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NO. 22

Original Boetry.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. A Tribute.

DY LITA H. BARNEY.

Thou hast passed on, oh gifted child of song! Unto the clime where dwells nor sin, nor wrong, What thy heart yearned for, whilst thou lingered hero Thou dost enjoy, in realms celestial there; Poor, blighted one! thy earth-form's work is done, And thou hast gained thine anguished wish-A HOM Thy fond heart chilled, thy anxious life unblest. Shall know a NEWER life, a heavenly rest-

Ah! all too true thy mourning spirit said. "Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed!" Proud seion of thy noble English race!

Thy upright soul could stoop to no disgrace; With warmest impulse and o'erflowing heart, NEGLECT Inflicted all too deep a smart, And when at last the truth within thee woke. Thy saddened spirit could not bend, but more! To all thy oneness of unfathomed love, Oh, how could human feeling treach'rous prove,

And make thee wring thy hands and bow thy head.

And sigh for "narrow house and lowly bed!" Ah! who can pleture with their mortal breath How thou wast driven in madness on to death? Thy anchor lost, thy loving ones grown cold-Thy prospects vanished, and thy young heart old; How thou didst sink in sorrow to dispair,

And deem thy native earth no longer fair. Whon dreaming of the loved one gone before, Thy hope was dim, to meet her evermore-Thou look'st not forth beyond the silent dead, But sighed for "narrow house and lowly bed."

How wonder reigns, when standing by thy side, Thou viewest her thou lost-thy spirit-bridg! How thy delighted soul shall soar above, To lay its triboto at the feet of Love; Together shall thou seek the holy place, And prostrate bow to bless Ilim for his grace. Her love shall soothe thee, and her kindness heal All the deep wounds thou hast been made to feel, And when love's crown she places on thy head Thou 'It seek no more to find thy "lowly bed."

Some time before his death, he published a piece of poetry, the burden of which was: "Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed." PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 17, 1858.

Translated from the German, by Cora Wilburn.

ALAMONTADE.

BY ZSCHOKKE.

of 1801 and 1802, at Bern, where, retiring from his leisure hours to some useful purpose. He had lost their God, and every joy in life. It was his earnest endeavor to inspire these souls with a holy faith, with the love and strength of virtue. The beautiful dream of a night encouraged him to proceed: he beheld an angel, passing swiftly before It fulled not in its object, and was received with much attention by the world. May its perusal yet

and doubting soul. .. Part First.

CHAPTER I.

of trees, rising from the steep rocks above us.

sioned by our interrupted conversation.

On the other side of the sea, the evening's glory rested upon the mountains; the highest cliffs and is no virtue that expects to be rewarded." the quiet Alpine huts were bathed in a rosy light | - Roderic looked down, absorbed in thought long lines of gold trembled amid the cerulean shadows resting on the glaciers' snow-crowned tops. In gathering shadows.

moved by the beauty of the evening landscape, "how little do we need to be happy, if we can but nestle closely, with a child's feeling, to the motherly breast of eternally beneficent Nature I she is without fault; she is holy; and whoever loves her she endows with holiness! And the troubled heart, agi. this moment to the next were my last-so would I mytated by gloomy passions, reposes well upon that mother's besom; and its hundred hopeless wishes take their flight in one sigh of inner happiness !"

"This is beautiful, my friend," said I to him. "But if this inner happiness be in itself an illusion? Whether it be the magio power of wine, or of musle, or the the beautiful colors of a landscape, that places us on an equality with the gods, what matters it? the intoxication is the same."

The Abbe smiled; Rederie's face darkened. He said after a lengthened pause: "Do you not believe that we can be happy, lustingly happy?"

"That we can be happy?" I roplied," oh, cortainly, but lastingly happy? Well, if I must give way to you there, you must explain to me what you mean by what you call " Mother Nature." You are a poet, dear Roderic; I, unfortunately, am a wooden matter-of-fact man, who demands positive evidence. On this point we seldom agree, although our hearts beat harmoniously in unison. Let me speak to you openly. I take your enthusiasm on boholding the human relations. I should suffer deeply, keenly; I

the consequence of a happy frame of mind. But, are you always in this mood? Can you call it a lasting condition? Does it depend upon yourself, at vour pleasure, to call forth emotions, or to take them? Even feelings, emotions that evercome our reason, belong to Nature. Now, you are young, you love and are beloved; a beautiful future unfolds before you; your fancy portrays sweet, magical piotures; you are happy. But a few years pass on your blood runs slower, your hair turns gray, and the paradise that blooms before you, vanishes with the setting sun; we are not the same from one day

to another." The Abbo grew thoughtful. Roderio appeared somewhat annoyed.

"And what, with your permission, do you call happiness?" he said. I replied: "I call contentment happiness, and if you will, pleasure by chance. The happy man is rendered so by oircumstances that accord with his wishes. The poor man is made happy by a legacy; the industrious one through the blessings of his industry; the ambitions by fame; the lover by reciprocation of his feelings. But all this is the work of circumstances, of conditions; these change, and the fortunate man is the most miscrable."

"I speak not of that," said Roderic; "I speak of a condition of the soul, in which there is lasting, undiminished happiness."

"There is," I replied, "upon earth no enduring happiness, and no lasting misery; for circumstances never remain the same, but change continually. But I know of a certain state of mind, which I call happiness; because, in that beautiful word, my consciousness dimly perceives two lofty ideas-those of soul and eternity united. This condition is independent of all outside circumstance, elevated above the change of earthly things; the soul itself prepares this condition, and it can be indestructible, eternal. Even all-conquering time, that bleaches our hair and withers our aged frames, confuses our senses, has no power there; no happiness can augment the inner joy, no misfortune assail it to destroy. It is without union for either; of itself it can augment its bloosedness, and diminish all unnappiness. Is this the happiness, the indestructible contentment,

Roderic, that you mean?" " It is !" he replied.

"Its source is virtue. Not every one on earth can be happy; but every one on earth can prepare for himself this happiness, for in the breast of every mortal dwells the moral law, with its attendant, liv-The following narrative was written in the winter ing veneration. The man who has no need to blush public duties, the writer felt desirous of dedicating pure heart, is elevated above all changes of earthly fortunes; he is blessed amid the depths of suffermet with many of those silent sufferers, whose ing, as upon the heights of happiness. We have Illness was of the soul; had read their inner strug. nothing in our power beneath the moon; nothing gles, as, environed by doubt and scepticism, they had belongs to us continually, except ourselves. But to be virtuous, depends upon the will of every indiviour virtue cannot be commanded by any destiny. For this happiness we should strive, and, Roderic, it him, but he vainly sought to detain the heavenly is not so difficult; live and act so that you need wisitant. However imperfect the following history, never despise yourself! See, this is the thread that leads through the entire labyrinth. Goodness of soul bestows upon man the majesty and self-reliance strengthen and refresh many a sorrowing, weary, that render him Godlike-make of him a citizen of two worlds. The crowns of earth fall unheeded to the dust before him, and death itself is disarmed of its terrors; with the love of virtue in my breast, I Abbe Dillon sat down upon a green bank on the am in heaven upon earth. 1 wish for an eternitysea shote, that was shaded by an irregular growth a continued life of the soul beyond the grave, but I need it not towards my happiness below. The good "Here is room to the right and left," said he, and man, independent of the world that surrounds him. his smiling eye invited us to be scated. Roderic sat exalted above the storms and sunshine of fate exdown, and I followed his example; we were all pects naught of the future after deuth; he is free: busied in following the thought-wanderings occa- so is God free. The wise man accepts what is given to him as a gift, as happiness, without regarding it as a recompense for the offered sacrifices. For that

The Abbo Dillon, who had till then remained silent, placed his arm around me, and pressed me to the dim distance, the mountains' summits were cov. his bosom. "Friend," said he, "your virtuous one ered with a violet tinge, disappearing amid the is more than human; such an one has never lived on earth. Alas! where is the holy soul, that at the "By heaven!" cried Roderio, who appeared deeply grave can reneunce with smiles his hopes of the reward of eternity?"

"Your virtue is more terrible than lovely," said

I replied: "Dear friends, if I retain in my dying hour my calm, untroubled consoiousness-if from self be the man to renounce the hope of recompense. although I am far from being one of the virtuous of mankind. I dare not ask a reward for my merits: therefore they need no eternity-and for my errors still less."

Roderie looked upon me with a doubtful gaze. "Truly," said he, "I cannot believe that you are in carnest. Your virtue is a terrible goddess, to whom I can render no homage. No man born of dust will ever embrace her; a virtue that is so self-sufficient. that it needs neither eternity nor God, is only fit for a God, and not for the soft human heart!"

"You .judge too sternly," I answered. "We are speaking of that which is to give us lasting happiness, independent of the play of circumstances. I say it can be obtained only through the consoiousness of having done the right. My house may be burned to the ground; a revolution destroy my propertyand bring me on a level with the boggar; death may rob me of father, mother, sisters-all mild beauty and illumination of this sea view, as should be very unhappy; but all this is not enough

tunes I would rotain the one consolation. 'I have not deserved all this!' If my sufferings were so man seemed to pass into our hearts; we were silent, great, that I could not master the thought, 'why following the course of our own freshly-awakened weep you over the fleeting things? can you expect emotions. I shall never forget that moment; even aught elso of the dust?'-could I not grasp this thought-time would do for me what my soul lacked our dreams. We sat in the shadow of the rocks, but in atrength; it would bring healing to my wounds. before us gleamed in half-transparent glittering va-A few years, and the mosses of forgetfulness would bloom above the ruins of my dwelling place, and the graves of my loved ones. With the feeling of virtue rose golden heavens. And the sea spread dark bein my bosom, I fear not the tyrant's sword, I fear fore our feet, between here and there; so was it benot the hemlock-bowl. I could accept alms as readily as dispense them; I could go with the same tranquility to the grave as to my bed. What have owings. you to say, dear Abbe? and you my Roderic? Name me any other source of happiness; I know only this one; as long as I live virtuously, so long is my inner peace secured, and I am happy. I need no other like a sigh of music. hopes; it depends upon myself to be good, and, in consequence, to be continuously happy."

can do much toward an inner tranquility, but it cannot do all. Do I err, my friends, when I believe that and in leisure hours to build systems for mankind." you both regard mankind too partially? One of I you beholds only the earthly, yielding to all the storm's of life, to every fluttering breeze; the other beholds man only as a spirit, independent of flesh opinion. I entreat you, explain yourself more of a partial idea, ask, even of ourselves, too much or

I interrupted the Abbe, and said: "You declare that Virtue alone, and the consciousness of right, of rectitude? I know of no other staff in the day are in themselves insufficient to render us entirely of pain but this; nature proffers it to every one

"I do, and I believe I am not wrong," replied Dilin the course of my life, seen so many noble beings, daily doubts himself; he sees past errors floating bed "Tell us!" cried Roderic: "A man, a galleywhich he has sown, be knows not where it has fallen. he must have been an extraordinary being." . I believe, in general, that there is in the world none . "Before I begin the story," said the Abbe, "allow without peace of mind, with all his virtues; they are vain." not sufficient to make him cheerful."

so intimately connected with the material that we weightier import here below? can scarcely draw the line of demarcation. Therehonorable man may be thrown into circumstances we sink too often into the arms of our sensual nature. Here, my friends, there is need of another staff, with which the sufferer can uphold himself, if he would not become a victim to his misery.".

Dillon was silent. I did not feel quite conquered, but my arguments had met with opposition -doubt had been east upon them. My opponent had excited my expectations-not satisfied them. "There is need of another staff than virtue," said he, but he had not yet designated it.

I turned towards him, and observed that he seemed moved by some great thought or stong emotion. The venerable man leant with his arm upon the rock. His head had drooped upon his breast; a melancholy seriousness was on his features, which usually wore an expression of cheerful calm. My friend Roderio, too, could not behold without sympathy the growing point. The world is like unto a desert, in which all pensiveness of the Abbe.

"You are sad," he said, and pressed his hand with friendly warmth. "Look up, dear Dillon! The evening is so beautiful-shall we purposely destroy its charm?"

"It is true," replied Dillon, and smiled again. "But I am not sad. Our conversation touched upon should be the aim of all. And yet it is not so; care the loveliest mysteries and hopes of the human race. and trouble for the bodily necessities earries away There awoke a thousand recollections in me; and I the greatest portion of the time of life; solitary saw again in spirit that holy form that appeared to hours are alone dedicated to the spirit. Out of the me in the days of my youth, and guided my, erring millions of our fellow beings but few take heed for soul unto a botter path, as some saving angel would. the cultivation of their spiritual powers; for the Good Alamontade—calm and lofty sufferer! You attainment of lofty virtues. Nations have arisen already know this beloved name, do you not, my and disappeared without the consciousness of such friends ?" -

believe I heard it once before from your lins."

whose writings you once read to me from among a that unknowing that he lived, died upon his moththat with so-much genius he brought himself to the a difference in his destiny and mine? They say, galleys. He could have been useful in the world. no, we are not created solely for this nether world: But how is it; you appear to view him from another our destiny lies beyond the boundaries of earthly beside-you give him such endearing appellations?" ling. We must be worthy of a better life, through

to destroy my inner contentment. Amil all misfor- eyelashes stole a tear; his lips quivered as if in thankful utterance. The sadness of this noble old surrounding nature seemed feelingly to enter into por, the line of mountains, with their quiet Alpine world, their summits garlanded with the glory of the lieved that the grave separated from the paradise beyond, which we behold sometimes in dim foreshad-

> "The sweet breath of the evening breeze passed over the waves from the other side; played coolingly upon our temples, and lost itself in the trees above,

Dillon awoke. He took our hands, drew us toward him, and said, "You are young and happy, my The Abbe said, "You are almost right. Virtue loved ones! It is easy, when life is smiling, to smile again; to find order and goodness everywhere,

"You have really troubled me, dear Abbe," said I, and all that I hear from you convinces me, that, for reasons unknown to me, you differ from me in and blood. Ah, my dear ones, do not let us, because clearly; tell me, what is there in the world better, more consoling, than virtue, the sense of moral too little. Do not let us forget that we are not all worth? What consolation can be sweeter than that which innocence gives to our souls? What strengthens the heart against a world of foes like the feeling that lives."

"Well, my friends, said the Abbe, "the evening is lon. "You said that no misfortune could destroy lovely; we cannot enjoy it better than in confidenthe tranquility of the good man. Oh friend, I have, tial discourse, in which souls elevate themselves to holiness. When I spoke the name of Alamontade, I whose virtue gave them no consolution. Take an was ready for what you now demand. I intended to everyday instance; have you among your acquaint- tell you who that noble being was, and how I became ances no good man who is a sufferer from hypochon-acquainted with him, and how he parted from medria?—the good-hearted became wiring, who brings These recollections always do me good, and uplift the neartist sacrifices for the west of all lettow man, my soul in strength and love."

fore him like gigantic spectres, and of the good seed slave, whom Dillon honors with so deep an affection!

so totally miserable and inconsolable as the hypo-me to make one remark. You must become acchondriac, who prefers the unconsciousness of sleep quainted with the spirit of Alamontade before you -the annihilation of thought, to his waking moments hear his life-history; without this preparation you -to the consciousness of highest rectitude. You would not understand it. You would stand before a will tell me he is ill. Well, my friends, he is a man beautiful corpse and miss its soul, and look for it in

"You, too, have already-and your happy youth Roderic gave his approval; I felt the force of his shielded you not from the carnest thought, that argument, for I knew one of the noblest beings, who, sooner or later comes to every thinker, with overwith all his self-denial, never attained that holy calm whelling force ____. You, too, have already, as of mind that I considered the heritage of a pure your conversations betray, thought upon the aim of upon you to follow this thought; what have we of

Man is born, he grows towards his destiny, and fore the virtuous man is not always accompanied by learns that he lives. Without his will be has entered the remembrance of his good deeds, and the most upon the boundless universe; an unknown power cast him into the turmoil of life, betwixt flowers where the consciousness of right and good renders and thorns—he smiles at the flowers; weeps, bleedhis misery all the more intense, in place of exalting ing, beneath the thorns, and questions, 'Who him above it. Yes, still more; we are not always brought me hither? Who possessed the right to strong enough to follow only the dictates of reason; rob me of what I previously possessed—unconsciousness?" To these questions there is no answering

Ho may console himself as regards the darkness from which he came; but he cannot remain passive at the changes of the present. 'What am I?' he asks. 'What is my mission here on earth?' 'Why must I live?' Is it to learn a trade, an art, a science, by which I can obtain shelter, food, and clothing, and enjoy certain comforts of life? That is a pitiful object, unworthy the struggle of being and the many tears. And yet, all that live so strive, as -if-that-were-the-aim-and-essential-object of-life. All toil, and accumulate, and press forward, to increase their store; they live in alternate hope and fear, and judge one another only from this standseek, and strive, and spare, that they may not die of

Or, have I been placed here to learn wisdom amid the flowers and thorns?-to cultivate my snirlit?-to exercise the commandments of my reason? That were a nobler aim; but the aim that is mine an aim. And wherefore lived they? . The thousand "It is quite destrange one to me," said I. "yet I beings, who with bowildered ideas, with continued darkness, hasten from their cradle to the grave-are "Alamontade?" cried Roderic; "the galley slave, they not beings like myself? The nursing babe. bundle of papers. Indeed, I am sorry for the fellow er's bosom, was he not human like myself? . Is there "I cannot speak of him without reverence," said virtue; and hell awaits the victous, a heaven the the old man. "He was the most remarkable man I good and just. How is it, then, if I found already ever mot with. Through him I was returned to the here that seldom does our virtue deserve a heaven: world and to myself. Oh, he has done me unspeak- that our vices seldem deserve a hell? Are not heaable good, and not even a thank has he received i" ven and hell the inventions of a past ignorant time,

divine within and without? Is it not a portraiture of the spirit, seeking for connection between itself and the eternal all? Who revealed to us heaven and hell? We Christians pay: God, through his word. But the heathen, or those whom education, destiny and self investigation separated from the teachings of their fathers? I am destined for another world; why must I be in this? Perhaps that I may prepare myself for the next. But what preparations is there for the dying babe? Wherefore did he appear, almost unconscious of existence, to smile and weep? Am I destined for another world, why is its aspect veiled? Why does not a voice reply to me from the realms of the dead ?"

Roderic arose at these words of Dillon's, with a pallid countenance :- " Alas, Abbe !" he cried, " even you, now even you. How unfortunate I am! I bore my sufferings in secret, and felt ashamed to reveal to others my hidden grief. In you, in you only, I felt confidence; I chose you for my physician. Ah! and with sorrow I behold the physician uncover his own wounds, and I recognize them as mine also!" I was at first considerably alarme I at the strong

motion be manifested. I took his hand and said: -"How is it, dear Roderic, has our Dillon said anything so terrible? I am sorry that I turned the conversation on these subjects. But I have long been intimate with these thoughts; I have long since renounced my loveliest hopes, and have submitted myself and all that lives to our common, dreary fate. Roderic, I. too, have suffered like you. But my determination is taken; I will be virtuous, and with this virtue I will grow edd in the clasp of annihilation, without fear and without a murmur. And is there a God; and is the sweet word, recompense, known is his domain, as we know it on earth; and is it withheld from us children of the dust onlythen will I go into annihilation, with the consciousness, the remunerating pride that says: "Thou

didst give me what I demanded not, a life of tears;

but I bore it with courage and self-sacrifice, and felt

myself worthy of imperishableness and of a better

world. Thou dost not give it me. It be so! not a

murmur shall pass my lips; so am I greater than the fact of morrar doom. Roderic looked gloomily to the ground; my speech did not appear to please him; he shook his head. No, oh no !" he cried, with agitated voice, "I am not unfeeling enough to be great; I am human, and I would not be more. I only desire not to play the part of a madman in the world, who beholds every thing outside more beautiful than it is. I desire only that the outside world be in harmony with my my heart lead me astray. Woe is me, if I come not out of this winding path; if you have found truth, and I searched for happiness at the breast of a pious dream! I should vainly bl ss my illusions.

happiness cannot be bought at any price?" The sorrow of Roderic affected me: I arose and threw my arm around him. "Dear Roderic," said , " why are you so timid? Even in the lap of truth rests joy; am I not one of the most cheerful, despite of all the convictions you find so terrible? Am 1 not a tender friend, a good companion, a friendly relative? Do I not find pleasure everywhere, and do I not gladly dispense it to others ? Tranquilize yoursell; Truth is the happiness of man, the aim of reason; illusions can only please in the dawning world of childhood."

and vainly offer for their return your truths; lost

"No, no!" cried Roderic, "I yearn for this dawnng world; for you spring-time heaven. Your truth destroys all the blossoms, and takes the lastre from the face of Nature, and leaves the warm heart in wintry coldness."

снарже п.

The Abbe Dillon now also arose; he had hitherto maintained silence. "Listen to me now!" he spoke. " You two, with your different ideas, fancies and rea-brothers. I am sorry for Roderic; but perhaps he will not find me so wounded as he believes, in his first great terror; and I may carry some healing balsam for him too. It was not unexpected by me that you came to speak upon the subjects of your destiny, and the worth of your expectations. Both. of you bore wounds from your conflicts with Truth and Error; but the difference between you is not so great as you think. The wounds of the one are bleeding yet; those of the other, although crusted over, are far from healed; one blow, and their light covering fulls of You both have emerged from the beautiful dreams of childhood, and have seen what you hitherto believed and hoped in, dwindle like a shadow before the light of growing knowledge. Oue. of you would foreibly throw himself back into the past levely illusions, and offers therefore his feelings. and the magic of his imagination; he struggles in vain. For as long as the light of better knowledge illumines there can be no darkness. The other arms himself with the pride of reason and endeavors to harden himself against the most glorious wishes of humanity; he, too, struggles in vain. For as long as his heart beats, it will beat time to those desires." "How, Dillon, would you rob us of all consolation.

even the one that permits us to forget what misernble boings we are in the world, when we come to know ourselves?" cried I.

"Truly!" sighed Roderio, " most miserable beings, the most miserable in the Universe! The animal is to be envied, that it lives in happy unreason, onjoying its moment of existence; then is destroyed, bewailing not the pleasures of the past, fearing not the Dillon was deeply affected; from under his gray that found no language wherewith to express the night of the future, knowing not its destiny."

Dillon smiled upon us; his eyes were filled with a gentle pity; he uncovered his head, and the wind played with his thin locks. "See here," said he; "my hair is snow-white; my life is almost spent; I await each day the summoning angel that will knock at my chamber door. I await him without trembling; and when he appears I will tast aside my crutch and gladly sink into his friendly, outstretched arms. See, my loved friends, this I say not in consequence of my reasoning pride; not as the result of pleasant illusions; for my fancy is not as vivid, and my blood has long since been cooled. But there is yet something that gives us strength, and I have found it. I, too, have struggled and suffered, like you. I, too, have found myself in despairing moods, when, like you, all my hopes were overthrown. The angel who upraised me shall also heal your wounds; therefore, cry not against me, if I tear away the bandages and cause them to bleed afresh. You shall not bleed to death. But I am tired; let us sit down again here by the rock; the evening is pleasant; we can speak without fear of interruption."

We followed the invitation of the love-worthy old man, who stoke with so much confidence and cheerfulness, there he would have inspired the bitterest skeptic with better feelings.

"I know your condition!" he said; "but do not think that you are the only ones who suffer with these doubt . All persons, who are thinkers, arrivo at this point as soon as they have searched long and vainly enough around the borders of human knowledge. Yew speak of it, through fear of making others as unhappy as themselves, by communication of their dreary experiences; or they bury their grief, fearing to be misunderstood-to be ridiculed and secrned. Many take this silent sorrow to their graves; others drown it in dissipation, and become vicious, in the endeavor to replace high and holy joys by low, groveling sensualism; they take their rough phil sophy as the screen of their miserable lusts: many, again, feign a self-deception, wrap themselves in illusions, and become industrious church goets, as they were before the most industrious church scotlers. Yes, my dear ones, your illness is a more universal one than you believe. It rages in secret in darkness. I hear everywhere of the want of religion, because the churches are empty; and the half of those who attend them, are churchgoers by east on and example. Thear fathers complain that their sons are ashamed of prayer; I hear mothers sign, because their daughters blush to speak seriously of God. It is certain that the reading of namy authors, and the awakening of thought. injures the common routine of church religion. But they are mistaken when they believe that with tho church, religion is also forgotten; God and immortality are never forgotten. The maiden and the young man, in solitude, think upon these lofty objects; the church belongs to transitory things, and death there mounts the pulpit; but the untried powers of the youthful spirit soon sink; the belief in revolution, once their stay, lies broken before them; to around themselves without this stay, they are too weak; they sink, therefore, into discouragement, that passes into a kind of silent dispair, and grasps at the sad remedies of which I spoke crewhile."

"Ah !" sighed Roderic, "you have there related my own history." And I have told you mine. But

we have not come to the end; now, if you will listen, I will tell you the history of my return to health and faith."

Able Dillon had excited our expectations to that point; we were anxious to hear his experience, for we knew him as a truly religious man, despite of his | ness-what shall I do upon this enigmatical plane? free opinions with regard to church-dogmas. He hore his weight of years gracefully and cheerfully; all around the country honored him; but none knew 'placed here for individual purpose, or for some him so well as the children and the unfortunate, for those he loved best. He possessed the rare tact of the joints of the universe, and must be there, and finding out the hidden sorrows of those with whom know not whether I can release myself with my own he became acquainted; he read character at a glance, power. I can destroy the instrument, this body, and in the course of a short conversation, often touched the hearts that revealed themselves before him. Every unfortunate found, in this extraordinary | the action. I can burn the wood, but what have I man, not only a compassionate friend, an carnest consoler, but the companion of his own misfortunes. He inspired with confidence; and when he spoke to teach, we heard our own thoughts and most secret aspirations, clearly defined and eloquently expressed, flowing from his lips.

He began his own history thus :-"I was a wild boy, and would gladly have become a soldier; youth is wild and boisterous; we feel our kindling powers, and arm ourselves against our Father's world, and think we can battle with supernatural or infernal beings. But my parents thought otherwise: they hated earthly warfare, but loved all the better the spiritual arming against the powers of darkness. They dedicated me to the service of Christ's Church on earth, and I, with filial submission to their wishes, fulfilled their hearts' desire, and gave myself to the priesthood. I gave myself up-that is, I gave my entire being; youth, with its glowing fancy and far-reaching hopes, leaves nothing half way. My ambition-my desire for heroic deeds, that would fill the world with admiration, changed its character; I dreamed of spreading the lustre of holiness over all the churches of Christendoin; I became a pious enthusiast. The solitude, and the quiet grandeur of the convent in which I lived-the perusal of the church history-the persecutions of the early Christians -the sufferings of our saints and martyrs-all inspired me with a boundless, enthusiastic faith. I beheld the world as a great Church, in which God himself was the highpriest. Then came love, and concluded my pious folly: I became acquainted with a young girl, whose beauty enchanted me-whose modest friendship brought a paradise around my solitude. I brought my love and my wounded heart as sacrifice; and I believed I had taken the first step towards comphnionship with all the saints. While I saw Heaven smiling in approval upon me, I felt the tears of a loving muiden flatter my self-love. llow great how purified from all earthly dross -how holy I appeared auto myself! I wished to enter upon an order of monks, but my parents held me back. I obtained a chandsome benefice, through the influence of my relatives, and left my cloister walls. I had not long left my solitude, ore the order of my piety was abated ! I found the bustle of a large scuport much more agreeable than the gloomy monotony of the consecrated walls. My ambition remained the same -it only changed its object; I soon determined to become one of the first authors and learned men of this, and every other century. My field should be the wide one of theology and philosophy; my first work was to be an overwhelming defence of reveloition, that should silence all the attacks of doubt and

mined to defend. The growing abuses of the church kings and heroes appeared to me the dreadful acrendered the church itself suspicious to me; and tions of madmen; the works of philosophers and through the church I learned to doubt of religion. theologians the puny efforts of children. I saw mil-I endeavored to erect a new building out of the ruins ruins?-dark prejudices from the childhood of the race-dispelled illusions-buried hopes-my peace, my happiness was lost! 'I bewailed the freedom of harmless vouth : I strave in vain amid the recollections of my dreams; in vain I cursed my presumptuous endeavors, that sought to penetrate to the mysteries of the spirit-world. I lay there, iniserable and stricken, like the giants underneath the rocks, who, discontented with earth, sought to find a path leading to the abodes of the gods. I had striven for the light, and I found myself in deepest darkness; I would behold God nearer, and he had disappeared from the chaotic universe. Where hitherto I had thrillingly felt his presence, I saw only the dead remains of self-consuming nature. I had endeavored to draw aside the veil from the face of eternity, and I gazed upon a limitless grave, wherein lay the silence of annihilation—the darkness of all-surrounding oblivion. I left no means untried to save myself from the results of such despairing knowledge. I sought Truth. Truth only, full conviction, unlimited knowledge, could alone give me peace; not probability-not wavering opinion and unproved belief. I called before me all my experiences-my sad investigations-hoping to find some error that would overthrow my mocking wisdom; some mistake, that would lead me back to the lovely and familiar world of old. In vain & My dreadful certainty augmented -1 must ever remain in darkness. What is the world?' I asked, and I stood again at the narrow boundary of human knowledge. I see colors, forms, and changes; I hear tones; I feel the hardness and softness of things that I call bodies, but I know not the things themselves-only their outer-their effect upon my touch, my nerves. I see masks, but not the actors concealed within them; I behold phenomena, but not their source. Is the visible surface of things, a property peculiar to them? or do they appear so in consequence of the inexplicable structure of my senses? Again, I know not; for the least change in my organs changes the aspect of the world-one sense more, and a new world upsprings before me. And these, my senses, what are they? How can I, through these skins and tubes, fibres, nerves, come to the knowledge of that that exists without? How can we represent the material in the spiritual-how transform the earthly to the heavenly? Is the harmony, which speaks to me in the universe, a property of itself, of that which belongs to the appearances that I call forms, that I call by their effects upon me? or, is this harmony the result of the tubes and nerves and fibres, or the result of the organization of my perceptions, which I call now spirit-now soul? What is my soul? I feel towards myself as toward the material forms of the universe; I perceive my own being in the actions of all things. What I am, that can bring all these forward, I cannot again fathom. My spirit is an invisible source; I see streams of my actions flow, without knowing whence? I am the savage with out a mirror; he knows the forms of all his friends-only his own he has never seen.

What confusion! I am, without knowing what in connection with things that I know not of. And wherefore am 1 so? Why not different? How came I as a part of this universe? Was there a time when I was not? Who took me from unconscious-

Questions, eternal questions, to which no answer comes! I cannot fathom my destiny-whether I am strange, unexplained aim. I am incorporated with through which I act; but I have no certainty that I thereby destroy that unknown might that prompted destroyed?-certainly not the element, the essence that was in the matter I called wood; I only annihilated its form, its color, its coherence; and I now call it after transformed color and forms-ashes. Its first element remains-I have not destroyed it, or it could not bring forth a new appearance.

So there I stand-uncertain whether I can tear myself from the universe-whether I must continue. Continue to live?-and wherefore was I with the world from eternity-why know I it not? And if 1 continue, will I be conscious that I am? I stagger through densest darkness, and everywhere I stumble against the narrow confines of human judgment. What land is there beyond those boundaries?

That the world appears as I behold it, is not, therefore, that it is so of itself; but because my senses are so arranged that I must so behold it. Must?how otherwise? I follow in my judgment laws that I did not give to myself; I cannot place myself above them-I cannot destroy the order by which I enjoy all feelings and all knowledge. So I think all follows each other, or in time-time is as not outside of me-I cannot smell or feel, taste, hear, or see time. It is something within me; and yet not a mere idea, for that would admit of change; but a part of my organization-a law, a form, in which I am compelled to range my conceptions. Reigns there, as in the tumult of my thoughts and feelings, in the mysterious universe outside, a time? Is there, too, a past and a future, or do these find only a place in my mind? Is my beginning and ending of the universe, or only in the world of my concep-

Whenco comes this world of ideas? Who built this strangely connected work; which unknowing how and what and wherefore it is, only perceives that it runs, and works, and acts? Who was its author? How must it then be created? Who, then, is the Creator's creator? Is it necessary that all things have a beginning? What was before the beginning of the universe? Are not beginning, creation, cause, ideas, formed of the appearance of the material world surrounding us, or the results of the peculiar organization of my mind? May not things in themselves be in far different relation to each other than they appear to the narrow boundaries of my conceptions? Wherefore do I cherish the idea of a God? Because I cannot explain the enigma of the universe without this key. But this key itself is another enigma; how can I solve it without a second God-and what have I then? Where shall I end? I stumble again upon the boundary stone of my reason-I cannot overleap the magic circle in

which I am bound. So, my beloved ones I staggered from doubt to skepticism. I read, and thought, and wrote; and doubt; I lost myself in a desert. I saw a world have a fool for his client.

before I was aware of it, I stood with weapons turned filled with delified deceivers and deceived; the assemagainst the sanctuary, which I had so bravely deter-bled race disappointed with itself. The deeds of I was a lost son of the church! For my own peace, lions of worshipers, before the altars, bending before an unknown Being, whose existence had not been of the fallen one. Vain endeavor! What were those proved by reason. I saw millions of hearts, dying beneath the hope, that the breath of the Almighty would gather and warm their scattered ashes, for a life in happier worlds.

And yet all these, that in their error smiled and died, they were perhaps happy! How gladly, cried I often, would I exchange my wisdom for your dreams! Once, nature bloomed for me in all her splendor, and her beauty was endowed with soul, and a loving spirit spoke to me amid her wonders. Not in vain spread the transparant canopy above me, and beamed from it the lustrous stars. Every star. then to me a beautiful world, sparkled full of mysterious significance upon the tears of the earthly dwellers; and a revelation of the Eternal waved through the firmament; over the thrilling earth, and to the glowing heart. And when the spring morning lighted up the heavens and the mountains. and awoke the sleeping valleys with the lark's sweet songs-when the song of awakened earth uprose to the heights beyond-my knees trembled for joy, and I longed to pray in the dust, while hundreds of flowers fell around my head, and my tears mingled with the dew-drops on the rose. Ah! then voices called from depth and height :- God is eternal love!' In that time I strewed blossoms over graves, and called the grave the cradle of the second life. And the first tear of anguish that fell upon the face of the departed, was, at the same time, the first tear of love and longing, soon to be reunited, there, where no sighs are heard from weary hearts-there, where lasting happiness reigns forever!

"You see, my friends," continued Dillon, "I was very unhappy; but I strove to uphold myself, to meet my destiny with manly oourage, since I could not change it. Knowing not whether God ruled, whether immortality was my portion, I honored the mandates of virtue, and felt some consolation in their fulfillment. I was in this frame of mind when I lived in Toulon; and there it was that I became acquainted with the man whose mission it was to bring peace to my bosom, to restore me to life and

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

From the Atlantic Monthly for September. THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE;

The Wonderful "Onc-Hoss-Shay." A LOGICAL STORY.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay, That was built in such a logical way I ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Ilave you ever heard of that, I say? Seventeen hundred and fifty-five. Seventeen hundred and inty-live. Georgius Scoundes was then alive,— Southy old drone from the German hive! That was the year when Lisbon-town Saw the earth open and gulp her down, And Braddock's army was done so brown, It was on the terrible Earthquake-day That the Decora finished the one booten Now in building of chaises, I tell you what, There is always somewhene a weakest spot,— In hub, tire, felloc, in spring or thid, In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill, In screw, bolt thoroughbrace—larking still Find it somewhere you must and will,— Above or black, or within or without,— And that is the reason, beyond a doubt, A chaise breaks nown, but does n't wear out. But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do, With an "I dew yum," or an "I tell yrou,")

He would haild one shay to beat the taown 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'; It should be so built that it coulton' break daown: — "Fur," sad the Deacon, "'Us mighty plain Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain; 'n' the way Uffx it, uz I maintain, Is only jest.
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk Where he could find the strongest oak, That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,— That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lane wood to make the thirls;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like from for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's clum,"— Last of its timber,—they could n't seil 'em,— Never an axe had seen their chips, And the wedges flew from botween their lips, Their blant ends frizzled like celery-tips; Step and properton, bolt and screw, Spring, tre, axie, and linchplu too, Steel of the finest, bright and blue; Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide: Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide Found in the pit when the tanner die That was the way he "put her through."—
"There?" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dow!"

Do: I tell you, I rather guess She was a wonder, and nothing less! Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, Deacon and deaconess dropped away, Children and grandchildren—where were thoy? But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED :-- It came and found The Deacon's Masterplece strong and sound. Eighteen hundred increased by ten;— "Hahnsun kerridge" they called it then. Eighteen lundred and twenty came:-Running as usual; much the same, Thirty and forty at last arrive. And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value hero Wakes on the morn of its hundred year Without both feeling and looking queer. In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth, So far as I know, but a tree and truth (This is a moral that runs at largo; Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER.—the Earthquake-day.— There are traces of age in the one-less-shay, A general flavor of mild decay, But nothing local, as one may say. There couldn't bo,—for the Deacon's art Had made it so like in every part.
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills, And the floor was just as strong as the sills, And the panels just as strong as the floor, And the whippletree neither less nor more, And the backgrossbar as strong as the fore, And spring and axle and hub encore. And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt lu another hour it will be worn our! First of November, 'Fifty-five!

rirst of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.'
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
Brawn by a rat-tailed, owe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went thoy. The parson was working his Sunday's text,— Ilad got to reffer, and stopped perplexed At what the—Moses—was coming next. All at once the horse stood still.

Close by the meet n'-house on the hill.

—First a shiver, and then a thrill,

Then something decidedty like a spill,— Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the most n-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake-shock i
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chalse in a heap or mound, As if it had been to the mill and ground i You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce, How it went to pleces all at once,— All at once, and nothing first.— Just as bubbles do when they burst. End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay. Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Written for the Banner of Light. STEP-MOTHER: OR, THE

DESTROYER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

[Concluded.] CHAPTER V.

We were soon fairly established in a beautiful mansion, situated on Fifth Avenue; and here commenced a new era in my existence. Mrs. Lester, with all her old love for pleasure revived, plunged madly into the exciting scenes of fashionable life. To oblige my father, I had laid aside my sable robes, and was about making my debut in society. If beautiful, my beauty was of an entirely different nature from that of my step-mother.

From my mother I inherited the delicate complexion, golden curls and azure eyes, that had formed Nancy had indeed been witness to my father's cruelthe outward charm of her leveliness. But the pale and lofty brow, that alone was my father's. The contrast between my step-mother and self, must have been a most striking one. My beauty was of that of a married sister of Nancy's, where my wants the spiritual kind; her's was that of earth-rich and voluptuous in its maturity.

My father was proud of his gloriously beautiful wife, and his frail, yet lovely daughter. I could see ceding night. She, faithful and noble hearted weit in the firm and stately step with which he entered man, having become tired of her arduous duties. the saloons of wealth and fashion, with Mrs. Lester under the auspices of her imperious mistress, and and myself gracefully leaning upon his arms. And greatly incensed at the treatment I had received at when the low murmur of admiration followed us, as the hands of my father, had determined also to share we moved slowly through the dense throng, I beheld my banishment. the deep flush that overspread his brow, and the

Ernest Walters was now our frequent guest and most to fascinate and ensnare the heart of one, lost mistress. whose faith hud long since been plighted to another.

That glorious gift, together with the rare beauty of Mrs. Lester, brought the heart of Ernest Walters ingly, I believed that Ernest, too, was false to me; low at her feet. To gain his love was all she craved, and bravely I strove to tear from my heart the She well knew that his superior intellectual endow- image which had been so long enshrined there. ments would win for him the praise of the world wherever he went. To be loved by him !- to be cumstances, was by no means what the world terms called by the endeared name of wife by Ernest Wal- rich; consequently, I determined to seek at once emters, was the only happiness on earth her sinful and ployment, which should render me able to support passionate pature coveted!

to Ernest Walters in her presence, yet I little doubted with them, if I would but accept it. But the proud but that she was well aware of the fact, thinking, spirit of Adrianna Lester, although deeply wounded, most probably, that my father had mentioned the was not wholly crushed; and with tears in my eyes circumstance to his wife. One thing she could not I thanked them for their kindness, at the same time have remained ignorant of, which was my pure and declining their noble offer. holy love for Ernest. With my entire soul I worshiped him! Before him I bowed, as in the presence The evening paper contained an advertisement, in of a superior being! In him I lived; without his which a governess was desired to go South. I lost divine love, life were indeed worthless!

ing to me that Mrs. Lester was gradually winning that followed, was equally agreeable and satisfactory the beats, which had so long been mine, to herself. to both parties : the only fear expressed by Mr. Clif-Riding, dancing, or walking, Ernest Walters was ford, being that my frail health would not be adeconstantly at the side of the beautiful but heartless quate to the task involved. Clara Lester. My father perceived the increasing 1 determined to go and try, at least, and as Mr. interest which the latter took in the charmed and Clifford was to return in three or four days, I set fascinated youth; but he spoke not of it as he drew about making preparations to accompany him. What me more tenderly to his breast.

drew to her side. On the contrary, her society was sum of money—the result of years of hard labor universally sought after by the most wealthy and and it was owing to her generosity that I was endistinguished gentlemen of the city. But Ernest abled to obtain for myself a sufficient stock of clothalone, of all the gay throng of worshipers, had unling to answer my purpose for the time being. consciously elicited her strong love and unholy affec-

wards my father, at once aroused the jealousy and ture of mind, and proved himself a most pleasurable suspicion of my step mother. She could not bear that a weak and innocent girl should supplant her in the affections of him, whom the law only had was in New Orleans, Nancy and myself were both made her husband.

suddenly to Havana, where it was probable that governess, to a bright-eyed boy and sweet little girl he would remain several months. Mrs. Lester had of Mrs. Clifford's. Nancy occupied the situation of heard the whispered words of love and constancy general housekeeper, even as she had done in my that he had breathed into my ear on parting, and it mother's day. My new friends tried all in their was then that she had deeply laid her fieudish plau power to lighten the burden of my labors, and if for the destruction of my future peace of mind.

and hy name Clarence Renton. He had been formerly an earnest lover of Mrs. Lester's, and rumor said that it was the fact of his rejection that had through one of the most crowded thoroughfares of caused him to seek for happiness in the wine-cup the city. A stranger passed me-an old man, with and at the gaming table. Be that as it may, his silvery locks, and slightly bent form. The look of company had been, from the first, particularly disagreeble to me. But as our acquaintance continued. i-found-that-the-more-I-avoided-and-repulsed-his pressed forward. attentions, the more carnestly did he persevere in

throw us constantly into one another's society, me from the reverie into which I had fallen. I while she herself, scrpent-like, fascinated my father's senses again, by her protestations of love and

Meantime, strange stories were passing the rounds of fashionable society, concerning Clarence Renton and myself. It seems he had been excluded almost entirely from the circle of his former acquaintances. with but one exception-that of Mrs. Lester. She freely allowed him the license of her house and friendship. The reports which the tongue of seandal had been busy in circulating were of the most family name," he said. alarming kind, inasmuch as they were supposed to have sprang out of my imaginary intimacy with Clarence Renton, and greatly concerned my maiden honorand purity.

The words of cruelty and falsity, over which gossip had gloated, were not long in reaching the ears of man, with apparent emotion; "and the child of my my father. They were as burning lava thrown upon his soul. When least expected, the storm burst upon my innocent head. Renfon was denied the house, and in my father's eyes my pure and spotless brow was branded with shame and dishoner. The curse of my father was upon me! Not even my tears and graced forevermore my parents and family name, my co partners in guilt and wickedness.

The idea of being disinherited by my only parent, ing found the brother of my deceased mother. was a crushing blow to my young heart. Boldly would I have asserted my claims to justice, in the ance at the residence of the Oliffords, on the succeed-

face of the whole world, but I well knew that my weak voice would have been unheeded amidst the din of wild tumult and strife.

Even my step-mother shrank from me, as from the touch of a viper. The mask had at last fallen from her face, and left her revealed to me in the light of an evil and heartless wretch, unworthy the name of woman! The professed love which she had protended to feel toward the child of her husband was a cruel deceit—a base falschood—which her cunning and artifice had so long screened from my eyes. The first being whom I ever had cause to abhor and hate-I cannot tell how deep-was the intensity of my hatred towards her!

With a heavy groan, I sank upon the stone steps. leading to the house, from which my father had rudely ejected me, at a late hour in the evening: and then I was conscious of nothing more until I awoke in the morning and found myself lying upon an humble couch, in a strange house. Dear, devoted ty, and it was her hand who had rescued me from my perilous situation, on the steps of my father's mansion. The house to which I was conducted, was were carefully ministered to, even as if I had been their own shild.

The sight of Nancy recalled the events of the pre-

Left, as I was, at that sad moment, without friends consciousness of pride and joy that sparkled in his or money, I should have sank into the earth, overcome with my weight of sorrow, had it not been that one true and loving soul was left me, who was willcompanion. Mrs. Lester exerted herself to her ut- ing to make any sacrifice to serve the child of her

One thing troubled and puzzled me exceedingly; The varied and dazzling accomplishments of my it was, that since Ernest's departure I had received step-mother, did not fail to excite the deep admira- but one letter from him, although, on leaving, he had tion of my lover. He was particularly fond of music, promised to write frequently, and had extorted the and in that art Clara Lester excelled. Her rich con- same favor from me in return. I had speedily antralto voice was so sympathetic in its quality, as to swered his letter, but had heard nothing from him thrill the hearts of all who listened to its divine since. My once unsuspicious mind had been so painfully wrought upon, that to doubt and fear humanity, had become a part of my nature. Accord-

The sister of Nancy, although in comfortable cirmyself. Nancy, and her generous sister, remon-Although I had never spoken of my engagement strated, declaring that I was welcome to a home

Help was nearer at hand than I had imagined. no time in calling upon the advertiser, at the Astor The jealous eyes of love were not long in discover- House, where he was then stopping. The interview

e more tenderly to his breast.

Was my surprise, on informing Nancy and her sister My reader must by no means imagine that Ernest of my good luck, to hear the former express her in-Walters was the only admirer that my step-mother tention of going also. Nancy had saved up a goodly

It was with buoyant spirits that our little party set forth on their excursion to the South. Mr. Clif-The deep tenderness which I now manifested to- ford was a gentleman of much intelligence and culcompanion.

On arriving at the home of Mr. Clifford, which cordially received by the lovely wife of the former. About this time, business called Ernest Walters I was soon happily installed in my new situation as it were not for the sad remembrances of the past, Among the guests that frequently visited our which sometimes stole over my heart, I should have house, was a young man of gay and dissolute habits, been comparatively happy in my Southern home. .

Some three or four months after my arrival in New Orleans, I was taking an afternoon stroll intense scrutiny with which he regarded me, at tracted my attention, but with a quickened step I

A few moments brought me into a more retired portion of the city, and slackening my pace, I dreami-I did not then know that Mrs. Lester contrived to ly pursued my way. A deep voice at my side, roused turned and beheld the old man, who had previously passed me on the pavement, a few moments before.

"I trust you will pardon the boldness which has prompted a stranger to speak to you, upon a subject of near interest to my heart."

I gazed upon the stranger in perfect amazement; but seeing that he was waiting for a reply, I motioned him to proceed.

"Your close resemblance to my only sister, arrested my attention. May I presume to inquire your

"Adrianna Lester, sir." was my prompt reply. "Lester l Was your mother's maiden name Helen Rainforth?" asked the old man eagorly.

"The same, sir." "Then you are my nicce!" stammered the old

long lost sister!" The joy that I experienced on finding at last one human soul, who felt other than ordinary interest in the poor orphan girl, can scarcely be realized.

.After inquiring carefully into the state of my affairs, my newly-found unole left me, though relucrepeated assurances of innocence, could move him tantly, at the door of the Cliffords, with many promfrom his stern purpose. Believing that I had dis- ises to call and see me early on the morrow. To Mrs. Clifford, in whose friendship I could place the my father bade me seek a home elsewhere, among utmost confidence, I revealed the story of my father's injustice and cruelty, as well as the fact of my hav-

True to his word, Mr. Rainforth made his appear-

ing day. He had come, he said, to offer me both I gazed wildly about me, as if endeavoring to recall love and protection. My health, which was fast the scene before mo. A low moan fell upon my car. failing me, and the advice of my friends, at last pre- Instinctively I raised myself upon the couch. A vailed upon me to accept the generous proposal of tall and manly form rose slowly from the floor. As my uncle, to make my home with him. It was with the large and sorrowful eyes were turned towards regret that I parted from my loved friends, the me, a cry of joy burst from my lips, and next mo-Ciiffords-to whom and their children, I had become ment I was clasped to the breast of Ernest Walters. strongly endeared.

A few days after found Addie Lester comfortably established at the home of her uncle. Mr. Rainforth's children were all married, with the exception of a single son. Philip Rainforth was a young man had proved to be, what I had supposed, a base and of prepossessing exterior, and happily endowed by heartless woman. Having fascinated the heart of my nature with a generous and noble heart. To live father, she was not content with his strong love and and be merry, was the motte of his life; and treat devotion, but conceiving a passion for the beautiful ing all kindly, he was almost universally beloved in and intellectual Ernest Walters, she set steadfastly return.

ciated my society.

turning to the blue eyes, that now glanced tenderly and the story of my disinheritance by my father. upon him, as he sat quietly regarding the emaciated Mrs. Lester had hoped on Ernest's return to the frame and pule face, which disease had served to city, to enjoy, without molestation, the love and render still-more spiritual in its beauty than before. companionship to which I had so long been an ob-"Come nearer, dear Ernest," I said, "that I may stacle. But, contrary to her expectations, Ernest repose my wearied head upon your breast." The Walters kept aloof from her, shunning her society half averted face told too plainly the emotion which on all occasions when they chanced to meet. the mention of that name had caused the heart of The arrival of Clarence Renton once again in my generous and noble cousin.

and imprinted a sacred kiss upon my snowy brow; now fairly aroused the suspicions of my father, that then gently raising me in his arms, and pillowing had so long lain dormant. At this time, the news my head upon his breast, he said, in tones of ten- of my father's failure and utter ruin in business, derness, the remembrance of which recalled me at rang throughout the city. The mortification of Mrs. once to my senses,-"it is Philip, dearest Addie, Lester, on being at once reduced from a state of ease that now holds you, and welcomes with joy your and splendor, to that of want and penury, knew no return to health." A feeble smile of gratitude was bounds. Infuriated by rage and desperation, she the only return I could then offer for his brotherly refused to retrench in the least, her present style of

Rainforth was strangely altered. His joyous, spark. sums of money, to forge letters to Ernest Walters. ling eyes, now beamed with a subdued light, while a in Havana, and aid in the circulation of the infashade of melancholy rested upon the once snuny mous and false rumors respecting the honor of her

The avowal of Philip's love for me was an unex pected surprise to my weak and sensitive nature. affection of a sister to one who had proved himself suddenly discovered, in the midst of her evil career, so truly a brother.

conduct burards me since our acquaintance, he care. fully avoided referring to a subject again, that

CHAPTER VI.

of my father had fallen upon upon his child, and she had been rudely sent forth, an outcast, from her father's house, to buffet with the world. No intelligence during that time had been received by me concerning either my father or Ernest. The death with him, had cadsed a vacancy in the household, purchased Glen Cottage, the home of my beloved which, owing to my influence, Nancy now supplied. own father.

My mother, as I learned from the lips of her brother, had in extreme youth insisted upon marrying one whom her proud and aristocratic parents had deemed far below her in wealth and position; rapidly drawing to a close, these arms will welcome and consequently unworthy of her love. The strong her back once more to Glen Cottage. affection of my mother for Charles Lester had triumphed over all obstacles; the result of which was a clandestine marriage, and a disinheritance of the pair by the parents of the former. My father hav- dered at the remembrance of her, who, by her own ing removed to the North with his wife, nothing more was heard of her by the hasty, but afterwards destroyer of the household." repentant parents. In death they had breathed their forgiveness, which while living they had so long denied.

pride, had made a tour to the North, for the purpose he had returned to his home.

Accident had thrown in my path at a most fortecting and befriending her only child.

It was near the close of a delicious day in June, not the entrance of a stranger at the gate, at the conquerors without the triumph." terminus of the long avenue leading to the house, until a hand was laid heavily upon my shoulder. I turned. The intruder was a man whom want and intomperance had probably rendered much older than he really was. I would have fled from him in alarm, but that he firmly detained me his prisoner. A strange light gleamed momentarily in his dark eyes, and a flush passed rapidly over his brow, as he said in a voice tremulous with emotion, "Adrianna Lester, dost remember the father who oursed thee. and cast thee forth a wanderer from his side?"

truly, of the past?"

"Thy father, Charles Lester !"

limbs trembled violently. I was conscious of nothing human life. more, until I awoke a few hours afterwards, and found myself lying upon the couch in the parler, ning had long since fallen; and, as I opened my eyes, of his spiritual life.

CHAPTER VII.

The mystery was soon explained. Clara Lester about winning the heart which she well knew had The welcome which my cousin gave me was that long been given to another. Fearing, that despite of a brother. My slightest wishes were anticipated, her exertions, I had at last superseded her in the almost before they had been formed; while his con- affections of her lover, she contrived to intercept the stant presence at my side, told how deeply he appre- letters of Ernest, written to me, while at Havana. Not satisfied with the evil she had already wrought, But nature, that had been so long overtaxed, at my step-mother had caused stories to be circulated last gave way. A violent fever preyed upon my throughout the city, which were highly injurious to vitals, and for weeks 1 lay confined to my bed, in my hitherto unsullied reputation, and which finally an almost hopeless condition. Philip Rainforth was led to the cruelty which my father was now deeply a constant attendant at the side of my couch. For repentant of. A spurious letter, poisoning the ear several days, reason had been entirely dethroned, of my lover, had been sent to llavana, the truth of and it was with a countenance strongly expressive which Ernest doubted not, when, on his return to of hope and joy, that Philip beheld the old light re- New York, he heard the evil reports of the world,

New York, and his admittance to the same intimacy Quickly recovering himself, he stooped over me, which he had previously sustained with Mrs. Lester, extravagance in living. One morning, in passing My convalescence was slow but sure. I had been through the hall, my father accidentally discovered sick for months, as I afterwards learned from Nancy, a letter lying in oue corner, which had probably who had been ofttimes a watcher at my bed-side. been dropped the night previous. The contents of During my delirious ravings, I had unconsciously that letter opened the eyes of Charles Lester to the revealed the secret of my love for Ernest Walters; deep villany of his wife's character. It was indited a name which had long since died out upon my lips. to her paramour in guilt, Clarence Renton, and in As I daily grew better, I perceived that Philip which he had been bribed, by the promise of large husband's daughter.

My father did not hesitate to accuse the guilty woman of the crime which she had so coolly and Dearly as I loved my cousin, it was but the natural basely perpetrated. Horror-stricken at being thus Mrs. Lester could say but little in self-defence. That Freely I spoke to him of my love for another, night my father found a note lying upon the table. whom though I had every reason to believe was false saying that she had fled forevermore from the home to me, I still deeply and passionately loved. Philip of one who had cruelly deceived and wronged her. did not seek to pain my car with heartfelt pleadings and whose love had been changed into hatred. Overor earnest importunities. With all that nobleness come by despair, my father had attempted to drown of heart which had so strongly characterized his his grief in the exciting wine-cup; but Ernest's hand had saved him from a drunkard's grave. The former intimacy between my father and lover again brought to mind so many bitter memories of the renewed, the latter was made acquainted with the injustice and cruelty that had fallen upon my unoffeuding head; and gaining the clue to my whereabouts, by means of Nancy's sister, both Ernest and Some eighteen months had passed since the curse my father had set out to discover, if possible, my ibiding place, and repair in some measure the deep wrongs I had suffered.

A few weeks after my reunion with Ernest and my father, the old mansion house of Mr. Rainforth was the scene of a joyous wedding party, occasioned of my uncle's wife, which occurred a few months by the marriage of Ernest Walters and my humble previous to the time of my taking up my residence self. In accordance with my desire, my husband mother, and the scene of so much happiness in my Philip was still the same tender and devoted brother youthful days. My father now makes his home with as of old; while my uncle's kind care and guardian- his only child and daughter, Addie; and Philip. ship, was such as I had never experienced from my dear devoted soul, spends his summers with her. whom he still regards with all the tenderness of a brother. And Nanoy, the faithful and long tried friend, is still with my Uncle Rainforth. When ho shall have completed his earthly pilgrimage, which is

A year from the time of my marriage with Ernest Walters, the morning papers announced the death of Clara Lester in a distant city. All hearts shudwickedness and crime, had proved herself "The

TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL .- George S. Hillard says :-· I confessithat increasing years bring with them an My unclo, after the death of his parents, a cir- increasing respect for men who do not succeed in cumstance which had leveled at once his strong life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not sucof seeking out the abode of his still cherlshed sister. | ceeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celes-But all efforts on his part had failed, and, sorrowing, tial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot be had returned to his home. arises from a superabundance of qualities in themtunate moment, and nobly had he made afouement selves good--from a conscience too sensitive, a taste for his past neglect of his sister, by generously pro- too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, and a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with the living poet, that 'the world knows that I was scated in a charming little summer nothing of its greatest men, but there are forms of house, which Philip's untiring hand had caused to greatness, or at least, excellence, which die and be created for my especial use and comfort. So make no sign: there are martyrs that miss the palm thoroughly absorbed was I in my book, that I heeded but not the stake ;-heroes without the laurels. and

WEALTH .- Wealth, true wealth, is that possession which satisfies the heart. Palaces and lands may still leave a man miscrable. To be satisfied in one's cell-to feel no aching void-to sleep peacefully, and awake without pain, regret or remorse-such is wealth. With those the hardest pillow becomes soft. the roughest way smooth, the darkest future bright. and their pessessor stands up a man, without the canker which follows power and fame, independent of the exigencies which make and shiver crowns. For "Who art thou, that speakest so strangely, yot the promotion of the good, the beautiful, and the true -gold, goods and lands are a heritage from Heaven : but when wrapped in a napkin, and bound to the My brain swam, my head grew dizzy, and my heart, they congeal human sympathies and blast

The longer you keep a canary bird in a cage the with Philip-faithful brother-bending over me, and sweeter it will sing, so the more severe the discipline my long lost father at my side. The shades of eve. of the good man's experience, the sweeter the song

Written for the Banner of Light

Oh! let us raise our voices high to-day,

For earth is glad, and blossoms in the hour Of joy, with fairest flowers of hope and faith; And anxious longing fills the soul with love. And bids the olden motive, fear, depart. Oh! let us rate our voices high to-day, Acknowledging the power of God alone-A Being infinite, on whom depends · Our life, our faith, and that we realize. Let us sing songs, glad songs of heartfelt joys-The voice proclaims no greater truth than this: That o'er us rules and reigns a God of Love, Whose smiles of glory light our darkened world, And warm the heart through tears of sin and grief, As liquid sunboams from the lips of morn Pierce through the shadows of retiring night. Religion hangs o'er earth a mystic velt,-But God ne'er sought to blind the eyes of men-And each succeeding generation strives To make the glory all its own, and guide The nation's wayward steps to proper worship; But know, oh man, that can alone sustain Which bears the impress of our lather's hand. 'Tis said, oh God! in vain man strives to seek Or reason out the mysteries of thy word. And hast thou formed him hero for good or evil. To saffer for the wrongs his blindness brings-Dependent on thy overlasting laws, Thy word the lamp to light his wayward feet, And left him still more helpless than a child Bereft of that which tells, and only tells What God is, and what unto him is due? We cannot feel it so, for thou art good And just and unto man hath reason given. That he may look on thee with knowledge, such As putteth fear to flight, and welcomes love. We feel, oh God! that thou would'st be no more To man, than the being of his highest Boul-conception.

Then listen to the hearts That raise the voice of their belief to thee, That time may write upon the soul's pure page That peace with God, and goodness in one's heart, Is true Iteligion.

Give us power, oh God ! To sow and reap the beauties of thy word In truth and wisdom, that mankind may know That goodness yields full store, when God doth aid, With little watching and with little care.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Experiences of an Old Hurse, A SERIES OF SKETCHES.

NUMBER TWO.

The Two Ghosts.

I might not this believe, without the sensible And true avouch of mine own eyes. - SHAKBPEARE.

Many years ago the good people of Boston were the name of typhoid. We had experienced a long selves for board. spell of damp, dull weather, such as we are now enjoying, (or rather groaning tracer,) which in all necessary for him to be attended by a nurse, as his probability bred the disease of which I write.

which both were heartily devoted, and, what is still his wife, to the best of my ability. nore lucrative than at the present period.

I had been only three months in my new boardinghouse, when Mr. P-r and wife became installed as our landlady significantly termed her boarders in er card of advertisement. The P-rs were evidenouncing and condemning them as unworthy members of society, from the fact of their being engaged ductive only of evil.

I noticed, with sorrow, the chilling reception which the newly-arrived boarders met with from their fellow-companions, as soon as the news of their connection with the Tremont Theatre was noised about Mark you, however, the very same people who openly character which he believed himself performing. At appland their performances at the theatre.

Like instances of deceit and hypocrisy are still to among the votaries of the drama, where it should be their aim to elevate and exalt it.

Perceiving the unpleasant position which Mr. r and his wife, as strangers, were placed in, l often took pains to address some few words of con and work away upon himself, until perceiving his versation to them, whenever we chanced to meet at extremo weakness and liability to faint, I would the table. By doing this, I brought upon my unoffending head the censure and disapprobation of the remainder of the boarders, who had hitherto treated his powder puff, lay aside his rouge saucer, and me with extremo kindness.

The landlady, however, in secret smiled her approval of my conduct, though more from policy and ready to go upon the stage, the moment the call-boy self-interest, I was prono to believe, than from any should shrick out his name. His box of swords I innate or real sense of justice. The truth was, they was obliged to remove from the room one day, while were what might be called excellent Boarders. They he was sleeping, because I foared to trust him with never grumbled at the high price charged them for any weapon in his hand. He often called for them, board, and were always strictly punctual in paying but concluding that they were stowed away in the their bills at the very moment they became due. To property room of the theatre, the remembrance of retain the P-rs was then the darling wish of our them would soon slip away from his mind. shrewd landlady's heart, notwithstanding the existdared not give utterance to in words.

Both Mr. P and his good-hearted wife, seemed which I felt in the matter, compelled me to decline their favors; but what was my loss, was, generally unusual occurred.

The fover had turned, and Mr. P——r was thought speaking, another's gain, for knowing my politic landlady's love for the drama, I often transferred the same to her, which she always regarded as a great treat.

As I have before said, people were terribly alarmed at the fearful ravages which the typhus fover was disease was a contagious one, was believed, from the any one in our city, with the exception of John Gil-

fact of its rapid spread from house to house. In OH, LET US RAISE OUR VOICES HIGH. | nine cases out of ten, the fever seemed to baffle the skill of even the most eminent physicians, whilst the list of mortality contained in the daily papers was startling and appalling to behold.

As yet, no signs of the fever had shown itself in our cleanly and well conducted boarding-house. The several inuntes were discussing the subject at dinner one day, at the same time congratulating themselves upon their providential escape from the clutches of so terrible a disease, when Mr. P-r appeared at the dinner-table, looking unusually tired and weary. I had not seen him for three or four days, having been confined to my room with an ugly fit of rheumatism. He smiled fairftly as he took his seat beside me at the table, but I started, as I felt the pressure of his hot and feverish hand. His wife joked him a little upon his lack of appetite that day, which had ever been so vigorous and hearty, and attributed it to the ment supper he had indulged in at a late hour on the previous night.

That evening Mr. P-r went to the theatre, accompanied by his wife, but returned home immediately after the close of the performance, complaining of terrible exhaustion and a severe pain in the head.

Two days after, Mr. P-r was confined to his chamber with a violent fever, which the physician, on being speedily summoned, pronounced to be the much dreaded typhus. The greatest consternation now prevailed throughout the entire house. Single gentlemen gathered up their light luggage and left immediately, while those families that felt themselves obliged to remove for want of more desirable lodgings, were loud in their remonstrances against allowing the invalid to continue longer beneath a roof where so many human lives were endangered. It was now that the cruel and unfeeling spirit of our mercenary landlady began to show itself in its true light. As soon as she had made sure that it was really the typhus fever that Mr. P-r was ill of, she repaired at once to his distressed wife, and suggested her husband's removal to the hospital. Mrs. P-r, in her great anxiety of mind, applied to me for advice. I talked with the doctor upon the subject, and he agreed with me, that to attempt such a thing would result in the immediate death of the sufferer. On communicating the physician's opinion to the cold-hearted landlady, she declared that she could not possibly retain Mr. P-r and wife in the house a day longer, for her boarders were fast deserting her, and she should soon lose her entire custom. However, after much reasoning upon my part, and the assurance of Mrs. P-r that she should be well paid for her trouble and inconvenience, Miss Higgings '(the name of said tandlady,) at last brown into a terrible state of excitement by the consented to the invalid's remaining, on conditton udden appearance of a kind of typhus fever in their that the fact of his illness should be kept secret midst, which medical men have since designated by from such fresh applicants as might present them-

wife had never seen but little sickness during her The events which I am about to relate to my read- life, and dared not take upon herself the entire care ers occurred during the early part of my professional of one so ill as her busband. Besides, her services career, and some two or three years after my hus- at the theatre were absolutely indispensable at times, band's death, which mournful circumstance led to and to refuse to perform when urgently requested to the necessity of my seeking for myself the means of do so, would excite the indignation of the manager, ivelihood in the great and unfeeling world. Among and perhaps result in the discharge of her husthe num rous boarders in the house where I dwelt, band and self from the corps dramatique. My own were a gentleman and his wife, belonging to the stock poor health was the only thing that prevented me ompany of the old Tremont Theatre, then in its from offering my services to Mrs. ! --- r on the first palmy days. Their name you must pardon me for occasion of her husband's illness; but when, after a suppressing; but suffice it to say, that by years of long and unsuccessful search, it was found impossicontinued toil and industry, they had risen to con-ble to procure a nurse for the sick man, lat once siderable prominence in their chosen profession, to consented to share the duties of the sick room with

more unusual among that particular class of individuals, they and laid aside no small sum of money, my pity, and the deep gratitude with which she rerom their joint labors in a profession at that time ceived my slight offer, only nerved me to stronger exertion in the exercise of my labors for the relief of the sufferer.

For the first few weeks Mr. P--r was more or is members of our somewhat large and select family, less delirious. Being naturally a man of a strong constitution and the possessor of a powerful frame, it became at times almost difficult for me to manage dently kind-hearted and amiable people, and for him. Excitement lent me increased strength, howaught that I know, as purely virtuous, in a moral ever, and I soon hit upon an expedient, which soothed sense, as many others who made no hesitation in him in the midst of his violent ravings, and rendered him at times quite harmless and docile.

It was natural, the cares of his profession crowded so in a profession whose results were thought to be pro-thickly upon his disordered brain. In order to calm him down, when unusually excited, I made it a point to gratify his desires as far as was consistent with reason and propriety. For instance, he would fancy himself at the theatre, and then I would be obliged to dress him up in the particular costume of the succeed at them in private, were also the first to such times his strength was of but short duration, and falling back upon the pillows, weak and exhausted, he would suffer me to take off his stage be met with among people of the presentage and trappings and return them to their proper place only tend to lower the standard of moral excellence without further remark. The appearance which he presented at times, was a most ludicrous one; and the great care with which he arranged his toilet for the evening performance was certainly amusing. He would call for his glass, his rouge and powder. tinkle a small bell, which I kept for the purpose of completing the illusion. Then he would throw down taking a last look at his person in the small mirror which I placed before him, declare himself quite

One thing was a little singular, which was that he ing projudices of her other boarders, who ovidently always made a point to inquire every day during his expressed in their countenances the contempt they illness, what play was to be performed each night. On one occasion I had sat up with him for three successive nights. On the fourth, his wife who had to appreciate the trivial attention which I bestowed been performing the greater part of the week, insistupon them, and often urged my acceptance of tickets ed upon relieving me. Yielding to her entreaties I for the theatre, where both nightly performed. My sought my chamber, which was situated one flight feeble health, rather than any conscientious scruples above her room, to obtain if possible a night's rest. on condition that she should call me if anything

to be in a fair way to recover. That morning, as was his custom, the invalid had inquired of his wife what the play was to be for the coming evening. He was told that Hamlet was to be performed, for the benefit of Anderson, at that time very popular in this making among the population of Boston. The panie country. Mr. P-r had often played the ghost was similar to that experienced during the rage of with great success; indeed his rendering of the dethat dread scourge-the Asiatio choleral That the parted Dane, is said never to have been equalled by

bert, an old favorite among theatre-goers, and an artist of great ability.

It seems that while assuming the office of watcher,

Mrs. P-r had accidentally fullen asleep. Taking advantage of this, the invalid arose, and selecting his costume for the evening, quietly slipped out of the house and made his way quickly to the theatre. 4 Watching an opportunity when no one was looking, he hastened to his wife's dressing-room, and arraying himself for the character of ghost, stood waiting the call-boy's summons.

At last it came. With slow and solemn step he strode upon the stage, entirely regardless of the presence of him who had been employed to assume the part for that evening, and to the great horror of Marcellus and Bernardo, who believed that the ghost of P-r was certainly before them, if not that of the King of Denmark. The excitement which this doubly spectral appearance created among the audience, together with the loud shrick of the substitute, who had engaged to perform the part of ghost for that evening only, soon brought the manager upon the stage, who, upon learning the cause of the alarm, soon explained the affair satisfactorily to the audience; after which, the curtain was raised, amid loud cheers from the audience, and the play again went on, to the great amusement of all concerned.

This freak of insanity upon the part of the enthusiastic and devoted actor, came near costing him his life. The great surprise and horror of both his wife and myself upon finding P-r missing from his chamber, can be more easily imagined than described. In the midst of our fears and search throughout the house, he arrived in a carriage under the safe protection of a brother actor. A relanse was the natural consequence of l'-r's terrible exposure, from which, after several weeks' illness, he finally recovered, to laugh with the rest of his comrades over the specialcle of the "Two Ghosts!"

REMARKABLE CASE OF HEALING IN 1743.

MESSES. EDITORS-This I copy from the History of Connecticut. If you think it worthy of publication, please insert. I think that the power of spirits is signally displayed. Yours truly, W. A. Henn

"A remarkable instance of healing took place in this town (Plainfield,) in 1743, in the case of Mrs. Mercy Wheeler. The account was drawn up by the Rev. Benjamin Lord, A. M., evidently with a great deal of care and accuracy, and published in pamphlet form. The pamphlet contains the deposition of the physician, Dr. James Girauld, and a number of repectable people, given under oath, certifying to the fact of her immediate healing. At the time, it was considered as an evident interposition of Davine Pro-

Mrs. Wheeler was favored with good health, till her twentieth year, in 1726; she was then seized with a nervous fever, and was reduced to almost unexampled weakness of body, so that for five years she could not turn her head on her pillow. Her speech failed, and her sight was also very much impaired. After this she recovered in some little degree, though for sixteen years she was not able to lift up a foot to take a step. The account states that her ankle bones were exceedingly loose and separate, by reason of long and great relaxation of the nerves and tendons; that she could in no wise lift them up and use them, as persons are wont to do, that yet have no strength to walk without help. Yea, so loose and separate were they, that it string must sometimes be used about her feet and ankles, to keep her feet in any proper position, as she laid in the bed. And also her knee bones were so weak and loose, that after she was able to turn herself in bed, she sometimes put them out in doing so." Mrs. Vheeler, being of a pious disposition of mind, a sermon, at her request, was occasionally preached at her father's house. It was on one of these occasions (May 25, 1743,) that she experienced her great delivcrance. Mr. Lord was the minister who preached the sermon at the time she was healed. The account states, that no sooner was he (Mr. Lord) gone from her, but it turned in her mind, "The lecture is ended, and the service all over, and I am not healed. What is become of my faith now? Wont it be with me as it used to be?" Whereupon a cloud of great darkness came over her, for a minute or two, in which time she was led again unto herself, to see what a poor, unworthy creature she was, and had some such thoughts of the wisdom and goodness of God's will, that she felt a disposition to be as good as God would have her to be. Then those words were repeated to her, "If thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God."-by which her darkness was carried off, and, under the influence of theso words, she seemed, as she expressed it, to be wholly taken out of herself into the hands of God, and enabled to believe that he could and would heal her. Immediately upon which, she felt a strange, irresistible motion and shaking, which began lirst with her hands, and quickly spreading over her whole framo, at which time she felt a kind of weight upon her-a sort of racking of her frame-every point, as it were. working, and as if she were, with hands, squeezed together in her weak places. As this trembling went off lier pains went with it, and she felt strong, especially in the sent of life, where she had been most remarkably, weak, and from thenco strength diffused itself all over her animal frame-into her lips, knees, ankles, &c. . She felt strong and well, as if she had no disease upon her, and was under no difficulty. And as she had this sensation of new strength and freedom, she felt as if she was raising up, and must rise, and immediately rose up and walked away anfoing the people, with evident sprightliness and vigor, to the astonishment of herself and those about her. She went this time near sixteen feet, crying out, "Bless the Lord Jesus, who has healed me," but was soon damped with this thought, that sho was only in a phrenzy, and not healed. And the more so, when Mr. Lord, surprised at seeing her walk thus, whom he had just before left impotent, and overcome, too, so that she could hardly talk, did observe to her that she was in a phrenzy, and necordingly took hold of her, and led her to the bed, and bid her sit down; yea, even thrust her down. But she could not be confined there; feeling yet strong and at liberty, quickly rose up again, with these words in her mind, I have loved thee with everlasting love." And with the high praises of God in her mouth, her soul being filled with such admiration and love, as she

declared was inexpressible. Now she walked soveral

times across the room, with strength and steadiness,

which even constrained the people to think and say, "Verily, this is the power of God." And they wondered and praised the same; and it was about six:

o'clook in the afternoon, when the thing was done,

at which they all marveled; and having united in

prayer and in praise on this remarkable occasion, they were dismissed to their several homes, still

wondering and rejoicing at what their eyes had be-held, and their ears had heard that day.

May 25, 1748.

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

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A. Dhovin, 107 South Third street, (below Chestnut) Philadelphia.
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1858.

THOS, GALES FORSTER, LITTEER COLRY. J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, WILLIAM BERRY, EDITORS AND RUBLISHERS.

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rates. Satajae copies sent free. Address "Lantier of Light," Boston, Mass. Collay, Forster & Co.

MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL WEALTH.

In an article on " Popular Sympathies," not long since, in a leading daily journal of New York, we find the following suggestive passage:-

"The drawback, and, we might almost sav, the only one, upon such triumphe as that which American energy and perseverance has just effected, and over which the whole country is rejoicing, is their tendency to foster the growth of the material side of our character, the great development of which has already excited serious apprehensions, and a great deal of regret among those who know America best, and love her most. It is our noticial prosperity and areatness which most strongly arouse our pride, and our miteral successor which have so far supplied most stimulus to the national energy and courage. Our orators never cause the chords of popular enthusiasm to vibrate so strongly as by allusions to the enormous extent of our territory, the vastness and variety of our population, the prodigious rapidity of our expansion, the extent and value of our commerce, the speed of our ships, and the ingenuity of our mechanics."

This is all very well in its place, but there is now " something too much of it." Like all other good things, if male overmuch of, they clog and sicken very soon. It is conceded that wealth, and power, and enterprise, and industry, must lie at the base, else there can be no superstructure; but to fall down and worship the wealth itself, is an act of debasement by the soul. We have been, and still are, quite the much given to confounding our regard for the means with our regard for the end-to worshiping the instrument, rather than keeping our gaze fixed on the object. It is undeniable, of course, that a person, or a people, must be well fed and well clothed before he, or they, can devote much time and attention to inward culture; that there must be a certain secure condition, or accumulation, perhaps, of the material, before the spiritual can expect to receive its due share of care and culture.

But that is the point to which we, as a nation, arrived long ago. We have been making our boasts of twenty-five years. We have got enough, and more than enough; still we go on getting, as if accumulation alone was our destiny, and we were or praise for its liberality in this respect. It says: dered on as by the whip and spur of Fate.

There are elements in abundance in our composition, as a people, to pledge us to a life and character such as the world never yet saw. Who are more ready to apprehend beauty, to profler sympathy, to dare all that stands for courage, than we? What nation among all the nations possesses in itself such naturally large and generous spiritual gifts? We are brave, we are noble, we are practical, too, we are imaginative, we are sympathetic, we are filled with humane and tender impulses, we are large-hearted, we can forget and forgive readily, and we are aspiring and ambitious together.

Once bestow a proper directing power upon all these gifts of a people, or develope them by culture, of harmonize them by discipline, and there are no heights of spiritual glory on earth to which that people may not hope to attain. Educate such a nation after a style thoroughly correspondent with its endowments, and it will furnish an example of strength and beauty, which not even the harmonious development of the ancient Greeks could easily excel, because it would be permented and infused with a genuine spiritual vitality. Such a people would adequately display an illustration of what is everywhere possible for man.

But this development and progress is to begin with the individual alone It cannot be compassed by passing sonorous or smooth-sounding resolutions in assemblies and conventions, while the voters disperse and follow their old gods about the world. It is a personal matter. You must begin, oh friend, and aspire today. You must not wait for others to thindle the flame that you think is going to warm, all the rest; it is for you to kindle it within your own heart, and so let its light and heat irradiate and attract diose of your friends around you.

More rests with the individual than he supposes, because the whole rests with him. What has been done thus fur for the world, has been performed by individual man. Organizations agree to build up ramparts to keep out dangers that are forever disposed to leap over; but, ever and anon, one person has, with serious solf-determination, gone away from such bodies, and, tarrying alone, has religiously awaited the descent of the God into his own soul, And that is the soul which has aided in turning the world thus far over on its right side. It is the really revolutionary soul. Such a soul we need all of us to

THE PERFECT PATTERN.

Once, in all human history, we meet a being who never did an injury, and never resented one done to him, never uttered an untruth, never practiced a doception, and never lost an opportunity of doing good; generous in the midst of the selfish, upright in the midst of the dishonest, pure in the midst ofthe sensual, and wise far above the wisest of sages and prophets, loving and gentle, yet immovably resolute; his illimitable meekness and patience never once forscok him in a vexatious, ungrateful, and cruel world-Christ in History.

IT IS A SUCCESS.

of the great event of this nineteenth century,-the laying and successful working of the Atlantic Cable, track, is sufficient to wake a world from the deepest slumbers, and move the human heart with the most profound emotions.

The truth is, this is one of those grand events, in so puts at fault even our wildest dreams, that the the aid of their halting and inadequate endeavor. It sons present. ing the vast and untipdden fields of the Future.

highest hopes of the world are bound up.

for commerce, politics, or religion. Too many intervening circumstances conspire to make this all a despendingly; it may put up the manufacturing in former chances of accumulating colossal fortunes of July. suddenly, or it may work very differently; none can human mind can travel.

fact. The nations are to be brought together, and event needs no other comment than that which its own statement carries along with it.

CONGREGATIONALISM VS. SRIRITU-ALISM.

In noticing the picnic of the Spiritualists, last three cars from Boston, carrying six hundred people. Congregationalists of Lynn, says twenty-one cars started from the city, carrying fifteen hundred good old tune, " hyfully," after which-

We are not disposed to question the latter statement, but must correct the first. Over fifteen hundred people left Boston in twenty-two cars, for Abington, so that it does not take so many more be there to require breaking. He came there with cors to convey Spiritualists, than it does Congregationalists. This is a matter in which railroad companies are interested, and might be a hindrance to us Spiritualists, in obtaining an excursion train, if ever we want to go picuicing. The train stopped | tion-to open their hearts to the truths which might at only two way stations, to take in a few persons be there advanced, and, above all, be sure to thaw who had been left by the regular trains, from these place for Abington Grove.

"Courier" gives altogether the most fair account of the gathering we have seen, and deserves

No pienic of recent date in this vicinity has drawn ogether so large a number of people as met yesterday at Abington. There were probably four thousand persons on the grounds. Many people estimated the number much higher than this, but it is difficult on such an occasion to obtain even an approximation to the exact number of the aggregate assemblage. Had the weather been pleasant in the morning, the crowd would have been much aug-

A train of twenty two cars left Boston at half past eight o'clock in the morning, filled with passen-gers for the picnic grounds. Trains of cars from other localities also brought large delegations, and there were hundreds of private teams also, which brought numerous accessions to the living multitude. Dr. H. F. Gardner, of this city, was the controlling and directing spirit of the general festivities. After the larger portion of the gathering had assembled, he bid them welcome in a few remarks, extending also an individual welcome to the reporter of the Boston Counten, who, he jocosely remarked, had come to write the obituary of the Spiritualists. 0

The speaking continued almost all day, but the majority of the people were not listeners; rather preferring to seek their enjoyment elsewhere. Dancing occupied the attention of many, and the musi cians were kept in constant exercise; the sail boats and row boats on the pond continually traversed its surface, carrying groups of merry passengers; and the fundangoes and swings on the grounds had no rest-until-after-nightfall .- But one of the most-favor rite amusements, apparently, was the game of "Co penhagen," with its promiseuous labial delights for all who participated in it. There were other amuse ments besides, but enough has been enumerated, and it is only necessary to add that, so far as could be liscerned, all were enjoying themseves. It was orelitable to so large a crowd that no disorder or tumult occurred during the day. There was one accident, a girl of about fifteen years of age having fallen from a swing and broken an arm. The Boston delegation to the pionic 'arrived in this city last evening at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, in a special train

CONVENTIONS TO BE HELD.

A Philanthropic Convention, to overcome evil with good, will be held in Mechanic's Hall, Utica, Oncida county, N. Y., opening on the 10th day of September, 1858, at ten o'clock A. M., and to continue three days. The following residents of Utica constitute a Rogers, Caroline Brown, M. D., Louis Ransom, A. W. Brownell. We understand the proceedings are to be published in a volume.

We trust the Vermont Spiritual Convention will be well attended—to be held on the 27th, 28th and with the children of earth—when he weight all the 29th of August, 1858. This will be the third Conventlon held at Royalton. Half fare is to be charged on the Vermont Central Railroad. Seventy-five cents per diem at the hotel, fifty cents in private familes.

MRS. COOPER'S MEDIUMSHIP. her powers with great success, as will be seen by the a few "fast" people were on the ground, he ex-account we shall give.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.] No way can be more emphatic in which to speak SPIRIUALISTS' PICNIC AT ABINGTON GROVE.

Nature smiled not too illusive on the morning of than giving it a simple announcement. The naked the 16th-in fact, everything was velled by a thick, intelligence that a telegraph wire has been laid heavy fog; but, maugre these inauspicious circumacross the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, and that to-day stances, hundreds had found their way to the Old messages are going and coming over its magnetic Colony Depot at half-past eight o'clock, and the first train for the grove consisted of twenty-two cars, and probably carried out upwards of fifteen hundred persons. On arriving at the ground, hundreds of carriages were found standing near, which had brought the treatment of which language does but show its hosts of people from the neighboring towns, who had poverty. No human rhetoric expresses anything, by cut the acquaintance of "dull care," to enjoy a day the side of such a stupendous accomplishment. It among their kindred Spiritualists. The number was constantly augmented by fresh arrivals of carriages, tongue is palsied, and the pen falls from the hand, and crowded trains from other towns and cities in as they attempt to scale the grandeur of the fact by the State, till there-were probably five thousand per-

is a time for calm and silent contemplation only; Upon reaching the grounds, the different parties for sober and serious thought; for profound grati- arranged themselves in accordance with the dictates tude that man may progress at so rapid a rate; for of their own tastes and consciences; the gay and dwelling at home with the heart, and hourly study light-hearted ones sped rowards the platform of the dancers, where they merrity passed the day, their Our readers everywhere know by this time, that feet and hearts keeping tune to the witching melody the Queen of Great Britain 4as sent the first message of Halls' Quadrille Band; the ventursome stepped over the submerged wire to the President of the on board the yacht Alice, which spread its white United States; and that the President has returned wings, and glided about the pond, or were paddled a suitable reply. These were the first messages across the waters in the romantic little Leviathan; transmitted. It was eminently fitting that the rulers the lover of Nature sauntered off into the grove, to of the two foremost nations on the face of the earth admire the perfect works of the Creator, and to should thus exchange congratulations on behalf of commune with his own soul, unmolested. The the people they represent, and pledge themselves to heavy browed, serious, solemn ones made their way preserve that public peace in which so many of the to the speaker's platform, while others amused themselves by looking through the microscope, at the We make no attempts to speculate upon the pro | busy world," inside of a drop of water; swinging; bable results which this new enterprise will secure whirling up and down in the fandango, or playing · Copenhagen."

Mr. H. W. Noyes, the gentlemanly and accommogrand complication, through which none but the eye dating Superintendent and owner of the grove, inof Omniscience itself can see. Business men talk of forms us that only two picnics there have exceeded it, some approvingly, some hopefully, and many quite this in numbers-one of these was the union of seven Universalist Societies, and the other was the terests, or it may put them down; it may cut off the picuic of the State Temperance Society, last fourth

The exercises at the stand commenced in about tell; it is all a speculation,-it is a path that no half-an-hour after the arrival of the party in the grove. The meeting was called to order by Dr. But it is not questioned that it is going to benefit Gardner, who congratulated them on the number the world at large. That is the great and emphatic present, and hoped that Prof. Felton's health would soon be restored, so that he might return from Eufraternity of the peoples is not such a day dream as rope, where he is now sojourning, to continue his has been supposed. We repeat, that so grand an good work for the cause of Spiritualism, which would, he thought, if continued with his former skill and perseverance, soon make so many Spiritualists, that Abington grove could not hold them. He called for a nomination for presiding officer for the day, and EDWIN Young, of Quincy, was chosen.

Upon taking the chair, Mr. Young thanked those Wednesday, the "Journal" says there were twenty present for the partiality of the choice, and promised to perform the duties incumbent upon the position to The same paper, noticing the excursion of the which he had been elevated, to the best of his ability.

The mass assembled then united in singing the

Loring Moody, of Charlestown, was called upon to break the ice." He said that Spiritualists, of all men on earth, should be the last to wait, at such a time, for the ice to be broken, or to allow any ice to no intention of making a speech, but only to "serve the Lord," as a tract distributor, and to unite with his brothers and sisters in a general "good time;" advised all to put themselves into a receptive condiall the ice from their souls for that day. He gids somebody had characterised Christianity as the highest type of manhood, but he wanted no artificial partition to separate himself-from the rest of mankind. It was enough for him to know that they all were of a common brotherhood, and children of the same great Father. He hoped these few remarks might crack up the ice of conventionalism, and that their barks could now smoothly glide along the stream of thought.

Mr. Wheeler, a trance-speaker, of New Bedford, was next introduced. He said, we stood upon the summit of the nineteenth century-the culminating point of civilization; we have just seen the consummation of that grand international enterprise which unites the old world and the new in a common brotherhood. But in the successes of each new invention, mankind loses sight of his immortal soul, of the angel spheres, and of the God which permeates them ail; and now he must stop and reach forward for that realization of spirit-life, which natural science could never give him. We are now inaugurating a new era. While the electric current carries its messages from continent to continent, a higher telegraph carries its happy burden from the angelspheres to the children of earth; and man has but to put himself into a receptive condition, to receive from the skies that heaven-born truth which shall

make him free indeed. Miss Magoun was next presented to the audience. She prefaced her address by an humble petition to the Futher of Life. She said : Truth, in great waves, like the breathing of the mighty ocean, is rolling over you, and bringing to you the glorious consciousness that the dear departed are ever around you. When you go away from here, may you carry with you to your homes some rare gems of truth sheltered in your souls, which never felt them before. She then improvised a poem of considerable merit.

Mr. John C. Cluer introduced himself, and gave an amusing account of his trials and persecutions, and observed that if Jesus Christ, of Nazareth, should venture to reprimand the scribes and pharisees of Boston, he would be soon conducted to the stationhouse by men with badges on their left breasts. Spiritualism was called of the Devil, and the Boston Courier says all who believe in it should be imprisoned; but all the clergymen in Christendom, with their three thousand dollar salarles, brimstone Committee of Arrangements-Calvin Hall, Emily and small-talk, will never make strong, carnest humanity take the hack-track. He said, Do you think the people in Ann street are any worse than those in Beacon street? They are not half so bad. I believe, when the Eternal Father settles his account circumstances of their birth and life, the decision will be in favor of the poor, degraded ones, whose only lesson in human charity and universal brotherhood is read on the walls or through the bars of the cell, to which their crimes have doomed them. He related instances which had come under his notice In our next paper we shall publish the history of in the courts of our city, where the rights of the his lady's mediumship, prepared by Dr. Child. Mrs. poor had been deemed too small to be respected, and Cooper was the first medium for physical manifesta. said that the man who didn't feel ugly at such things, tions in Boston, and for writing, and is still exercising | was n't a good man. It having been remarked that

its just the place for them; they'll grow better by spending a single day in such a company as this, woman's eyes gushed the tears of sympathy.

which to point scorn's slow, unmoving finger.

ing of another familiar air, H. B. Storer of New and the sea. Irresistible logic and dourning clo-Haven, Conn., took the stund. He said he would quence have oracles in the factory and by the forge. gladly throw open the windows of his soul, that they Intricate problems are solved by wheels, and shut-He alluded in touching language to his angel-mother. ries in the creations of Art, with illustrations on He spoke of her as the dearest friend he ever had wood, and stone, and steel. Some men paint poems: his footsteps, and the being through whom he as- piles; and others still work out fervent prayers, and cended up to his Heavenly Father. He dwelt with live, great gospels of Righteousness and Peace on pathos on the early history of his childhood. When earth, his mother died, he thought her test forever; but In some of these particulars the accredited reprewhen spirits came back to earth, and man had sentatives of the New York Wire Railway Company learned to talk with them, he found heavenly conso- are competent teachers, who have already acquired lation in her presence once again, and the satisfact an enviable distinction. They are employed to de. usked, What is salvation? Who would not suffer for after no man presumes to dispute their solid arguswer the desires of all.

and spoke of the usefulness of Spiritualism, giving bars" we need not expect that they will be let down many interesting items from his own experience- in a hurry. From every spear-head they seem to the bringing to life of a child, in answer to the utter a sort of epiphonema, which, being freely transprayer of a mother; premonitions of shipwreck and lated, means, "You can't get over this fence!" and death; astonishing tests through Mr. Mansfield, etc., whoever tries the experiment will be sure to find

which partook, almost, of the marvellous. a vice, considering the way it is getting squeezed. !

ton. He called upon Spiritualists to make their be the nursery, while the "Lyre Bedstead" is a vesper lief practical, and live up to the standard of the hymn or a sonnet to Repose. highest humanity.

Mr. Gurney, of Hanson, was then announced, to explain to the audience a diagram which hung upon the platform. He labored, he said, under disadvantages, in addressing them, being but a mechanic, and unused to the rostrum. From man's centre there are three parts to the outside-first, procrastination and fear, whose consequence is death; second, public opinion, the result of which was the loss of moral dignity and manhood; third, man's individual action. martyrdom is followed by his canonization.

ept from the most unquestionable evidence.

Mrs. Young, of Quincy, in the trance condition, damning. I refer to the Atlantic Telegraph. delivered a short address, speaking for an immortal who once dwelt in earth life, and in a mortal form. falsity of Spiritualism is equally powerful in proof She said Spiritualism was a great work, and man- of the falsity of this new imposition. kind would yet thank God for His kingdom thus dis- First, let me declare that the Bible is our only guide. played on earth.

Dr. Gardner was then called for, and come forward. to recount the recollections of former times, when he and maidens, but likewise our old men and matrons. sallied out, like Saul of Tarsus, to persecute the new I am constrained to cry, "Oh, Lord, how long." dispensation, and like him, was converted into one of its warmest defenders. It was ten years ago that tion between the two continents, I have difigently Spiritualism first made its appearance, and we see and prayerfully examined the scriptures of the Old millions converted to the new truth within those ten and New Testaments with a view to know the truth short years. At this ratio, what would ten years of the matter. The result is, I find no countenance death in victory, and we have no more need of ministers to scare souls into salvation. Spiritualism the possibility of such a means of communication tends to open our souls to a true conception of ourselves, of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. He prophesied that in ten years more, man would no longer need the telegraphic wires to trans. young converts from the true way and lead them mit messages, but would have the faculty of convey unto-death .- It-is-true-the-Bible-intimates that

Mr. Newton then read further extracts from the Boston Courier, for the edification of the audience. after which the President of the day concluded the exercises by some appropriate and healthy remarks. and the audience again separated, to enjoy themsclves elsewhere.

About an hour before the arrival of the train to was varied by the introduction of a pleasant little package on its way? Tell me that, ye whose brains shower, and hundreds took refuge in the town-house, are addled with this thing, forgetting what the pious near at hand.

It was nearly sunset when the train arrived at the grove, and when it reached the city again, the hour had come when

"Evening lets her curtain down, And plus it with a star."

During the homeward trip we were entertained by Home, sweet home," and other tunes, which welled ists maintain. from the hearts up through the lips of many a deepeyed beauty, who caught inspiration from the golden

"Glorious, as if a glimpse were given.
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star,
Of sunset's holy hour, afar," -

ind poured it out in song.

and care, and anxiety, and its repetition, on the loth all a fabrication. hundreds.

When a man is not liked whatever he does is fessors, and deny the evidence. amiss. It is an easy matter for those who believe in the

RELATIONS OF ART TO IRON.

They are not alone teachers who write books for than they would in a hell fire church in six years." the world. The public instructors do not all lecture He closed with an allusion to his mother in the to classes in the University, or listen to the recitaangel-world, in language which touched a tender nerve tions of the Common School room. There are nebla in every bosom, and into many a noble man's and teachers of Humanity, who give utterance to living ideas in the censeless labor of the hands. Great Mr. A. C. Robinson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., folllowed, thoughts and deeds of moral heroism assume their in a brief trance address, congratulating the Spirit- places and relations in the drama of our daily life. ualists on the beauty and sublimity of their faith, There are Sublime Orations, Airy Fantasias, Grand in its purity; and urging them to gauge their lives | Marches, and Solemn Refrains, to be heard and seen by it. so that their opponents might find no flaw, at along the highway of the nations; Impressive Lectures in the Locomotive and the Telegraph; and It was then, at half-past twelve, voted to adjourn beautiful essays in the green slopes and fruitful for an hour, after which intermission, and the sing- vineyards that are spread out between the mountain might see what was struggling within for utterance. tles, and spindles. Genius leaves instructive histowhile on earth, and now she was the guardian of others give music an enduring form in stately Gothic

tion that he should never part from her more. He fine the limits of the real estates of men, and therea few years the miseries and sufferings of this earth-ments by breaking over the line. He should, indeed. life, to enjoy an eternity in heaven. He would not be a strong man who even attempts to resist or to have salvation for a select few, but would share with warp the forms of ideas which carry so much weight all what he asked for himself, and God, who is more with them. The unbroken and unyielding lines of of goodness than mortal can comprehend, will an- their pointed logic are so palpably and sharply defined, as to preclude the acceptance of any and all Mr. Eben B. Wilson, of Toronto, followed Mr. S., false constructions. When those men "put up the himself empaled.

Mr. A. E. Newton, editor of the Spiritual Age, I have intimated that Hutchinson and Wickernext addressed the audience. He gave some interesham are public teachers. They are numbered esting reminiscences of the first movement among among the historians of the New Iron Age, whose the Spiritualists of Boston, a few years ago, and works will inevitably endure. They are also poets contrasted it with the present time, when he saw so and dramatists. That magnificent Iron Structure many thousands around him, enjoying cuch other over the way, with its massive columns and Ionic and themselves at a spiritual pienic. He said that Capitals, is an epic, with incidents, characters, and when Mr. Mansfield was in Vermont, the people, machinery, full of interest to the practical man. hearing of it flocked in to him by carriage loads. He The principal acts and the more attractive sanes in read accounts of the prosperity of the cause from the Iron Business, constitute their drama of "The various papers. He said that the Boston Courier Times," whose epologue is the latest invention. In still characterized the movement as an imposition the great theatre of the Iron Workers everything and a vice, and was reminded by a voice from the has a place and a meaning. That fence is an emaudience, that the Courier could well afford to call it phatic protest, but the open Gate and the unoccupied Chair, are cordial invitations; the Cradle and the The next speaker was Mr. J. A. Harris, of Abing. Crib are precious little episodes in the life-scenes of

> THE TWO STUPENDOUS DELUSIONS: SPIRITUALISM AND THE OCEAN TELE-GRAPH.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR SNAILL TO A FRIEND.

SWAMP COTTAGE, August 20, 1858.

JACOB JINKE: MY DEAR SIR-

You are perfectly whose immediate consequence is persecution, but aware that I have opposed spiritual manifestations, afterward comes the recognition of his faith-his and have agreed with my learned friends at Cambridge in pronouncing what is technically called Mr. Lincoln, of Boston, characterized Spiritualism "Modern Spiritualism" to be a "Stupendous Deluas the greatest work that ever engrossed the mind sion." Is it not a most lamentable indication of the of man. Under its dispensation would wisdom and sad degeneracy of mankind that I, a man of philolove be united. Christ was not above temptation, sophic mind and erudite acumen, having already deand what marvel, then, that mankind sometimes molished one delusion, proved most conclusively fall. Many place too much reliance upon the mes. Spiritualism to be of the evil one, and, by my imsages purporting to come from the spirit-laud; let mense labors saved millons of my fellow-creatures them weigh everything carefully, and judge truth- from a hell of endless torment, should find it necesfully, of what comes, and never take for truth, ex- sary to again lift up my voice and warn them of the danger of another delusion equally as great and

The evidence I have already cited in proof of the

Oh, when I think of this, and see how new fangled notions are leading astray not only our young men Since the first mention of a telegraphic communicamore bring forth? Spiritualism has swallowed up of it. Let me ask the devout Bible worshiper, with this fact in mind, how he can reasonably believe in as the advocates of the Atlantic Telegraphic Theory say does now actually exist? The whole affair is a falsity, a delusion, a scheme of the evil one to decoy ing them on the wings of thought to the ends of the knowledge shall be extended to the ends of the earth. but that passage refers to the dissemination of Calvinism by the going out of devoted missionaries. who, called of God, fice to the uttermost parts of the earth with Bibles and tracts for the souls of the heathen and abundant supplies of New England rum for their bodies.

Again, what proof have we that these communications, purporting to come from the other side do arry the multitude back to Boston, the programme actually come from there? Not any. Who sees the King Soloman said, there is no new thing under the sun. The past has no mention of such communication. History alludes to signals placed at distances of a mile or so, but to suppose a communication to come eighteen hundred or two thousand miles, and that, too, under water, is more difficult to believe than that a dead man can speak, as these. Spiritual-

The idea is preposterous!

The other evening I met half a dozen eminent Professors at Cambridge, and I broashed the subject of this much talked of telegraph. No sooner had I done so, than Professor Q. sprang to his feet and declared the whole thing impossible. Another Professor, distinguished throughout all Christendom for his This day will no doubt be looked back to as a green astute reasoning and philosophical deductions from spet in memory, drowded in between the days of toil, causes to effects, remarked, very ceelly, that it was

of September, will be ardently looked forward to by Now, were all the world to tell me this telegraphic communication is true, and produce positive evidence of its truth, I would believe these celebrated Pro-

sion. Let a committee of eighty or one hundred Death, welcomes Immortality to the home of earth's eminent mathematicians, politicians and rhetoricians loved ones, and, whispering peace to the troubled be appointed, and let them thoroughly test the sub- soul, rises from the dust to the bright fields of spirit-

rope, (for what virtue is their in a wire, that a rope remain, a willing laborer in the field, does not likewise possess?) and if they could not communicate through that rope, the committee, without further Investigation, should declare the whole thing a most nefarious humbug. Then, again, these Atlantic Telegraph operators have their wire laid under the water, all out of sight. Does not this fact imply deceit? Do not the Scriptures allude very the lecture was got up expressly to stop a revival pointedly to these very men, at this very time, to this very subject, when they speak of deeds of evil must have some Christian feeling, being yourself a being done in secret? Not only would I insist on member of a Christian Church, I think it proper to having them use a rope for their operations, but also that the rope be laid on the top of the water, in full of feet below its surface.

d'here are other restrictions that I would impose upon the working of the telegraph, so called, but I little in your lecture which cannot be found in his need not mention them here; suffice it to say, that works.) having the good of mankind at heart, I offer my services gratuitously to the committee, pledging myself to expose the delusion, by proving, in the first place, that the telegraph does not exist, because a communi- Christ everywhere cast out devils and unclean spirits cation cannot be transmitted over or through a rope; and, in the second place, that if it does exist, it is of tist Church, said the Bible was a book full of Spirit-Satanic origin, and should be discountenanced by all | ualism, and Jesus Christ was the elder brother of good men, because no mention of it is made in the the spirits. revealed word of God, which word we adopt as our only guide of rule and practice.

I think it high time that an end should come to these monstrous delusions, or clse, I greatly fear, an graphism are twin delusions-sisters of one family-The one pretends to furnish means by which we can | you, or the "elder brother"? correspond with another continent; the other, equal inhabitants of another world. Both pretend to be Mary Magdalen had seven! governed by certain fixed laws, without obedience to conduct messages from continent to continent, dethe sparrows?-and he, who, as a medium of communication between this and the spiritual world, also declares the same, and asks to be fed and clothed by those who avail themselves of his services. Oh. the "elder brother" said, "Whatsoever kingdom is the avariciousness of man! The wickedness of this divided against itself cannot stand." age! The depravity of the human heart!

That these stupendous delusions will have an end, and that right speedily, I have no doubt, for the pared for the devil and his angels. You said that Lord will not permit them to continue working ill all should be restored. Sir, some may believe you, against the elect. For a consummation so devoutly instead of Jesus Christ, and find, too late, that reto be wished, let us all labor. Our colleges will storation is false. The Bible nowhere teaches restornobly do their part; our distinguished professors, ation—the "elder brother" denies it squarely, as of whom I humbly admit I am one, will bring all above. Or, if you say the devil means humanity, their power of argument to the work, and destroy and his angels means whatever you please to have the idea even of an ocean telegraph-annihilate it it mean, then humanity shall go away into everlastfrom the earth, and from the minds of men as ing punishment, just the same; all will be lost in thoroughly, masterly, conclusively, radically and one case; in the other, only the wicked. completely, as they did the theory that spirits, mere nothings, can rap on tables and write on papers.

The results of these delusions are unparalleled in the annuls of atrocities and catastrophies. An evel called "the elder brother of all the spirits." You ning paper has just been placed in my hands, in said you did not come to break up the revival, and which I read of the sad death of a promising young man, by the Atlantic telegraph. It appears that in come, or believed your doctrine, nor can a revival be reaching from a stage, to hand to a friend a paper carried on where your doctrine is strictly adhered to. containing the Queen's message, he lost his balance, and was suddenly precipitated to the ground. This is but one of tens of millions of instances.

Sin! Spiritualism is filling our lunatic asylums! Telegraphism is filling our graves!

Yours, confidingly, PROFESSOR SNAILL.

of Swamp Cottage.

REV. S. D. CHURCH, AND SPIRITUALISM. · WEST BRIDGEWATER, Aug. 3, 1858.

Elitors Banner of Light:

welcome guest; friends greet me on every hand, and than that Jesus Christ has taught, I would say, in smiles are shed upon my spirit as dew upon the Bible language, "let him be cursed." flowers. The cause of Spiritualism is rolling on in triumph-true, it meets with seeming obstacles, but the ministers of the gospel, as Aaron's rod swallowed in reality they seem, for Truth being mighty, it must up the magicians' rods. You sneered at their semiconquer.

I have, in my travels as a lecturer, met many who lieved in Christ to come and cast out devils. All oppose, but none more openly than a Rev. gentleman this sounded like Goliah, of Gath. of North Bridgewater, and one in Taunton, both of our own State. The former remarked, a few Sabbaths since in his pulpit, that "if the Spiritualists "And the devil said, thou shalt not surely die."-a have Miss Rosa T. Amedey to guide them, they would never conquer;" thus you see, although he sense. would consider it sacrilegious for me to enter the "sacred desk," yet my humble name served as an item to fill the vacuum in his sermon. I addressed the New Testament claims that he has come. He him relative to the matter, expressing my desire that claims to be the Messiah of God. He spake as never he should, (if, after due investigation, he proved it a man spake—he lived as never man lived—he died as delusion,) do all he could to annihilate it, and also convince me that I was a false prophet. I have, as cended into heaven as never man ascended, and he yet, failed to receive an answer, and must, therefore, is not only "elder brother," but Lord of All. He is conclude either that the Rev. gentleman has not in- King of Klngs and Lord of Lords-the Almighty. vestigated, or else, like the Harvard Faculty, he has I entreat you to turn back again to him from whom discovered, but is not quite ready to present the re- thou hast backslidden-if, indeed, you ever knew sult of the same. The latter member of the clergy him. referred to, presents himself to your readers in the letter I place at your disposal; it was addressed, as you will observe, to Harrison Tucker, of West Bridge- spirits, they must be evil, for they deny the Lord, set water-a gentleman who has just entered into the aside his precious blood which was split for mau. field of media-action, and one whom, from practical If you are conscious of what you are saying, you will acquaintance, I can speak of as being honest, mod- have a fearful account to render to your God. If not est, and in every way worthy the public confidence. Were your readers to judge of him from the character given him by the Rev. S. D. Church, he would fade from the canvass of Truth-but they are doubtless accustomed to such misrepresentations.

Having received from the intelligences controlling Mr. T- a statement of what was said under the circumetances referred to, I would correct a few of the assertions therein made. These also are at your disposal. Perchance, after an examination of the same, some light may be thrown upon the facts as they really exist.

Thus is the stronghold of Soul-Truth being assaulted; but, knowing in whom all true Spiritualists be tying a knot in a cord of wood. lieve, it is as naught. May the "Harmonial Age" soon dawn, when all mankind shall awake, and list he is a bit of a buck.

reality of the telegraph, to prove that it is no delu- the music from the Better Land, that, dethroning life, where the flowers fade not, and progression These tolegraphists persist in employing a wire opes the portals of her church, inviting in all naover or through which to send their communications. tions of the earth to worship. Trusting your Ban-I would have this committee oblige them to use a ner may long float from the spire of that church, I

ROSA T. AMEDEY.

TAUNTON, MASS., July, 1858.

Harrison Tucker:

DEAR SIR-I had the opportunity of hearing you deliver a lecture on the subject of Spiritualism. As which was in progress in our midst, and as you write you on the subject.

· 1. What evidence have you that spirits from heaview of the committee, and not hid away thousands ven speak through you? Does not Andrew J. Davis speak in the same manner as you, through the power of clairvoyance? (and, let me add, you advanced but

2. Are we to set aside the Bible because you and others think spirits speak through you and them? The Bible everywhere condemns witchcraft; Jesus -and yet you, in your lecture at the Free-will Bap-

You said that all spirits were goodo-that you had the same in you that possessed the bodies of men and women in ancient times. If this be so, can you so far set aside the authority of the Bible, and Jesus end will come to the world. Spiritualism and tele- Christ, the "elder brother," as to allow yourself to be thus possessed? Jesus Christ cast out devils; two caps to one climax, and that climax, Humbug. | you said there was no devilt. Which can we believe,

You olaim to be possessed, when speaking, of five facilities whereby to hold communication with the just such spirits; as the "elder brother" cast out.

You said in the lecture, what the people of ancient which, no communication can be had. Both ask us times could not understand, they ascribed to spirits; to comply with the requirements of those laws, if we in these times they call such humbugs. If the anwould fairly, honorably and satisfactorily test the cients were humbugged, and you have the same postruth of their respective theories. Both are money. session that they had, are we not humbugged also? making concerns. The man who devotes his time to You said that there was no devil-that Christ meant humanity, when he said devil; how, then, could he clares it to be impossible to live without the means cast out humanities? Out of one he cast seven, and of living, when one would suppose that if his occu- out of another he cast a legion of humanities! And potion is approved of God, and for the good of man, you claim to be possessed of the same spirits which God would provide for him-does not be provide for possessed men of ancient times-what, possessed of five humanities?

> You said that the present revival was of God, and that those who opposed it were of God also. Now,

The "elder brother" said repeatedly that the wicked should go away into everlasting punishment, pre-

In taking the positions you took when with us, you set yourself squarely against the Bible which you extolled, and against Jesus Christ, whom you yet none but opposers of religion desired to he

At the Eddie Lincoln school house , you affirmed that Jesus Christ died neither for a part, nor all, but because he could not help himself.§ This is flatly contradictory to his own words, as any man can see by reading them. Says he, "I could pray to the Father, and he would presently send me more than twelve legion of angels." "I lay down my life, and I will take it up again; no man taketh it from me." What manner of spirits must those be, who extol Jesus Christ as "elder brother," and then degrade him by contradicting all that he says? What would you think of me—a professed Christian—should I "deny Sins-Having left the noise and dust of the city the Lord that bought me?" As for me, though an for a short time, I find myself mid Nature's halls a angel from heaven should teach any other gospel

> Again, you said Spiritualism would swallow up naries of learning us and called upon all'who be-

> Your whole preaching is, when summed up, the same that we read of in the Bible, in a certain place, doctrine contradicted by both Bible and common

Dear sir, Jesus Christ claims to be of divine authority; the Old Testament foretold of his coming; never man died-he rose as never man rose-he as-

If you speak by clairvoyance, it cannot be believed when it so palpably contradicts itself. If it be conscious, beware what you do !

Yours, most truly, S. D. CHUROII.

o Had some good in them, was the language used.

† No personal devil.

† Controlled by a circle of five spirits—not evil, however.

† The house in which he lectured.

§ But because the Jews were afraid of his power in destroying their temple, or religious opinions.

• False. Mr. T. said that seminaries of learning were not all-powerful, although very beneficial in their effects upon the community.

The man who plays at once on the trump of fame and the horn of a dilemma, got his first idea of music on hearing a hay-cook crow, while he was

Why is a dandy like a venison steak? Because

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Mr. Tiffany's Letter in the Banner, and the New York thereon—A New Movement of the Conference—Tests They may be addressed in the same manner. at Munson's Rooms-Personal.

New York, August 21, 1859.

ny's recent article on said Conference, in which, ling himself much about mittens to soften his holdensued, in which Drs. Orton, Massey, Coles and others, participated. Dr. Gray was courteous and thought Mr. T. had any just grounds of complaint. He said, It had not been his habit to criticise men, but their opinions. In the case of Mr. Tiffany he had deviated from this rule, and had charged that Mr. T. was endeavoring to construct a new plan of authoritarian interpretation of spirit communications. He therefore tendered a public apology to Mr. T. He had not at the time fully read Mr. T.'s article, and was voxed at the extracts given in the Oberlin paper, and the use there made of them.

This was very handsome on the part of Dr. G. and left a most favorable impression. He, however, contended that Mr. T. had misunderstood his views, and had put words in his mouth which he never uttered. He did make a distinction, and a wide one, between good and evil-virtue and vice. But this difference, while Mr. T. and the old school hold it to be an essential elementary difference in the love principle of our nature, he regarded as one of degree, as to the orderly unfoldment or growth. All our loves, in their germinal aspect, he considered holy; and their orderly manifestation, or the reverse, depending on the degree of comprehension one has, as to the proper methods of their gratification; and this in turn, depends on organization and evenness of balance. The difference between orderly and disorderly conduct, in this scheme, was as real as in the other. The difference was the same as that between infancy and manhood. He did not believe that vice was necessary to the virtuous, nor to the vicious; and had never said this. But he did not believe in evil, in the sense of a positive creative source. Our highest ideas of crime and punishment are embodied in the teachings of the Man of Nazareth. But if we were perfect, what would there boleft for us to do? Unfoldment is our destiny forever. The essence within is divinely pure The de sire for happiness is the central motive with all. Diseased conditions of body, and bad influences, make the difference between men. In infancy the animal part is only operative. The infant knows only enough to eat and drink. As he develops, he comes into the spiritual; and Adam and Eve, after what is called the fall, were more respectable, as

specimens of humanity, than they were before. As to the reliability of so-called spirit-communications. Dr. G. said no one had raised a voice of warning more frequently than himseif. But here he and Mr. Tiffany disagree, for he believes that the false and foolish communications do not come from the spirit-world at all, but are produced by the action of mind on mind on this plane. He might be mistaken in this, but he demanded proof of those who claim that they come from the spirit-world. Nothing should be referred to spirits that can be accounted for on this plane.

I am thus particular in stating Dr. Gray' tions, both because he represents a large class of intellectual Spiritualists, in his views, and because it is due to him that the main points of his reply to Mr. Tiffany, should be placed before the readers of the Banner.

Dr. G.'s views, as thus re-avowed, were sharply criticised. Dr. Orton drew a distinction between impurity, and a simple lack of development. The one is rottenness, the other lack of growth. The infant, instead of beginning in the natural, and developing into the spiritual, begins in the celestial. It inhales an atmosphere of love, and draws its life from it. It begins existence on the highest and most interior plane of spiritual being. As it grows, it comes out into the natural, the animal, and its loves are contaminated and perverted; and while that perversion remains, no amount of development, of mental growth and knowledge, will rectify the evil. His growth is not growth, but rottenness. Ilis mind may shine like a star, but his spirit stinks; and the further he develops in that direction, the worse it will be for him. He has got to become a little child again-go back into his loves, and set them right, and re-commence the journey of life at the point where he diverged from the path.

Several members of the Conference expressed the opinion that the position taken by 14. Gray, with respect to false communications, giving them a mundane origin, destroys the reliability of all communications. He was asked for his evidence that any spirit communications, so-called, come from the spirit-

Dr. Gray replied, that Spiritualism must rest for ts proof on the physical manifestations. The trancestateris collateral evidence. An eye to see two hundred miles, when the external eye is closed, proves an internal organization; and this is an evidence of immortality; for this inner structure would seem to have been made in vain, unless it is to have a continuous life. He had seen a human hand-a ninth hand-exhibited, when but four persons were at the table; he had also seen Henry Gordon carried sixty or seventy feet through the air, in his own parlors, at such a height that he could only touch him with the tips of his fingers. The Doctor was asked for evidence to show that he was not laboring under an hallucination, at the time, and replied, that he was not a psychological subject. The majority of the Conference, however, seemed to think, that the evidence is just as good in one case, as in the otherthat if good communications, claiming to be spiritual. are accepted as coming from the spirit world bad ones, under like circumstances, ought also to be.

An effort is now to be made to carry out more fully than heretofore, the purposes of the New York Conlished in our several journals. The list will remain open until the 20th of September; and up to that time, friends in any part of the world feeling an in- The rebels had returned in force to the jungles of terest in our discussions, are invited to forward ques- Jugdispore. Gen. Whitlock's force had captured tions for the consideration of the committee. They Tierouau.

may be addressed to Dr. J. R. Orton, No. 5 Great Jones street. These questions will be numbered in their order; and the friends abroad are also invited to forward brief papers, on the several topics as they come up, to be read before the Conference, and an Conference - Dr. Gray's explanation - Discussion abstract of them to be embodied in the reports.

Munson's circles are still a centre of interest. We can well imagine the surprise of a skeptic, on calling Messus. Entrons -At the last week's session of at his rooms, and witnessing the marvels that occur the New York Conference, Dr. Gray introduced a there. Perhaps he sees only some of the minor copy of the Banner of Light, containing Mr. Tiffa- wonders. Perhaps only this, that I heard spoken of there yesterday. Ho sits down, and Mrs. Hazen you will recollect, the Ohioan handles Drs. Gray and commences her beautiful communications through Hallack, and some of their opinions, without troub- symbols. Among the rest, she mentions and particularly describes a female, whom he at once recog-Dr. Gray read a large part of the article, interspers | nizes; and, at the same instant, Mrs. Ostrander ing the reading with comments; and a lively debate writes but her name. The effect is magical, and the test conclusive.

Mrs. llatch, I regret to learn, is in ill health. kindly toward Mr. Tiffany, and, with his usual She, the Doctor and her mother, have been spending frankness, made the amende honorable, so far as he a few days in this city, or rather in Brooklyn; but now, I learn, she has retired to Hopedale for a time, for the sake of quiet and repose.

Dr. Hallock speaks to morrow at Clinton Hall. Mrs. Coles fills the desk at Lamartine Hall. Youk.

The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER:-Poetry--A tribute to Herbert, by Lita II. Barney; Alamontade--a splendid story, full of purity and philosophy-translated from the German of Zschokke, by Cora Wilburn; Poetry-The Dencon's Masterpiece, from the Atlantic Monthly for September, and the conclusion of "My Step-Mother;" Original Poetry; The Experiences of an Old Nurse, No. 2, of a series of Sketches; A Remarkable Case of Healing in 1743; Editorials, Correspondence, &c.; Messenger Department; Life Eternal, part eleventh; Answers to an Inquirer, No. 9; Miracles; Letter from Cincinnati; The Communications in the Banner; Letters from Franklin, N. H., and Providence, R. I. On the 8th page will be found a condensed Report of the Spiritualists' Convention at Plymouth-quite an interesting affair, judging by the report. Elder Brewster's 1650 Sermon is especially noticeable, as showing what progress there has been in religion as well as in all other things pertaining to, or intended for, man's welfare.

The balance of the cable remaining on board the Ningara has been bought by a firm in New York, and is to be cut up into small sections, and sold to those who wish to preserve keepsakes of the greatest enterprise of the nineteenth century. Specimens are to be sent gratuitiously to all the college libraries in the Union, and also to each and every telegraph company now in existence.

35 We hope our readers will not overlook the article from Prof. Snanl, an interested individual who labors unremittingly for his adopted behef; whatever may be his ideality, he is sufficiently prac-

Morein Sympathy .- The Evening Gazette speaks truly, when it says that there is too great a proneness in the community to expend a large amount of sympathy upon those whose repeated ill conduct leads to the finale of either disgrace or death.

Wednesday, September 1st, is the day set apart by England and the United States for the grand Atlantic Cable celebration.

On our third page-under the caption of "The Experiences of an Old Nurse"-may be found an amusing local sketch, entitled "THE Two GROSTS."

Advices received at Curacao from St. Domingo, inlicate another revolution at hand in that republic, Gen. Santana being opposed to the nominee for the Presidency.

Gold has been discovered in a stream in Northfield, Vt. Two Californians are reported to have collected in one week an amount valued at \$66.

What word is there of five letters, from which, if you take away two, six still remain? Sixty.

LARGE STEAMER ON THE NAMENT ROUTE.-To accommodate the large number of daily visitors to Nahant, the swift and commodious steamer Massachusetts, accommodating one thousand passengers. has been engaged to supply the place of the Nelly Baker during her detention for repairs. The evening trip from Boston at 71-4 o'clock will be resumed, and all the regular trips made as usual, including four trips on Sunday.

A New York physician states that not only have there been quite a number of cases of yellow fever on Staten Island outside of the quarantine limits, but that one case exists in a populous neighborhood in the city.

A report of the Picnic at Abington will be found on the 4th page.

FOREIGN.-By the arrival of the Anglo-Saxon at Quebec, August 22, we have four days later news from Europe.

There has been great anxiety in regard to the success of the Atlantic cable. The first regular message from Newfoundland was received at Valentia on the night of the 9th. The speed over the cable is said to be greater than was attained at the trial at Plymouth, and the current apparently as strong. Shares continue to be quoted at about £900. No messages, except from the two governments, can be sent during the electrical experiments, which are expected to occupy several weeks.

The London Times reviews editorially the lamentable condition of Mexico, and concludes as follows:-It seems there is nothing left for the United States but to consummate the work they have begun, and annex the land of Montezuma and Cortez.

As the steamship Arabia was leaving Liverpool for New York, on the 7th, an absconder from New York, named James Fitten, who was doubling on his pursuers, by returning to America, was arrested by the police, and lodged in juil. Nearly 130,000 in American securities were found on his person.

The French papers teein with accounts of the Cherbourg fetes, just concluded. At the banquet on board the Bretagne, Napoleon, in proposing Victoria's health, made a very amicable speech, to which Prince Albert responded, and expressed the most friendly sentiments on behalf of the Queen.

The news from China is to the 23d of June. The Pei ho gunboats had advanced to Tien Sin without meeting any opposition, and now command both the river and the great canal. The English and French ambassadors were located ashore, near Tien Sin. The American and Russian ambassadors had followed the allies up the river. A Mandarin of high rank, the second officer in the empire, had arrived ference. To this end a series of questions, relating from Pekin as a special commissioner to negotiate. to the philosophy and results of spiritual manifesta. Reinforcements continued to be disputched from tions, are to be arranged by a committee, and pubbeen murdered.

From India the news is of but little importance.

THE CABLE AND THE ENGLISH PRESS. The sensation produced in England on receiving the intelligence of the succersful laying of the Atlantic Cable was immense. The London Daily News of the 6th instant, says :

The oth of August will henceforth be celebrated as the day on which the Old and New World were brought into instantaneous communication by the triumph of mind over matter. In an age of marvels the most marvelous work of all has been effected. The wildest imagination of the wildest poet never ventured to play with such a wonder as this. The despised men of science, the patient questioners of anture, have found the means of freeing the subtle lightning confined in a few drops of water or a few grains of metal. They have laid a pathway for it to travel through the lowest, stillest depths of the Atlantic, far below the influence of wave and storm. The imprisoned spirit, freed from matter by thought, conveys its commands with the rapidity of its liberator. The same subtle spirit which directed Columbus to the shores of the New World now becomes man's messenger to carry his thoughts from one world to the other. The same power which made the needle point to the pole to lead the mariner over the pathless ocean, now conveys man's messages below its abyss with a rapidity that mocks even the flight of time.

The Shipping Gazette remarks that "the pursuits of the student of nature's laws are often looked upon as not likely to be productive of any utilitarian result, and yet the power of thinking acrose thousands of miles of ocan has been added to our primeval mental capabilities, simply by the fact that such men as Franklin, Morse, and Faraday, were prone to inquire into the philosophy of the common things of he world. Copper, zine, and oil of vitriol, are very rdinary substances, and yet by studying their properties the man of science can put a girdle of thought ound the world, and revolutionize all the affairs of

The Times of August 6th says :- " No event of ncient or modern times can vie with the importance of the great fact which we this day have the gratification of announcing to our readers—the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable. The announcement caused a great amount of excitement. Merchants. and every one engaged in trade and commerce, hailed the news with intense delight, and regarded the fact announced as more important than our Indian campaign, our offensive operations in China, or the naval and military demonstrations at Cherbourz. Pro-perly conducted, the Atlantic Telegraph will exerise an influence more important and beneficial than the armies and fleets of an hundred kingdoms."

ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR SEPTEMBER. This popular periodical is before the public. Its ontents are varied and quite interesting. The paper on "Eloquence" is a scholarly and entertaining production. "The Kinloch estate, and how it was settled," is the finishing of a fine story. "Ann Potter's Lesson," a Yankee story, keeps up the interest in that department of the Atlantic. Whittier has a piece of poetry in his pleasing vein. "Youth," Pintal," "Daphaides," "Blinois in Spring time," 'An Evening with the Telegraph Wires," and the paper on "Water Lilies," are all happy productions, and highly instructive.

The " Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is as lively

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak at Dover, Vt., Aug. 29th; Sutton, N. H., Sept. 5th; Stoddard, N. H., Sept. 12th ; Nashua, N. H., Sept. 19th ; Cambridgeport, Mass., Sept. 26th; Lawrence, O.t. 3d. Prof. Otis will take subscriptions for the Banner,

A. B. Whiting will lecture in Portland, Mc., on Sunday, Aug. 29th. He will attend calls to lecture during his stay in that vicinity.

Miss R. T. Amedey will lecture at East Bridgewater, ou Sunday, Aug. 29th.

SABBATH MEETINGS SUSPENDED.

Mr. Parker, whose sermons we have been reporthas taken a respite from his labors, which he will resume on the first Sabbath in September, when we shall recommence our reports.

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

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

True.-We have always been taught that spirits be have power to pass through material substances, such as " walls, buildings," &c. We have always been told by those who have passed to that state of existence, that material substances, were no hindrance to spirit organism. Carry your thoughts back to the relation of Christ's appearance to his disciples after his spirit had thrown off its material clothing, and the statements made above are corroborated. His disciples, for fear of the Jews, while the terrible scenes of the cruciffxion were yet fresh upon their minds, were assembled in an upper room, and the "doors were shut." From the peculiar circumstances attending the meeting, it may be inferred that the doors were fastened for safety. Yet the account says Jesus "stood in their midst." It seems by this that he had the power of entering a closed room, suddenly, unobserved. It does not say he appealed for admission, and was let in. However, there are spirits who are not aware of this power. Spirits who are earthly, and have never developed the spiritual man, but have lived to gratify the animal. These we sometimes see standing before redoor, waiting to be admitted by its open: ing. They seem to be chained to earth. Still the power exists there, and needs only to be developed. We will reserve your question until we resume our sittings, and will then let those who ought to be better able to answer than we, do so. Our opinion, from what we have seen and hearl. is given you above.

W. N. H., PHILADELPHIA .- We have little room for poetlo effusions, and those who write take their turn. Facts are what we want more than poetry-facts are what the public want most-poetry serves to make up variety and exalt the soul, but we cannot occupy too much space in each 'paper with it. Perhaps it would be well for us to notice receipt of communications, but we have never done so.

Special Notices.

NOTICE TO SPIRITUALISTS.

The Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity will hold a picuic at Harmony Grove, in Reading, on Wednesday, the 1st day of September next, and do most cordially invite their brethren and sisters in Boston and vicinity, and those in towns along the Boston and Maine Railroad, also all others who feel disposed, to meet them at the above mentioned time and place, in one general gathering of the friends of Spiritualism, and spend one day in the interchange of kind affection and lovo. Again we say, come one, come all; bring your speakers and neet us, and we will receive you with open arms and warm hearts, and spend the day in "the feast of reason and flow of

Should the day prove stormy, it will be holden on Thursday, the 2d, but, should both days be stormy, it will be omitted BNJAMIN BLD, JR., President of the Association.

MADAME DU BOYCE, MESMERIO. CLAIRVOYANT PHYSI-CIAN, from New York City, who has been so successful in the reatment of all diseases, especially of the Eye and Ear, is at the Marlboro' Hotel, Washington street, Boston. The Jy 81 affileted are invited to call. 8m,

The Messenger.

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

HINTS TO THE READER .- Under this head we shall publish HISTS TO THE BEADER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be "given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conxast, whose services are encasted exclusively for the Bander of Light. They are spoken while sho is in what is usually denominated. "The Trance State," the exact language being written down by us. They are not published on account of literary ment, but as tests of surfix communion. In these transits owners, but as

tests of spirit communion to these friends to whom they are Boldressed.
We hope to show that spirits carry too characteristics of

We hope to show that spirits early the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away wit the errome one notion that they are anything more than Fistil beings. We dedicte the public should see the quark world as described that their is sett as we does good in it, and not expect that porrity alone should world as the expect that porrity alone should world as the process. We ask the reader to receive useds there I Cattlies spirit, in these columns, that does not compart with his teason. Lach expresses so much of the lack of process—no more. Each can speak of his sown of as a new order of which he gives optimors in rich value to alone as not separate with the respective to a spirit given here. The spirit general most in a feet transition of the power and knowledge to have truth come tarough this channel. Perfection is not consider.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

We wish the free tals of specificalism, who is they read a finesdesire sough to state as some after publication as practical ble that we have received assurance of its truth, without to the out of the barne of the party who has written us. Do to the artiful comes one else townite us, but take the labor u, h y an own shoulders. Thus you will enable us to place additional proof before the public.

astational prior oscille in product.

2 unitiraces, George H. Wentworth, Father Durand, Benja-net, Weker, John H. Jigdon, Waliam Downes, Rev. Wilham Answorth, John Parker, Wilham Stephens, Pattick Murphy. A day Save Brown, Wallam Adiston, Patrick Pitzhenry, Carl Frank to rry to Unice David Residen White, William to Wil-Liel Wheeler, Hannah to Joshua Pike, James Fullayter, to sign Langdon, Landin, George W. Norris, Margaret Lewis,

ponymors Roje't Crawson, Stephen Hurd Betsey Newell John Locke. Win M'K iv, Stephen Grend Charles Hammond, Henry Web ville, Asa Wentworth, Wilham Homer, Charley Stavers, Mary Price, Charles Wokker, James Jen, Jonathan Russell, Julia Cartes, John Records, User, Sames Fern, Solicition (Research and Cartes, John Robert, Merchel Practs, W. E. Channing, Resnard Tricker, Mary E. C. to Enze, User's Smith, E. Franklitt, C. Witte, James Provers, Lazae Cass, John Wood and Se, David

Wasser, Mary Centus, Capt Winata, brown Jake Legmert, Mary Ann. Marden, Chart & On Oghom, John Fow, John D. Williams, Anon-ymors, Heram Looks

Rov. John Mooro.

I am not accustomed to controlling mediums, and should not have attempted it to-day, if I had not been called upon to answer certain questions. I purpose to answer/one of those questions to day, and me only, trusting my dear friends, who have thus calle tup in me, will pardon me for doing part, and not the whole.

The quastion I purpose to answer is this: Are there no many dwellers in earth life who are dead in trespasses and sins? No, they are not dead -they only sleep (sleep) to meath a cover of superstition, which cover, in time, will be thrown off, and they that sleep shall awake and come forth in newness of like, and rejoice in the God of their salvation.

Let us consider who they are, or who they may be, who are considered by some of the friends as dead in trespasses and sin. Are they found among that class who inhabit the dens of infamy and vice? Do they wark with the multitude at noon-day? Are they found sitting in high places, and receiving homage! Are they found beneath the pale of the church, huggive the mantle of Christianity? Yea, they may be found everywhere! Yet they are not dead, but asleer, and the time shall come when this sleep shall be tur own off, and they shall come forth to eat of better things. The church, for many long years, has been standing among the multitude, like a bencon light. Many have found therein a place of rest, and Lave hid down beneath its banner in happiness. And many have flown to it for shelter, because they had dyed their hands in impoent blood, robbed man-

kind of that which tool along can give.

The church may be said to be a stumbling black in the way of truth, and again it may be said to be a beacon-light leading to truth. To whom may it be a stumbling block? To those who cannot receive even the ight to be found therein. To whom is it a light? To these who can receive its light, and go on by it to other truths. To those who can receive that, and nothing more, it is a light.

Now there are many souls slumbering in the church; yea, a deep steep is fallen upon them; in vain the cry is going forth for them to arise; they he crust, they held not, their all is centered in earthly things. However, they may tell you they have a mansion in the skies, -they do not make that home beautiful. They are Asleep, and the time is night when they small sleep no more; when the star shall shine above them, and they shall sleep no more. Then ask no longer if there are those who are dead in trespasses and sin, who will never see, nor be brought to a knowledge of truth.

One child is as dear as another to the Great Parent of souls, and although one may not hear as quick as another, nor see as quick, yet in time all shall hear and sec. We cannot teach you that man, or the soul of man, is doomed to eternal punishment. We cannot teach you that one is to receive a blessing and another a curse. We cannot conceive of our God as s opertial.

But seek on, dear friends, for light and truth, and when the time shall come that those you think are dead shall see, thank the Great Spirit for the blessing he hath bestowed upon you and yours. June 25.

Charles Greene.

Hallo. Nobody knows me, and I know nobody. Everybody has something to do, but they are not always troubled by this thick atmosphere you have today. If one gets here, it is almost impossible to give anything, on account of it. Now the first that you want to know is, who I am, and all about me. Well,

To begin with, my name is Charles Greene. Now you-want-to-know-my-ngo-l-suppose-twenty-three-I died on the Isthmus. Now you want to know what ailed me-well, that's more than I can tell you. I got sick and died in two or three days.

When I was about, I used to sport it a little for a living. I have got folks somewhere, and I should like to know if I can't talk to them. I have a mother and a sister in Boston, I suppose-that is & they were when I left here and a brother on the ocean. What year is this? 1853! Then I've been dead three years. You see we have no time here, so I have to ask you a question, in order to answer yours.

I left \$2000 to a certain individual, who walks up and down the earth, and I wonder if I can't compel him to pay it over to those I have on earth. Now suppose my mother or sister gets this-they will say it is not me, for they have heard I got into a light, and died—that's a lie; I was siek, and died a natural death. I know I was bad enough, but this is straight and true. Another thing I want to correct—they heard I was put in prison, and sent out of the State-that was a lie. I was n't sent out of the State. All they have heard of me since I died, is totally false. I behaved myself better after I went away than before. I had many hard knocks, and I learned that one was better off with his friends than among strangers.

Now my mother is poor, and if I can benefit her, I shall do good. Next thing is, my things were never sent home. I do n't know what became of them. My mother thinks I might have had half-a-dozen valuable watches, because I had some before I left;

but I did not. Another thing-there was a letter wrote while I was sick, by a chum of mine-Ned Brown-from the western part of Now York; but it was directed wrong, and she never got it. She thinks I must have died, and that I died in some bad way, because

she thinks I did not write. My folks don't believe in this thing, so I'm in a bad way here. And I am a stranger—don't know you, nor you me; but I have given you a straight believe in this thing, so I'm in a but I do not deen it fit to do so at this time or piace, sound. Oh, if our good people would only see for and will postpone it for a better opportunity. I can-themselves, whether this be a wolf that endangers you, nor you me; but I have given you a straight of the say I was wedded to any creed, or that I had a the sheep, before they cry wolf, and denounce! My

story. They will understand me by my name, age, and time I died. They non't know about what I have said, for they have been told wrong. My mother might say, "Why do n't he say something about his father." Well, I do n't see him often, but he is here. I have a sister who died in infancy, in spiritland, too. My mother's name is Elizabeth Greene.

Settled belief in a hereafter. My friends may tell you I had a belief. Mine-tenths of the people of earth are situated as a was. Their friends may think they have a well-grounded faith; yet they cannot say, "I believe, beyond a doubt, that I shall exist beyond the mortal form."

My wife shambar and instance and instance. Father has been dead-let me see-1 guess it is My wife, she who remains upon earth, and is strivis, but not exactly—he 's on the coast of Africa.

but I have not seen her lately. She was here when were her friends, cannot immediately communicate

If I am called for, perhaps I will tell the name.

Thankful Smith.

My name was Thankful Smith. I am dead, and happy, too. Where's my folks? I lived in Newburyport; was most ninety years old. I dou't know and I can't talk good. Good bye. June 26.

Isaac Gordon.

Ha! coming here puts one in mind of a barber's shop. Everybody in his turn-first come, gets served first; last come, served last.

Well, well, it 's a long road I've come to day; if you don't believe it, travel over it. Well, I suppose you don't believe it, travel over it. Sen, I suppose you want to know what I come for, and who I am, and where I lived and died. If I've got cable enough I'llgravel over it, but this rig I don't under-

the fault lies in me.
Well, I'm dead, and I aint dead, neither. Pve got olks who may be a little glad to hear from me, but can't say; be it as it may, I've steered for home. five years wolf on a long truise. God! when I sailed I had no compass-struck out with no compass, but did not come back same way; got one in the part I went to. My name-Ike, or Isaac Gor I will now leave you, first leaving blessings again don-sometimes they called me Ned, because there for my friends, and asking of you to publish this in were two lkes aboard-not two spikes-did you get your own good time.

I was born in Gardner, Maine; might have lived! there ten years; my father died, and mother went to Portland, to keep boarders-then went to New York, to be housekeeper to an old cuss there. She kept a good while for him. He was to pay her so much and with it she was to take care of me. Someliów or other he swindled her out of the whole, and I was obliged to go to sea when about fifteen; and if I mistake not, I was in my twenty-second year when I died. Came to my death in this way: went aloft one night, missed my hold and fell-suppose I struck my head on some part of the rigging. nel fell in the water. This was on board the bark Eliza, owned in New York, bound to Havre. I was what is called able seaman. My mother is in New York -is there any possible chance for me to commone with her? I think so. I'm just as smart as the next one, and if others get their letters answered, why may not 1? I can get it to her better than you, for she may be in some country town, and than your letter would lay in the office a long while. I want to commune with her; I want, for one

thing, to tell her how she may get her pay out of that old cuss. I want to tell her this, if she will give me a chance to communicate with her in private; I'll tell her all what she must do to get her own. I reckon it's not best for me to give it here, and I don W want to crowd sail too much the first time. The mester of a vessel don't put on much sail the first trip in a new vessel; but after he goes in her often, and knows her, he crowds. I don't want the chalf land shark

and haif seacrab captains, but those who are thor-My mother's name is Jane. In case I should not do well, and not succeed in getting it to her, I'll come, after finding out exactly where she is, and you will send it to her, will you?

. Jerome Rocback.

We have transcribed the "broken English" spoken by the spirit, in the following, but cannot impart well as astonishing.

Two year ago I die-in Hamburg. I live in Swelen-1 born in Stockholm. I now come to speak to dwell so long in darkness? my son-got one in your country. My name Jerome Rocback. My son somewhere about here. I wish commune, and desire to do so with them." o speak -they say come here and you speak.

Want my son to go home; you write 'em. My son with me till he come to this country. I no know what he do here. His name same name mine. My number eighty-four year. This time my son be

fiftv-two. No hope to reach my son home-no, got ho me lium in my country; got the medium here, so come here to send my son home; got money, and my son should go to his own country and live there.

Have sick here and here, when I die, (pointing to the brain and stomach). I come long way to speak. I stop in my own country most time; I go round some-stop most time there. Find no place to speak n mine own country, so come here.

Got 'em write-been much time learn to come here. Go now—got through. June. 29.

James Ellis.

I find I labor under some inconvenience in controlling the medium to-day; yet when one has an opportunity, and is not sure he may receive another, he is apt to use all the force he is in possession of, to make

t-of-service to-him---It is now time for me to commune with my friends. my family, and my wife. I have had the blessed privilege of communing a few times, but not with one I hope to reach by coming here to-day. I understand it is necessary for each spirit coming here to give something whereby he may be identified-some facts whereby he may be known to be whom he purports to be. Now I am in possession of a few facts in relation to my death and my life in the earthly state; they will perhaps serve me well at this time. I am a stranger to all present, yet I trust I shall be short time ago. I gave you my name as Hannah welcome, as I understand the great mass who ap- Hewins. I have something now I would like to say, proach you in order to approach their friends are and you may add it to what I before gave you.

strangers. I have told you my object in coming here A short time ago—a few weeks since—I visited to-day was that I may reach my family, and perhaps the church of which I was once a member. I canmay be fortunate enough to satisfy them that not tell why I went there, but I seemed to be drawn there is some truth in the new dispensation that is by a power I could not resist. I stood beside the making so many hearts glad, and so many spirits in minister, and what do you suppose I heard? Why,

the form to leap for joy. I will now proceed to give a few facts whereby I may be identified. My name was James Ellis. 1 re- I thought if I could only speak to him I but I could sided, when I was lust on earth, at Warehouse Point. Coun. For the last few years of my life, I was an expressman; ran an express from the place just mentioned to Hartford, Conn. I was in that busiless when I passed from earth. My discase was fever.' I have no recollection of being sick a long time, come. I am a stranger to you and you to mo; but therefore I think I was sick but a short time; and I he will know me. If he does not wish to investigate, had no thought of going from earth until I found let him be silent. There are many unrighteous myself disrobed—found myself standing outside my judges on earth, and who appoints them? God does mortal body. I can assure my friends that my feel not. I did believe as he believed once, but I cannot

story. They will understand me by my name, age, settled belief in a hereafter. My friends may tell

twenty years. My brother's name is George he's ing to fulfill the mission assigned her, sees these on the ocean. I can tell you pretty nigh where he things through a glass, and that darkly. She hears of this new dispensation, but she is bound in dark-There said my mother, I supposed, was in Boston, ness, for those who have passed on, who are and to her direct. I must tell her that we who have The man I left the money with is on the other side. passed on, love, and love more intensely than ever, and it is only our lack of mediums that compels us to stand afar off from those we love, to give them messages of peace. I have three children standing by my side in spirit-life to-day, who join me and others we love, in sending our love to her.

I will here state that I have been striving to learn the laws and conditions that govern this new theory for the last two years, that, when I found a suitable what I died with. I expect it was old age. Tell channel through which I could commune with my them I come—all the folks. I don't see them here; friends, I might do so well. None know the anxiety of those who come here to you to speak to their friends through this channel. Oh, it is a blessed privilege, yet fraught with anxiety, for they know not how they may be received. Unbelief may come to them like a dark bird of error, and they may be repulsed; but Hope-a bright star which ever urges man on-causes them to return after repulsion even, telling them they shall yet find welcome.

I should be pleased to commune with many of my nequaintances-those whom I did business with on chough l'Iteravel over it, but this rig I don't under earth. There are noble souls among them, who stand; it's either too tight for me, or too loose—thirst for truth. Oh, that they would say, "Come which is it? does it want a reef or a splice? I supper language of the proper language of the proper language of the proper language of the proper language. I have not the proper language of t pose I must put up with inconvenience. I have a the call. But my wife—oh, that she would say, borrowed craft here; have chartered it, though, and "Come nearer—come often." Then I should strive shall sail it; perhaps I'm too big for the craft, and to come in closer communion. I shall always strive

to guide her, and make her path pleasant. I cannot say I am perfectly happy. There are seenes in my earth-life which cause me some regret, but I know I shall be, in time, perfectly happy. If I find things right, well and good-if not, I won't know of no particular sin committed against any be disappointed. I'm mightily annoyed with these brother or sister—yet there may be some, and here I fixing. As nigh as I can tell, I've been dead most ask forgiveness, if there be any. I am striving to progress—to become happy, and I must rid myself of any hardness of feeling against any of the children of God.

June 29.

James Eilis, Jr.

I'm not so well used to talking as some of the rest are; I never tried to commune this way much before. My father has just been talking to you; he just left. I stood by his side-one of the three he spoke of -and I thought I had better come here, too. My father told you he had no full belief in a hereafter-that's news to me, but it's all right, I suppose I believe I have the privilege of giving what please here, so it be true. I was near twenty years old when I died; was

drowned; knocked off the rigging one night in a blow. I can't tell how I did feel when I first was a spirit, but guess I was frightened. First I knew I found myself in air, clear of the water, and when told I was dead, I guess fear was the master of me.

I, too, have a great desire to go home and commune, and expect to before long, if my affairs only work as I expect they will. All the information I have about these things I have got from my father, my ancestors and the guide of your circle, for I have been but a few times here. I feel a little queer in this rig, and can't be quite so sober as my lather, for I was never so long faced as he was on earth.

My only object in coming here to-day is to give stronger proof. Perhaps mother will say, "If there were three here, why did not some of the others come? Aye, aye, sir-my name-the same name my father bore, I bore when on earth, so if you have his,

you have mine. Now, my friend, I bid you good day, after thanking you for your kindness in listening to a stranger, and will be off-doing some good at some other part June 29. of the world.

Hannah Hewins.

This place looks strange to me. I see no one here that I ever knew-why have I been led to come here? Shall I tell you who I am? My name was Hannah age. I am disappointed; I find no God, no heaven, the mode of expression, which was very amusing as no hell; all my conceptions of God were false; religion is false; everything I loved on carth proved of no avail. Oh, why is it that mortals are suffered to

My father says, "Tell your friends that you can sire; yet my hope is small; if this light had been offered me, I should have inglected it, and I judge my friends by myself. Have many friends and relatives in Sharon: if they desire me to commune son fifty two year old. My business in silk, in what with them, I shall be most happy to. Most of my ladies wear. My son with me till leave—come here, family are in the spirit-life. I saw much trouble My son merry face-laugh much. When I die, I on earth and some happy hours. Oh, if I had known what I now know, I should have been perfectly happy. Perhaps, though, it was well for me I believed as I did, for perhaps I should not have done well if I had not believed in a God of wrath and endless torments for the wicked. My friends say, "She has gone from whence no traveler returneth. Oh, if they would not say that, even if they doubted us, we should be happy to greet them with living

> I have no very near friends that I can reach-I'm sure of it. You can say that Miss Hannah Hewins, of Sharon, came and spoke to you, and wishes to speak to her friends.

> Sometime after this, I think about the middle of July, a lady was present at our circle, who gave us the following test in connection with this message.

While sitting with a medium, this spirit communicated to her, and the lady asked the spirit to come to us and give us a communication to be published. The spirit promised to do so, and in our next paper the lady saw her name published among the list of communications received. The facts stated above were verified by the visitor.

A few days after this the same spirit confrolled our medium and spoke as follows :--

I trust I shall not be intruding if I speak to you. Perhaps you will remember my coming to you a

I heard him denouncing Spiritualism and Spiritualists, and calling them all the worst of people. Oh,

not. I thought it would not be amiss for me to come hore, and give a few of the ideas he advanced, and do what I could to correct thom.

Now, he says, if spirits do come, they are all evil. I want to let him know that some of his church ings at that time were better felt than they can be now. There are no Orthodox, no Baptists, no Metholescribed. I was confounded. Ail the past seemed dists in heaven—no Universalists. Not one—there like a vivid dream, and the present like a cloudy are no orceds here. It is not well when one comes morning, when one can see scarcely the length of himself. I left my affairs in a very unsettled state, the bearer of it until you have investigated. Oh, if so much so that I presume It was difficult for my our minister would be a good shepherd, he would go family to make straight those affairs. I should be outside when he liears the ory of wolf and see if the pleased to give some advice relative to those affairs, wolf is there, and if he is not, he would still the false

sixty years old when I died. I think I'll come again. obliged to come to one place to get permit to visit July 14.

We hope the minister spoken of, and his flock, will not cry out against this, and denounce us as impostors, for we assure them that we nor the medium.

Sarah Levant.

Oh, I thought I could talk, but I can't talk good-I feel too had. I'm sick. I poisoned myself—there, I have told the truth for once I guess I'll tell my name. I was living on St. Charles street, New Orleans. Things went wrong with me, and I thought I'd ho better off to die, so I chewed opium. I ate a lot of it. My name was Sarah Levant; my father was French, and his was French. My father was. born in New Orleans. My mother was a Yankee woulan-she died a long while ago-my father was alive. They said I was crazy. I tell you I was not I am told this was because one controlled first who crazy, and I was not treated well; nobody treated was not acquainted with the phenomena of Spiritume well. Then I married somebody, and he left me, and I never saw him afterwards—he's alive, and I'm but we suffer somewhat. determined to torment him as long as he lives. 1 I have been requested by some of my relatives to do n't care for right—he did not. Curse him, curse come here and send them a communication. I canhim. Yes, I will; I know it aint the way to be hap- not give them anything that will be of satisfaction

py, but I can't be happy.
They told me to come here and talk to him, and They told me to come here and talk to him, and with their request as well as I could. I was a young forgive him; I swore to do it when I came here but man when I died; came to my death by drowning, I wont-I cau't; I hate him, and I will curse him. at Yarmouth, Maine. You will please tell my friends There's my body, buried long before its time, and he did it, or caused it, and I shall bring him to justice so again, and send them something that will be of -yes I will. I was not crazy when I killed myself; if I was at any time, he made me so, but I was n't when I killed myself. Oh, I am sorry I did not kill him before I did myself. I'll kill him yet-I shall do it-I shall kill him yet. Yes, I'can do it. I said so the last time I lived, and I felt so. The old doctor will tell you so. He told me to be calm; but I said I would kill him, and I will do it.

I can go to him, and I can shoot him through omebody else; now you see if I don't do it, and see if I do n't do it within two months. No, I won't feel better-not till I kill him.

Oh, I don't want to stay here to have you talk to me this way. I tell you I will kill him, and when you hear he's dead, say I'm true. His name is Charles - theu I shan't tell you any more of it. wont talk with you any longer. Good byc. June 30.

The disposition manifested by this spirit, and her manner, were revengeful and full of hate. Of course good God presides over all, and the fulfillment of the threats she makes are in his hands. It requires no stretch of the imagination to picture that man in such society, that the spirit could find some one of his associates whom she could influence to his injury.
We do not place much influence on the statements of easily answered, but not so easily understood. I do those who manifest this spirit.

Joseph Foster.

I cannot understand these things. I ask, where is God, and one tells me to go to one place to find him, and another to another. One says come here and ind him, and I am duped. Ah, there is no God, here can be none!

I lived to be sixty-eight years of age, and tried to serve God all my natural life, and I expected, in reward thereof, I should see Him, and be blessed by Him. But instead of that, everything is altogether lifferent from what I thought it would be.

I was a member of the old Baptist Church in Decrived, N. II., for a long, long time., A good many have come here, and are as dark as I am. This is the last time I am to seek God. I have been footed ill my life; every one is false to me, and I find the world alt false on both sides. . I think I will sit myself down in quiet, and expect no more.

I come here and see nobody I know-not one. No; I have nothing to send to my friends. They know I'm dead-that's enough. They think I'm in lleaven, and I'm a long ways off; they'll be disappointed. Oh, I wish I had never thought of God! Oh, the heathen are much better off—much better wants something else. So you see the great God has off. I paid more money than I wish I had to tell made numerous heavens to suit all his overtures. Hewins. I lived in Sharon, and died there. This the heathen of God, for what's the use of telling The infaut finds his heaven in his toys; the man them of a God when there is none. I'd better have fed the mouths about me.

What would my people say if they knew how I am situated? I tried to serve God, and there aint any. The Bible! I hung my soul on the Bible, and I ex pected to go to heaven. I have not found heaven. but I know where my soul is.

We asked the spirit for his name—he answered: I gave my name once to a young man, and he got two hundred dollars out of it. I did n't sign it with the expectation of having to pay it, but I did. But

you can't get anything of it. No Heaven, no white throne! no streets of goldto music! I have n't heard a bit since I came here. Here's many spirits here: some look like angels some look like devils. How am I to tell who are good and bad. Perhaps I'm in purgatory, and the atholic religion is true.

You are a spiritualist, are you? I did n't believe it when here, but I know I'm a spirit, and you are a mortal, and I am talking to you through another.

Where's my wife? She died ten years before me, and I have n't seen her. I died in 1852. I never was happy in my life, and I am not now. Yes, I was a close communion Baptist. Yes, I guess it is rather a selfish doctrine. I do n't think there's any religion that is right. My name was Joseph Foster.

No, I will not manifest to my friends. I expected to be in Heaven, and I aint there. I have been everywhere where they told me to go to find God, and when I got there they have told me God is here as much as anywhere, but he is not a person. It's hard to learn an old man a new doctrine. I prayed every night and morning. I never turned any one away from my door without giving them something. never had much money. I never wanted it.

When I got here they told me to ask you; and that if I wanted to hard, I could talk with you, and I did want to, and then I found myself talking. I have three children here-dead-somewhere.

do n't know where. One of them, my oldest child, has been dead forty years. I reckon from the time died. Well, I'll go now. July I.

This was rather a mournful influence, and left a deep melancholy on the medium. The spirit was at all. He was at home when I last went to him. one of the most unsaturate class of people who live on the church, centercall their hopes of happiness hereafter in her, and believe in a personal God, a local heaven, and the other accompaniments: 'Arrivlocal heaven, and the other accompaniments: 'ArrivI died, my father sold all the furniture, and don't ing in spirit life, finding their hopes are not anticipated-that no God welcomes them, no such heaven is open to them, they fear they are rejected of God, me to him-I was named after her. She can't talk, and melanolioly and bitterness is often the result. and she wants me to tell him she goes home and sees. We have never met with more unhappy spirits than everything and is sometimes grieved. Oh dear, I this class have seemed.

George Rand.

I do not find it very easy controlling your medium. I do not find it very easy controlling your meeting.

It is very like one going into a house after a bad any of them, except my sister Georgiana, and grand tenant has been inhabiting it. His likes were not mother. I can't stay any longer. Good bye.

July 2. self, and God for us all. I suppose he has perfect right to use the modium as he saw fit, while in possession, but I would much rather have had my chance before him.

He alludes to the manifestation of Joseph Foster. who left the medium in a most molanchely frame of mind.

I have been living in Australia for the last four years—died there, in Sidney. Having no other way to give my friends any intelligence, I take up with this, though its not exactly what I like. There are some affairs that I want to square up, if it were courage to do, and patience to wait-

minister's name is Phillips-mine Hewins. I was possible, but I shan't do it here. Sometimes one is some other.

My name was George Rand. I have a brother in New York—a trader. I have a half-sister in Boston, cousins, and an uncle, I think, but am not sure. I tors, for we assure them that we nor the medium, was twenty seven years of age. I died of some disever heard of Hannah or her minister before, and ease peculiar to the climato—I do n't know what we are perfectly sure that this manifestation is for If those who attended me do, they are ahead of me. good ends. Rather let them give heed to it, and see My brother's name is Henry. We had two fathers if they cannot make of spirit intercourse, a powerful one mother. I am a stranger to every one here, and if they cannot make of spirit intercourse, a powerful probably shall ever be, unless I come again. I am in the market for a communication, tell my friends; if they want to hear from me, I am ready to speak to them, if they give me an opportunity; if not, I can stay away. I am just as independent as ever. July 1.

James to George Ripley.

If I mistake not, you print a paper in which are published messages or letters from those in spirit to those in carth-life.

I am somewhat used to controlling mediums, but I have never had the privilege of controlling the one I now speak through, and I should not have attempted it to-day, for I find condition was much against me. I am told this was because one controlled first who ism himself. Perhaps it will be of service to him.

to them, except to inform them that I have complied I have presented myself at your circle, and will do advantage to them.

I see you have a wish in your mind, but I cannot tell what it is: (A case of thought reading, not wholly successful.)

Oh, my name-direct my message from James to-George Ripley. I should be very happy to convince my friends that I am indeed a spirit, and have the power to commune with my friends in earth-life. I expected to meet strangers here, but I do find conditions against me; as I before said, the first spirit who came made sad havoc with your medium, and there are some here who cannot manifest here to-day, although they had proposed so to do. I have an engagement in fifteen minutes from this time, therefore shall be obliged to wish you good day. July 1.

A gentleman who saw this name among our list of messages received, called upon us, and has' verified the statements made by the spirit, and stated that he requested him to give a communication to us. to prove that it was not mind reading that gave all communications.

Rev. James Clark.

Some one of my friends, I know not which, has not care to present myself here to answer questions. If I considered it a duty, I should do so. Neverthe-

less, I will answer the question briefly. "Tell us," they say, "where is heaven." There are as many heavens, or places of happi-

ness, as there are individuals. Man must look withiu his own soul to find it. But nine tenths of mankind have been taught to look away in the distance for heaven—they have been told it is a locality. Theologians never_told where it was located. The Christian tells you that when the good man dies he goes to heaven, and when the sinner dies he goes to hell. This is true. He tells you, also, that the sinner lias no repentence in the hereafter, but all his hope of heaven is cut off. There he tells you falsely. The great proportion of those I have on earth believe in a personal God, a personal Devil, a literal Heaven, and a literal Hell. One they expect to find above the clouds-the other down, they know not where. Oh, I beg of them to cast away such folly, and cling no longer to the dead dogmas of the past. Man is a part of God, and therefore he is destined to happiness.

"Where is heaven'?" say my friends. One finds heaven in this condition, another in that. One says, "I can be happy with these things," and another made numerous beavens, to suit all his oreatures. science finds it in studying nature and her laws. Shall I tell you the man who believes in a literal Heaven or Hell, finds his heaven in the Bible? No: for there is not one of them who believes it-there is always a shadow-it is never "I shall reach heaven." but "I hope I shall."

Oh, that mortals would rely upon self, and, instead of throwing their troubles upon God, would try to make their troubles servants of peace and joy. But poor, foolish man is told to believe in the Church, and he takes hold of it because it is offered to him. Go forth, oh man! "Seek, and you shall find," said one, eighteen hundred years ago. Build not your opinion upon another man's opinion, but build your foundation of heaven in your own souls. Sit not down in sadness and wait for some angel to take you to heaven, relying upon that which was given to serve man in past time-for I tell you, my friends, the torch is already applied to the temples of the Past, and soon they shall be in ashes, and others will

be reared more beautiful to take their places. Heaven is a state that man may seek at all times, under all conditions. And heaven is not subject to death. Man has the same right to go on seeking, after death, as he has before he leaves his mortal temple. But I besceoh you to begin here to search for heaven; and to find out God, you must first know yourself, oh man, for God is in you, and with you, ever calling on you to seek for tryth, and to look forward to something holier.

My name was Rev. James Clark. I died twelve vears ago. July 2.

Mary Webster.

I said I would try to come here and tell my name, where I died, and what I died with, and all about

My name was Mary Wobster, and I was nine years old. I have been dead two years six months and four days. I died in Rio; I can't tell what with. I guess I was—had a fever—I do n't know— I oan't tell. My father is an Infidel; my mother is a Christian-she goes to church; my father never does. He told me to come here if I ever could come kcon house at all. My mother has gone away nowmy father is in New York. My grandmother takes wish I could talk to him. I wish she would talk. She takes me all round.

Oh dear, it's nothing to mesmerise; I learned to at school, and that's just the same as to come here. Oh, there's thousands of folks here, I don't know any of them, except my sister Georgiana, and grand-

Charles French.

The following was spelled by means of the alpha-

bet for the dumb :--You promised to let me come again. Now my friends have sent for me. Tell them there is no CHARLES FRENCH. death.

July 2, the standard state of the standard standard standard

All is right to the wise, trusting soul, who has

Mife Eternal.

Communicated from the Spirit World, to a Lady of

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

PART ELEVENTII.

I thought, when commencing this work, that there was a possibility of effecting an end. But the farend to truth and wisdom, then shall we find a terminus of life eternal.

sand of knowledge to you from the great store-house of God's truths:

Men, in the past, have been led to suppose that a truth was boru of their own spirit. They forgot to through creation. A truth remains a truth forever, are truths to yourself, which might not be so to one soul absorbs it, and it refreshes you. I have thoughts of light and beauty that would be darkness unto bright, pearly crowns-thy legitimate crowns! some others; so we see that the advancement of the spirit lies in the adaptation of truths and principles made by God.

The eye for the beautiful is diversified. You would stand around a beautiful rose, and admire its tints life." Yes, come and penetrate; come and search, and fragrance, while a low grub worm would feed on its sweetness. You see in that picture an illustration of the appreciation of beauties and truths; just as your spirit beholds in these truths charms nuknown to the beginner—the first seeker of them. To grasp of man. So around thee lie truths for thy you there is beauty and fragrance in its harmony of day-life, those that thou needest to use-like the love. While to the mind of less progression, it would coarser ore, more extensive, because more fitted to be but dark and angular waves floating around them. All that they can appreciate, they enjoy. You behold them, because your investigation has carried you further. You cannot make your truths others' truths, for the spirit of every one must make its own adaptations.

On that man knew what fabrics their doubts were. I do not ask any soul to be too credulous, but a willing acquiescence to Divine attributes, I would most lovingly enforce upon all. He that regards progression, would never let his own surmises stand in the way of duty. Remember, that if the Universe is God's, filled with matter eternal, that there can be no negation to this ever-moving positivity to thought. It is God's mind that fills space-would you throw shadows upon Deity? We are the particles of that Great Godhead. Then let every soul stand willing and ready to take whatever flows from the word of thought-rememberlug that Deity filleth all'

There can be no untruth, -only perversion of light. Things may exist as eternal and established truths of God; but man, by error, looks upon them as false, because he looketh through the medium of his own wisdom. An artist may paint a glorious landscape: men may gaze upon it through colored materials, and the result of opinion is variety, with cate, in my appreclation of Spiritualism, any more out truth. To see things as they are, should be the aim of man. Let him strive to see the shades and tints of every thought and beauty, and let him look on God's eternal landscape through no medium but the bright orbs that he has given, and he will find the light of heaven reflected thereon.

Along the pathway of Life Eternal, how bright the eye of manhood. And we exclaim, Did this life opinions? from chaos spring? Was there once a shadowy realm, from whence that Great Creative Being | We have only to consult nature, and there find the sprang, and said, "Let there be light?" He spoke. key to what man is and should be. True, we find The voice was never hushed. The words, to this exceptions in nature, the result of accident. hour, go pealing forth; and Night is swallowed up lyrics have sung their songs, and passed away. Emgone!" Still this mighty little world moves on. completes her orbit, her diurnal round, and the age of light and wisdom is but dawning.

Generations are rising and growing, so that the wisdom is not gathered in one spirit, as it was in times past, but is scattered and divided more through. because old David did in olden times. out the nations. These giant spirits that sprang up in past ages, were the result of a natural moving law, because the mass was not enough enlightened the course of the remarks made by the elders, allufor each one composing it to receive a portion, and sion was made to Spiritualism, which, according to circumstances combining favorable to produce spirits of advanced intelligence, the wisdom of ages was crowded into one, making him, as it were, a mental in support of the argument that theirs was a pure volcano. Every age, nation and generation must life. have its due amount of wisdom. And if it is not born in successive souls, it must be condensed, and dition of life, and men here are so opposite and so lodged in one.

The laws of progression hold us, and the generations of the day are traveling in the paths of angels. the passions which may be perverted, are wholly Intelligence and wisdom come forth with multiplied subdued, and another portion should organize in such nity of matter-progression infinite, limitless and not expect that in the spiritual world we may find without bound! It is the moving of the great and mighty Universe that brings these manifestations thise with, and encourage, and even to prompt men within your soul's comprehension. It is the motion of the Central Glory, drawing these planets unto | would lead them? himself in successive motion, that brings your footstens into the tide of angels.

There are worlds beyond your planet, all undiscovered yet. They are floating like little specks on the passage. Some minds that are capable of taking a surface of creation—and earth must move on in her glory, and receive the light of the coming life, that the world, would generalize, and perhaps say that the the rays may shine off from her unto those atoms of present age is the dawn of a new era. darkness. God lights the Universe; planet from planet radiates, us the light of love and happiness is making beer or wine. The ingredients, a suitable caught from soul to soul.

but spiritually. Oh, this fathomless eternity! As pungent flavor. On the surface are frothy matters, we try to sail unto the borders, how faint and feeble which are unfit to remain in the pure liquor, and at grows the spirit. How can man learn of Deity, ex- the bottom are dregs, which can never rise again, to cept as God manifests himself unto him day by be a part of the wine. The wine is eventually puday? It liath been written, "Day unto day uttereth rifled, and the impurities finally fall to the bottom, speech." Therefore, must we learn of Divinity as dead matter, no longer useful, but still not withthrough the word of his spirit to day-to-morrow we out power to spoil the whole vintage, unless removed. may see him clothed with a brighter radiance—for Like wino, when the fomentation has taken place, a the finite cannot comprehend the infinite. We must conservative element is needed in society. Let the ment by moment, and weave them into an eternal done all that is required of them, let us look for the ralment, with which to clothe our spirits as we conservative element, which shall render the wine traverse eternity. We read God through the avenues stable, and yet permit it to improve with age. To of his immortal grandeur. We see him through the me it seems yet a long time ere the process of fermanifestations of his wisdom and glory; and he mentation shall cease. It must run through the

robber. The soul that would build unto himself any fabrication of glory and seek material in any way, save through the avenues of God's legitimate manifestations, is but a robber in the kingdom of eternal glory, idling the sandy of life away-playing with phantoms and shadows.

The presence of Deity is made manifest directly. to man through all his-works. He loves thy spirit, through another soul-the same avenue carries back to him thy affections. He guides thee in wisdom, ther I go on, the more difficult-for when we find an and crowns thee with peace and loving kindness, through souls of affection and intelligence. Never seek him outside of his eternal laws, for thou canst I can only call the preceding pages a preface to never find that point, ch man, as each atom of crea-Life Eternal," and yet gladly will I contribute my tion is a law acting from a higher law, and each purticle is moving in obeisance to a higher command. Thy spirit, with all its will and emotions that make up the soul, is moving in a circle to his high command. Never write despair upon the book of time. recognize the established principle of Deity that runs | Eternity is the running title, and the leaves are written o'er with immortal truth. Do not despair, whether we see it or not. You have principles that oh man! all thy spirit yearns for it shall have. The hungry shall be fed-the naked clothed-every cravon a lower plane of thought. Yet it still remains a ling soul shall be satisfied. If God hath created great principle of life, from the very fact that your thee, knoweth he not all thy wants through creation onward? In the golden future are glimmering,

Oh, man of sorrow! wherever thou art, thou art held in the arms of Life, and the throbbing, moving pulse, thy Father knows and sees.

The voice of knowledge saith to all, "Come unto and thou shalt flud lleaven's treasures yielding to thy investigations. Remember the finer metals and ores lie beneath the surface of thy planet, while the more useful ones are upon its surface within the thy present wants-while the finer golden truths are running through a vein of life, hidden from the external gaze. Labor and manhood must bring them forth, as one brings forth the precious ore. As the miner delves for the sauds of gold, so must thy spirit search and find out those treasures that live in the mental kingdom.

ANSWERS TO AN INQUIRER.

_ NO: 1X.

Follies and Fanaticisms of Spiritualists.

An Inquirer wrote to his correspondent denouncing the mad folly and vicious tendency of "affinities and free-loveism," and received the following in re-

Very likely there may be spirits ready to instigate men and women to nonsensical ideas, as we have reason to believe. They would likewise induce men to things not conducive to the stability of man's moral nature.

I am foolish enough about some things; but I am not so insane on Spiritualism as to tolerate "Free Love." But the existence of such a folly- as freeloveism, tacked on to Spiritualism, does not communiodium than the existence of the thousand whims in the various branches of the Christian church, communicate any taint to the pure teachings of Christ.

What man, having a wife and children, and feeling any affection for them and any respect for himself, could consent for a moment to regard as one of the principles of nature an indiscriminate mixture of and multiplied are the visious of beauty that greet affinities, which would give him the option of such

All animate nature gives the lie to free loveism.

Free-love and Mormanism should have their by Day. Still the light of eternity rolls on. Ancient proper place. They will have. Now, by the way, since you speak of free-loveism, in connection with pires have faded. Sages, philosophers, have passed Spiritualism, I will take you to the other end of the ou to a higher existence. The citadels of Roman rope. About six years ago I visited the Shaker glory and pride have fallen. Nations have followed Colony, near Groton, Mass. I closely scanned the the dust of Demosthenes and Cicero; and the faint faces of the old and the young, to see if I could disvoices of these spirits say, "Where, where have they cover in the lines which nature draws there, any evidences of those passious which riot in free-loveism. I believe "purity" was written on every face. Well, went to their church, to witness their means of worship, and silently moralized on the vagaries of human nature that should "dance before the Lord,"

After the exercises were concluded, the elders talked to the Gentiles, (myself one of them.) In the tenor of the discourse, seemed to be a hobby just at that time with them, and one which they adduced

Now, if Spiritualism exemplified only another conunlike each other in their opinions and practices. that one portion should form communities where all voices. With myriad vociferations, whispering -eter-amanner-that-the-passions-may-run-riot-may-wetypes of these various classes, ever ready to sympain the direction their natural or acquired tastes

> Clear enough to me. Perhaps you can see it also. Man is a ball, and he rolls in whatever direction the impelling force moves him, provided there be a free comprehensive view of the condition of society, or of

To me it looks somewhat like a familiar process in mixture, has been attained, and now the temperature Earth's children are soon to be in communion with, rises, and the process of fermentation takes place. the planet Mars, while their inhabitants will be Some of the elements are wholly changed, and in holding converse with the planet above, not locally, their place we find perhaps an acid, or a volatile

(dead governments.)

In all these things I see this-that the vices and follies of men shall for awhile impart their appearance to society; the passions shall run mad, yet subside. Then sober reason will seek to purify the ele ments still more, and in this effort will be the changes which shall give to every man that which the conservative elements, "Purity and Charity," shall give

Correspondence.

Messas. Entrops-Siuce the first number of the Banner appeared I have been its constantly interested reader. The peculiar character of its contents, varied as they are, give it additional interest. Of course I do not coincide with every idea, or crotchet, that obtains an airing through its columns; yet 1 believe you are doing great good in many ways. No universality. He is the head, and he is the King; part of your paper have I enjoyed the perusal of, as head, he is the director, the brain, (so to speak,) more than the reports of Rev. Theodore Parker's of the Universe, considered as a body. As a King, sermons; they are full of solid, golden thoughts, he is the grand ruler and mover of all—but in both worthy the consideration of every mind.

My purpose in this connection is to comment a little upon an article in your last paper, headed 'Miracles," in which the writer takes exceptions to the miracles of the New Testament. Now, if I understand Mr. Parker, he believes there can be no such thing as a miracle, (as that term is understood.) as a miracle presupposes the suspension of Nature's laws, for the time being, which he believes cannot take place, but that the wonderful things done in the days of Christ, when stripped of the imaginary drapery that envelops them, are nothing more than what is done in our own time, and that all is done in strict accordance with the great laws of Naturo-I do not understand Mr. P. to deny that anything took place out of which grew the stories of miracles performed by Jesus. But your correspondent seems to think so, and says, "The Bible narrative of theso miracles makes a part of the narrative of the life and history of Jesus, and his teachings are so interwoven with them, that they cannot be separated from them. Whatever tends to impeach the truth of miracles, &c., "impeaches all the rest," &c. And it would prove the writers were completely deluded in regard to the whole matter, or that they were impostors." Here I do not agree with W. S. A. believe the Bible narrative of sayings and miracles are separable—that whatever tends to impeach the truth of the accounts of miracles, does not impeach all the rest, and render it unworthy of belief." Your correspondent must admit that the actual langunge of Christ could be preserved and handed down to future generations, while his deeds, or miracles, can only be described by another-that is. the historian may give Christ's exact words, while a description of his miracles must be drawn from his (the Listorian's) imagination; therefore there may be much exaggeration in the accounts given. And we have every reason to suppose there might have been; yet we have no right to deny that there were manifestations of some kind, that were looked upon by the prople of that day as miraculous; which were no miracles, after all, but were performed in strict accordance with fixed laws, which have had an existence co-equal with Deity. God is all in all; he is not separate from a single atom of his creation. He performs no special acts. Fixed laws govern all matter. Those laws are Ilis unchangable will. To say that Gol may do this or do that speciality, gives the great harmonious author of the universe a vacillating, uncertain character. God has made a law, or wills, that under certain conditions certain elements combined together will result in wine. That is all he has done towards making wine in that direction. Based upon other laws, man is made to seek out many inventious;" therefore, in combination with human agency, winc is made. By other fixed laws, man is developed the mighty powers of his mind are made to bear, according to fixed laws again, upon all things that the finite mind can compreheud.

When I see ponderous bodies-such, for instance, as the Egyptian Pyramids—leave their ancient foundations and ascend skyward, I will be ready to believe that God may reverse the order of things, and destroy the grand harmony of all his laws; but festations, upon any other than the spiritual one,

not till then. Your correspondent says that " to assert that God does not perform miracles," we only expose our own

ignorançe, &c. Now I do not appear to defend Mr. Parker, as he dictate to another what he shall or shall not believe. matter communicated in them does not exist in the But I have not yet arrived at that extreme degree of mind-of-any-one present, to-be-read by the mind of step one side from the grand system of laws by which he governs all things he has created, and is creating, to perform any special act to gratify, awe,

or encourage any man, or race of men, It is the easiest of all things for man, at the present day, in describing a phenomenon that is mys. terious to them, to exaggerate. It is done unconsciously oftentimes, while language may be correctly transcribed. I think there is every reason in saying that "because God conforms to invariable rules, and always produces the same effect in the same way, that under extraordinary circumstances, for a special purpose, He may not deviate," &c., and produce the same effect by a different way. Now let me ask W. S. A., Is not God an Infinito and an All-wise Being? He is certainly supposed to be. Secondly; Is there but one best way? There is supposed to be none. Now would an All-wise Creator adopt any other than the best way to produce any effect? Having adopted the one best way to produce a given effect, is He to deviate from that way simply to prodo it, to declare more fully his greatness; or the glory of his power, than the heavens proclaim it?

No! God is not a partial being. He performs no miracles. "In Him there is no shadow of turning" for the performance of his work.

the old. The dregs must be thrown down, and the great laboratory of Nature, God has fixed a law froth must rise. Perhaps we see more of the froth whereby, under certain conditions, the absence of than we do of the dregs, just now, as is usually the heat causes fluids to become solids. But where do case. But when the old forms of government are we learn that fled produces "ice by salt," except changed for forms that shall give Justice alike to the from your correspondent? The facts are, that the high and the low, the rich and the poor,—when Crentor has fixed a law that is as invariable as Himthere shall be no high or low, no rich or poor, but self, that when the temperature of water is reduced all shall be equal,-then shall we see the dregs, by any means to a certain degree, it becomes solid, or is converted into ice. Man has sought out means, based upon that law, whereby he can, in a small way, convert water into ice by a proper application of common salt. There is no miracle in either case.

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

CINCINNATI, O., July, 1858.

D. F. RANDALL.

MESSES. EDITORS-Miss Mary Thomas, of Pendleton, near this city, occupied the stand last Sunday. Subject: "The Omnipresence of God." The influencing intelligence claimed to be the Rev. John Wesley, and I can only give you a small part of this very interest iug lecture.

"It is conceded by all Christian churches that God is omnipresent; but that he is omnipresently active, has not only been doubted, but positively denied. Men cannot comprehend that God can conse among us, and enter into our actual affairs. Man forgets that God, the Great Jehovah, the pervading Spirit, the universal Life, is everywhere, by reason of his characters he acts by means, and through agency. When man looks at the governments of the earth, and sees the heads and rulers of them, he observes that the laws of these nations, the rulers of these some of Mr. Parker's remarks upon the subject of governments,—whether righteous, just, or otherwise, -are carried out by means of ministers. The brain of the man rules the motions of his body, and leads to good or bad results. Yet we do not recognize the brain work, only the acts of the members of the body, or limbs, &c. So the head of Government rules, but we see; only the movement of the executive power. In like-manner God's spirits come forth as ministering spirits, and act as powers to regulate the affairs of mankind. They are all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister; and it is said his servants shall serve him. But why, says man, is this world such a scene of confusion and strife? Why is wrong so often triumphant, if God rules? Thou forgettest, oh man, that Jehovah formed thee free-that thou hast power to choose good or evil-and surrounding circumstances lead man downwards. It has been denied that this world can ever become the abode of Divine order, and enjoy all the blessings of a perfect union of liberty and rationality. In the place of that belief has been substituted the dogma, that this world is simply a world of probation, a field of battle, where man is assigned the task of doing a certain amount of fighting, for the purpose of preparing himself for heaven or hell, according as he induces upon himself a state of goodness, or the reverse." Here the world, as a state of probation, was argued, and the different theories spoken of and compared.)

. The question of the reprobation of some was ex imined, and it was shown that the very meaning of the word, as it stands, Reprobation, a trying again, shows not destruction after failure here, but a future trial in a spirit state. The world was called upon to open their eyes to the fact that the spirit dispensation had opened,-that they were entering on the time spoken of by Joel, and referred to by Peter. The lecturer ended by saying that man, as a free agent, was able to receive much or little of this blessed influence. The spirit does not now descend in drops, but in a full, pouring shower, and you would feel it, were it not for the umbrella of prejudice which sectarian bigotry holds over your heads. Down with it at once, and open your spirits to the

blessed influence. Miss Thomas is an excellent medium, and many of her lectures are very intellectual, and greatly appreciated. She has obtained much of her mediumistic qualifications in the school of severe affliction, and she is fully capable of securing the respectful attention of appreciative audiences.

> D. H. Shaffer. Yours truly in spirit,

THE COMMUNICATIONS IN THE BAN-NER OF LIGHT.

The communications furnish, to my mind, clear and convincing evidence that they proceed from a spiritual source, or an intelligence not now clothed with an earthly form. And they have this advantage over all the other species of evidence that have been produced to establish the truth of Spiritualism, that none of the theories which have been framed to account for the other phases of the spiritual manihowever ineffectual even for this purpose, can be brought to bear in any way whatever, upon these communications. They cannot be explained by clairvoyance or thought-reading on the part of the medium, or by any reflex action of the mind of those needs no one to defend him; neither do I wish to present, upon the mlnd of the medium. For the credulity, as to believe that God will, or even may, the medium, or to be reflected back from their minds to her mind. What other way, then, remains to account for these communications, besides the spiritual one, but to assume that they are entirely the fabrications of the medium, knowingly and willfully such. But how would it be possible for the medium to fabricate them? Not only the name of the spirit communicating is given, but often, also, his age at the time of his death, the manner of his death, his place of residence, his occupation, the names of his near relations, the number of his children, the scenes through which he has passed, and a brief sketch of his life itself. Now it would be utterly impossible for the medium to fabricate all these circumstances, without a certainty almost of being detected and exposed in many instances. And the medium certainly would not be fooiish enough to expose herself to this risk, which might utterly destroy her reputation and future prespects.

But in addition to this strong mark of truthfulness, on the part of the medium, the style in which these communications are written, is such as befits duce a little wine from water? Would he need to the person from whom they are said to proceed. It expresses those peculiarities or idiosyncrasies which might be supposed to belong to his character, his education, and the occupation in which he was engaged. Just such sentiments, and just such views, gather up the remnants of bliss that fall on us mo froth rise, let the dregs settle, and when they have from the paths his infinite wisdom has marked out come from him as might be expected. And the range of characters ombraced by them, includes the styras truly a poetical effusion, and I wish it could greatest variety of persons, both in regard to their two copied. But I am extending my communication How stands the argument, that God can do this greatest variety of persons, both in regard to their and that thing, that he has not done? When we admit position in life, and to every other circumstance. his infinite wisdom, it refutes itself. Your corres. The communications come from every class of perpondent asserts that God "makes ice sometimes by sons-the ignorant and the wise, professional men, that would climb up some other way is a thief and whole world. New things must be in the place of cold, and sometimes by sait." I admit that, in the mechanics, merchants, sailors, laborers, clergy went,

&c., and these all having their peculiar idiom, their cant phrases, and their oddities.

Now I hesitate to say that it is not in the power of any person now living, or that ever did live, however diversified his talents, wonderful his imagination, or great his power of ideality, to conceive such a gallery of portraits, and give to them their true features and expression. And the fact of any person being able to do this, and actually doing it, would be a greater proligy, a more marvelous fact, and more incredible in itself, than the fact of their having proceeded from a disembodied intelligence. And if there were no other evidence of any description to establish the fact of spirit communications, these communications, in my mind, would of themselves prove it beyond a doubt, or even a cavil. For, in my judgment, there is no other way which can furnsh even a specious, much less a satisfactory explanation of them, but the spiritual theory. W. S. A.

ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

Messas, Eurrors-Being in Boston, a short time since, I went to the rooms of Mr. Mansfield, at No. 3 Winter street, and there, alone and unknown, (Mr. M. being in another room, and the door closed between us,) I addressed an interrogatory to the spirit of a deceased friend, and folded over the paper I had written upon several times, in such a manner that I buck it was impossible for any person but myself to know the contents. I then went to the office of the medium, and taking a seat close by him, submitted the note to him for an answer. Here I will state that a friend cautioned me to narrowly watch the operations of the medium, in order to be certain that no deception was practised upon me; and, mindful of this caution, I did not allow a single movement to escape my notice. The medium rested his left fore-finger upon the paper containing my interrogaory, and after waiting some ten minutes, his right hand was moved to write, and, to my very great surprise, a pertinent and rational reply was given to my question. But what was stranger still, and perfectly incomprehensible to me, upon any other theory than that the spirits of our departed friends do communicate with us, the reply commenced with my own proper address, and closed with the proper and full name of the spirit to whom my question was addressed.

A second note of interrogatories was prepared with equal precaution, and I was as vigitant and cautious, while it was being answered, as before; but still it was answered with equal success. A third was written and answered, promptly and cor-

I give the above as a correct statement of my own experience with Mr. Mansfield. It is very easy for persons who stand aloof from these exhibitions of spirit power, to imagine that they are nothing but pranks played off by artful and designing men; but o those who seek a personal investigation, a more difficult question is furnished for solution. I went to Mr. M.'s rooms for the purpose of investigating he phenomena which his peculiar phase of mediumship furnishes, and I say frankly that I saw no attempt, or any indication of a desire to deceive me; and I do not believe that any person possessing common sense, and placed in the same situation I was, could be persuaded that they were deserved. I have always been in the habit of believing my own senses, when there were no conditions to interfere with their direct action, and it is within my own knowledge that J. V. Mansfield did answer my interrogatories, when he had no possible means, in his ordinary condition, of knowing their import. Moreover, the appearance and whole bearing of Mr. Mansfield forbids the imputation of collusion on his part. His personal appearance is good. His speech and manner show him to be open-hearted and frank; his deportment is gentlemanly and unaffected, and I believe him to be, what his whole bearing indicates, an honest man. Consequently, I am convinced that a large majority of those who may form his acquaintance, will come to the same conclusion I have. It is but simple justice to Mr. M. to say, that his acquaintance should be made, and bis manner of answering scaled letters carefully and critically observed. Until such knowledge is had, no man has a right to pronounce upon the wonderful powers with which he is unquestionably endowed.

John L. Colby.

"Franklin, N. H., August 19, 1858.

LETTER FROM PROVIDENCE, R. I. DEAR BANNER-I have long been threatening to myself to inflict the chastisement of another letter upon you, but in mcrey to you, have forborne until

Spiritualism still continues to progress here, and to conciliate its adversaries by drawing them within its wide spread arms of love, and teaching them the better way, the truer light, and the greater happiness. May all its friends remain firm in bonds of peace, and no disaffection be known in our ranks. Brothers of one family should never quarrel; they may disagree concerning minor points, but I find the best way to get along is to "agree to disagree." Our minds are diversal, and may and must differ, in many-things,-but-still-agree-upon-the-grand-ultimatum. Let us look upon our brother's good deeds, and let his bad ones rest, knowing that we all have enough of the latter; " first plucking the beam from our own eye, that we may see clearly to remove the trivial more that is in our brother's eye." Spirits have, at many times, pointed out to us divisions to take place in our own societies, which shall be harder to bear than the persecutions of our enemies. May we all strive to avert this period, for although the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall," inay not apply as the exact truth in our case, as Spiritualism can never really fall, yet it is certainly true, in part. Since I last wrote you, our desk has been regularly

supplied, and services well attended. We have had several fine speakers with us, among whom may be reckoned Mrs. Henderson, Miss Houston-who was with us two Sabbaths, and, as elsewhere, gave good satisfaction-Miss Martha L. Brink, of Manchester, N. iI., a young speaker, but who proved very acceptable, was also with us two Sabbaths; Mr. Edward Wheeler, Miss Sarah A. Magoun, and, yesterday, Mr. A. B. Whiting, the poet trance-medium, from whom we received two excellent lectures, one upon "Aspiration," and the other on "The Object of Life." In the evening, the subject for his poem was chosen by the audience, and was "The Atlantic Cable,"fitting thome, truly, for the day and hour, and which was hundled by the spirits in a masterly and beautlful style. After speaking of the glorious end to be achieved by the success of this undertaking, they pointed out our heavenly telegraph, "on which the white-winged scraphs go," through which heaven is brought to earth, and spirits commune with man. beyond what I ought, as I do not wish to occupy space that might better be filled by those at whose

feet I may sit and gather wisdom. LITA H. BARNEY, PROVIDENCE, R. J., August 9, 1858.

[Continued from our last] Sunday afternoon Dr. Child spoke on the second resolution as follows:---

"The phil souther Said to the Seer,—all that you's o'l know. The Seer, in deeper wish to trade to by all that you'know I see. The outward mail souther with reflect different of all philatics. To seer's mark mind shink with the model of the philatics. SPERMENOVENCY, OF THE PROPERTY AND Horaco Diese tigiths, that were as too, beef As town He was a Sect. To the Plate collect, to the name foot colors white All equit signs also may be st. This they become community expression.

We find abundant external evidence to prive the truth of Spiritualism. The B.Me, from Genesis to Revolutions, is filled with record tovidences of spiritund manifestations. Produce history contains a large amount of the same evidence. Molern manifestations of the truth of Spiritu dism are abundant and profuse. But all this evidence is external to the soul, and in this evidence is not found the basis of truth -truth that changes not. In this evidence is not found knowledge direct, immediate, presentative, absolute; but knowledge subject to doubt, uncertainty, change -not eternal. And the soul with such knowiedge is restless and unsatisfiel.

To the minel that relies on external evidence, and tark - an earthly philosophy a basis of reason, the manifestations of spirits -as Mr. Felton in one sense traly says-vanish into air, and not a particle of was to proof is found in them.

All evidence we receive from external sources is hable to variation, inconstancy, and change. By this evidence men are led to most opposite conclusions. Even the same mind at different times from the same evidence will vary, and the same evidence this year will produce perhaps a contrary decision [un't belief the next year. Thus external evidence is not a test of truth. Evidence we obtain from externd things, is in lirect and representative.

Resting upon this gyidence, though it may some times seem sufficient there is still a want of that cartainty which the soul aspires for and loves. But there is a condition to which the soul may arrive in its progress, by which it is opened to spiritual impressions, and receives truth by influx. Every man and every women who, consciously or unconsciously, thus intuitively receives spirit-truths, is a Spiritualist. This condition is what makes Spiritualists.

It is the their persuasion of the truth that the sour is man ortal-that the spirits of dear, departed ones are how ring around us, and are our guardians -that our lather sends his angels to level us from earth to heaven. No external evidence upon the senses, can make so deep an impression as this-can carry a conviction of so much power,

It would seem as if the deepest faculties of the soil were quickened and awakened to a harmonious, intuitive consciousness of the pleasant reality. We Lack over the records of the past -we appeal to huin the graduate teagning and intelligence-opinions, ero is and lograms, for the evidence of immortality, and the external manifestation of spirit power; but the evidence of the intuitive perceptions of the soul active izhs them all. The result of one is distrust, dos distoción an i disappointment; the other, a fullness of joy-a certain and sure knowledge.

This latter was the strongest evidence that Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato and Cicero had of immortality, which, in the dark ages of their lives, they defended with so much pleasure.

Corrosays, "That it is my firm persuasion that the soul is immortal; but if it be a delusion, it is a Disasing delusion, and I will cherish it to my latest breath." His convictions of immortality were not from external evidence. There is a consciousness in the intuitive soul that-words cannot express-which is a sure knowledge that makes a belief in immortality. An I I am forced to the belief, that it is this, more than all else, (this intuitive consciousness.) that makes believes in Spiritualism. Two men, under the same external conditions, will see the same manife-tations of what is called spirit-power and spirit-intelligence. One will believe-one will not believe. A third may believe for a time, and then reject the whole, because he believes from external evidence.

Two sisters will read spiritual newspapers and books; one will believe, and one will disbelieve. One will exclaim. "How beautiful!"-the other will say, "How miserable?" Two persons will read the Bible evilence of Spiritualism-one will believe, and one will reject. Two persons will listen to spirit-raps and phraythoughts-one will believe, and one will disbelieve. L.

When this intuitive perception is in the soul, it ban never turn back again. When a man or a woman is once a true Spiritualist, they can never be anything else. Spiritualists come forth with but little external evidence-many without any at alland embrace the subject with heartfelt affection. And it would seem as if no powers of earth or hell could drive them away.

"Not all the wealth or honor of the earth The ever-by-coming sweets that satisfy its longings.

For Got imprints the secret bias of this soul.

And his expression full soon shall reach beyond the power of words."

The outside covering of Spiritualism is anything but inviting. To the eyes of the world it is really repulsive.

One writer says that " a Spiritualist may be known by a vacant, wild look of the eye, silently and abstructedly gazing upon nothing; by being shabbily and carclessly dressed, apparently in clothes that have been made for, and worn by another man; by his long hair and beard, in which are lodged a-variety of objects, such as crumbs of, bread and pieces, of feathers, dust and dirt." And by the first men of our highest institutions of learning, they have all manner of wickedness imputed to them, and are called by a great many had names.

" A Spiritualist cannot float on the tide of popular opinion, but he sails on the sea of truth. He heeds. not the gathering clouds; he is not turned by passing gales. He ballies not with enfeebled faculties that war with beauty, to dim the God within. But he is boldly launched, and sails upon the deep-flowing stream of principle."

What makes him do this? Is it the external evidence presented in overflowing abundance? No, no! It is the God-power that flows into the soul when the soul has grown to a condition to receive it. It is inspiration which makes tacit persuasion, which is sure knowledge, eternal and cuduring.

After considerable resistance, Miss Lizzie Dak's said :- I have consented to yield to an influence that is not agreeabl to me."

It was announced in the morning, through Miss Doten, when she was under spirit influence, that Dr.

noon, on the subject of will-power which mortals pos- ye angels look down upon them, and ory, "Justice, sess, independent of spirit-power,

More than half a century since, Dr. Byles was the minister at Hollis street Church, in Boston, Miss Doten was seized by an influence purporting to be that of Dr. Byles, and spoke as follows :-

Let the friends here to-day lay aside their fears, for whatever it said or done will do no injury. You have sald much upon this matter of the aill. I will show you how much will this medium has. I came to her a day or two since, and asked her to submit to my influence, and she said, " I wont." Her will was that I should not speak through her, and where is that nell now? I am here speaking to you. Now this medium is very particular, and she is nicely dressed up to "come to meeting." It was her will Where is that will now?

He took off her bonnet, and smashed it up into a

ball about as large as a tea-cup. Now the medium would feel very bad about this, but her will is crowded out, and another power has

taken its place. the took off her collar, tore it into very small pieces, turned and handed it to Dr. Gardner, and

A nice piece of vanity, this. In the name of King George, do n't let her see it again. I will teach this medium-though she is frail and small-that she is made for something. When you can accept everything that is, as coming from God, then there is your free

Friends, you have made a great distinction be ween good and evil; but God made both good and evil. If you quarrel with evil, you oppose the work of God, and you-may as well quarrel with God for making positive and negative principles; for making male and female. What you call evil, is only the negative of good, which, by and by, rises towards tool, becoming first passive, then positive, and rises in a circular ascent to Deity. The efforts of striving against evil shall be converted into something better God makes everything right, and all that you call wil is wrought into the goodness of God. God does not force his gifts upon his children. Deep down in human nature is a spark of Divinity.

Here he stripped off her bracelets, and threw them on the floor; took out her comb, broke it in two, and handed it to Dr. Gardner.

There is what you call wrong all around, but God's power reaches down and underlies the whole and the souls of the lowest are reached and kindled into life. In each of you exists the spark of Divinity, notwithstanding your proclivities and your way wardness. Your will power is crowded out by the expansion of the divine spark, by the growth of love. Your will is not your own; Christian charity crowds it out. Your will-power was placed in your souls by God; it is next to charity, and charity is ove, and love is charity. God is ever just, though it may seem that he visits the third and fourth gencration with the sins of their fathers. God is love, and all he does is done in love, for the good of all The love of God is ever working to purify human na ture. Read the 12th and 13th chapters of 1st Co rinthians: "Mark, learn and inwardly digest." When man shall lead his brother and sister to right he will know charity, for "charity believeth all things;" then he will lead them as he would lead a child by the hand in love. Then heaven is begun on earth. God and his angels always loved men, and they now come with innumerable hosts of spirits to proclaim charity, love, peace and good will to all. upon the fibres of sympathy, the nerves of love. If ou want to make one another obey, learn to love, and you will see no evil in each other's natures. What an era that will be, when all can look into the eyes of each other, and truly say, I love you as I love myself! When you can take hold of the silken cords of love, what a multitude can you hold in your beart's affection! You can hold millions of these fine, delicate cords in your hand, passing through your hearts and your hands, to the hands of angels; they will draw you heavenward.

The time will come when you will see and know that all is right. This time will come when we all meet on the plane of charity.

My friends, make yourselves ready for love, for it come, is coming; think, act, and do, and all will come ight in God's own good time.

Dr. Gardner related some very interesting and instructive incidents in his experience in Spiritualism; after which he introduced Mr. J. V. Mansfield. who gave a very interesting and affecting account of bis conversion to Spiritualism. After which, he proposed to give a test to the audience. He said, if some person would come forward from the congregation, on to the platform, and write a sentence, whatever they pleased, upon paper, and fold it so as to make it impossible to be read by his external vision, the spirits, through his hand, would write an answer, which answer should be a test of the presence of some unseen intelligence.

A lady came forward upon the platform and wrote-

" Ervin Webster, are you present?"

This writing was covered by fourteen folds of the same paper. After about five minutes the forefinger of Mr. Mansfield's left hand was moved to rap, when he remarked, "The last name written in this paper has seven letters in it, and I am so sure that it will be correctly answered, that I will risk my life on the issue." His hand was immediately moved, and wrote as follows :--

"My dear one, I am happy to have you call on me through this source. My control is weak yet. Dear one, do investigate this all-important truth. E. Wedster." Yours in spirit,

The lady who wrote the name, was the widow of Dr. E. Webster, who died about two years since. Mrs. Webster was an entire stranger to Mr. Mans. field. This spirit manifestation was under the superintendence of Dr. G., before the eyes of the whole audience, consisting of five or six hundred persons, Truth, and in proof of it, place this inscription on my tomb. all of whom can vouch for its truth.

SUNDAY EVENING.

The following discourse purports to be a specimen of Orthodox sermons, preached in Plymouth about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was spoken through Miss Lizzie Doten, in a trance state by the spirit of Elder Brewster. The spirit said :-

For ye glory of God, we will now preach from ye text—" I'e wicked that forget God shall be cast into hell—and all ye people that forget God." .

When man comes into ye world a little child, he is totally depraved and corrupt. When ye soul which God has given begins to work in ye heart, ye and toil to go up ye mountain, and his feet will slip, and he cannot go up ye mountain without help.

Adam and Eve have fallen, and ye are all con-

ye world, and when ye God's anger waxed strong, lesus, his only son, became exceedingly merciful and he said to his Father, "All ye world of people below are my brothers and sisters, and I will go down with my regenerating influence, which is in my blood, and atone for sin by ye sacrifice of my blood," And God said, "Verily my son, go down to ye carth and be ye sacrificed." And God came down to ye earth, incarnate, and died for ye miserable sinners. Your hearts are as hard as a millstone. Ye are so entirely corrupt that ye have no

right motive, or feeling in ye.
Little children go down into hell, and hell waxes hotier and hotter for ages, and by and-by, ye little MATHER BYLES would speak through her in the after- | children, look up to heaven for mercy, and God and |

justice!" I saw but ye other night a little baby, and I thought to myself what a poor, little, unregenerate child of sin, a victim of perdition he was. I lurned away, and I said, "Oh, ye little child of depravity!" and I smote my holy, regenerated breast, and said, · God save me from ever bringing children into ye world."

Oh, ye gray-haired old sinners, what will become of ye? Oh, if I could make ye smell ye sulphurous flames-could dip ye in ye fiery gulf-could make ye hear ye wails and yells of ye damned, ye would then have but a foretaste of ye torments that God has prepared for ye in hell. Nothing will save ye but believing that Jesus is ye Son of God, and that his blood is an atoning sacrince for ye sins.

The spirit here stopped suddenly, as if he had made a wrong statement, and then continued :-

Yes, ye can come to salvation by election. From the beginning, one is elected; ye husband may be elected for glory, and ye wife goes to hell. Oh, what awful things these marriages are! What separations must follow! Oh, men, never marry! Oh, what agonies of ye damued will be at ye judgment day in hell! Oh, how these separations rend and tear ye fibres of ye human hearts! With man's corruptions, how can be know his true partner? And man shall be cursed for his wrong choice. Oh, ye blasted sinners, never think of coming to salvation but through ye blood of Christ. God in his infinite wisdom has instituted a way by which man can receive salvation; it is by ye church. Many of ye go not into ye church-ye go out on ye holy Sabbath, and take fish and fowls; ye are salvages, and ye shall be damned. Only such as go into ye church shall have ye slightest chance for salvation, for this is ye only gate to heaven.

Ye ministers are ye only guides for ye human soul. And ye wicked shall go into hell, and all ye nations that forget God. Oh, ye sinners, I have walked with ye in ye streets, and I have felt ye virtue go out of my garments for ye wickedness in ye. Oh, let me beseech ye to listen to my warning, and come into

Oh, ye sinners, let me say when ye lie down upon ye dying bed, that a mountain of sins will crush ye down to hell. Before ye breath leaves ye body, call on Christ; but if ye be not of ye elect, ye need not call. But, ye Christians, if ye be of ye elect, when ye die Jesus will take ye up in his arms and carry ye to ye company of John, and Paul, and Silas, and

Peter, and all ye holy prophets. Oh, ye moral meu, who depends on ye good works, who do good to ye poor and suffering, and think to save ye souls by good works, ye are miserable sinners; if ye have not come into ye church, ye will at last be damned. If ye live on ye works, and die without a chance to repent, oh, where will ye go?

Ye will be damned. Oh, repent! repent!!! repent!!! A messenger came to me yesterday and said, "Go down there, Brewster of old, and talk to a Convention of Spiritualists.'

It will be remembered that in our report of Satirday, the daughter of an Orthodox deacon addressed the Convention. When this spirit left, she called on her former minister, Mr. Brewster, who could speak more fluently, to address the Convention. It would seem that this was an ingenious plan, arranged by the spirits, to present in a vivid light the difference between the religious faith of the present time and that of two hundred years ago.

I have preached to you the doctrine of 1650: but the doctrine of 1858 is very different. God's true They come to take hold of sympathetic souls, to play light shines now on the earth. Creeds and doctrines are soon to be no more; error, darkness and impurity are melting away, and in their place comes life, ight and love. The doctrine of damnation is stricken out, and in its place comes the holy influence of angels' love. Through the intervening ages of the past I see a long line of gradual progress drawn out, and this progression is for all. Perfect love shall cast out all fear, and men shall see God in the right light. Christ has first walked the thorny, narrow way; but it grows broader and easier, and this is the way that leads not to death, but to life-eternal life. Never has the world beheld such a sea of angel-faces as look down upon humanity now. Wait, wait a little longer, and all your hearts desire shall speedily

This sermon was quite long, and in it was considerable repetition, which faults were prominent characteristics of Orthodox sermons of "ye olden time," and were doubtless here given to make the illustration more perfect. This report comprehends the substance of the sermon, but not above one-fifth part of the words are here given. The sentences are mostly

Mr. Loring Moody recited a beautiful poem by Whittier, prophetic of what the world now begins to see in the decay of religious inconsistencies and the springing up of truer worship. Mr. Moody made some excellent remarks upon the true growth of the saul.

Dr. Gardner, when occasion required, at diffierent times during the Convention, interspersed his common sense remarks upon the subject of Spiritualism, making it clear to the comprehension of all who heard him. He made some concluding remarks, and the Convention adjourned sine die, having given apparently great satisfaction to all.

Epitaph of a Spiritualist, endorsed on his Will. The spirit of

> entered the form, which lies beneath this stone in Received Light from the New Dispensation in 1855. Fled to the SPIRIT-WORLD in the full assurance of a

Glorious Immortality I cherish, the hope that my children will yet embrace the

Amusements.

BOSTON MUSEUM .- Museum open day and ovening. Exhibition Room open at 6 1-2 o'clock; performances to commence at 7 1-2. Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances at 3 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Sonts, 50 cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.-JAMES PILORIM and JOHN Monax, Solo Lessee and Managors. Admission—Boxes, 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cts.; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cts.; Pit, 16 cts.; Gallery, 10 cts.; Privato Boxos, \$4; Single Seat to Private Boxes, 75 cts; Family Circle, 20 cts. Doors open at 7 o'clock—performance to commence at 7 1-2.

which God has given begins to work in ye heart, ye man is entirely corrupt in himself. He must work and toil to go up ye mountain, and his feet will slip, and he cannot go up ye mountain without help.

Adam and Eve have fallen, and ye are all condemned to endless perdition. And ye wicked shall be cast into hell, and all ye nations that forget God. Ye Lord is very angry with all his people; and all ye world be corrupt. Ye Lord sent his only Son into ye world, and when ye God's anger waxed strong,

intos to the social weight of the power.

For a written examination, my charge is \$1.00. Those wishing for a personal examination, will find me at Dr. Charles Main's, 7 Davis atreet, on Saturday of each week. All communications directed to H. L. Bowker, Natick, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

Natick, Mass., Aug. 25, 1858.

MRS. PHELPS. CLAIRVOYANT AND SPIRITUAL HEALING
MEDIUM.—Residence, 32 Carver street, corner. of Ellot
street, near the Boston and Providence Railroad Depot.
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16 Nov. 21

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

The following letter from a gentleman who had been apparently in the last stages of consumption, will be read with interest by all who are suffering with that insidious

isease:- Messas. B. O. & G. C. Wilson, Botanic Druggists, No. 20 Central street, Boston:—
Gentlemen—In 1848 I took a violent cold, which soon resulted inchronic bronchitis; with the continuance of the disease, my constitution was failing, and in the winter of 1853 I was confined to my room. I had recourse to every 1853 I was confined to my room. I had recourse to every remedy within my reach, and placed myself under the care of a physician. In February, 1854, I was much emaciated, test medium will also be in attendance on Monday, Wednestook my bed, had night sweats, heeticatever, copious bleeding day, and Friday of each week, from 3 to 5 p. M. from the lungs, &c., &c.; these my physicians checked, but could not cure, and expressed strong fears of a fatal issue. At this juncture, I received a sapply of your medicines. I had been so other disappointed, I doubted their efficacy, and hesi-tated to use them; I tried, however, the Cherry Balsam, and

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY.—ADDRESS delivered and from that time, gradually recovered, and the cough and bleeding became less and less.

For the benefit of those in the same afflicted and almost helpless condition, I will state the effect of your remedles in my case. The Cherry Blatam produced free and easy expression; the Neuropathic Drops removed sparmodic stricture in the throat, and allayed irritability and tendency to cough; the Cherry Bitters nided digestion, and this increased the strength of the system. The effects of the Sarsaparilla were novel in the extreme; before I had used the first bottle, my body was a daguerrectype of Job—boils from sole to crown—First-rings at once; those passed off and, with them, all violent coughing. It is now February, 1855, and my health is more robust than it has been for the last seven years. To the use of your remedies I mainly attribute my restoration. That others may read, believe, and try, is the object of this testimonial.

Warnen A. Reed.

Quincy, Feb. 19, 35.

Marnen A. Reed.

We red before the late Convention in lavor of extening to women the Elective Franchise, by Geo. W. Curtis. Price 10 cents, or to the trade at \$7 per hundred. That of the Neuropathic Drops removed sparmodies into the trade at \$7 per hundred. That of the Neuropathic Drops removed sparmodies in the Elective Franchise, by Geo. W. Curtis. Price 10 cents, or to the trade at \$7 per hundred. That of the Neuropathic Drops removed sparmodies in the Elective Franchise, by Geo. W. Curtis. Price 10 cents, or to the trade at \$7 per hundred. That General Price 10 cents, or 25 per hundred. The Elective Franchise, by Geo. W. Curtis. Price 10 cents, or 25 per hundred. The demand for these remarkable Discourses continues unabled. More than 20,000 have already been sold. Price for the three Discourses 24 cents, or \$6 per hundred. Beside the above, the suoseriber has a general assortment of Spiritual and Reform publications, and Chatever points to the clevation of Humanity, independent of creads, but receiptin

The subscriber is in negociation, and will soon be able to same author, either in pamphlet form or bound in cloth, at wholesale, and retail.

WEINTG CIACLEGE OF HEALTH.

WEINTG CIACLEGE AND Allows at Monson's Rooms Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones street, on Thursday evenings, and J. B. Conkers, ditto, on Tuesday evenings, commencing at eight o'clock P. M., until further notice. Admission 50 cents. The subscriber is in negociation, and will soon be able to announce his arrangements, with other distinguished mediums, so that the friends from abroad, as well as in the city, and wholesale, and retail.

WENTING CIACLEGE AT Monson's Rooms Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones street, on Thursday evenings, and J. B. Conkers, ditto, on Tuesday evenings, commencing at eight o'clock P. M., until further notice. Admission 50 cents.

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Aug. 21

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

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the same days, and at the same pines.

August 14

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July 10

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june 10

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person before him, on no fee will be claimed. Terms to be
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Doc. 2.

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Let March 6

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