinion as regards God, they will find it in a work of mine, entitled, "The Philosophy of Creation." I there tell the world what I think cline speaking further upon it to-day; but, as I before

> THOMAS PAINE. Lune 21.

Olive to her Father.

My dear father-you ask me if I am happy. I answer, yes, I am; yet my stay in spirit-life has been so short I cannot well realize happiness or unhappiness.

You ask to know if I can give you any proof of the truths of Spiritualism. None, as yet, my dear father, except that I do return and answer your call in part, if not entire. You ask if I will not give you light. I will try;

but, oh, I am mystified, as yet, and cannot do inuch. Oh, say to all, I am happy in spirit-life, and would not return to earth to dwell for all the wealth of earth. Yet all was done for me that could be; my time had come to depart from earth.

Your spirit daughter, OLIVE. The above is in answer to a scaled letter, which

may be had by calling for it. We are unacquainted with its contents, or the person who left it, and had no other mode of returning it.

William Holland.

Good God! where am I, any way? Where did I come from-where did I die? In Lynchburgh, Vir ginia. I fought my way clear here, to speak, and what will it amount to-mere nothing, because I was offered, and sad hearts were pierced with the have none here to know me. I am miserable - perthorn of despair, and all on account of my departure; feetly so. If heaven is all like mine, people had betand now they call on me to return and give the dear ter stay on earth. Oh, my God! I've bettered myones some proof that I can and do return and speak self considerably. I reckon! What shall I tell my people? Oh, my God! do you want me to go through Twenty-one days before my death, I was seized that melancholy recital? Oh, God! I killed myself, with a sudden shaking, and, as that passed off, an to get out of my trouble, and I've just got into it. angel stood by my side, and the angel said, "Your My heaven is not the place I took it to be, at all. I time on earth is almost finished, fear not; there is a was at altogether too much trouble for so small gain.

My name was William Holland; I died in Lynchworld?" The angel comprehended my thoughts, and burgh, Va. Oh, I wish to God I was back again. Is said to me, "You are soon to leave this world." Yet there no way for me to get back? Oh, no; I knew

light to, if I died first. To such an one I would say, From that time up to the time of my death, I was I am here in one body, using another. That is ad—very sad. My friends said I was insane—that enough to prove Spritualism true. I remember my trouble had deprived me of my reason; but I knew promise—that is proof that I am here. Oh, if my it was not so. I felt sure the angel had spoke truth, friend could do something for me! I am miserable. but could not tell in what way I was going. In eleven Oh, the suicide—how unhappy his situation! I am days after what I shall call my spiritual vision, I here, an uninvited guest. Nobody sent for me—nowas taken sick. I believe they called my disease body wants me here. I regret my folly, but I can-

panion-it is no fitting guest for a man to carry to his home. A snuff-box full of glee is better than melancholy.

What a damnable situation I was in to take my

Oh, curse the luck! I thought I would get rid of trouble, and here I am in worse, and cannot stay here-I must go to a place worse than this. Indeed, to come to tell me I had erred—then it was as plain as noonday. I am satisfied of one thing-that same power-that gave me life-whatever it is-should have June 21.

Elizabeth Hook.

How strange it is-strange! I am dead, and yet re beauties here. I never saw them. Tell me why I am here, talking! Strange! I do n't know but am here. Tell me what power drew me here! What I'm intruding; and if I am, all you have to do is to say so, and I'll go right away. I know you old man, and he said I could come. What! am I to give, my name, &c.? My name was Elizabeth Hook. I died in Balis-

close by that. It must be in Massachusetts, then. I was 86 years old—1 had been sick some I am ready, and have power to give it.

I was 86 years old—I had been sick some time—can't tell what my disease was. I had a born in the Island of Manhattan, in the year 1786, good many, I suppose. I think I do pretty well talking, for I aint been dead a month yet. When I abroad, that I might find food and raiment, and first came, I said, "How long will it be before I can wherewith to make myself a name. The former I let my folks know I can return?" They told me pernot find anything as I expected here -God, nor any-You ask for my occupation. I was master of a thing. Now I think it's my duty to come straight oradic of the sea, and my name—the only one I ever away and tell my folks of it. I never saw a will I had-will you have that also?-Giles Hammond, could not conquer with mine, and I knew I could come here sooner than a year.

No, I did not consider myself old—you may consider a man old at that age. They call, that I may children and all, blinded, and I not come to tell come here and make confession. Tell them I confess them! They are all in error. Perhaps if I had had to no man. If the toys I have thrown cut will serve somebody come and talk to me as I do now, I should as proofs of spirit-power and spirit-presence, they not have gone in darkness. The trees were in blos-

When they call me up to confess things which may Oh, they all called me grandmother—they will have transpired in mortality, they know not what understand me. I lived by myself; and used to call they do. I am the same—and the boy who calls them all children. Good-bye. June 21.

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 glass a spirit beckoning to them. As Mrs. Leeds apof disorction, to the time of her development as a soul lived after death.

no visible, external cause. Her thoughts have ever been silently active, admiring the wonderful phenoof nought. She has been exposed to many, many 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 "drawn away; and when alone, in solitude, without which said: "Get a pencil from behind the soft." named; but on moving the sofa, she found one, and God! have mercy upon my soul." 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 every thought is love to thee, and who watches every spirit communion.

For three months after the first manifestions through herself, she had never seen a medium-to know one as such. This fact argues against the telling thee of the ever green land of joy that will 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 devel- another, for God is love." opment she wrote from impression. About nine months subsequent she was entranced, and her first entrancement continued five hours. A Chinaman they bud and bloom in eternal fragrance. From 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 departed friends of those present spoke our own language, addressing their earthly friends with much brace, when it shall be called home." o o o feeling and affection. Mrs. L. has fully retained all the phases of her mediumship, with a constantly step, hot growing giddy by the height, nor the ncreasing growth to the present time

daily, and often hourly entranced for the last six Remember that man in his earthly existence can years; and spirits of various kinds and degrees of bear but little; spirit beauties must not dethrone development have spoken freely and easily through the reason. Could mortals catch but a faint glimpse her to mortals. In her conscious moments she has of the glories that await them, through the gates been devotedly in love with the subject of spirit in- that lead to their home in the spirit world, their tercourse and immortal life; nothing in life has vision would be dazzled and their eyes blinded. riven her so much happiness.

lave been given through her mediumship; spirits strength and fragrance." o o unumbered have been identified by their earthly , has been a very useful and efficient instrument. thizing spirits, when our thoughts are on them." And she has been and is perfectly willing to lend her lowers and devote her life to the spread and growth f a gospel, so fraught with love and happiness to lumanity. She is well adapted, and has been chiefly sed by spirits, for private communications, in circes of from one to a dozen persons.

In the fall of 1853, an association of gentlemen ad ladies was formed, with the object of adopting he best means for spirit communion. It was their lan to support a medium who should devote her whole powers, if practicable, to spiritual manifestaions; and for this purpose Mrs. Leeds was selected; and the house 45 Carver street was procured, and a ax 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 posilion; firm, willing and active in the performance of every duty incumbent on her; and, it is believed, with perfect antisfaction 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 and meets contending influences in clearing away here follows in a

HAUNTED House.

Mrs. Leeds, Mrs. J. T. Blckford, Miss Laura Ed.

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. Brickford saw inside the age of ten years. From the time she came to years proached, an earnest request was made of her by the spirit, that she should come inside the house; which, medium-to use her own figure-a dark veil was after some search for the key, and strong objections drawn between her and immortal life; and during on the part of the keeper who had the house in this time she had no evidence, no belief, that the charge, they were admitted. Mrs. Leeds, on entering the conservatory, came in the immediate presence All her life, she has had conflicts within her own of this spirit, and together they held a long converbosom, known only to herself, and which arose from sation, of which the following is a very brief and imperfect sketch. The spirit said:

"In my earth-life I have been rich in the possession mena of all life around her. She has ever been a of earthly goods. This estate was once mine. The child of nature, free in the growth of her spirit, failure of my brother and father made me insolvent; though industrious in her material efforts. Her me. and to save myself from poverty, this estate I endium powers have been growing in the dark, like trusted to the keeping of one I then believed to be a the seed sown in the earth, which expands and ger- friend, with the private understanding that it should minutes in darkness beneath its surface, to spring be given back to me when the affairs of my brother forth with a stronger root for its support in after- and father should be adjusted. This, in a few months, growth and maturity. Dootrines, creeds and beliefs was accomplished; and then I asked this friend to have ever been regarded by her in her soul as things give back my claim to this estate, which he utterly refused to do, and spurned my demand with coutemptations; but has passed them with a smile and tempt. For this base dishonesty I swore vengennee a tear. Many clouds of sorrow have fallen around 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 hung between her and immortal life, was suddenly for twelve years my mission has been to do the work of this revenge. By the power and perseverance of any knowledge of modern Spiritualism, or ever have my spirit. I have brought my victim from opuleuce ing had any thoughts or feelings for, or against it, to poverty-from respectability to degradation-from she heard raps, very loud and distinct, and a voice a comfortable life, to squalid misery. My work of spoke to her, appearing to come from the air above, revenge is finished; and here, to this house, my spirit is chained. Oh, help me break the chains that She knew (not that a pencil was in the locality bind me here; through you I can be unchained. Oh,

> 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 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; 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, 'leve ye one

"Every flower here speaks its own language of love: they fade not, neither do they wither and die; 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 followed this, in which various guardian spirits and the hover, never tiring to pray that thy life may be among mortals such as to advance thy spirit to my em-

"Ascend the ladder of progression by a steady beauty that thy spirit eyes may behold. Excepting intervals of sickness, she has been guardian spirits will nerve thee for the ascent. Spirits are permitted to give but faint rays of spirit A great many convincing tests of spirit presence light, that the buds of human nature may open in

"There is an electric cord of sympathy that reaches riends; and so far as external proof has been in from the spirit in the form to every spirit kindred strumental in turning the attention of men to the to it in the spirit world; and every thought of the onl satisfying subject of spiritualism, for this, Mrs. spirit in the form is heard and felt by the sympa-

> "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." o o o o o o

> "The tomb has no darkness to the soul of light and love. The passage from death to life is strown 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 there-. by elevated." a a a a a

"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, the underbrush and weeds of error that grow in the gardens of his soul around him."

"There is a dark, unfragrant flower, called a creedmonds, and Miss Jennie Keyes, all mediums, were flower, it is grown to maturity; its leaves are now by spirit influence, against the opposition of their becoming faded, dry and crispy. How mortals have earthly friends, influenced to go together and visit olung to this flower! yet it has sent forth no house that was really haunted. The house, a fragrance. Mortals call it beautiful, and yet it is plendid mansion, had been described by two different dark and gloomy. They have not found that in it families at different times for the reason of fright, which has satisfied the soul, for the soul is yet lul, mysterious noises,—the moving of articles of longing and in doubt. This flower will soon break lurniture and the opening and shutting of doors and crumble away in every hand that holds it, and vithout visible agency. As they approached this in its place flowers innumerable, of every bue and ouse, which they arrived at with some difficulty perennial beauty, fragrant and beautiful, are ud much effort, they found it guarded at the massive brought to earthly children in great abundance by on gate which entered its beautiful surroundings, 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.

Fain would I nurse within my breast the grief Which parting from thee gave,-yet 'the not well The sorrow seemeth dcop-life is 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 then 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 strongth to battle with the wrong, A joy I count it thy great heart to know,-To dwell within the circle of thy leve-Childlike, to sit me at thy feet so low, And let the magle 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,

Communications.

Tel Under this head we propose to publish such Commudeathons 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 lion. Salathiel and J. Eastman Johnson, amanuenses:-

I will relate an ellegory. 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 bring the oracle to him, in the form of a Divine truth and reason. 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 an unity; and then, again, he read that he was a trinity. Then he went back to happier. 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.

How, 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

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 THE DEAD RAISED-SPIRITUAL MEDIA 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 n the sand.

The wise people laughed, and spit upon his beard and told him that the other Oraclo which he had rend 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 rotted, reappeared on the branch; and the mortal that had been a Guome wept with joy, for in the disappearance and reappearance of the same little flowr, he read the secret of his soul's destiny, and that EDOAR A. POE. it was eternal.

A communication recently appeared in the Cleveentitled "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. Ilow do they leave? Let the skeptie 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 I have stated, and much more of the particulars. electricity? You have then our answer. And we can be attested by calling on the lady at her regiwould press the inquiry by asking, if mon, by a knowledge of an eternal principle of nature, can daguerreotype a human countenance apon a metallic date, think you it must be impossible for spiritbook 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 Ho has given to all the agencies of reciprocal approach and of the medium, who was so instrumental in restorfriendship?"

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM JUDGE CHASE.

GENEVA, ASTHABULA Co., O., Aug. 2, '58, 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 adicu to the green hills, rich valleys, bountiful homes and warm barts of the Buckeye State, and beat 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 Southfor 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 cheered 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 Harmonial Philosophy, and are putting forth all their energies to sustain and extend it. On the Western Reserve the friends hold meetings every C. Coffinbury, and geduced to writing, (as delivered pleasant Sabbath, in groves—in the temple not made by Mr. C. in the trance state,) by J. L. Hackstaff 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 opining 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. Sutliff, 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 supto the oracle. They replied to him, that they would plied are with open cars waiting to hear words of

> 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 emblematical of their real condition. We had no strife, no contending, no discords, but each man or woman said or sung, with or without spiritinfluence, and the audiencescemed delighted, edified and instructed-heard sermons, songs and poemsbought books, subscribed for papers, and went home

> One week before that day (Sunday) I was surrounded by a crowd of more than a thousand people, in the beautiful grove near Darrow 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

The cause moves, this way, and by other pens I

carn 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.

TRIUMPHANT.

New Benforn, July 29, 1858.

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 these 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 the same little flower which had withered, fallen, and 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 tho heart. The lady was so much restored by this, and and Agitator, from the pen of J. D. Ferguson, an operation on the succeeding day, that she is now able to attend to her usual duties.

Of course our medical faculty will see nothlng lu 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 dence, No. 72 Chestnut street. If more testimony is desired, they can there be referred to others, all of whom will testify to what I have written. All that riends to stamp an idea, a thought, a sentence, a 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 am not at liberty to give the name ing a wife-and mother to her family. He is not

willing that his fame 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.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

Propriets rows, July 16, 1858. DEAR BANNER-I did not expect to obtrude myself . ipon your notice again so soon. Lam, however, on a 🗀 visit at P., a place where the cause of Spiritualism prevails to such an extent, that the churches cannot ommand 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 cusnot forbear giving you a short account of; as it occurred on Sunday, and the good people of Panot 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 crected, and three long tables, spread with the rich bounties with which this beautiful prairie land abounds, by mine host and iostess, Mr. and Mrs. Annis, of the Ousley Hotel, in P. Both are warm hearted believers in the harmonial philosophy. Mrs. A.'s rotund 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 avowed 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 merry as a marringe 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 ungotly 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. me of the most godly 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. nrose and said, she thought he had better leave by the break of day next morning.

From all accounts, this must have been a tornado if wrath and godly vengeance, which has damaged no one but flienselves. 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 Obstuary.

Yours, as ever, in the cause of truth. CITABLES SAYDER.

CASE OF INSANITY TREATED 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 insune 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.

SEARSMONT, ME., July 16, 1858. Dean Basses 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

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 Mend and harmonize, and thus give strength and firmness to the believer.

We have been blessed with laborers from abroad. Migs E. E. Gibson was with us last year-a very good impressive speaker. She labored with untiring zeal, and did great good.

On the 5th, we celebrated the nation's birthday by having a pionic in the grove at South Montvillea 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 Searsmont, 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 Cortrell of Rockport, Mrs. Dyor and Tyler of Searsmont, Elevensailor and Mrs. Morse, all stoke. Order and good-feeling pervaded this large

assemblage of people. Yours, in the cause of truth,

MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

Power or Goth.-A person writing from San Francisco relative to the gold discoveries on Fraser's river, says :- " We had a reviyal here, but Fraser river knocked it cold. People care less just now. ar parently, for salvation than gold. The coroner of this city complains that the new diggings have put an end to the suicides. Several literary and politi c.,' centlemen of this city have been infected, and have gone off to dig the shining ore. They have Lag then to sigh for the land of Mignon, where the woranges blaze amid the dark green leaves."

I have clipped the above from one of our papers, Is listing it to afford a good illustration of fishing a let or "Orthodox (?) Christianity." Dos-any ete doubt that a large impority of "the wars, persof the Creator" (!) in their churches, we are less, just new, apparently, for salvation than gold ?? If he does, let him resert to two very conclusive experiments, as tests of the assurery of his epimon. Tirst, let him needse before the church fracernity one of their number who is too poor to aid in supporting the church and its machinery for proselyting, (the distribution of tracts, &c.); and, sustaining his accushations, see whether the offending "brother" will not be forthwith rebuked and excommunicated. Then let bim thus accuse a wealthy "brother," where manifested contributions materially accelerate the operation of this "Christian" machinery, proving incontestably that his accumulations result from frauduless practices, and then notice whether his "plous" and consistent breth-, ren will not invent some plausible excuse for nequitting the accused and permitting him to remain in

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 be not denounce the "orthodox" of our day, for having perverted and rendered " of none effect" his own very significant admonition, viz: " we 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 Christendom, which we may happen to occupy. Those who, under the influence of their bogus "piety," lament the "demoralizing ten lencies" 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 teetotaller; you have been drinking again to day," "Do you never take a drop yoursel', meenister?" "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." "Week, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean."

New Oranges, July 27, 1858.

THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL HOTEL

DISASTER.

The effect of the National Hotel disaster, which proceded 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 mys tery 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. Gloom was sent through Tyler's cabinet by the bursting of the large gun on the steamer Princeton; and Pierce went sarrawing 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

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 npon our Presidents, the spirit world had approached-as it still approaches the material, and brought disembolied spirits en 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 emoluments of state. Every four years our whole nation surges, like a storm beaten ocean, with a struggle for presidential power, and, when these commotions are over, all eyes are, fixed with interest on him who outrole the storm. At such a time -when the whole nation may be influenced by a single blow-it is not improbable that the spiritworld 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-amid 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.

OURE IN EAST STOCKHOLM, N. Y. MESSES. EDITORS-A. M. Convis. now of Lisbon. Illinois, made us a short visit last October. A young lady residing with us had for some years been trou-

arm and hand - was unable to labor most of the ship Arago, from Hayre and Southampton 28th ult., time for fourteen months -her hand, except the fore brings one day later intelligence. Ship Heather finger and thumb, was entirely uscless. Doctors had Bell had arrived at 1 verpool from Australia, with given it up as an incurable case; but by manipula- a million and a half dollars in specio. tion with the hand of the medium, a permanent Some interesting debates had taken place in the cure, to appearance, was effected. It is now over British Parliament. In the House of Lords, Lord eight maths 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 be-Hevers, but we are scattering-a few in a townand we seem to be rather neglected by lecturers. If a traveling lecturer should pass on our Northern Railroad through to Ogdensburg, and would call and he believed, accomplish the desired object. espend a few days in this vicinity, it might advance the cause much. They would be very welcomely re ceived, and probably get enough of the "needful" to make it an object to visit us.

REMARKABLE TEST.

Mr. B. H. Crandon, a healing, writing and rapping nedium, of Plymouth, was called upon, early one forning, 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 gentle- ished, man 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 said to have taken place. 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 gentle- Surgeon Wright, arrived here last evening. The man 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

THISTY 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 Ningara and H. M. steamers Gorgon and Porcupine 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

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

TRINGTY BAY, AUGUST S .- Pray 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, bas 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 rish coast from the Ningara on the 5th of August, 1857, and the other end from the same vessel on the 5th August, 1858. The heavy shore end laid from Valentia by the Ningara, last year, still remains, and was to be spliced on to the main cable, so that both ends of the cuble have been actually kild by the

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, CYRUS W. FIELD.

To D. H. Craig, Agent Associated Press.

A dispatch received from Trinity Bay on Satur day, reported that "signals are now being made through the whole extent of the cable, but it is unikely 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 given of the opening of the line for business."

their recording instruments. Due notice will be given of the opening of the line for business."

Mr. Field to President Buchanar.—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 1500 pages 150. Atlantic Cable. It is estimated that 1500 persons vere present.

The following is Mr. Field's reply to the Presi-

TRINITY BAY, Aug. 7,-To His. Excellency James Buchanan, President of the United States, Bedford Springs :- Your telegraphic despatch 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 uccessful accomplishment of this great international enterprise.

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

bled with a sort of paralysis in one side of her head, LATE FOREIGN NEWS .- The arrival of the steam-

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,

Baron Rothschild was sworn in as a member of the House, and took his seat at the Mohday morning sitting, when he voted for the first time. There has been an extra rdinary discovery of old

coins in France. The Calcutta mail has brought interesting details

of news from India and China, confirming previous By the late gale in the vicinity of Liverpool, thir-

vessels were driven ashore, but came off at flood tide. There had been a large meeting of Jews to com-

memorate the passage of the law admitting Jews to Parliament. At Alexandria, Christians have been insulted and menaced. The aggression was immediately pun-

Mehemet 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 them on the affairs of Italy is

The trial, at Salerno, Italy, of Baron Nicotera and others, charged with a revolutionary attempt last year, had resulted in seven prisoners being condemued to death, and several others to twenty-live years in irons; 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 councils between Gen. Harney and the Chevennes, at Cottonwood Springs, and with the Pawness near Fort Kearney, resulted in their pledging themselves not to molest the whites, and promising to remain

in peace with each other.

The Utuh 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 vin the Plains.

OBITUARY.

Born into the Spinit-Word,—At Newark, N. J., on the morning of August 1st, 1-55, Walter, son of Robert D. and Mary E. Buttle, left the earth-form, aged one year four months. This tender plant, so fondly cherished by affectionate hearts, has been transplanted to more congenial climes, where, as a "joud of eternity," he will unfold his divine faculties, and, by his loving presence, will cheer, guide and assist his dear parents through their earth-life, and, finally, with the spirit host, will welcome them to the radiant shores of their eternal home.

M.

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. II. E. Atwoop, Trance and Healing Medium, No. 31-2, Brattle street. See adv.

J. V. Mansstelli, answers scaled letters. See advertise-

ment.

Mas. Krio27, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery Placo, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours from 9 to 1, and 2 to 5. Terms 50 cents a scance.

Miss Rosa T. Amery, 32 Alien 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 Alien street. 320 She will also attend funerals.

Miss Bean, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, Rooms No. 30 Eliot street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 1, P. M., and from 2 to 6, and from 7 to 9 P. M.

Mrs. W. R. Hayness, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium.

and from 2 to 6, and from 7 to 0 P. M.
Mrs. W. R. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium,
No. 5, Hayward Place.
Mus. B. K. LITTLE, Test and Clairvoyant Medium, No. 35
Beach street, (nearly opposite the United States Hotel.)
Mrs. H. A. LANGFOND, Clairvoyant Medium, examines and

prescribes for diseases. See advertisement in another col-

James W. Greenwood, Healing and Developing Medium, No. 15 Tremont street. See adv. Dr. W. T. Osnons, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, No. 110 Cambridge stre

Professor Ilvse, Natural Astrologer, No. 13 Osborn Place, For particulars, see notice elsewhere.

Mas. C. L. Newron, Healing Medium, No. 26 West Dedham

street. See adv.
Dr. C. Mars, Healing Medium, (by laying on of hands,) No. 7 bavis street. See particulars in another column.
Mrs. York, Healing Medium and Clairvoyant, No. 14 Pleasant street. See adv.

Miss. E. Moone, Test, Rapping, Writing and Personating Me-dium, No. 35 South street.

Miss E. Moone, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium,

No. 15 Transon Street, (up stairs.)
Mis. Waterman, Healing Medium; Miss Waterman, Test and Transo Medium, No. 142 Harrison Avenue. Terms, fifty cents per hour.
Miss M. Munson, Medical, Chairvoyant and Transo Medium, No. 13, La Grange Place. See advertisement, Mus. A. J. Kenison, Test Medium, 70 Tremout street. Hours from 10 a. M. to 1 r. M., and 2 to 5 r. M. Mus. R. H. Burr, Writing and Trance Medium—25 1-2 Tro-

mont street. Hours from 10 a. m. to I r. m., and from 2 to 7

P. M.

IN THE COUNTRY.

MRS. GARRY, Chairvoyant and Healing Medium, No. 4 Pelk street, Chairstown, has herself been very much benefitted by spirit power, and she now offers her services for assisting others in examinations and prescriptions for the sick. Hours form 3 to 2 N. M. Chang 8 Library 1. Joseph Entroit, of Franklin, N. H., will respond to calls to

Joseph Ettiott, of Franklin, N. H., will respond to calls to lecture on the Sabbath or week-day ovenings.

Charles II. Chowell, Triance-speaking and Healing Modium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Mount Auburn, Mass. Mr. C. will sit for the sick from 7 to 10 o'clock, P. M.

Miss Sanah A. Maooux, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to spoak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 375 Main St., Cambridg-port—cure of George L. Cade.

Miss M. E. Emsey, healing and developing medium, may be found at No. 20 Pleasant street, Charlestown. Terms for examination, 75 cents; for developing, (one hour, 50 cents. Mr. Saviez Upram, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Will also attend finerals. Address, Randelph, Mass.

Mrs. B. Nightnoale, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will re-

for, on receipt of the name of the person affected, and one dollar.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER, tranco-speaker, will answer calls to

lecture on the Babbath, or at any ether time desired. Mrs. C. is a Clairvoyant, Test, Healing, and Rapping Medium. Address J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass.

dress J.W. Currier, Lowell, Mass.

Mns. L. S. Nickenson, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for Speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. She will also attend funerals. Address Box 315, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Bridgewater, Vt.

Mns. J. S. Miller, Trance and Normal Lectures, clairyoyant, and writing medium, New Haven, Conn.

Oconos M. Rios, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Williamsville, Killingly, Conn.

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

Haven, Conn. A. C. Stiles, Independent Charvoyant. Scendvertisement.

H. N. Ballard, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burling-

Bhould any of the above-named Medlums remove from their present localities, they will please notify us of th

WHOLESALE AGENTS. The following firms will supply country dealers South and

Ross & Tousey, 121 Nassau street, New York.
S. T. Munson, 5 Great Jones street, New York.
F. A. Droyin, 107 South Third street, (below Ohestnut) BARRY & HENCK, 836 Raco street, Philadelphia. BARRY & HENCK, 838 Haco stroet, Philadelphia.
T. B. Hawkes, Buffalo.
B. W. Prass & Co., No. 28 West 5th street, Cincinnati.
B. W. Woodward & Co., St. Louis.
A. Daffremont, New Oricans.

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

Messes. B. O. & G. C. Wilson, Botanic Druggists, No. 20 Central street, Boston:—
Gentlemen—In 1848-1 took a violent cold, which soon re-Gentlemen-1n 1848 1 took a violent cold, which soon resulted in chroule bronchitts; with the continuance, of the disease, my constitution was failing, and in the winter or 1833 1 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 emachated, took my bed, had night sweats, bette fever, coplous bleeding from the lungs, &c., &c.: these my physicians checked, but could not cure, and expressed strong fears of a faint issue. At this juncture, I readited a supply of your medicines. I had been so often disappointed, I doubted their efficacy, and heaftated to use them: I tried, however, the Cherry Balsam, and, after using one bottle, I expectorated a TRUE CHALSY TUBESTEE. and, from that time, gradually recovered, and the cough CLE, and, from that time, gradually recovered, and the cough

c.r., and, from that time, gradually recovered, and the cough and bleeding became less and less.

For the benefit of there 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; the Neuropathic brops removed spasmodic stricture in the throat, and allayed 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 damperportune of Lob-bals from sole to errors. were novel in the extreme; before I had used the first bottle, my body was a dagmerreotype of Job—bolls from sole to crown—ITETY-THEEL At once; these passed off and, with them, all violent coughing. It is now February, 1855 and my health is more robust than it has been for the last even years. To the use of your remedies I mainly attribute my restoration. That others may read, befieve, and try, is the object of this testimonial.

Quincy, Feb. 10, '55.

Sim Jy24

FOR NAHANT-FROM LONG WHARF.

Dermanent alemangement for the season. Fare Reduced.—On and after Thursday, Jone 24, the well known, staunch and fast sattling steamer Nelly laken, Capt. Covill, will make four trips a day between Boston and Nahant, as

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

P. M.
Leave Nahaut at 7 34 and 11 A. M., 3 34 and 6 P. M.
Fare only 25 cents.
On Sundays—Leave Boston at 10 A. M., 1, 3, 7 1-2 P. M. Leave
Nahaut at 8, 11 Å. M., 2, 6 P. M. Fare 50 cents each way.
Exentsion Parties and Fishing Pic-Nies accommodated
upon liberal terms.

II. F. Newnall Agent.
17 Portland street.

B. O. & G. C. WILSON.

WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS. WHOLE SALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS,
Nos. 18 & 20 Central st., near Kilby st., Boston, Mass.
Every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds,
Leaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Olls, Solid, Fluid and Concentrated Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Apothecaries'
Glass Ware; Bottles and Philais of every description; Sythges of all kinds? Medical Books upon the Reformed System
of Practice; Brandy, Gin, Wines and other spirituous fluors
of the best quality for medicinal syrryoses; together with a
great variety of miscellaneous articles usually found at such
an establishment Orders by mall promptly attended to,

HALLS' BOSTON BRASS BAND.—Rehearsal Room, No. 26 Brattle Square. D. C. Hall, Leader and Director, 4 Winter place; Rhedolph Hall, 2d Leader; 3 Gouch place. Applications made as above, or at White's Music Store, Tremont

Company.

Music furnished for Pic-Nics, Parties, Excursions, &c.

June 5.

B. C. HALL, Agent.

DRS. GUTHRIE & PIKE,
Eclectic Physicians, and Medical Electricians,
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Office—17 TREMONT ST., (opposite the Museum.) BOSTON, S. GUTHRIE, M. D. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D. may 8. OCTAVIUS KING,

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June 10

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Doc. 2.

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may 23

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