

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Original Poetry.

FRIENDSHIP.

"Friendship nor clouds nor shadows fear,
And smiles at threatening storm."
The gentle glory of the day just gone—
A day whose influence wraps the soul to calm—
Hath left no shade behind, all floated on
Of peace, and left the sorrowing heart without a balm.
This life, a river channelled in the earth—
How oft when pleasures kiss its rippling tide,
And give the sluggish spirit new birth,
Do hidden griefs turn back the waters as they glide!
The portals of the morning swung away,
And, pouring forth the sunlight, kissed the flowers,
And fingered o'er the frozen, leaf-clad spray,
Till sparkling dew-drops fell like tears pent up for hours.
The day bid fair, when, stepping from the east
To glide o'er earth in beauty down the west,
The sun rolled up the sky with power increased,
And shed a matchless glory from his burnished crest.
However firm in life our aims are set—
However strong the heart in joy's rich hour—
How few who live do not with tears regret
Some fond hope turned aside by disappointment's power.
Up from the North grim clouds rolled high and higher;
Deep tones of thunder bade the daylight yield,
And darkness enfolded the gloom and quenched its fire,
And hid the sun, now dim, refracting from the field.
The shadows of a dark and dreary noon
Hang round my soul, and o'er its longing eyes—
Its wealth has fled, like blasted buds of June,
And sorrow lingers round, impatient for its prize.
And loneliness surrounds, and flouts my grief;
Amid this prosed solitude I roam;
One light afar, as lustre, sheds relief,
But time and distance seek to shut it from my home.
How strange that flowers in friendship blossom,
Or those that burst to bloom in love's rich soil,
So often fade while yet 'tis early Spring—
That seeming love itself gives way at last to turmoil!
But still, dear absent friend, I trust in thee,
Though clouds of lonely separation hover—
Though many loved ones fall my destiny—
But oh! my trust in thee is ripening every hour!
My soul preserves immaculate the leaf
Where only earnest hearts can leave their sign;
One hand alone hath traced with full belief—
My soul proclaims aloud, dear friend, that hand is thine!
Through dark and cold the day, the sun will rise,
Even though a lonely night should pass before—
And brighter seem for transient sacrifice;
But friendship wronged and crushed can friendship be no more!
The day is near—the opal morn has come;
Oh, wild for aye, kind friend, thy soul's great power!
Friendship is tender—take this maxim home—
The bud too early plucked can never be the flower.
In vain the fledgling seeks at first to fly;
'Tis time alone can make his pinions strong.
The free bird caged, for freedom's love will die—
In vain to list; the broken heart gives forth no song.
'Tis thus with Friendship; in the heart it lives,
Nor ventures forth till some loved object calls;
Once forth, the heart no further shelter gives,
Even though 'tis crushed—thus low in death it falls.
Then, oh! dear friend, reveal thine innate power—
Return that friendship long since to thee given;
My soul seeks thee—oh, beckon to thy tower—
Let Friendship's magic wand make earth's short life a heaven.

Who will say, after perusing the following from the pen of Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, that editors are not poets?

"When the day begins to go up to heaven at night,
It does not spread a pair of wings and fly aloft like a bird,
But it just climbs softly up on a ladder. It sets its red sandal on the shrub you have watered, these three days, lest it should perish with thirst, then it steps to the tree we sit under, and thence to the ridge of the roof. From the ridge to the chimney; from the chimney to the tall elm; from the elm to the church spire, and then to the cloud, and then to the threshold of heaven; and thus, from round to crimson round, you can see it go, as if it walked upon red roses."

CATO'S EXTRA PRAYER.—A pious old negro, saying grace at the table, not only used to ask a blessing upon his board, but he would also petition to have some deficient dish supplied. One day it was known that Cato was out of potatoes, and suspecting that he would pray for some at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the vegetables, and stole under the window, near which our colored Christian was located. Soon Cato drew up his chair, and commenced:
"Oh, Massa Lord, will you in dy provident kindness condescend to bress eberything before us, and be pleased to bestow upon us a few taters, and all de praise."

Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates, and upsetting the mustard pot.

"Dom's um, Lord," said Cato, looking up with surprise, "only jess let um down a little easier nex time."

LUTHERANS.—The Lutherans have over 1100 ministers laboring in nearly every State in the Union, and at least 2000 churches. They have also nearly a dozen colleges, and as many theological seminaries, together with female seminaries and academies in various parts.

"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" screamed a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both at the piano.

"You're afloat, eh!" growled an old sea dog; "I should judge you were afloat, by the squall you raise."

WEALTH.—No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Pride is prosperity's common vice.

For the Banner of Light.
Translated from the German, by Cora Wilburn.

ALAMONTADE.

BY ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER III.

"One day," continued our Abbe, "I was requested to go to the Hospital of the Bagno; there to prepare a dying old galley-slave for death. The physicians had given up all hope, so had the priests who attended the Bagno. They found a heretic in the old sinner, whom it was impossible to convert. They looked upon me as a learned man; the Captain of the galleys, Monsieur Delaubin seemed to think well of the slave, and as he knew me personally, he entreated me to care for the spiritual welfare of the hardened sinner. I gave way to his entreaties, although I felt no inclination to return the apostate to the arms of the church; but they had excited my curiosity, for they all declared the heretic was possessed of the devil; that he was worse than Calvin, and capable of holding argument with, and confounding the most learned of the priesthood."

I went, strange enough, thought I, on my way, and I could not refrain from laughing; one free-thinker is chosen for the conversion of another. If the pious Captain had known me better, he would not have importuned me so much; but that is the way in which we practice deception on one another; not one among mortals, not the wisest and most virtuous, has moral courage sufficient to go out in the world without a mask.

I was conducted to the room of the sick galley-slave. He sat, wrapt in an old cloak, with his face turned toward the open window, in the full sunshine, as if he would warm himself in its beams, and at the same time enjoy the cheerful prospect. He turned his head toward me; as long as I live I shall never forget that pale, saintly face! There was not the gloomy, staring look of a common criminal, nor the shameless boldness of hardened vice; the forced repentance and despondent mien of the punished but not bettered villain; no, it was the quiet, self-possession of a pure soul, the goodness of innocence, that beamed from the large, beautiful eyes. The face of the unfortunate man, marked by exposure to all weathers, and bleached through illness, bore the impress of something noble and fascinating in all its features, despite its expression of suffering; near the neck a few grey hairs appeared; they would have added to his venerable aspect, but his head was shorn; it was the head of a malefactor. I had not expected to find this man so. I approached him. "Pardon me, sir," he said, "I cannot rise to receive you; you see my feet are stretched upon the pillow there; they are swollen up to the knee." I asked his name. It was Alamontade; he told me the place of his birth, and also, that, condemned to the galleys in the prime of life, he had fulfilled his punishment till within half a year. He had been a galley-slave for nearly twenty-nine years!

"It is well with you," said I to him; "you will soon regain your freedom; you will return to your home and live the remainder of your days as an honest man."

"I shall not again behold my home!" he replied with a trembling voice. "I have no home in the world; they robbed me of it. My longing is for the quiet lands beyond the grave; I know it; death is more a friend to me than life; he will not linger as long as he has lingered in coming."

So spoke the slave. I acknowledged that the gentle dignity, the choice language he made use of, the earnestness of his tone and manner, affected and embarrassed me. Everything convinced me that this man, an outcast from his fellows, was not like the rest of his companions; that at least he possessed a good education, as he had guarded its traces in the midst of the depraved society in which he had spent almost the half of his life. "Do you then believe, Alamontade," said I, "that you will not live to see your freedom?"

"I hope so at least," he replied; "I hope that death will release me from the burden of days, before the law will release me from my fetters."

"Can you so tranquilly think of death? Have you so improved your days of punishment that you dare hope to be at peace with the judge of the living? See, Alamontade, the Captain Delaubin feels much interest in you; he thinks, too, that you will not number many days. I come, at his request, to you, to—"

Alamontade interrupted me; "I am deeply grateful for the mercy of our Captain; I honor your humanity, sir; but I humbly entreat you to request my master not to send me any priest, but to leave me the consolations of solitude in my last moments. Must I be denied this last privilege? If it can aid your peace of mind, sir, I will again declare that since three-and-twenty dreadful years have I been prepared for the beautiful moment of death. I die without fear; I tremble not before the judge of the dead. May I hope that my petition will be heard?" He said this with so much heartfelt entreaty, that without hesitation I gave him my word that I would interest myself as he desired. I allowed the thought to escape me unconsciously; that it was a duty to honor the desires of the dying, and that if he were an infidel, he should not be compelled into Heaven against his will. "You are a priest, sir," said he; "your mildness does me good, more than all the exhortations of your predecessors. You give me peace, and make me master of my most valuable hours—the last. To a man like you, full of pity and con-

sideration, the gratitude even of a slave must be acceptable."

I gave him to comprehend that I was willing to do much more for his tranquility; that I deserved no thanks for refraining from theological exhortations toward him, if they were against his inclination. I cast these thoughts before him that I might fathom this strange being further. He gazed at me with an exclamation of surprise, and cried out, after a lengthened pause: "Sir, you are an extraordinary man!"

"Extraordinary?" repeated I. "I find nothing extraordinary in fulfilling the first duties of humanity." "Even that it is which is extraordinary," he cried. I requested him to explain himself further. He appeared to hesitate, and timidly demanded if I would not be angry if he spoke freely. I assured him that it would afford me pleasure. Then he said: "Sir, when an every-day person does his duty, he surely merits no praise; but the man who is elevated above his fellows by worth and position—which have the tendency to harden the heart and blind the judgment—he deserves admiration, when he remains self-reliant and true to humanity. Therefore we should praise every virtue in those born kings; in soldiers, pity for sufferers; in lawyers, justice, and in the priesthood veneration for others' opinion."

I did not think such judgment could be spoken by an old galley-slave. But the man became, through this and all that he said, more interesting to me. I sought his confidence further; I was fortunate enough to awaken it. He told me that he had applied himself to the sciences in his youth, and from them was dragged to the galleys. He had expiated his crime, whatever it was, hard enough. But, although I felt an intense curiosity to know all concerning him, I deemed it my duty to spare him the recollection of his errors in the last moments of his melancholy existence.

My conversation appeared agreeable to him; he humbly entreated for a renewal of my visit. "I am not worthy of the favor," he said, "but your kind heart feels for the miserable. Even the slave is yet a human being and brother; I am a dishonored man; a man without possessions. Before my right arm was shot off, I could write sometimes; they have left me the pages on which I wrote my sorrows amid tears. I will leave you these pages—perhaps they will be of interest to you."

I fulfilled his wishes. I visited him daily. Our conversations turned to the most exalted objects in life. Oh, friends! this outcast upon whose breast, one of the most venerable of mortals! He, whom I was to convert from his errors, he converted me. His wisdom became my guiding star in the nights of life; his virtue hallowed me again. "Never felt the presence of that Godlike slave without feeling bettered; and in the silence of my chamber I wrote down the conversations we held. Come, I will communicate his thoughts to you. That is the best tribute I can offer to his memory. What you have heard from me, look upon as prologue to the rest. Your condition is that which I carried to the room of the dying slave. What he spoke to me then, take it, as if it were spoken to you also."

With these words the Abbe Dillon arose; we followed silently along the banks of the sea. The sun disappeared and shadows flitted over the face of the world; Rodrice and myself were gloomy. Dillon had broken the fragile reed of which our spirits had rested until now, that they might not be destroyed in the anguish of troubled doubt. We walked without a staff, and clung to Dillon's lofty, firm mind, like weak, trembling children to their father. When we came to the Abbe's room, and the tapers were lit, he drew from among his papers a roll of manuscript. We sat down, and Dillon read.

CHAPTER IV.

"Although I would not trouble the slave with investigations and questions concerning theological subjects, because I feared to pain him by the expression of my sentiments, yet he led the conversation to those subjects himself. He spoke, with warmth, upon religion."

"How is this?" said I; "so you have a religion, Alamontade?"

"Do you believe," he replied, "that any one lives without religion? Only the earliest childhood and madness may live without it."

"What is your religion? for they say you are an atheist."

"I am an outcast from the society of my fellow-men," replied Alamontade, "therefore no one makes it a matter of conscience to think and speak evil of me. I have been compelled to renounce the friendship of my brothers; I dare not open my lips to attempt a defence. I belong to no one; if I had a joy, who would be willing to share it with me? and my sorrows I have firmly borne alone."

He remained for some time absorbed in melancholy thought; then he raised his eyes to mine and said: "You ask for my religion? How can I describe it to you? It is the religion which the Creator himself revealed to my inmost. The prejudices of the masses, the immorality of the priests and monks, the contradictions and absurdities of the church's teachings, contrasted with the unmovable truths of nature, all awakened early my reflections;—and these reflections led me out of the church into the arms of God!"

"And you found yourself, amid all vicissitudes, comforted by your religion?"

"Ah! kind sir, comforted? Yes, indeed, but I suffered none the less. As a friendly tallman, religion upholds us above the waves in the shipwreck of

life, so that we sink not; but while looked about on the billows of misery, it is impossible to smile, even if Heaven were opened before us, as for Saint Stephen. "I wish you joy, that your faith has helped you so much. Far removed from the idea, as I was requested to do, of combating your religious convictions, I desire to know them, that I may offer them to every unfortunate one, if it be possible."

"My religion, sir, is known to every one; you find it in every part of the world again; all nations possess it—only with different kind of adornment and additions, of which I am not in need of. It is easier for me than for all the rest to possess it. I am an outcast—belonging to no nation, yet to humanity; therefore have I not the religion of a nation, but the religion of humanity, and no one persecutes me for it. The nations have never battled for religion, only for its garb and human adornments; but peace be with them who died for it—they were happy."

"But if you esteem your belief the true one, and you doubt no longer—if you are also convinced that the religion of others is error, how can you call them happy?"

"Because they were happy. Ah! if I had remained like others, and as I once was, and had gained the world's love and confidence, yet would I have trembled at the sin of rashly touching another's belief. The denizens of earth live in a continued minority; they are all children, and need the leading-strings and the guide; their reason lies within the soft cradle of fancy, and their emotions stand around to rock them into slumber. Although mighty Nature stands before them, and cries with a thousand voices: There is a God!—although deep within their hearts is a holy guarantee for eternity, yet is their confidence in themselves too weak; they tremble, fearing self-deception. They believe the stranger more than the home-voice. They need revelation. Well, every nation has its prophet—its leader; and every child believes its father more than it believes itself. Only a few elevate themselves, only a few elevate themselves out of the mass of millions; they understand the witnesses of Nature, and the surety within their breast, and the light of their spirit as the guiding star of humanity. These are the ambassadors of God—these have attained their full age and stature."

"Cannot the time arrive," said I, "when the race will emerge from this state of infancy?"

"I doubt it," replied Alamontade. "By the order of things, compelled to enjoy our bread in the sweat of our brows, the best portion of life is spent at the loom, the barn, or the helm, in the service of earthly necessities. It is destined to few the delirium of their lives to science. A century may appear when the people will possess the processes of philosophy and the fruits of painful investigation in all the varied departments of human knowledge—a century may appear in which religion, in its primal simplicity, unburdened by its material pomp, may be the religion of the people; but never will the people themselves investigate and seek. They will not take the great and simple principles from their first sources, but they will receive them in confidence from their teacher's wisdom. And as then, so is it now; the people cling in faith to that which is to them hallowed by custom; the expounder of a higher perception, they cling to him with the faith of a child to its father—as the sick man to his physician. Grey prejudices will be overthrown, but new ones will arise and rule the world. Mankind will be more cultivated, more humane, artistic; they will once shudder in remembrance of the barbarous times in which we live, and yet they will never totally emerge from their undeveloped condition."

"I doubt," said I, "whether humanity, as it grows more cultivated and refined, while it enjoys a higher degree of perception—whether it possesses the tenderness that will cause much misery to disappear from earth."

"Why not? Oh, certainly, sir; among an ennobled people, I should never have passed the most beautiful portion of my life in chains and prison. Can you not believe, that with the refinement of nations, the public happiness is augmented and misery diminished? Just contrast the civilized nations of our time with the savage hordes, that stand upon the first steps of culture; share with them for a moment the terrors of superstition, the untamed fury of their passions, the barbarity of their wars, the injustice of their rude laws, the bitter fruits of ignorance in every department of life—then contrast the wealthy and cultivated European of the present century with the wealthy and cultivated man of the wild, middle-ages of our time-reckoning! The unfolding of the manifold capacities of human nature enlarge the enjoyment of life, and double its pleasures; the destruction of baneful prejudices, the continued conquests in the domain of science, diminish the quantity of evils, and gradually give to the soul a greatness and strength, with which it elevates itself above all inevitable ills."

"Do not allow yourself," continued Alamontade, "to be led into error by the caprice of poets, and the humors of philosophers, who, in the development of nations, behold only an augmentation of evil; and, because in the real world, nothing comes up to the standard of their ideal—universal happiness—they transplant that happiness to the days of the past, or onward with it a better future; days that no one has seen—that none will ever live, to see; for it belongs to human weakness over to be surrounded by wishes—it belongs to our daily illusions to find charms in the past and future, far exceeding the present. The present is a fleeting speck in time; it is past while we thought it, and another floats past before we ex-

pect it. Our feelings are divided in these atoms of time; only in overlooking the whole series we behold their worth. That is why neither joy nor danger are as beautiful or terrible in the present moment as they appear while we await their coming, and both gain fresher colors as soon as they float toward the past. We prize the happiness of childhood; but if God left our choice free, who would desire to be replaced there? And poets and philosophers, who bewail the manners of nations, and cry out against civilization, build them a hut among the Trojans or Finlanders, among the wandering Tartars, or the Algerians and Esquimaux, and see whether they will prize their fate!"

So spoke Alamontade. I listened to him with much pleasure—my thoughts were bent, upon drawing forth new thoughts from him.

One afternoon I found him in bed; an unusual cheerfulness illumined his countenance; he smiled as I had never seen him smile before.

"You seem to feel well to-day," said I.

"Oh, very well! The swelling in my feet is rapidly extending, and the physician significantly shakes his head; he can no longer withstand the foe he calls death, whom I call life."

"Do you die, when I call life?"

He looked at me with an expression of cheerfulness impossible to describe; his eyes were illumined with the inner glory of his being.

"How can I be caught but willing?" he replied, "when the friendly moment appears that will take the heavy iron chains from my weary limbs, and lead me forth out of the murky prison-chamber—out of the strange, sorrowful land of my beloved home. Can I tremble? Who on earth loves yet the forgotten Alamontade? Not an eye will melt in tears by his corpse; I leave no loved one, whose remembrance would recall me to earth from my father's mansion."

"Your Father's mansion? Where is it, Alamontade?"

"It is there where I shall again be with my own—where I shall once more appear as child in the great family of the Universal Father—not as step-child—where I shall be the equal of all equally created beings. This globe, too, belongs to the realm of the eternal; but here I have been hurled into misery, and no one knew me—not a soul greeted me in brotherhood."

"Know you, Alamontade—know you it as a certainty, that after death there are hours of life awaiting? Can you close your eyes in this unshaken conviction? You have yourself confessed to me that no revealed religion could satisfy you; how can you, without a higher revelation, know of your destiny after death? But I will not disturb your inner tranquillity with doubts."

"Indeed," replied Alamontade, "this peace cannot be broken by doubt. I stand where those stood who gave revelations to the children of the race, although they had not received them for themselves. Man, in his developed state, is in need of no supernatural phenomena that he may feel at home in the homelike universe. Only the blind one must be guided by a stranger's hand; the path is dark to him, although illumined by a thousand suns."

"When is man developed?" I demanded.

"As soon as he has equally cultivated his varied faculties—when he understands worthily their uses," replied Alamontade. "If a man were to walk with his hands, and use his feet in their place, he would, with justice, be called a fool. So is he also a fool, who, with his imagination, endeavors to compass eternity, or to make moral laws of his feelings; or, he who denies the past, because it has escaped his memory; or disbelieves the future, because it has not yet been; or the one who doubts of God, for whose existence there are as few and as many proofs as for the existence of ourselves. Man is strong, and great, and godlike in his career; but the false direction of his powers render him infirm; he would sometimes bear with his eyes, and see with his ears; that, he cannot do, and then he bewails the misery of human life, and accuses the world and its Maker; he finds truth wanting everywhere, and yet it is his own fault."

I felt touched by this discourse. I confided myself without reserve to this wise man; I confessed my illness—that dreadful mania of doubt, that destroyed all my peace.

"You doubt all things?" said he, smiling; "even that you doubt? You find no certainty anywhere; even in that, that it is yourself that finds no certainty?"

"No!" cried I. "That I am, I cannot deny, without madness; that outside of me other things exist, is also certain. But what they are—wherefore I am—that I know not."

"From whence know you that you are—who has revealed it to you?"

"I feel, I think, and therefore conclude that something feels and thinks, and this something, am I. Something affects me, independent of the will of my senses; I have, therefore, no reason to doubt of the existence of other things; but these objects I know not—I know only their effects upon my senses. I cannot fathom the connection between my soul and the outer world. I find the longer I study nature, that I am not justified in judging of the quality of outer objects by their effects on me, but that these effects are the result of my mysterious organization."

"Ah, my dear sir!" said Alamontade, "if man were not occupied with higher and more beautiful mysteries, the knowledge of the objects surrounding him would not occupy him long. But with pleasure will I follow your thought. That, which, throughout

so!" I quickly answered, at the same time averting my face, to hide the tears that were fast rising, in spite of myself.

Her quick eye, however, did not fail to discover the emotion she had so unintentionally caused me, and twining her fair arms about my neck, she kissed me over and over again, until I inwardly wished Providence had made me my own loved child, instead of an exile and a stranger.

With an assumed effort of gayety, Isabel (for such she bade me call her henceforth,) strove to banish her own sorrow, and attract my attention to surrounding things. She showed me caskets of rare pearls, and jewels of varied hue. Dresses of fine and costly fabric were displayed one after another before my admiring eyes, until dazzled by the brilliancy of the scene around me, I fancied myself in Aladdin's palace. Yet with all Isabel's wealth of worldly goods, I saw that she was unhappy, and her mind ill at ease. Day after day found me a frequent visitor to her tastefully-arranged boudoir. Her affection for me seemed to increase hourly, and I in return, loved her even as a pet child.

By degrees she confided to me her own personal history. Her story was a sad one. The child of a southern planter by a favorite slave, she had passed the early years of childhood in the family of her master, by whom she was fondly beloved. His wife, however, being childless, and in disposition somewhat of a shrew, at heart secretly hated the mother of the little Isabel, whose superior beauty had so fascinated and enthralled the senses of her husband. From the hour of Isabel's birth, Mrs. St. Clair had been trying to devise some plan, by means of which, to rid herself of the presence of one, who, although only a slave, was nevertheless a dangerous rival in the affections of her liege lord. Perceiving the bitterness of his wife's feeling towards Lena and her lovely babe, Mr. St. Clair, with noble generosity of soul, determined to free them both, and to send the latter to the North, for the purpose of educating her. But death, with his merciless scythe, cut down the wealthy planter in the midst of his worldly prosperity, before he had an opportunity of settling up his business affairs, or granting the freedom he had so long promised to Lena and her child.

The reins of government being now entirely in the hands of his widow, she did not scruple to use her power to the fullest extent. Revenge was strongly implanted in her nature, and she now determined to separate the beautiful but unfortunate Lena from her only child. The former was accordingly sold to a planter in the State of Alabama, where her exceeding beauty and sound health, commanded a fine price. But this sudden and unexpected separation of the slave Lena from the little Isabel, was a heart-breaking affair and cost the former her life. Her sensitive and loving nature soon drooped, when banished from the kind and hospitable roof of her former master. There, she would have been willing to spend the remainder of her days in toil and servitude, if only permitted to share the home of her child, upon whom she doted with all the fondness of her warm and passionate nature. But the edict of banishment to Lena had gone forth from the lips of the cruel-hearted Mrs. St. Clair, and might not be revoked; so, after a few months of mental suffering and mourning for the loss of her child, the beautiful Lena found a grave in a stranger land, far away from all the ties and associations which had bound her innocent soul to life.

Isabel was but five years of age at the time of her mother's removal to Alabama, and consequent death. For a while she mourned the loss of one whose childish instinct rendered dear to her infant heart, but the sorrows of youth are easily effaced, and time soon banished the memory of her slave mother from the mind of Isabel St. Clair.

Years glided by, and Mrs. St. Clair, whose reputed wealth was extensively known in Louisiana, again married. Isabel, now a beautiful girl of sixteen years, still remained in the service of her pious and imperious mistress.

The gentleman whom Mrs. St. Clair condescended to honor with her hand, if not her heart, was a broken-down merchant of New Orleans, whom the former met with, while spending the winter months in that city. A short acquaintance, a large and brilliant wedding, to which the elite of the Crescent City were invited, and Mrs. Waldron, (formerly the Widow St. Clair,) returned to her extensive plantation, a brilliant bride. A short time after the marriage of Mr. Waldron, his only son Henry, who had been spending a couple of years upon the continent, returned to take up his home with his father and step-mother.

Mrs. Waldron received the son of her husband with a great deal of favor, for his manly beauty and ease of manner, at once commanded her admiration. Soon after the arrival of Henry Waldron at the plantation of his step-mother, his attention was attracted to the rare beauty of Isabel, whose duty it was to attend upon the person of her mistress. Her graceful and unaffected manner at once charmed and fascinated the man of the world, who had already begun to tire of the heartless frivolities of fashionable life. Discovering that the beautiful slave-girl possessed a mind of no ordinary capacity, Henry Waldron proposed becoming her teacher, in order to beguile the passing hours, which oftentimes hang so heavily upon the hands of a gentleman of leisure. Pleased with the rapid progress which the young girl made in her several studies, Henry Waldron devoted himself to the care of his pupil, with renewed energy.

Time passed on, and each had learned a fresher and never less—that of love! Yes, Henry Waldron loved the beautiful slave-girl, with all the fervor of his manly nature; while she, the object of his undisguised admiration, in her blissful innocence, dreamed a sweet dream that was destined, alas! to fade but too soon!

The attention which the young master bestowed upon the fair Isabel, roused the jealousy of the female slaves upon the plantation, who lost no time in poisoning the ear of their naturally-suspicious mistress against the unsuspecting girl. In great anger Mrs. Waldron forbade Isabel holding further conversation with her husband's son, on peril of being sold and sent out of the State. This threat frightened the poor girl, and would have had its intended effect upon her, but for the encouragement she received from Henry Waldron, to meet him as of old, though now their interviews were necessarily obliged to be stolen ones. Ah! it was Adam that tempted Eve, at that moment. As usual, the course of true love was not long allowed to run smoothly in their case. Their secret meetings were at last detected, calling down upon the head of the innocent Isabel the terrible anger and vengeance of her hard task-mistress, Mrs. Waldron. The door of perpetual banishment from the home of her childhood, now seemed to her in-

evitable fate. Her only hope for pardon, lay now in the mercy and constancy of her lover. But even his powerful pleading of Isabel's cause, availed not. Mrs. Waldron was determined to break up an intimacy between the parties, which she strongly feared was fast ripening into love. The young girl threw herself entirely upon the protection of Henry Waldron, who, finding his affection for the slave of his mother known to the inmates of his father's family, at once set about devising some plan for the safety and protection of one whom he deeply loved. In an interview with his step-mother, he generously proposed buying Isabel, and giving her the freedom, which had been denied her deceased mother. But of this Mrs. Waldron would not consent. The only way left open, therefore, was to secretly remove Isabel to the North. This he succeeded in doing, under cover of the night and by the assistance of an old servant whose confidence he had bribed.

Placing the beautiful Isabel in a comfortable boarding house in Boston, Henry Waldron, after giving orders for her well-being and personal comfort, returned again to his Southern home, promising most faithfully to the young girl, that he should never cease to cherish her memory in his absence, and would return ere long to make her his wife.

Isabel, in her extreme love for the son of her mistress, dreamed not of distrusting him even for a single moment. But as week followed closely upon week, and no intelligence was received by her of the faithless and absent one, the young girl began slowly to droop like a fair exotic, when deprived of its native soil and heat.

A certain sum of money was monthly received by Miss Higgins, the landlady, a portion of which was retained by her for the board of Miss St. Clair, while the remainder was transmitted through her to Isabel, to be expended upon her person at her own pleasure.

Wealth and luxury surrounded her on every side, but still the beautiful Isabel was sad at heart. Like a lost dove, she mourned for the warmth and comfort of the parent nest. Among the boarders at Miss Higgins's was a young Spaniard, who had been sent to this country from Guatemala, to avail himself of the vast educational resources which our favored land affords, and to acquire a thorough knowledge of the English language. The moment that he beheld Isabel St. Clair, he became enamored of her. Through the influence of his landlady he procured an introduction to the young girl, and on the occasion of their first private interview, boldly declared his passion for her. The most costly gifts were daily heaped upon Isabel, with a lavish hand that knew no restraint. He would have made her his bride, and carried her home in triumph to the paternal dwelling in Central America, but Isabel gently put him away from her, without actually refusing or granting his suit, hoping each day to behold the object of her idolatry, the truant Henry Waldron, whose memory she still clung to with all the constancy of her nature.

Knowing my influence over Isabel, whom I loved with all the fondness of a mother, the young Spaniard, Emanuel Reinado, besought me to plead his suit for him, with the somewhat indifferent Isabel. This I did, but all my entreaties and arguments in his favor were unsuccessful. Her heart was given to another, and him only could she ever truly love. He had promised to return and make her his bride, and she would watch for him even until the hour of death. In vain I remonstrated with her upon the folly of wasting the strength of her pure and deep affection upon one who had proved himself totally unworthy her love and confidence. The name of Henry Waldron was a secret one to Isabel St. Clair, and not all the calumny and slander of the world had power to blench it in her trusting and adoring eyes.

Miss St. Clair had been an inmate of our boarding house for the space of a year. Emanuel Reinado had known and wildly loved her for six long months, during which time he had been kept fluctuating between hope and fear, in his great and all-absorbing passion for Isabel St. Clair.

The night at last arrived, upon which Isabel St. Clair was to give him her final answer. All day she had been unusually restless and excited, and at the dinner and supper hour she had excused herself from appearing at the table, on the plea of a severe headache. A few minutes after tea I went to her room, and found her pacing the floor in a terrible state of mental agitation. Her eyes were wild and starting, while a bright crimson spot burned strangely upon each cheek. Her dark hair hung in disordered masses down her back, while her hands were clasped tightly over her head.

She started quickly as I entered, as if half expecting to meet the piercing gaze of Emanuel Reinado. I knew that a fearful conflict was raging within, which I had no power to quell. I besought her to sit down and partake of the untasted food which lay upon her dressing table. But she had no appetite, and I could not prevail upon her to eat. I ventured to inquire the cause of her agitation, to which she replied, that she feared the consequences of her refusal of Reinado's suit, and of her deep love for another.

I could say nothing, or but little, in return, and so, after affectionately kissing her good night, I returned to my chamber. An hour later, I heard a step, which I well knew was Reinado's, enter Isabel's room. A few minutes after, I heard the key turn in the lock, and by the low murmur of voices which followed, I judged that Isabel was gently breaking the sad tidings of her love for another, to the sensitive heart of the passionate Spaniard.

After that I fell into a sound sleep, from which I was awakened about midnight, by the report of a pistol, and the loud shriek of a female voice. Quick as lightning I jumped out of bed, and donning my slippers and dressing-gown, rushed instinctively towards Isabel's apartment. I listened at the door, and heard distinctly what appeared to be the groans of a dying man. I touched my hand to the knob of the door, but it was securely locked upon the inside.

With a dread sense of fear pervading my heart, I shrieked aloud for help. My cry rang out strangely upon the stillness of the night, but it soon brought eight or ten boarders to my side. At my suggestion the door was burst open, and there, upon the floor, lay Emanuel Reinado, weltering in his blood. By his side lay the pistol which had wrought the work of destruction. A few paces from him lay Isabel, apparently lifeless also. My first thought was, that Reinado, upon learning that he was unloved by the object of his choice, had killed both himself and Isabel. A few minutes constant rubbing, together with the application of powerful restoratives, at last restored the young girl to a state of partial consciousness. A physician, being sent for, declared that she

had suffered no bodily injury, but had only swooned from excessive fright.

Reinado was dead, and our suspicions that he had committed suicide, were fully confirmed, upon finding a letter in his pocket, which said, "If Isabel St. Clair refuses my love, I shall never leave her room alive."

All that night Isabel St. Clair raved violently, in all the wildness of delirium. Her shrieks for Henry to save her, were perfectly heart-rending. Again she would murmur sadly, "I have killed him! murdered him, by my cruelty, but I could not love him while Henry lived."

Day after day I hung over her couch, where the beautiful quadroon slave lay wrestling with that terrible disease, brain fever. My only prayer was, that if God saw fit to take her worn and agonized spirit to himself, that he would at least grant her a few hours respite from the clutches of that horrible thing, insanity. I could not bear that Isabel St. Clair should die a raving maniac.

For fourteen days reason seemed entirely de-throned, and the sufferer seemed to labor under the impression that she was soon to behold Henry Waldron again, by her frequent inquiries if he were come. I did not attempt to discourage her in this delusion, rash and improbable as I believed it to be, since it afforded her distressed mind temporary happiness for the time being.

At last the fever burned low in her veins, and I began to entertain strong hopes of her recovery. As soon as reason resumed its sway, she spoke even calmly of Reinado's death, although the mere mention of his name sent a cold shudder through my own frame. What surprised me was, that even in the full possession of her senses, she still seemed to cling to the hope of again meeting Waldron, and becoming his wife.

Contrary to our expectations, Isabel St. Clair began slowly to sink, when we had most expected her to revive. She seemed totally free from pain, and suffered only from extreme weakness. One evening while watching beside her couch, where she was sleeping, I thought I observed a fearful change stealing over her pale face. In terror, I rang for a servant, and despatched him at once for the physician, who lived some distance off. He had scarce departed, when the door suddenly opened, and a man enveloped in a traveling cloak hastily entered. My back being turned to the door, I supposed it to be the physician. "I fear she is dying, doctor," I said, without looking him in the face.

"Great God, it cannot be that Isabel is dying!" broke from the lips of the terror-stricken stranger. Not recognizing the voice, I turned quickly round, and stared at the intruder in mute surprise.

"You do not know me, madam," he said, with a face almost ghastly in its whiteness; "neither will my poor Isabel," he added mournfully.

"It cannot be possible that you are Mr. Waldron." Before he could reply the eyes of Isabel opened, and, uttering a wild cry of joy, she sprang forward, and fell forward fainting into the arms of her long-lost lover.

As soon as she recovered herself, Henry Waldron laid her gently back upon the snowy pillow, and hastily took from his vest pocket a paper, which he held up exultingly before the strangely lustrous eyes of the invalid, exclaiming, "here, Isabel, is a written proof of your freedom!"

"Thank God, then, I shall not die a slave!" faintly murmured Isabel, with clasped hands, and eyes turned heavenward.

"Die, Isabel, do not talk thus!" cried Waldron, snatching her slight form convulsively to his breast. "Death shall not snatch thee from me, my poor and injured Isabel, for this night, yea, this very hour, I will make thee my wife."

"I fear, sir," said the physician, who had just arrived, "that you are already too late, for the tide of life is fast ebbing away."

"Send for a chaplain, a justice of the peace," exclaimed Waldron, frantically, thrusting a golden coin into the hand of a domestic who stood by. A minister from the neighboring street was quickly procured, and Isabel St. Clair was bolstered up to utter those vows even in death, which bound her drooping spirit to him she had never ceased to love.

A look of ineffable sweetness stole over her face, as the clergyman placed her thin hand in that of Waldron's. The words, "Will thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?" had scarcely escaped the lips of God's servant, when the dark eyes of Isabel became glazed and fixed, while the hand that the remorse-stricken Waldron clasped tightly, was cold and icy in death.

The scene was too painful a one to contemplate, and I fell upon the floor at her bedside, weeping in the fullness of my grief; but even then I knew that the words which the lips of the dying girl had refused to utter in that chamber of death, would be answered Henry Waldron in heaven, where, freed from the double slavery of body and soul, she would pass the hours of her eternal honeymoon in the mansions of the blessed, not fade by earthly hands.

I will not linger longer upon a scene which has already saddened the hearts of my readers. From my lips Henry Waldron learned the story of Isabel St. Clair's constancy. He had always loved her, but as months rolled on, and he saw no possible means by which he could honorably marry the beautiful quadroon, he strove to banish her memory by plunging again into society.

But that was impossible, and it was with sorrow that Mr. Waldron and his wife perceived his mind fast becoming a prey to that awful malady, melancholy, which like the bon constrictor, gradually crushes the breath of life out of its victim.

Mrs. Waldron, learning the cause of his great sorrow, at once consented to free the beautiful Isabel, whom her husband's son had for so long a time separated from the hands of justice at the North. It was for the purpose of placing in the hands of Isabel the document containing the proofs of her freedom from slavery, that Henry Waldron, stung by remorse, had directed his steps towards Boston. Arriving there, he determined to make this innocent and constant girl his bride; but death had already anticipated him, and claimed her pure spirit before the feeble words of man could bind her soul to earth, by uniting her in matrimony to Henry Waldron.

In one of Boston's oldest church-yards, sleep side by side the beautiful quadroon girl, Isabel St. Clair, and her lover, Henry Waldron. Time has nearly effaced the inscriptions on their tombstones, but a careful eye may faintly decipher the words, "Constancy," and "Incensurability," inscribed upon the now discolored marble, at Henry Waldron's earnest request.

It is with ideas as with pieces of money; those of the least value generally circulate the most.

Written for the Banner of Light. RUSTIC LINES.

Rustic lines for rustic youth,
Who exercise free thought,
That leads them to the Fountain of Truth
Beyond what scribes have taught!
Some children nursed in luxury's lap,
A beggar's mission fill;
So those who feed on "government pap"
Are slaves to party still.
To aim at little birds and beasts,
Gives puny mortals sport,
Who fear to hit the birding priests,
Or the Sanhedrin's court.
If salaries raised on rented slips
Could now inspire our preachers,
Like the free coin on a slave's lips,
We should have true teachers.
Some eighteen centuries ago
The doctors were confounded,
When even a child of twelve could show
Them light and truth unbounded.
So modern doctors, now and then,
Are in the same condition,
Who see the youth and maidens fair
Amplified tradition.
So, with what little brains I've got,
I would my mission fill—
Send here and there a fandum shot,
To old tradition kill.
Behold the myths of eastern climes—
The sacred fables—
The theories of modern times,
And count of future ages.
'Tis written in an ancient book—
Then be not disconcerted:
When old traditions are forsook,
The world will be converted!
Indeed, we've everything to learn;
And little hope to cherish,
Till every partial creed shall burn,
And old traditions perish.
Though it is plainly understood,
It may be here repeated,
That men know nothing as they should,
But that they're self-completed.
The theorists of Harvard Hall,
Of Andover and Yale,
May flutter when traditions fall,
And stupid dogmas fail.
Will they ask, "what the rabbins say?"
As scribes have done before
Of him who came to light convey,
And life-for-evermore?
Or will they not a simple draw
For an un-developed race,
Who suffer from mankind by law,
And ignore the law of grace?
That truth was crushed in a legal way,
They cannot well deny;
Though modern rabbins truth betray,
No truth can ever die.
Although we may be tempest-tost,
We've many hopes to cherish;
The Master came to save the lost—
No little one can perish.
"Who rises may read," that truth is plain,
And fits on every coast,
That truly human are vain,
As error casts the most.
Ah! these careless lines may draw
It poorly from classic men,
Who teach us sacred law
Is now as right as then.

LEE, MARY.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SECOND LOVE.

BY AGNES J. CARRA.

Jessie Harland was a coquette!—"a coquette from principle," she told me—her confidential friend. Nay, not from principle, say I, but from—revenge. A coquette from revenge! That sounds very strange in your ears, gentle reader, does it not? Wonder not; read, and you shall know.

Her heart seemed cold, hard, immovable. Jessie had loved once. When Clarence Williams came to her side, with his sweet, loving words, dazzling her with his dark, glorious beauty, the fair girl gave her heart into his keeping. Oh, that he had proven worthy of the trust! She loved him with all her heart, and any one knows the strength of a woman's love. For three months Clarence was everything to her, and when at the end of that time she left her home to visit the "sunny South," they parted with mutual vows of eternal affection. By one, those vows were remembered and kept. By the other—but let us not anticipate.

Jessie had scarcely left her home, when there came to her native city one of those dark-eyed hours of the South, so justly celebrated for their beauty. She was sweet, bland, fascinating, yet withal, cold and calculating.

Clarence Williams, the handsome and wealthy young Northerner, offered a rare chance for an advantageous marriage, and forthwith the ambitious woman began to weave her web of fascinations around the impulsive man. Often, very often, he reproached himself for his falsehood, and faintly, vainly, strove to free himself from the almost magic spell which Isabel Lewis, the beautiful Georgian, had thrown upon him. A few months passed away, and he had forgotten his vow, stained his once bright honor, broken his engagement, and betrothed himself to another.

But two letters had Jessie received from Clarence, and yet no doubts of his fidelity disturbed her happy heart—She was traveling, she said, and the letters did not reach her. Not long did she enjoy this calm serenity. The winter passed quickly away, and Jessie came home.

Clarence was married the day before her arrival! Heavily fell the crushing news upon her gentle heart, wounding it sorely. For a little time she bowed beneath the stroke, and then there came a change. The gentle, timid girl, became a cold, proud, haughty woman. The one who had seemed formed to love, and be loved, doubted every one, and laughed at the idea of love—true, constant love.

One evening, she was to attend a party, and I was to hear her company. During the day, I learned that Clarence would be there with his wife, and thinking Jessie might betray some emotion, if she met him unexpectedly, I told her he would be there. It was the first time his name has been mentioned since I told her of his marriage. She sunk upon a chair, and covered her face with her hands. I did not speak to her, and for nearly an hour we sat thus, each one busied with her own thoughts. Mine were dark indeed, and I had no cause to think my friends were otherwise. At last, she lifted her head, and I looked with amazement upon her altered countenance. Springing from her chair, with her dark eyes, flashing brightly, she exclaimed, with an energy of voice that startled me into silence:

"From this moment I am a changed being! I will go to this party, and let Clarence Williams know that I care not for him! I hate him—I despise him, and all the rest of mankind!"

I was mute with astonishment. This, from my timid, gentle friend? I could scarcely believe it. She noticed my astonishment, and throwing herself into my arms, she exclaimed—

"To you, my dear Aggie, I will always be the same; but to all others I will be proud, and indifferent."

Few would have recognized the timid, loving girl, in the gay, fashionable belle, Miss Harland. I stood beside her while Clarence introduced his wife, and watched her eagerly, thinking it impossible for her to repress the feelings that I knew were raging in her breast. I was astonished. Jessie returned the cold, formal bow of the haughty Southerner, with one just as stately; and, in a light, off-hand manner, offered them her congratulations. Yes, I was surprised—I had not expected this cool indifference. Many sought the hand of the fair Jessie, but all were refused. One alone did not approach the bright star; but it was his fear—nay, his certainty of a refusal, that kept him from avowing his love. Henry Clifton was thought cold and haughty; but I had known him long, and knew that his was a warm and loving heart.

Jessie and I attended the birthday party of Mrs. Williams, and I can truly say I never saw a gayer, merrier company than were those assembled there that night. Bright eyes rivaled flashing diamonds, silks and gauzes rustled in the perfumed air, while light, silvery laughter rung out like gushes of sweet music.

"Come," said Jessie, when for a moment we were alone, "let us go into the conservatory."

We left the children of Fashion, and stood among the children of Nature; the flowers breathed out their delicious perfume, filling the air with their fragrance.

"Oh, Agnes!" exclaimed Jessie, "how tired I am of all this false show and glitter—I hear many vows of love, and disbelieve them all. I wish I could be far away from this—I would be alone."

"Can it be Miss Harland that is wishing to be alone?" exclaimed a voice at her side.

"Yes, it was I," said she, turning to the newcomer, "and I said truly, Mr. Clifton; I am tired of the world—I am not happy in it."

He was silent a moment, and then he said—

"How can you, who are loved by many, admired by all, and have all that heart could desire—how can you be unhappy?"

"Loved by many?" repeated she, bitterly; "believe it not, Mr. Clifton; the vows are forgotten as soon as made. A butterfly, flying from blossom to blossom, is a fit emblem for all mankind!"

"Oh! you judge us too harshly, Miss Harland," said he, earnestly; "believe me, we are not all so inconstant."

Jessie smiled incredulously, and turned toward the brilliantly lighted rooms, saying, "I have no wish to try any of you."

One short month passed away, and there was another gathering in the house of Mr. Williams. The gay dresses were exchanged for others of a more sombre hue. The light voices were stilled, the silvery laughter hushed. Before the open door there stood a horse, with its long, black plumes waving in the air. Death—cruel, unrelenting death, had visited the house, and its gay mistress fell beneath the touch of the destroyer; his joy-tongue had bowed low the proud and haughty form.

Jessie and I looked on the coffin as it was lowered into "the dark and silent tomb," and we turned away with saddened hearts.

Clarence left his home, and for fourteen months we never heard of him. Then he came back, and, for the second time, offered his hand and heart to Jessie. A scornful refusal sprang to her lips, but she checked it, and refused him gently, but firmly,—determinedly. He left her, then, and she never saw him again.

During all this time I was becoming better acquainted with Henry Clifton. I plighted him well worthy of Jessie's love; and tried to make her think so, too.

"Aye!" she answered me once, "he seems to be everything that is true and perfect, but I would not trust him; Mr. Clifton is like the rest, he—"
She paused suddenly, and while a crimson flush suffused her usually pale brow, her eyes sought the floor. Mr. Clifton had overheard her! I hastily left the room, and they were alone.

"Miss Harland, will you tell me what I have done to make you think me false and inconstant? Oh, I have loved, I do love you more than I could ever tell. Test my love, my constancy, in any way,—I am willing."

With a sudden movement Jessie stood beside him, and lightly touching his arm, exclaimed, "I have been deceived once—shall I trust again?"

She looked up into his soft brown eyes, pride and defiance flashing from her own; the look of unutterable love that rested in the depths of his eyes caused her to draw back as he clasped her hand, and gently said—

"Trust me, Jessie, and you shall never have cause to regret it."

A strange feeling of peace and joy thrilled the heart so long bound by the icy fetters of distrust and suspicion. Gentle, tender, affectionate, with as noble a heart as ever beat, he was surely worthy of even our Jessie.

Not long did the old time feeling of trust hold its sway. Suspicion threw the dark shadow of its form over her heart, and she coldly answered—

"I shall trust no one, Mr. Clifton. This interview is growing painful, and had best terminate."

He pressed his hands upon his forehead, as he heard her cold, cruel words, and the strength of his heart-agonies shook his form like a reed. No answer was expected from him, and he attempted none. Jessie looked at him with astonishment. First with contempt, that a man should allow himself to be so moved; and then pity usurped its place. She looked upon his agony, and wished to console him; but then came the thought of man's perfidy; and a cold light came into her eyes. At this instant Mr. Clifton removed his hands from his face, and advanced towards the door. He reached it, and then turned to look once more upon the one he loved so well. He gazed at her in silence, and seemed striving to impress her features upon his heart, while a dark shade of hopeless despair overspread his face. That look, and the dawning consciousness that she loved "the second time," touched Jessie's heart, and as Mr. Clifton was slowly turning away, she exclaimed, "Henry!" and held her hand towards him, advancing a step or two. He turned joyfully back, and folded Jessie to his bosom in the first embrace. The proud heart was subdued. Again she felt the all-powerful influence of love; and when Henry Clifton left the house, it was with a quick, elastic step, and

Many other speeches were made, but of little interest to the reader. The numbers continued small, with but little prospect of a very large assembly. The rain, which commenced on Thursday noon, has

things generally. [The report of the second and third days' proceedings of the Convention will be published in our next issue.]

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

MILFORD PIONIC.

The Spiritualists of Milford, Mass., held a grand picnic on Tuesday of last week, in a beautiful grove belonging to J. G. Gilbert, and located near South Milford. The meeting was attended by nearly seven hundred people from various parts of the country, and was a most harmonious gathering.

At half past ten, Mr. Gilbert appeared on the stand, and in behalf of the committee, recommended the harmonization of the meeting, by the selection of some one to preside. By unanimous voice, Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, was called to the chair. He opened the exercises with reading from the twelfth chapter of Corinthians, relative to the body and its many members. His remarks were based upon the Scripture, were brief, substantial, and to the point. He said the company had cause to congratulate themselves and each other, upon the auspicious circumstances under which they had been drawn together. There were a diversity of gifts present. All could not be hands, all could not be tongues, all could not be ears, neither could all be bodies without these useful appendages. Every gift had its appropriate sphere of action, and was necessary to the equal and harmonious tempering of the whole. They that heard had a no less important work to do, than they who spoke to them, and should be careful to hear well and rightly, and exercise their judgment thereon, being careful in every experience, to allow Charity to hold a prominent position. He concluded with a most cordial welcome to all present to give utterance to their various sentiments, as they might be moved upon by their own or some other intelligence. "Edinburgh" was then sung effectively by the choir.

Miss Frances Davis, of Waterford, N. Y., was the first medium entranced, and for nearly an hour spoke in a most impressive and eloquent style. It may be remembered that this lady was, some three months since, thrown into a condition of conscious trance, which continued forty-five days, during which time she neither ate nor drank. At the end of that time she was developed as a powerful test rapping medium. This has been succeeded by her present development as a trance speaker. She is nineteen years of age, about the medium height, a full, round form, very expressive countenance, and a voice of considerable power. Her discourse was predicated upon this prayer: "Our Father, give us this day our daily bread." She said: Through all nature, from the primal morn of creation until now, this had been the never-ceasing voice of the Universe, and the same aspiration was to-day going up to God on the many-wheeled car of progress. With the generations of to-day that prayer does not cease. It is heard in grand and powerful utterances in the spirit spheres, and will continue to be, so long as there is in the soul one unsatisfied longing, one yearning yet to be realized. All individuals should feel this prayer, but should, at the same time, feel within themselves the great depths of inspiration upheaving from the lowest depths of the spirit, its golden waves of knowledge gleaming in the sunlight of the present. Every soul possesses within itself a world of thought undeveloped, oceans of truth, whose wavelets are plashing with every motion of the universe of being, within and without, upon the sparkling shores of divinity's presence, and wondrous fields of knowledge, unexplored as yet, but ripe and ready to be harvested by the investigative spirits. No one can estimate the soul's influence. It has its birth in the earth life, but its existence continues through untold centuries. God is within and about us, unseen, but everywhere felt. Men are their own saviours, and until they can look within themselves for the incarnation of divinity, they can never find the true and saving God. Not until they can learn to sculpture from the marble of their own organisms, the wisdom statues, to adorn and beautify the soul's interior gallery of art, can they have true reform—for the basis of true reform is in the soul itself.

To-day there is a brighter and better dawning upon humanity than ever before. Aspiration has plumed its wings for higher flights, and Thought has sought a loftier track upon which to roll its mighty car of intellect. Man, however, has yet to learn, that to reach the most exalted summits of knowledge, he must go into the deepest recesses of his own soul and bring out its hidden beauties. He that bath truth in his spirit, bath inspiration of divinity germinated there; and every true reformer, that steps out into the world to do battle for the right, will be possessed of this inspiration, and must, therefore, be found working with God. God sets not in judgment in the universe, but within the human soul, and before that inner tribunal must every action be tried, justified, or condemned.

At the conclusion of the discourse, the medium's eyes were thrown open and turned upward. In this position she delivered a fine invocation to the Great Spirit. The meeting then adjourned one hour for dinner. Ample provision had been made by the committee of this department, and none had occasion to go hungry. Those who had the care of the tables, are deserving of especial commendation.

Upon the re-assembling of the people, Rev. D. B. Davis, of Poughkeepsie, took the stand, and was speaking vigorously when I left the ground. The speaker's stand was tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreen and flowers. In the centre was a cottage clock, to remind one of the flight of time, and in front of the stand were some fine water-color drawings of flowers. A pencil sketch of a vase of flowers, and a finely drawn face, said to have been executed in ten minutes, by a medium, blindfold.

Grove meetings should be more frequent than they are. There is an elevating and harmonizing tendency in them. The soft music of the whispering wind, as it shook the tops of the tall pines, infused the company with a part of its own grand harmony, and the stray sunbeams, that ever and anon found entrance to the deep shadows beneath, seemed like the divine glimmers which the true soul occasionally gets of the spirit life.

"Whose radiance, flooding all the glowing air,
With lines of light, leaves beauty's impress there,"
and afford the most satisfactory evidence of the bright and beautiful world beyond. Mrs. J. M. Currier, of Lawrence, and Mrs. Rose, of Providence, were among those who occupied seats upon the platform, but I could not stay to listen to their eloquence, being subject to the more positive element—steam—which insisted on whirling me away at a most interesting stage of the proceedings.

A. B. NEWCOMB.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, August 28, 1858.

Death of Dr. Redman's wife—Her return to New York—Prof. Brittan in the field—Mrs. Harding at Dr. Redman's Hall, &c.—War on the Indians—Physical Manifestations—Remarkable Cures—Singular Manifestation.

Messrs. Editors.—Mrs. Helen L. Redman, wife of Dr. George A. Redman, departed this life at the residence of her father, Mr. Simeon Arnold, in the city of Hartford, on Monday, the 23d inst., at the age of 24. Her disease was consumption; and dearly beloved as she was, her translation to a brighter sphere is a subject of mingled joy and sorrow to her relatives and friends. To herself, the change in prospect was one of unmingled delight. Buoyed up by an unwavering trust in the Lord, and the conscious presence of his angels and ministers—while she poured out her soul to the last, in the warmest expressions of affection for her husband and friends, and confided her boy of a few months old to them, as the dearest gift in her power to bestow—she shook off the flesh, and took her flight from earth, as cheerfully as the birds, on the approach of winter, plume their wings for the more genial South.

Dr. Redman, after an absence, unexpectedly protracted to many weeks, will return to this city on Wednesday next, the first of September, and resume his business in conjunction with Dr. Orton, at their rooms, 108 Fourth Avenue, a few doors above their present location. The Tuesday evening, solers, or select public circles, so remarkable for extraordinary manifestations, will be resumed at these rooms, on Tuesday evening, the seventh of September. These sessions occupy two hours—from 8 to 10—at a charge of \$1.00; and the number of admissions is limited to the dimensions of a pleasant party.

Professor Brittan, I learn, is likely soon to be engaged in another oral discussion, if not more than one. He is receiving numerous invitations, especially from clergymen, East and West, to meet them and discuss the nature of the various phenomena embraced in the spiritual movement; and has, for the present, accepted one—that of a Universalist clergyman at Le Roy. The time set for the encounter is the fifth of October; and the themes to engage the attention of the disputants are indicated under the following heads:—Inspiration, Miracles, and Spirit Intercourse.

A still earlier discussion, the terms of which are not yet settled, is like enough to come off in September. In connection with these tournaments, the Professor occasionally meets with an interesting experience. The other day he was cautiously approached by a clerical representative of the opposition, with the view of ascertaining a little beforehand, the points he proposed to make in a discussion. He replied as follows:—"Indeed, it is impossible for me to tell what the real points will be. I shall, as usual, depend on the inspiration of the occasion for whatever I may have to say, and would about as soon think of bottling up lightning for next year's use, as of writing out beforehand what I will utter in an oral discussion, some time next month."

Dodworth's Hall is again opened, and Miss Emma Harding is occupying the desk. Thomas L. Harris will probably recommence his ministrations at University Chapel, a week from to-morrow—that is, on the fifth of September. Mrs. J. F. Coles lectures at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn, to-morrow. I have already said that this lady is latterly taking a high rank among our trance-speakers. Last Sabbath she spoke at Lamont Hall. I was not present, but I hear from cultivated and intelligent judges, what seems like extravagant praise, when speaking of her effort on that occasion. It is pronounced equal to the best; and, if able to maintain herself at this point of elevation, she will not long remain hidden under a bushel.

Do Spiritualists, in looking over the ground of reform, when canvassing the condition of individuals and nations, and endeavoring to devise means to do away with injustice and wrong, ever stop to think of the treatment that our native Indians have received, and are still receiving, at the hands of our rich and imperial country? Some of them doubtless do—but is it not time also to act? On the first announcement, that an army of two or three thousand men was to be dispatched to Oregon to conquer a peace with the aborigines of that region, your humble correspondent addressed a line to President Buchanan, expressing doubts as to the policy of our Government in its dealing with the Indians, and requesting that the troops, as in the case of the Mormons, might be preceded, by Peace Commissioners, with the view, if possible, to allay irritation and settle differences without bloodshed. It is more than suspected—it is directly alleged, by officers of the army, and intelligent citizens of the Pacific coast—that the Indians in that quarter would be peaceable enough if they were not encroached on and their rights invaded by the whites. Does it comport at all with our dignity as a nation, or our humanity as a people, to take advantage of our superior knowledge of values, to get possession of large portions of their lands for little or nothing, and then make encroachments upon them, that they may be provoked to retaliation, and so give us an excuse to attack them with fire and sword, and seize on the rest? And yet this is not far from the policy which we have commonly pursued.

My own opinion is, that no gun or arm of war should hereafter ever be pointed at an Indian. They have given us a virgin continent, which is to become the garden bulwark of the world. We owe them a great debt. They are naturally an intellectual people, with many noble traits—far superior in many respects to most of the nations of the East, and to many to whom we open wide our arms, and offer the boon of citizenship. Let us proffer the same to them. Let us subdue, in part, our covetousness; cease to hoist them from point to point to get them out of our way; and suffering them to remain stationary, let us freely offer them citizenship; protect them from all encroachments, and surround them with influences calculated to attach them to the habits of civilization, and to form themselves, as rapidly as may be, into townships and counties, for the purpose of becoming integral portions of the States or territories where they reside.

Our friend Besson is doing a great work in calling the attention of the public to the condition and treatment of the Indians. A society has been formed in this city, and branches elsewhere, with a view to their protection, and I solemnly declare that my personal feelings about the ears of our dignitaries at Washington, and our public policy, in this regard, is changed.

A little incident came to my knowledge last evening, in our own peculiar field, which may be worth relating. A gentleman of Brooklyn, it appears, a few days since, was at Worcester, in your State, and witnessed some remarkable manifestations in the presence of a medium of that place, Mr. Paine. On returning to Brooklyn, he related what he had seen to some of his friends, who treated his account with derision. This so aroused him that he sent for Mr. Paine to the city, and on Wednesday evening the so-called friends had an opportunity to put their boasted disimination to the proof. They were a company of gentlemen—two or three—and they insisted on having Mr. Paine entirely to themselves, in a room under lock and key. Everything being in readiness, they placed the table in a particular part of the room, and sat down at some distance from it. Shortly the table began to move with no one near it, and gradually approaching, came up to them. The honesty of the skepticism of these gentlemen was at once made manifest, for they turned as white as ghosts.

At our last week's Conference, Mr. Bruce, a staunch, reliable man, related a very remarkable instance of cure, from the spirit-world. In ordinary cases of disease, especially if the chief symptoms be debility, there is always room for evil, when a sudden cure is made; but the instance in question is removed entirely from this doubtful category. It was a case of tumor, of twenty-two years standing, Mr. Bruce declared, as large as his fist, on his wife's knee. This a spirit-friend promised to remove; and it was removed wholly in a single night, leaving not so much as a scar behind it.

Mr. E. L. Webster, of this city, mentioned to me the other day, that he had been afflicted with calculus of the bladder for twenty years; when a spirit-friend, through Mr. Petee, the medium, gave him a prescription, with the promise that it would dissolve the stone, and cure him in three days. He tried it with complete success. This was six months ago, and he has felt no symptoms of the disease since.

The other evening I was in company with a lady who became entranced. She appeared to be under the influence of some spirit who was endeavoring to indicate his identity by exhibiting a lamo or diseased hand. Suddenly a hard tumor rose on the back of the hand, as large as a hickory-nut or marble, red in color, and apparently very sensitive to the touch. She complained of great pain in it, when I made a few passes over it, and in the space of one or two minutes it entirely disappeared. Now what produced the tumor, and what dissipated it? Let the Cambridge Professors answer.

SPIRIT MESSAGES TESTED.

NEW-YORK, Aug. 28, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—In your issue of the 14th inst., I find a message from Larkin Moore. He was well known in this city and those who know him best, attest to the characteristics of him in the communication referred to. He was an inoffensive man, of a semi-religious nature, and was often heard to say that he could see spirits and many considered him crazy in consequence. His religious views were rather liberal for that day, and without doubt he was a medium. Probably any medium of the present day would have been deemed crazy at the time he was first considered so. The ill-treatment he received caused him to live a lonely, wandering life. He has relatives living in this city, whom he used to visit. He also has relatives living in Dracut, in this State; I believe that was his native place, and was his home, so far as he had any.

The same paper contains a message from Elizabeth Hook. She had been dead but eight days when she communed, having died on the 13th of June last. She lived in East Salisbury, directly opposite this city. She was a strict Orthodox in religion, of a most indomitable will, and never believed anything about the new dispensation. She was well known here. Her age was eighty-six years, and all in her neighborhood are, as she says, "in the dark." Many persons consider the place where she lived as being in New Hampshire, but it is in Massachusetts, and makes the boundary. Mrs. Hook was a person who never allowed anything to interfere between herself and duty; she desired, as a spirit, to make an early communication to her friends, to show to them the fallacy of their belief and the truth of Spiritualism, and nothing could prevent her, as will be seen, she having been told that she could commune in a year, yet only eight days elapsed before she did so.

A recent paper contained a communication from Wm. Balch, and much conjecture was had, as to who he was. I think I can say it was from the spirit of a clergyman of that name, who has children and grandchildren here. The only discrepancy is, that he has been dead many years. I have not found any one who can give a better solution than the above. This may, however, draw out some evidence from other persons. If I am not right, I hope to be corrected.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

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

Miss R. T. Ameddy will lecture at Quincy, Sunday, Sept. 5th.

Miss Munson will speak at New Bedford on Sunday next, Sept. 5th.

MUSIC.

Answer to Gentle Annie; works by Miss Helen P. Young, music by J. P. Webster, published by Higgins Brothers, 45 Lake street, Chicago, Ill., has been sent us by that house, who are extensively engaged in the music business. The Mayfield Polka, and the Rosalind Schottische received from Oliver Ditson & Co., Washington street, are very pleasing pieces.

THEODORE PARKER.

We presume Mr. P. will return in season to lecture next Sabbath. If so, we shall report it as announced. Notice will be given, it is said, in the daily papers of the resumption of the services at Music Hall.

CONVENTION AT PETERBORO, N. Y.

A "Free Convention"—free to all sects, all parties and all items—is called at the above place on the 25th and 26th of September.

The BIRD PICKED. On Thursday afternoon of last week a circle was held in this city. Mr. S. B. Brittan being one of the number, a medium said she saw what seemed to be a white rooster appear in his bosom, and a white dove came and plucked it, and flew away with it. This ominous vision seemed to be completely fulfilled in the death of his youngest child, which occurred on the next day. May the bird unfold in the field of heavenly aromas, and impart its spiritual fragrance to the bereaved family.—N. Y. Spiritual Telegraph.

The Busy World.

THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER is filled with a great variety of original matter—stories, essays, poetry, messages, correspondence, &c., &c. Life Eternal, (part twelfth), will be found on the 7th page; also an able article on "INDIVIDUALITY," from our esteemed correspondent, H. B. Dick, of Philadelphia.

The Atlantic Telegraph has recently given us two items of news. First, the conditions of the peace settlement between England, France, and China, viz.: that the Chinese Empire is to be open to all trade, the Christian religion to be allowed and recognized, foreign diplomatic agents to be admitted to the Empire, and indemnity to be made to France and England. Second, that the Gwalior insurgent army in India had been broken up, and the disturbed districts were becoming more settled.

At a friend's house the other day, we took from the centre table a volume, which proved to be a course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, by Prof. Bowen. "On the Application of Metaphysical and Ethical Science to the Evidences of Religion," but judge of our surprise, on observing in pencil, directly under the Professor's name, the following stanza:—

"Old Egypt for her gods was wont to take
An age, a godly, or a wicked
A like experiment our college tries,
And chooses Bowen to philosophize."

The spirit-message, which we have placed upon our 7th page, we advise every mother in the land to peruse. None can appreciate it so well as those whose loved ones have passed to the invisible world.

Lord Derby, in answer to the representations of the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, has signified the willingness of the British government to amend the charter of the company, so as to place the organization, etc., upon a footing of absolute equality as regards the British and American governments.

An account of Mrs. Cooper's mediumship will be found on the 8th page.

The "Lord's Day in Lynn" vs. "Baked Beans."

The bakers of Lynn
Commit great sin,
By cooking beans on Sunday!
(So says the mayor)—
And every tax-payer
Must eat them now on Monday.

NEITHER SCHOOLS NOR NEWS-PAPERS. Sir William Berkeley, one of the early Governors of Virginia, in 1671 wrote to King Charles II.—"I thank God there are no free schools nor printing presses here, and I trust there will not be this hundred years; for learning breeds up heresies, and sects, and all abominations. God save us from both." There are many, even in this day of general enlightenment, who hold precisely the same views. Unfortunately for such bigots, the great wheel of Progression continues to revolve, and all peoples will in time be blessed with "free schools" and "printing presses." When this epoch arrives, there will be an end to "kingcraft" and "priestcraft."

THE NORTH-WESTERN EXCELSIOR comes to us enlarged and otherwise improved in appearance. We are well-pleased to witness this "manifestation" of our contemporary's success. May it long live to disseminate our beautiful faith among the children of earth.

Nixon's Great American Circus and Kemp's English Circus combined, will perform in Natick on Saturday, 4th inst., and next week in North Bridgewater, Taunton, New Bedford, Fall River, and Providence. This exhibition is very attractive, and of course is well patronized.

The late laws from California are unimportant. The steamer Moses Taylor, from Aspinwall via Key West, brought \$1,500,000, in specie to New York. She left the U. S. brig Dolphin at Key West, who reported having captured a slave under American colors, and sent her into Charleston. The Fraser River excitement has entirely abated. A skirmish had occurred at Grouse Creek, Humboldt County, between the Indians and whites, in which one of the latter and ten of the former were killed. A party of sixty apostate Mormons with their families had arrived at Carson Valley.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field—whose participation in the successful laying of the Atlantic cable has rendered his fame world-wide—publicly met the people of Berkshire, August 27th, who welcomed him to his native county and home in the most enthusiastic and gratifying manner possible.

The sheep in the meadow, and the axe in the forest, alike contribute their chops for the benefit of man.

If a negro be named Smith, does it follow that he should be put down in the census as a blacksmith?

Robert Dale Owen, the American Minister at Naples, writes a letter to the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, denying its report that he had become a Catholic.

Our friends will bear in mind that the picnic at Reading takes place on Wednesday, the 16th inst. For full particulars see notice in another column.

J. H. W. Hawkins, the temperance lecturer, died of cholera at Parkersburg, Penn., on Thursday, Aug. 26.

Matters seem to be settling down in all parts of India, although there were thirty thousand rebels still in the field.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—The Museum never had a better company on its boards, we venture to say, than at the present time. Every night since the debut of Mr. Barrett, he has been growing more and more popular with the Boston people. Though Kesch had many admirers here, none will deny that Barrett much more than fills his place. Mrs. Virginia Cunningham and Miss Mary Shaw, too, are winning "golden opinions" every night, while Warren, Smith, Davies, Whitman, Wilson, Joyce, and Skeritt, Bascom, Vincent, Preston, and others, still remain, each of whom fills a position there which none else can.

We should be pleased to exchange with the Herald of Light, if Bro. Harris feels so disposed.

The most desirable thing our national legislators could do would be to pass an act calling in all the old, cumbersome acts, which are a great bore to everybody. We appeal to our contemporaries, who are men of sense, generally speaking, (whether they own copper stocks, or not), to agitate the subject. We are decidedly of the opinion that the tons of copper floating about in this shape could be put to a much more serviceable use. What say you?

Do not trouble at anything; but remember that thou art a part of the universe, and that nothing can befall thee which is not for the good of the whole.

S. B. BRITTAN GOING WEST.

To Western and Southern Roaders.

The undersigned proposes to leave New York in September, on his annual Tour through the Western States, for the purpose of giving lectures on the Facts, Philosophy, and Moral Bearings of Spiritualism; together with its Relations to, and Influence on, the existing Institutions of the Church and the World. The course will comprehend in a general way the following subjects:

1. Relations of the Visible and Invisible Worlds.
2. Relations of the Soul to the Body.
3. Nature of the Intercourse between Spirits and Men.
4. Laws of Spirit-mediumship.
5. Classification of Spiritual Phenomena.
6. Philosophy of Life, Health, Disease, Death, and Life in the world to come.
7. Spiritualism of the Bible and Philosophy of Miracles.
8. The Spiritual Idea an integral Element in all Religions.
9. Fundamental Principles and Legitimate Claims of Christianity vindicated, and Popular Materialism subverted.
10. Claims of Science and Religion harmonized.
11. Religion made philosophical and Philosophy invested with a Religious importance.
12. "The Unity of the Spirit in the bonds of Peace," on the broad basis of a Natural Theology and a truly Spiritual Worship.

In order to render his labors the more effectual, the undersigned desires to make out a complete programme—before leaving New York—of his proposed travels and lectures, and to this end will thank any friend—in each place where his services may be required—to write him, in the course of August, making known the wishes of the people with respect to this proposal.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN THE GREAT WEST!—The writer proposes to discuss the important questions and issues named above, before the assembled multitudes, and to this end your earnest cooperation is cordially invited. With your aid in the execution of the plan, and the continued presence of the invisible agents of a living inspiration, we may hope to be serviceable in a cause that merits the consecration of the noblest human and angelic powers.

AT THE SOUTH IN WINTER.—Should the writer receive a sufficient number of invitations to visit important places in the southern section of the Union, to justify the undertaking, he will spend the winter months in the Southern States, extending his travels—If sufficient encouragement be offered—as far as Galveston, Texas. Will the friends in the South, who may wish the writer to stop at the places where they respectively reside—for the purpose herein mentioned—take an early opportunity to communicate their desires?

Address the undersigned at the New York office of THE SPIRITUAL AGE, or at Newark, N. J., his present place of residence. S. B. BRITTAN.

New York, July 21, 1858.

P. S.—S. B. Brittan will also accept invitations to lecture on other subjects before Lyceums and Scientific Associations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

O. Y. N. PARIS.—We have commenced your subscription with last number—Vol. 3, No. 22—at will by this, expire Vol. 4, No. 9.

REVENUE.—You are wide of the mark, when you charge that fear caused us to omit Mr. Parker's Fourth of July discourse. We shall always do, write and talk as please us, as we always have done, and neither fear the three hundred thousand tyrants, nor speak of, nor the same number of equally tyrannical men and women who lash us because we do not look at this subject as they do. Allow us to suggest that you write us down as honest in our opinions, and act as yourself; and if you are setting for the good of humanity, according to your conception of it, please admit that we are doing the same. Don't hesitate to use any better motives than yours, your own, or any other, for you are not our judge, and never will be. We do not see that it requires one particle of courage in a Southern man, in his own territory, to vomit forth hate against the South, or the slaveholder at the South. Friend, perhaps you are in the quicksands—step quickly upon firm ground—"the whole human race; their strive to convince men to love as you do, and all will be well."

W. K. R. NORTH TURNER BRIDGE.—Letter not received of which you speak in yours of Aug. 27. Have sent you six weeks back papers, by this mail, to keep you posted, since you moved to N. T.

DAY BOOK, OAKWOOD.—Letter received too late for this number. Glad to hear from the friends in every part of our country.

J. F. E. LOWELL.—Will place your questions before the medium, and let the spirit alluded to, and any other who may desire so to do, answer it.

"NATURAL LAWS AND MIRACLES."—W. S. A., in answer to comments upon a previous communication, will appear in our next.

S. O. T.—The price of the Dial, alluded to by F. W. S., of Baltimore, is \$1.50, and for sale by Bela Marsh.

Special Notices.

MADAM DE BOYCE has been sojourning in our city for some three months past at the Marlboro' Hotel, during which time she has performed many most remarkable cures. This is the case more particularly with diseases of the eyes and ears, though her practice is by no means confined to these; on the contrary, it embraces nearly all the chronic forms of disease to which mankind is unfortunately liable. Very many cases have come to our knowledge, where people have been restored to health, who were prostrated for life, as was supposed, by the most painful and lamentable maladies. We might cite names and facts, dates and details, but it is not necessary at this time. They show beyond controversy or doubt, that Madam D. possesses a genuine and most rare skill in the treatment of diseases—a skill and knowledge, too, that is peculiarly her own. Many of her medicines were discovered by herself, and she very properly retains them for her exclusive practice. In this connection we will state that a gentleman connected with our establishment, who has been a great sufferer from the piles for fifteen years, has been greatly relieved by Madam D.'s treatment, and is good reason to suppose she will effect an entire and radical cure. With such evidences as these—the most marvelous of cures, and often in cases where the regular doctors despair of producing the least good effect—these facts, we repeat, before the public, no one can doubt that Madam D. is worthy the entire confidence of all who may employ her for treatment. There are thousands in every considerable community, suffering more or less from diseases, represented to be incurable, but which she can treat with success, restoring such to health, happiness and usefulness.—ATLAS AND BEZ.

Sept. 4.

NOTICE TO SPIRITUALISTS.

The Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity will hold a picnic at Harmony Grove, in Reading, on Wednesday, the 1st day of September, inst., and do most cordially invite their brethren and sisters in Boston and vicinity, and all those 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 love. Again we say, come one, come all; bring your speakers and meet us, and we will receive you with open arms and warm hearts, and spend the day in "the feast of reason and flow of soul."

Should the day prove stormy, it will be held on Thursday, the 2d, but should both days be stormy, it will be omitted altogether. BENJAMIN BLOOD, JR., President of the Association.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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

METTINGS IN CHURCH, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winstonsmet street. D. F. Gooden, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in W. Speaking, by mediums and others.

The Messenger.

CIRCLES SUSPENDED.—We have deemed it advisable to suspend our sittings during the month of August, and part of September. Notice will be given of the time they will be resumed, when we shall extend invitations to those of our readers who desire to attend.

HINTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the medium of Mrs. J. H. COLEMAN, whose services are gratefully acknowledged by the Banner of Light. They are spoken with the same language as usually denominated "The Trance State," and are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spiritual communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything more than passing beings. We believe the public should be made acquainted with the fact, and learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits. In these columns, that do not conflict with the reason. Each expresses some truth, but no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced. The Spirit governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility, but only engages to use his power and knowledge to have truth come through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

We wish the friends of Spiritualism, when they read a message which they can verify to write us to that effect. We do not simply state, as soon after publication as practicable, that we have received assurance of its truth, without mentioning the name of the party who has written us. Do not wait for some one else to write us, but take the labor upon your own shoulders. Thus you will enable us to place additional proof before the public.

George W. Norris, Margaret Lewis, Anonymous, Robert Crawford, Stephen Hild, Percy Newell, John A. Cole, William H. Kay, Stephen Hild, Charles H. Hild, Henry Hild, Edith A. Wentworth, William Hild, Charles Hild, Mary Hild, Charles Hild, Charles Hild, Jonathan Russell, Julia Crafts, John Walker, Charles Ward.

Edward Cobb, John Baker, Michael Brady, W. E. Channing, Richard Tucker, Mary E. H. to Ellen, Ellen Smith, H. Franklin, C. W. W. James, James, Lizzie, John Woodbridge, David Walker, Mary Curtis.

Capt. William Brown, John Leonard, Mary Ann Madden, Charles Cunningham, John Dow, John D. Williams, Anonymous, Hiram Locke.

John Graves.

Two hundred years before Christ there existed a small company of individuals who daily held communion with the spirits of their departed friends. Those friends who were in the habit of communing with them told of the present time. They said in the far distant future the inhabitants of the spiritual spheres will commune freely with the inhabitants of earth, and much, indeed, will be given them. Now, I suppose, you will say, give us some proof that there did exist such a company two hundred years before Christ. I can give you no proof, except you find it in that portion of your so-called Holy Bible that has been discarded, and thrown aside as unfit for use. The worshippers who today fall down before, and worship, certain crowds, are standing upon dangerous ground; for soon the same light, the same power, the same glory, that shone even before Christ, shall be again given to the inhabitants of earth. The same powerful band of spirits who wrought wonders and miracles on earth, shall come again, and still more power shall be exhibited through mortal forms.

Many who have seen this new light have asked, why did not God reveal himself in bygone days, if he is in fact in this of today? Such ones should study the wonders of the past, and build themselves a foundation sufficient to uphold the wonders of the present.

One whom I loved in earth life, to whom I was wont to look for counsel and strength, has said to me, tell me where I can find proof that you do, indeed, return to earth and manifest. Tell me why our good Father did not thus bless the children of past ages. I would invite him along the pathway of the past, to gather all that there is of good, and see if it does not serve him well. I do affirm that two thousand years ago spirits were in the habit of communing with certain persons, and all save two, were put to death. They escaped to the mountains, and their opponents considered that the spirits of demons had taken them down to hell bodily. Yet they died a natural death, their bones bleached upon the mountain tops, and angels welcomed their spirits to the body for that belonged to earth.

One among the number of my friends has said, prove to us that those in spirit life did commune with mortals in bygone ages—prove to us that these manifestations were in olden time. Now, I think if they examine well, they will find proof in what I have given them; and may the Lord God bless all their endeavors to find wisdom.

The spirit who now speaks to you, and was called upon to do that he might speak to his friends, was called John Graves in mortal life. July 3.

Timothy Fletcher.

I understand you print a paper in which are published the communications of any and every spirit who may chance to converse with you for this purpose.

I do not understand much about this new philosophy; but if you have any rules to be observed, please let me know them.

I cannot tell you why I am here to-day, except that I may commune with my friends. My wife has lately left earth, and I had the pleasure of meeting her. She was a believer in this new light, or rather she had heard of it, and she had an anxiety to return and commune, if the thing were possible. She is here to-day, but I have more positive power than she, and I, therefore, speak in her stead.

Now, I know not whether I shall receive a welcome, nor do I care. I know I am controlling the medium that you or somebody else has furnished me to-day. I have a strong desire to open a communication between myself and my friends, but, as I said before, if I am rejected I care not, for I know the time will come when all on earth shall know it and receive it.

I have not been idle all the time I have been from earth, yet I have never seen sufficient to erase this which I loved in my mortal life. I have suffered some since I have been here for deeds done in the mortal, but I have seen no hell, nor have I seen any one who has found it. Neither have I found heaven, and I am inclined to think if I was ever to have found the heaven I thought of, I should have heard of it ere this. I suppose my friends will think I am talking strangely, but it is true.

I have many acquaintances in Boston. I cannot single out one of the number I should not be glad to commune with. Some are ranked among those you call Spiritualists. I have tried to commune, but have never succeeded in doing so well as I do now.

As you are to set what I give before the public, I shall be cautious what I say. I have many personal matters to give, but do not deem it prudent to give them in this manner; therefore, I will give you my name and retire, giving this notice, that I am ready to commune with my friends. My name was Timothy Fletcher; I lived and died in Boston. Good day. July 3.

George H. Wentworth.

Mortals say, come to earth and tell us of the things that belong to spirit-life. Just as though we could always come and tell them what they want, and nothing else. Just as though we should come always when they call.

I see you are strangers to me—shall I talk, or will you question me. Well, I suppose it is necessary for me to tell you where I died, who I was, &c. I can tell you in the first place I cannot give you anything very smart, for I could not on earth, and I have not got ahead a great deal since.

I was born in Portland, Maine. I died in New Orleans; I was twenty-three years old when I died; was a trader by occupation—a shoemaker. I have been dead two years and a little over. I died of a fever peculiar to the climate. I am so near earth I can take your time—no infringement, I hope. You

can tell what time it is in London; so can I tell what time it is in Boston by the same means.

I never belonged to a church—never went to church ten times in my life, after I was a man—that's no credit to me, though it might not have done me any good to have gone.

When I died I lost most all my property. I should have failed next year and been a beggar, so perhaps it's well I died.

My folks wanted me to come, give my name, when and what I died with, and I have told a good deal more, so they ought to be satisfied. I have friends here, in New York, New Orleans, and Portland, but no near friends, except a brother and a grandmother. It's no use for me to tell them how to live, for they know how to.

I am unhappy, and they know how I lived. There are some little things in my life that I have left out, and it is just as well. I did not do just as I wish I had done, and that is enough. You know it is not well to bring up old things.

My name was George H. Wentworth. July 3.

Father Durand.

Pax vobiscum (peace be with you). The cry has come forth from our Holy Order in earth life, and the cry brings me unto you to-day.

I come not to reap, neither do I come to sow, but to water seed that hath already been sown. They say come and tell us what were thy last words in mortal. And will they be satisfied, should I do this; will they cease to ask for proofs? will they be able to stand alone? Let us pray unto all the saints, that they may be able to do so. My last words on earth were—"Give me water, for I thirst."

Within the order of St. Mary's are many true hearts; many that would break the chains that bind them and go free. But, alas! the chains of priesthood are heavy, and not easily broken. Yet the time shall come when the church shall be free from error, and when all who are wedded to it may be free, indeed. I come that I may satisfy morbid souls; I go, that I may praise my God. Father Durand, of the Order of St. Mary's, Mobile. July 3.

Ben. Walker.

Oh, dear, I'm miserable! What's the use of my coming here to tell all and everything. Shant do it. I expected to see somebody I know. I don't want to talk to my friends—they are foolish. I can't want to get murdered again so. I won't tell my name. I've been murdered once. You don't know me. I had ten thousand dollars in gold, and I was murdered for it—that's enough. What good will it do to tell my name? Well, it was Ben. Walker. I died in Jonesville, California. I know who murdered me, too. Now what do you want of me?

Yes, I can do my murderer good by keeping still. I know, and he knows, who murdered me. He is in San Francisco to-day, without a dollar. He has been gambling, and lost all my money. I was in fault, though. Two years ago I died. Four years ago I took \$400. It is all right—I deserved it. He was a relative of mine. Say I am all right, and that I know who murdered me, and publish it. I'm going now. July 3.

John Hodgdon.

Strange faces—all strange—no one I know. Now why do I come here? Am I to give, or am I to receive? I supposed, if I came here, as I was told to, I might meet my friends, and speak to them. But I see you are all strangers, and the way I have to meet my friends, is to do so before the public. Perhaps it is necessary for one to give as much as possible, whereby he may be known.

I cannot single out any one from my friends. What I have to give them I will give to all. I do not think they will believe this is me; they may say it is like him; but if I were to meet them face to face, I could give them sufficient to prove my presence. Here I can only give general facts, and perhaps this may be the opening to something better. I was born in Boston, and I died in Boston. I have been dead something near fifteen years; I cannot give the exact time. My name was John Hodgdon. My body was buried in the place you must daily pass to get on your common. I was present at my burial, and was well satisfied with all I saw. Perhaps my giving you information regarding my burial place may tend to satisfy my friends.

My disease was a cancerous humor, which made itself known some nine years before my death. I left five children on earth, three of whom are on earth; two have since died, and come to me. I had no particular thought of coming to earth, until I was told I had better come for the good of my family. I was sixty or sixty-one years of age; am not able now to tell which. I was a believer in the Baptist faith, and died and became a spirit by that faith. It served me well, although I found but a small trifle of truth in the religion I had formed in earth life. But small as the truth was, it made me a happy spirit—as happy as one could be who had so little knowledge of spirit life. It kept me from many errors I might have committed but for this check. I am not prepared to tell my children to cast off the church, but I do desire them to receive something higher. I know as well as you do, that the forms and ceremonies of the church are of mortal origin, and never will go beyond mortality.

I can assure my friends that I was much astonished at my entrance into spirit life. I saw so much resembling earth, it was very difficult to believe I had left earth. I saw all I saw here, yet everything was more beautiful, and instead of withering at the touch, it grew on, and was not subject to decay.

I had been taught to believe that at some distant time Christ was to come again, and in great power and glory, and that every mortal eye should behold him. But I find it was the principle that was to come, not the person. I find that God is also a principle, not a person inhabiting a locality. I had been told, and believed this to be different. But when I was reasoned with by kind angels, I saw where the mistake was. I had believed that God was Omnipresent, and yet I thought Him a personal God, forgetting that a person could not be in two places at one time. Therefore God is a principle, as all nature will prove. Now, my dear friends, I will go—not, however, without leaving a hope—that I may be blessed by my friends with a nearer communion, and that God will bless my efforts, and give me power to prove to my friends that I can really commune with mortals, and instruct them in the worship of that God who is fit to worship, although he is a principle, not a person. Good day. July 6.

Rev. William Ainsworth.

"Tell us whether Christ be indeed the promised Messiah, or not?" This question has been sent unto me; I cannot tell why, yet I have received it, and shall endeavor to answer it. Christ was indeed the promised Messiah. He came by the will of the Spirit of the Universe. He performed his mission, and he still lives in spirit-life, still actuating matter and mind, and still moving on in the great arena of Progress.

In the sphere or degree of life that I am permitted to abide in, we are taught that Christ was the only perfect personification of God, the Spirit of Wisdom. Thus we are taught to believe that he is indeed equal with the Father, or the spirit of purity and love—that spirit who gives life to all things in the material and in the spiritual world.

Another question also I have received—it is this: "May we not fall down and worship Christ as God?" I shall answer that question in this wise; all that is perfect—all that is subject unto truth, man may safely worship. If your brother in earth-life hath a virtue, and that virtue shines upon you, and you find it is superior to that within yourself, fall down and worship, for it is a glimmering of the light that is in God, that God hath given unto man.

And still another question I have: "May we rely strictly upon all we find in the New and the Old Testament?" No, certainly not. The finger of poor, frail man, has been there, and he has made many errors. Yet while you carefully read that volume, which many call the word of God—while, I say, you carefully read it, see if you cannot find enough there

to guide you on this dark wilderness, and to elevate you in the land to which you are coming.

Let me call your attention to that portion of the New Testament that gives you an account of Christ and his spiritual mission. As you look upon his life, follow in his footsteps until you meet him in that home unseen to mortals.

The dear friends who have called me to earth, that I may commune with them, are standing upon dangerous ground. They say, if ye believe in this doctrine of Spiritualism, we must cast under our feet all the jewels of the past—all that which we have been called to look upon with reverence. Herein you stand on dangerous ground. No gem of truth should be cast aside—no gem should be trampled under foot, that cometh from the Father's hand.

And they tell us they cannot discern between good and evil; they are not prepared to say which path is right, and which wrong. Let me then beseech of you, dear friends, to ascertain at once which God you shall serve, which heaven you shall sail to; for you are like a ship at sea, with no pilot on board, no chart to guide you. Let me therefore beseech you soon to know your God, that you may know where to place your feet.

My advice to my friends may suggest another question, which I will anticipate and answer. That question may be like this: "Will not you or some of our kind friends give us positive evidence, and point out the way?" Seek and ye shall find, says the Holy One; ask for wisdom, and ye shall receive it.

Ye have sent forth the call, and the Spirit of the Universe has heard it, and he hath sent me to answer it. And as ye seek ye shall find, according to your fitness to receive; and you shall, in time, be fitted to dwell in that land where the light of love shines from God, where death never comes, but where love reigns supreme. Such an heaven ye will not find on earth; yet hereafter ye shall attain it, if you seek in faith.

You will please say the copy you have from Rev. William Ainsworth, and is in answer to the call he has received. Good day. July 6.

John Parker.

One might suppose himself again a mortal, if he could only shut out memory. Memory proves too good in my case. I wish there never had been such a thing as memory, or I wish it had not extended beyond earth. Memory! that is hell—it is my hell, at any rate. If I could not remember, I should be happy. Who cares to hear from me? Who says, come again? No one, will, perhaps, and yet no one cares less than I do whether I am called for or no. I come here, if possible, to shut the door, so I cannot see at all. You see I am constantly desiring to get to earth, and when I come, I see a picture so black, that I wish I had not come. I was born in the place called Chesapeake City. I was twenty-nine years old when I died. I have been dead since the year 1852. I was—shall I say—murdered? No, that is not right. Shall I say I killed myself? No, that is not just right. My bad deeds killed me—my bad deeds kept memory open, and that is hell—my bad deeds are a source of misery to me now. Oh, I wish I could annihilate memory—make it into nothing.

You see my story runs this way: My name was John—that was my first name. My last was Parker. I lived in California near two years—got all I had by gambling and cheating, and lost, all about three hours before I lost myself. Somebody says, "Come back, John, and tell us who murdered you." I have told all I shall tell; it is in vain for them to ask me more—I shall never tell. I have got a mother; she knows I'm dead, and she grieves over it. She need not, for I know I can fight myself out; when I do, I shall come to her. I'm going to fight with myself. I fought with everybody else when I was on earth—and was always with self. Now I am going to fight with myself, there is repentance in the land where I dwell.

My body is in Little York, California—I am here. The acquaintances I have are mostly in that State. I shall not say anything more now. I have learned a great deal since I came to this land. You see, an unhappy—the cause of it is a mispent life on earth. See to it that you do not suffer as I do, in consequence of your misdeeds. There is one Flint who lives in San Francisco. I wish he would think of me less—he thinks of me much—much more than I want him to.

I went to California in 1849, and arrived there in 1850. July 6.

William Stephens.

Behold, the great volume of Nature is open, and every individual dwelling in mortal life may read therein their destiny—none need go further than that volume. Every name is written there—every destiny written out, and the Great Lawgiver is ever informing his children of the land they are hastening to. And yet there are thousands dwelling in mortality, coldly passing by the book God has given them, and searching into the past, where death and darkness reigns—where light has gone out—and are vainly striving to call therefrom that which will point out the future.

Tell us, say the multitude, where we shall look for wisdom. We answer, look to the great Source of wisdom, and the book he has given you—Nature. In vain you pore into the past; read steadily in Nature's volume, and, as you read, pray that some guardian angel, some holy influence, may point out to you the beauties it contains. No prayer goeth out in vain—no aspiration is unanswered. For the thought that goes out reaches Deity, and comes back again all freighted with wisdom—all filled with love. Man loves to gaze upon the beautiful; he walks the earth in search of beauty. He carries out some image—he sees beauty there. He beholds the work of his hand. He walks in Nature—finds beauty there, and he worships it.

Why should we worship the work of his hand, and of God's also? Ah, because God hath made all things. It matters not if he hath carved the image out of a block by the agency of mortality, or carved the blade of grass without human hands. Who made this chair—who made this house? You affirm, man. We say, God. Who made the oak—the flower—we say, God, and you agree with us. Behold the tiny child, who makes the boat in miniature. Who made that boat? We say, God made it through the child. Oh, that man would see God in all these multitudinous channels. But they look at him in only one. Nature is the grand volume which teaches you of God; but everything that is, whether made through the handwork of man, or without, is made by God, and man is but the agent of God in his works.

It should be enough to satisfy the infidel, when he sees the child playing with a toy for an hour, then throwing it aside, that he will never be satisfied—never cease to ask for more.

I do not draw nigh earth to-day to chide the infidel—to heap censure upon him. No, I have been called by the infidel, thank God. They say, come and tell us where we may find a telescope, whereby we may look at the future. Look, oh man, and find.

The infidel of to-day stands higher than the Christian of to-day. His soul could not grasp the creeds that float on the ocean of time, and he says I will wait until I have tangible proof of an hereafter—and shall he wait in vain? Shall he be cast down because he cannot think as the Christian does? Shall he not have light as he calls for it? Most certainly he shall, and the dark mansion of doubt shall be a brilliant palace of faith.

The time has now come when all the classes of earth are sending forth calls to those they have in earth-life. Some question of one thing, some of another. They wish to know whether there be a future life, and whether we have power to return to commune with them. And we, of spirit-life, are constantly calling about us power to give these poor souls' proof.

When the great mass of souls that inhabit earth shall be free, then there will be no need of our coming to earth; but while they are bound, we are in duty bound to administer to their necessities.

Shall I tell those dear friends to seek out some medium, whereby they may have communion with me? No, they may keep on seeking in this way un-

til they are more fully developed, and better able to receive more solid food than I now offer them.

My name in earth life was William Stephens. I was born in the State of New York. I died in Boston. I was an infidel. I have been called for by friends. July 7.

Silvie Brown.

How d'ye, massa? I's a nigger dead—come from Montgomery, Ala. I's die two months gone. I want to speak to Massa Brown, and massa, too. Massa, tell 'em I come. Massa, what more do you want? Name! wants all 'bout me? Aunt—that's one; Silvie, that's two; Brown, that's three—that's all. Massa, I's live long time; was sixty-seven years old—was nurse in Massa Brown's family most forty years—most forty years, massa—you say dat.

Young missy take the paper. Young Missy Harriet say, Aunt, Silvie, you come to old massa. I love young missy very much—she very good. Now, I's hear, I's wonder Massa Fletcher is 'bout? Massa Brown buys me of him long time gone. I's hear from him long time. I spect he's dead. Massa, how many niggers you got? No kind of folks dat has no niggers—no kind of folks? Who fixes your goodies, massa—who wash for you, massa? (We told her that Northern people employed Irish servants.) I no see any Irish—be dey white? oh, dey're trash! no niggers here, massa? Free niggers! oh, they nobody.

Yes, I's free, but I want no clothes here. Ole massa say you got to new massa when I die. Massa, I no like white folks dat makes common wid niggers. Missy puts foot down. Massa, who bracks your boots? who brush your clothes, massa? who hand you ciggy, (cigar) massa? Oh, I's glad I no live where you live!

I stay down in Alabama, massa—pretty nigh ole plantation. I's four children here, two in Alabama, one in Louisiana, one in Kentuck—got good massa, so I hears; I likes it well enough.

Young missy knows I's dere wid her—she thinks I's wid her, and send me. She sho' dere's a ting—ole massa no like this—no b'liefs. I spect young missy little meddlesome. (Some one remarked she could make a medium of her young mistress.) Niggers look well make meddlesome!

"You must get white folks to help you," remarked a friend. Whitefolks help niggers! where's your broughten up? Oh, massa, dat be very strange! Soon as I say massa sent me, dey let me come. I spect I do good—I spect so. Good bye, massa—good bye massa. I spect I come again, if massa send me—she laugh, I know. July 7.

William Alliston.

This is a strange mode of proceeding—very strange! I expected to meet some of my friends—where are they?

I find the old saying is a true one, and I find it extends beyond the grave, and is as true with us as with you—there are always two sides to a story.

I was in company a few days ago, and the friends were telling me that they had been here and had communed with their friends. They said, "Doctor, why do you not go and converse with your—would you not like to?" "Certainly I should," said I—and I am here. I did not question these friends close enough—did not ask them how I was to commune with my friends. I had my mind made up what to say, but now I have got to reflect, for I can't give the public all I should give them. I suppose I might as well tell you I was. My name was Wm. Alliston. I resided last in South Boston. I died there—was in my twenty-fourth year; my disease was probably pulmonary consumption. However, I am not entirely satisfied of that. I should much rather have looked into my own form, but I could not do it. I feel perfectly satisfied with my new home, and should like to open a communication between my friends and my new home—so that I could come and go at pleasure, but I do not know as I shall, by this. I am disappointed—well, I was used to shut out earth, but this is better than nothing—if I had come here and met no one to whom I could talk, it would have been far more of a disappointment to me. Tell the friends I have been here, and would like to speak with them, if they will find me a medium. I have nothing more to say here, for I do not desire to speak before the public. Every one has his own fancy, you know, and this is mine. Good day. July 7.

Patrick Fitzhenry.

Are there any rules by which one must abide on coming here? May I ask if it is necessary to give names, dates of birth and death, when one comes here?

Twenty-one years ago I left my native country and came to New York. I am a native of Dublin, Ireland, although I presume you will say my speech does not well accord with the dialect of that land. My name was Patrick Fitzhenry. I have been dead nearly one year. I was connected with St. Peter's Church (Catholic) in New York.

I have a cousin, in Boston, who is a physician; I have friends in New York, also, and in Brooklyn, and I cannot understand why I am requested to come here, nor which of my friends has called me to come here. I am told the people of earth are anxiously inquiring if there be a state of life beyond the grave, or whether life is like a taper, blown out by the wind. I have been conscious of my state of life only four days. Previous to that time I am told I was in a state of quiet and unconsciousness. I was fourteen years of age when I left my home. I came to this country with an uncle of mine—James Fitzhenry.

Now, as I have presented myself here, will not those kind friends, (or friend), who have called for me, inform me why they have called me. After this I will return again and do whatsoever I can for their good here and hereafter. I have no more to give. Good day. June 7.

Captain Frank.

Say that Captain Frank desires to be remembered to grandpa. I was sent here. He will understand. July 7.

This message seems trifling, yet it is a good test. July 9th—two days after its receipt—a gentleman called at our office, and asked if a spirit calling himself Captain Frank had communicated, saying that he had promised so to do, a few nights previous, at a circle in Roxbury.

On the night preceding, he said he had done so. He was gratified at the proof of the truth of the spirit. July 7.

Gorry, to Uncle David.

Will you say in your good paper that Gorry desires to be remembered to Uncle David. July 7.

The same remarks, made in reference to "Captain Frank's" message, apply to this. The party interested thus received two tests.

Reuben White.

I wish to speak, but cannot to-day. I was born in Marblehead. Died at sea, off Cape Horn. Say so. July 7.

William, to Willard Wheeler.

My dear brother: the work is pleasant and the time belongs to us; therefore rest assured we shall not stop by the way until all is done. July 8.

Hannah, to Joshua Piko.

My dear husband—it is now near two years since I left my body and you. And you suppose I do not return to look upon those I have abiding in the mortal? Oh, I can assure you I do often come to you and our dear children. But I do not always find you or them as happy as I could wish. Why is it, oh, why? Cannot you solve the problem? and when you have understood it, cannot you remedy it? Oh, try, and I will aid you.

My dear husband in mortal, you have not long to dwell on earth. Therefore improve the time you have, well, that you may be happy in the home you are coming to. It is my wish that you go and see all the children often. Oh, do—I have an object in view, that you may not as yet see. Still it is for your good, and that of our children. I have much to tell you about heaven, or the spirit-land, which I will give you as soon as I meet you.

Oh, do try to be happy, for the soul that makes for itself happiness in the first state of life, will be sure to in the second. You have much to do ere you take your flight from earth. Oh, begin now, I entreat of you. Tell Mary I often see her through her own medium powers.

Your spirit companion, Hannah, to Joshua Piko. July 8.

George Langdon.

Want you please to inform me where I am? Well, there's a good many Bostons; which one am I in?

I wish to commune with a brother of mine. I was told I might do so if I came here; but I do not see him. Well, I am a stranger to you—how am I to satisfy you?

I think I am well disposed; perhaps you will think different. I suppose you require something to identify me to parties. My case is a queer one. I have a brother by the name of James Langdon—mine was George. I died at the age of twenty-four. The brother I wish to commune with is some three years younger than myself. He is the only near relative I have on earth. We were left orphans at an early age, and we saw some hard times on earth. I did, and I suppose he will tell you the same, if you ever get acquainted with him.

My father was an itinerant preacher; he traveled through Maine, and I suppose Massachusetts and New Hampshire. I have no great recollection of him, as he died when I was eight or ten years of age. My mother died some two years before him.

After the death of my father, I went to live with a man by the name of Stevens. He then resided in Vermont, near the Canada line. My brother was taken by an old lady living in Maine, a distant relative of my mother. He lived with her until he was thirteen or fourteen years of age, and then he "fell fellow," had to seek a home for himself. I lived with my foster father something like seven years—near seven years. He gave me no trade, except you call farming a trade. I never liked it, and was determined to find some employment which "gave me contentment." I went to Concord, and worked for a man by the name of Downing, as a carriage-maker, I did not like that, and left. After that I came to Boston, tried to get a situation as clerk, but had not education enough, and went back to Vermont. I studied quite hard for thirteen months, and acquired a knowledge of mathematics, and then started for New York. I should add I stole a watch to help me on, and, after a while, I sent back what money I thought it was worth, and asked for forgiveness, so that sin was off my shoulders. That was the only theft I ever committed. After remaining in New York a few weeks, I obtained a situation as under clerk in a large carpet store in Broadway—I think with Peterson & Walker, but am not sure of that. Finding my pay was small, not enough to meet my every-day wants, I borrowed money enough to take me to the land of gold. At one time, I possessed about \$3000, and lost it all by sickness. I was never master of so much after that, but did well, until within a few months of my death, when I lost much by sickness, and died poor. I ordered a letter to be written to my brother, after I was sick, but, as far as I see, it never reached him. He probably thinks I have forgotten him—have wandered to some far off land, and have not money enough to get home, or am too rich to think of coming. I know he frequently calls me to earth, by thinking of me, for he is the only one who could do so; and if I can reach him, I shall be happy, otherwise I prefer to remain in my new home, which is far happier than any I had on earth. If this reaches him, I hope I shall have opportunity to commune with him in person. Then I think I should be perfectly happy; for he is the only one I care about on earth, and I want to know if he is content and prosperous.

Thanking you for your kindness, I wish you good day. July 8.

Eulalia.

Life Eternal.

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

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

PART TWELFTH.

Upon a silver stream of light seven glorious angels glide. They are Faith, Hope, Joy, Charity, Love, Happiness and Life. Faith was the goddess that sang at the dawn of Creation. She made her music with the stars. From her was man's soul created, and the song that she sings is the song of Eternity—deep, melodious, and grand. Then if man was born of Faith, Faith must live with him through time. Doubts are not realities—only the shadows that fall from the heavy folds of the golden garment of Faith. If man was created perfect in Faith, the holy flame still lives within him. Though the dark waters of life sometimes bound over his glory—though shadows mount over his Hope, still, that radiant goddess came at man's creation; she sang her starry song—the song of Hope—and when Hope seemed to leave her mountain glory—when the shadows of Faith were deepening, gentle Charity came, took the sorrowing form within her arms, and wiped away the tears of doubt. Sweet Charity was the third attending angel at man's birth. Then Charity with kindness and love, must carry him to his garden of Happiness; she would weave for him her fairy garlands and carry him to the altar of Love, where his spirit can expand and his soul take in the atmosphere of Life.

These are the seven existing elements of man. They are the positive forces of his condition. He is not made up of contras—the negative powers flow from these. To have doubt, implies that man has Faith; for negation is the offspring of positivity. Dejection is the negation of Hope and Faith—Consequence of Charity—Sorrow, of Happiness and Joy—Enmity of Love—Death, of Life.

These seven elements form the man, and the contrary movements are but the birth of the positive principle. To be made in the image of Deity, he must be created perfect—he must have all the opposites of the divine elements. Therefore, all thy doubts and sorrows, enemies and shadows of death, are only unto thy life-principle as the night to the day, which shows that thy soul is moving, as the planet earth moves round in its course from the sun.

The night gives to thy physical body repose, softness and relaxation; so do all these shadows from the great Life-element of day give slumber to the spirit of man, that he may be prepared to rise again in his eternal galaxy of glory. The soul, to traverse the mountain, must walk also in the valley. He that would gather stars, must glean them from the midnight. He that would live in life forever, must stand beside the grave and tomb—must go to the death of Error. He that would bathe in the celestial fountain of Love, must feel an enmity against sin and folly.

The seven guests of life are with us; they are the attendants of the Temple of the Soul. Though sometimes the spirit roves out in the path of sensuality, still sweet Charity sits at the door of the temple; she is there to bind up the wounds, made by the thorns of malice, scorn and envy. When we keep the seven elements in view, when we can look out and see them like towers about the soul, although we roam abroad at times, it will be to gaze back, only to see how broad, how mighty the temple God has made. The builder would not always stay within his building. He would go forth into the open air—he would step without the avenues that surround his dwelling, where he has planted flowers of beauty and love—walk forth into the highways, where scorn and envy are rife—but yet in the distance stands his own, his beautiful fabric of material forces. He gazes and admires the construction, and though he stands without, he lives within it. So the spirit may wander in the paths leading from these positive forces, but it is only to show him how noble the temple and how grand the architect who fashioned it.

If we tarried forever with Charity we should never know how sweet it is to have a new embrace. If we lived forever within the dome of Faith, we should never realize how towering its beauty, for it is darkness that enhances the beauty of the light—'tis the principle of error that makes the truth more welcome. But we can never leave this great arena of faith, hope, charity, happiness, joy, love and life. They form the arena of man's spiritual temple. They stand towering in majestic grandeur, great and mighty columns, built by the hand of God. And shall we clothe them with vines of beauty, or leave them barren principles, to run back to Deity unadorned? If we stand too closely enshrined within the temple, we cannot see the outward glistening that goes on. Then let us bound forth in the atmosphere of faith and freedom—let us go round the voyage of life, and meet danger, opposition, tyranny and hatred, for in those wild exploits, we shall gather some foreign beauty, and bring home new decorations with which to adorn our noble temple.

Let not time leave the marks of rust and desolation upon us. But rather let every atom of the sacred temple be delineated with characters of life and beauty. Let us lend our souls to angels, for tablets whereon they can write the impress of divine love. And oh! that great, that swelling account that we shall read when time has moved along the scroll of existence, and unfolded the little veil that hides this inner from the outer life, for spirit-life fills the space around the globe, like an incrustation around the planet. Ye are only living in the mortal soil, as flowers grow in the soil of your earth. The blossom can be transplanted at a moment. 'Tis the same sweet floweret,—the self-same petals—the same vine,—the legitimate roots still spreading out, to cling to another soil.

Love is the poetry of life; philosophy the prose. These are the material attributions; but the most material substance hath its own poetic charms.

The particles that keep the grains of wood together, go in obedience to the law of attraction. Attraction is but a phase of love. Poetry is the child of affection.

The same principle that holds spirits of affinity together, keep the atoms of the material world,—the same principle in a gradation of form. Then if attraction is love, and love is poetic,—so, fancy is real, and synonymous with philosophy.

When we philosophize, we look through another window of the spirit. Love is the same principle, looking out at another view. Therefore, when my spirit in these communications glows full and rife with the thought,—if I speak with impassioned praise and glowing beauty on the things celestial,—if I lend my spirit to the charms of poetry, I leave not my philosophy.

Flowers are the morning lines of creation. Is not the charm of philosophy there? Or does fancy paint them alone? No! reason and love flow on together. If love flies onward, reason follows in the train. If reason tries to walk alone, love must pursue her; for you know when a principle of beauty is presented to your reason first, how quick the love-principle flies to embrace it. And when some little angel floweret, let down by silken cords from the skies, comes and gains admittance at the holy entrance of affection, how quickly does philosophy soliloquize and say, "I love it, because it is beautiful."

This may seem a dry discourse. The artist, with his pictures, has to shade upon one color for many an hour. If the remainder of his canvas was covered, while he worked upon one spot, we could not see the picture; so this coloring, this moulding, seemingly monotonous, is but a flut to blend with the preceding and following colorings of our theme. Of itself, alone, it hath no charm. 'Tis only when it is blended.

Now upon the silver stream of time, with the seven attending goddesses of man's creation, we will sing with the charms of poetry.

And first the anthem of Faith shall be chanted. While angels lend their dulcet tones, and touch their lyres with deep and magic power, in a golden barge, on a silvery lake, the goddess of Faith is sailing. She has moved on from time. Through eternity, unending, she will sail. The waters ripple melodiously as she nears us. This silver stream is the stream of life, that flows through every soul of Deity. And there sits Faith—with uplifted hand, the same in darkness as in light. Even when the night of sorrow turns over us, in the halls of memory, her picture is painted,—her form is stereotyped,—time can never efface it.

But look, my soul! Around the winding course of that sweet stream, another sylvan beauty, glides. She rides over the waves in a golden chariot. Her name is Hope. She has crowns for the multitude. The winding streamlet keeps her from our gaze. But see! that her chariot is anchored in the stream, safely fastened,—eternally stationed? And when the spirit of man drops with sadness, she only leaves the chariot, and hastens on a cloud of love to beckon him to it.

Another sister spirit comes with her brow adorned with roses. No thorns are mingled with them. On her arm she carries mantles—they are to wrap around the wounded souls. Hast thou, in life, plucked a thorn that pierced thee, go quickly unto Charity. She hath a robe to unfold thee, and a rose, whose balmy sweetness will soothe the pain forever. She, too, is ever sailing on the stream of time. Joy comes next. She is the attending angel of Charity, Hope and Faith. She has garlands and roses unnumbered, and passes to mortals, with electric speed, the golden glebe from the fountain of Love. She has written in the volume of her soul, unnumbered pages of the past, present, and future.

She can tell thee all the waves of the stream—of those that glide smoothly—those that roll in gentle eddies; and she can inform thee when the stream flows into the ocean of eternity. God is that ocean. She can tell thee of the ebb and flow of the tides. She knows all the jewels that dwell in the deep. She can tell thee that every little drop of the stream has an anthem of happiness. She invites the wanderer, to come to her through Hope. She tells him to write his name indelibly upon her anchor, and she will record it in the Great Book of Time. When thou hast embraced her, she will carry thee to the feast of Love. That feast had no beginning—that banquet will never end. From creation this bright angel has waited in her mighty temple. The feast is ever ready. Deity supplies the bounties—man cannot consume them. Eternal as the love of God, the bounties are flowing. Celestial angels are walking in, and out of the temple, with their offerings of affection. If Happiness is the floweret of life, Love is the fragrance. The stream on which thou saillest, will lead thee to her blest mansion. She knows the varied departments of thy soul. She knows the winding stream whereon Hope abides—she knows the hand of Charity. Faith is the star Love displays at night for thee. In soft and loving accents she calls all men to life—to live, and be forever blest. Then the dome of the temple of Love is opened—the curtain of the future rises, and through the towering dome man looks out and sees. Oh God, this life—this mighty, heavenly, grand, unchanging life! How like atoms we look floating on the surface of the sea of God! Some seem like phantoms. How multiplied the barques that sail along, freighted with gems of immortality. The motion of the mighty waves are the changes and phases of this great life. They mount us high—they dash us low, and they flow us into a calm. But if storms gather, and night spreads her closing curtains fast, we know that Faith and Hope abide. That Charity and Joy will sing—that Love and Happiness and Life will meet us as we sail alone. We know that the elements obey the Father's will, and that the great and heaving ocean is but his bosom—the waves his mighty, beating heart—the night, but the curtain let down, to keep the mighty blazonry of his love from too full a glory upon us.

SPIRIT MESSAGE.

DEAR MORTAL—Earth is not the destiny of man. Like a flower, he blooms on the barren shores of time, and then fades, to bloom in a brighter clime. He is the same conscientious being—his affections are as warm—his affinities as strong, as when he inhabited the material body. With pitying eyes angels look down on suffering humanity, and we feel it our duty to enlighten the human heart, eradicate the teachings of the past, place around the Bible a new lustre, and, above all, unite the visible to the invisible.

Go forth and drink inspiration from Nature—analyze the little flower to find the spirit germ. Even as the sculptor mouldeth from the rude rock a beautiful image, do I bid you mould the infantile minds around you; and I will help you to endow them with new hopes—help you to portray the spirit-world in glowing colors—help you to allay the sufferings of the afflicted—and help you, to infuse into the mourner's heart this soul-inspiring faith.

Yours is a holy mission—your heart was yielding soil, long before I passed from your sight. All that was before vague and uncertain, shall become real and tangible. Every good deed you may trace by the shining light which follows it: Every tear of sorrow you have shed, shall return to you a pearl of rejoicing.

When I was on the earth, I clung to the gayeties of life. Though moral, and aspiring to good, I failed to make myself pure in all things.

Religion I could not put on as an every-day garment—my deformities would show themselves—my

sins were natural sins, and I am striving to atone for them. All is happiness here—every wish of my heart is gratified spontaneously. I am surrounded by young associates, and our pleasures are not fleeting, but lasting. God and Heaven are mine—yet, my mother, I am happy to return and manifest myself, through the sounds, to you. But now that you are convinced of my power, I shall come nearer to you by intuition. You have many powers that shall soon be developed. Sit with father in circles, often, and I will be over near to bid you, as the Roman mother did her son, "Go forth to conquer, not to die."

From your loving son,

G. E. F.

Correspondence.

INDIVIDUALITY.

A position assumed by Plato, and subsequently affirmed and demonstrated by the experience of every rational mind, is, that in order to come to a correct conclusion on any subject, it is positively necessary that we should be superior to, or above the matter analyzed.

Judgment may be said to be genius, a quality inherent, rather than an acquired art—and all universal critics should necessarily have universal qualifications. As this phenomenon has, as yet, never been witnessed on this earth, it would seem that the class who presume to deal authoritatively with all subjects, may possibly, through ignorance, have mistaken their vocation.

No human being's opinion on any subject, is entitled to any consideration, save in the fact that he or she possesses in themselves the same element which they seek to analyze in others. Each one hath a share of understanding, but it is more for the possessor than for others, else had they received it. We may elucidate the subtle meanings that all words seem to cover, yet there must be a rapport with the mind that gave forth those words, else we never read the true interpretation.

True criticism is but appreciation—a recognition of qualities, by the possessing of which, we are enabled to correctly estimate the same faculties outside of ourselves.

Dogmatic assumptions have heretofore prevailed, but mankind are fast losing their faith in spiritualism. The prominent characteristic of the present age, is the opposite extreme of too much reliance; yet the mind exhibits itself in a more natural light, when it boldly rejects all authority that has naught save the claim of "infallibility" to recommend it. The myth of Prometheus represents the most exalted state of the free mind—resistance to force exemplified by the authority of Jupiter.

The feeling of satisfaction whereby we regard a struggle against power, even though it may prove apparently ineffectual, shows the resistant principle to be the inherent propelling power, that (although now but a germ,) will eventually be developed to the saving of humanity from the tyranny of arbitrary custom, both in the physical and mental world.

The principle of criticism being admitted to be that of appreciation, it follows, as a necessary sequence, that all who criticize correctly, should be perfect masters of that they propose to judge. To be masters, they must fully comprehend the subject—hence a critic, analyzing, must, of necessity, stand in the relation of one who, having ascended an eminence, calmly and truthfully surveys the plain beneath. All who do not occupy this position, judge by mere authority, not comprehension. Yet in taking that position, they admit the rationality of the previous conclusions; agreeing that superiority is necessary to a judge or critic, but assume the possession of that quality.

It may be asked, "How are mankind to judge, not being always superior to those who exercise the true or imaginary functions of judgment?" It is neither possible nor necessary we should accept what we are unable to comprehend, for it could not be at present useful; what we do understand, we always come to correct conclusions upon—hence a rational mind can readily perceive that there is no need of another's judgment as an absolute finality. All assist all. The law of suggestion is universal; we observe and assimilate to ourselves that which is in harmony with our condition. Our individuality is formed of numberless atoms, collected from everything we see, hear, feel and understand. Man thus grows, materially and spiritually, by coming in contact with material and spiritual nature! We are absolutely necessary to all things, and all things are equally so to us. One atom of spirit or matter cannot be spared, yet are there many connected by a positive chain—the law of Necessity, to sever one link of which,—could it be possible—would be to disintegrate the Universe. Man's individuality, therefore, may be said to be that portion of principles and effects that he has collected around a point, infinite, though possibly infinitesimal—that we call the soul—Divinity and materiality combined! God and the Universe indissolubly united in each and all of mankind!

Individualism—what is it but the exercise of an acquisitiveness for the selfish, but necessary purpose of clothing this Me—this self-consciousness with a tangible, spiritual and material garb.

All authoritative judges for others, but assume a work that would be better done by the individuals separately—that must be done by all ultimately. No man can collect individuality for another—each flower must receive its own share of sunlight and rain—each soul is developed and sustained by assimilating principles from the illimitable arena of the universe.

The soul of itself is the container of all future developments; having inherent faculties that may, or may not, be unfolded harmoniously on earth. As the seed of the plant contains the future blossom, flower, or fruit, so is it with the consciousness we term the soul-principle of man. True, indeed it is, that the healthy expansion of the plant may be deprived of those sustentances necessary to its prosperity. So, equally, with man—surrounding circumstances mould his future being; should outside influences and conditions unfold any of his faculties to an undue extent beyond others, the individual is termed unbalanced, which is true, both in expression and fact. An unbalanced mind demands for its seeming happiness, that which is like unto itself in the greatest degree. But as the mind is composed of various qualities, the exercise or development of any faculty beyond the aggregate, is really unhappy. This is a law by which Nature renews herself. Men of genius, with some few exceptions—the most prominent of which were probably Shakespeare and Goethe—are examples of this fact, showing the tendency of the vital principle towards one portion of the brain, producing thereby brilliant but exalted or strained action in that part.

Virtue may be defined to be equal and harmonious action of all departments of being; and the best condition of society, is that which is most favorable to equalization. Advanced minds in all ages have perceived a condition of action that should ultimately produce a state of harmony and peace on the earth. Should that time ever arrive, it will only be through the equilibrium of every being participating; yet seeing the lamentable angularity of humanity, individually and collectively, we may readily infer, that the millennial condition is far distant, though mankind are gradually approaching that point.

Poets, by a spiritual perception—the true poetic faculty—have sung of conditions not appreciated by the mass, yet not the less true, in which happiness would overshadow all things. More material organizations always have combated the ideal as the unreal. This arises from the popular, but mistaken idea, that the physical is the only tangible; yet to another class of minds—more refined—mentality presents a more solid basis, because it invariably precedes, and is the cause of all outward action. That which controls, must be superior to what is controlled; this is a positive truth, to state which, is to irrefutably demonstrate. Materialists are but half right in their assumptions; they perceive truly the material world, yet beyond, within, and above which is the spiritual—vast, beautiful, and powerful—the cause of all effect, which effect is externality.

H. B. DICK.

PHILADELPHIA, August 26, 1858.

LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ROCHESTER, August 13, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—As you are collecting facts for your paper, I have one which may interest your readers in the continued desire that exists upon the part of our spirit friends to aid us in understanding them.

A circle of friends was called by the spirit of John Eveleth, once an Episcopalian minister, and a resident of Eliot, Me., to listen to some exercises which a band of spirits would give. Accordingly, Thursday evening came, and at Mr. N. Dennett's house the circle collected.

It was intended, by the presiding spirit, that a celebration should take place, to remind all of the pleasure they took in the laying of the Atlantic Cable. They commenced by pounding on the fire-board heavily, to imitate the discharge of guns from a naval battery, and was continued at different stages during the performances. But what was regarded as a most remarkable proceeding, a closet-door slowly opened, and a large wooden box, lighted, was seen to be placed there; one side was covered with a paper, having these words—

"The Atlantic Telegraph has succeeded, by the blessing of Divine Providence that is above, and around us, all the time. Could it be invoked with more confidence than upon an attempt, to bind the two worlds together, by this chain of peace and good will."

A child's rattle was also heard repeatedly, and before the close of the evening, was dropped at our feet and presented to the little one, who was an inmate of the house. The spirit came, marked on the floor several lines in light, which came in coils, and in other ways. An imitation of the winds was given by several spirits—the soft sighing, the gentle breeze, the heavy gust; and the playing on the bass-viol and seraphines. Old Hundred was played out, and the company was requested to sing it. Several persons were touched by the invisibles, and the exercises were concluded.

This was an evening long to be remembered by those present. The spirits were very happy, and the company who came enjoyed this opportunity much.

Yours, very truly,

JOHN M. LOWN.

LETTER FROM HON. WARREN CHASE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 18, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Once more I am on the Calvary of Spiritualism, where once the "Rochester Knockings" created as great an excitement as the crucifixion of Jesus did in Judea, but at length it has triumphed and outlived as effectually as Jesus did in reputation, the mock titles and ridiculous epithets of its enemies.

The intelligence bearing phenomena are now classed and believed under the general cognomen of Spiritualism or spiritual manifestations, and the various crowns of thorns prepared for it by the Doctors of Medicine and Divinity, Theology, Kneecology, Demonology, Psychology, Odyology, Gology, and Myste-riology, have all served to expose and reveal the ignorance of their self-conceited inventors. There is no excitement here, and not much anywhere, about the phenomena or the effect, but a constant and steady growth in the public confidence, and belief in the real and true source and cause of the intelligent manifestations. The great body of the people are arranged in two ranks of contending army—one headed by preachers for officers, and embracing the Charles Beecher theory, that only bad or evil spirits take part in modern manifestations; and the other, headed by spirits themselves, declaring the more natural and rational theory, that telegraphing between the worlds, like telegraphing between the continents, when opened and established, is open to both and all who have the power and means to use it. The clergy and their allies are compelled to admit that a large per cent. of the messages are of the best and purest language and morals, but these are said to be not of a devilish origin than the bad, because they do not sustain and defend the horrible and absurd theories of the other life, which our clergy teach. There is scarcely a day but that some persons from the ranks of the clergy discover their mistake, and cross over to the other side; some convinced by spirit influence and agency on themselves, or in their families (and if there were more harmony in families we should have more), and some by allowing their reason to search for truth in this direction, and some by observing the vindictive and almost rabid condition of the clergy and their most zealous followers, who are constantly annoyed by desertions, and never encouraged by returns or recruits from the enemy.

I closed my visit to the Western Reserve in Ohio, last week, Tuesday evening, at Conneaut, the corner town of the State, where a good audience listened attentively to me; and next day I left them, earnestly discussing the action of the society that refused us a church for the meeting—a house that belonged to a society that a few years ago could not get a church from any other society—and then thought it very cruel or wrong to be thus treated; but a little popularity makes pride, and pride brings arrogance, selfishness, and envy. So goes the world and its religious societies. From Conneaut I came directly to this city, passing thousands of persons at other

places, who would gladly have called me and earnestly listened to my radicalisms. In this city I found the cause at rest, so far as public meetings are concerned, but our excellent and devoted friends, Lewis and Sarah A. Bertis, had, on notice of my visit, called a few friends together, and they soon secured a hall and made arrangements, not only for my lecture on last Sunday, but for regular Sunday meetings. So our lecturing friends, who feel sure they can interest or instruct the Spiritualists here, and pass this way, will find a hall and the advantage of regular meetings to collect their audiences. We had good but not large meetings on Sunday, and I took the position, and tried to sustain it, that the religious institutions of the past and present have never saved untold societies, nor individuals, either in this life or the succeeding; but that Spiritualism promises it in both, and has already given some evidence of success; that nations have been ruined by religious control, when the church has held the sword, sceptre, and balances; that all religious societies have become proud, arrogant, selfish, tyrannical, and vindictive, in proportion as they have become popular and strong, and that the members of such societies in our own country, are not more moral, more honest, or more charitable, than other people, and as their lives are no better in the world, their condition is no better in the next; therefore, these societies are a complete failure, if not worse than a failure. To avoid all of these evils, we intend to avoid all sectarian organizations, and work with the Divine mind, by, with, and in, general, not partial, laws. Next Sabbath I speak in Utica—shall probably be there at the Convention, and in Boston about October 1st.

WARREN CHASE.

LETTER FROM L. K. COONLEY.

MAYSVILLE, Ky., August 17, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—It has been quite a long time since I wrote you; but that has not been for want of desire. My time is much occupied; and when I have leisure, my system is so much exhausted, that my feelings are averse to writing. I have not lost any of my regards for the "Banner of Light," and I weekly procure a number of copies of it, and also the "Spiritual Age," for distribution. I have been over three months here, and expect to remain until winter. I am engaged, principally, in healing. I attend to such cases, only as have failed to be benefited by the other systems of practice; and although I do not interfere with the "profession," yet some of the "Quack doctors"—regular school—are quite stirred up. The patients and their connections are really all opposed to Spiritualism—from ignorance of its true character—except Mr. F. H. Taylor and family, whose little daughter was cured through our membership; and when we commenced with her, although they believed that spirits communicate, yet they conceived such were the "aids of the devil." Now they know that "Spiritualism does some good," and they are not backward in "letting their light shine" on this, spiritually, dark community. They have furnished myself and wife a pleasant and agreeable home; and aided much—very much—in spreading the glad tidings of great joy to the afflicted, so that I am thereby almost constantly employed. I hear, through the press, much complaint about the remuneration asked by mediums. I will briefly state the conditions upon which I labor, in union with the spirits: Am I to lecture? I enjoin upon the friends to furnish me a home, away from "a hotel," and then, beside that, give me whatever they please. Most of the time I have been well paid. Many of the lecturers travel great distances, and stop so short time in a place, that thereby they are constantly "hard up," or become a burden to friends, by "private contributions." Sometimes I expend more in visiting a place than I receive—but that I expect; in other places I make it balance. In regard to healing—after trying various ways, I have, finally I think, adopted an unobjectionable method—one that is sure to bring a proper remuneration: I make all examinations free. I obtain from my spirit guides their declaration, whether the case can be cured, or not, through our powers; if in the affirmative, then I ask them to give the probable length of time it will take to effect the cure, directions being followed. I believe my spirit-physician guides; they have never yet made a mistake! I ask the patients what they can afford to give, when cured, and have always found them as liberal as their circumstances would permit. I furnish all the medicines, and am willing to throw away my time, sooner than deceive a patient. If the patient is poor, I think it my duty to relieve him or her, even if I have to use both time and money. If the patients cannot be cured by our mode of treatment, I tell them so plainly.

I think I will soon write you again, briefly. I have many things to say to the readers of spiritual papers, of my experience as a medium, which are very strange, and to me interesting.

Yours truly,

L. K. COONLEY.

HENNIKER, N. H.

Messrs. Editors—According to previous announcement, a social gathering convened at Spirit Springs, on August 8th. To the lover of nature, its murmuring streams, lofty hills, leafy groves, and shaded streets, are full of wildness and enchantment. Nature's music is more sweet and melodious than the wild notes of the Aeolian harp. In the Temple of Nature, beneath heaven's high dome, does the spirit send forth its most grateful and spontaneous offering to the Unseen.

About fifteen towns were represented by many hundreds, who listened with fixed attention to the calm, deep and elevating utterances from the spirit realm. Messrs. Elliott, Currier, Bowker, Greenleaf, Abbott and Cogswell, proclaimed liberty to the sectarian captive; life and love, present and prospective, to all their brothers in the earth-life. Much good seed was sown, whose ripened fruit will be gathered after many days. The ties which unite the invisible church—the church of progressive humanity—were extended and strengthened.

Good accommodations have recently been furnished near the Spring for about twenty persons, at reasonable charges, and the hotel, a mile distant, is ever ready to receive guests.

E.

MISS FRANCES DAVIS—This remarkable medium known to most Spiritualists as having, some years since, apparently passed through all the phenomena of physical death—remaining in a singular state of trance for forty-five days without food or nourishment—has entered the field of public lecturing, and gives evidence of rare gifts for wide influence and usefulness in that direction. She has recently spoken in the trance condition at the "Old Brick Church," Milford, with great effect, also at Hopkinton, where she is now stopping.—*Practical Christian.*

Men's virtues are written in water.

