

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. III. COLBY, FORBSTER & COMPANY, NO. 114 BRATTLE STREET. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858. [TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.] NO. 8.

Poetry.

From the Galveston News.

TWILIGHT-MUSING.

BY J. BOLLEN, M. SQUAB.

The long, long day is dying,
The sun wraps round the West his robe of light,
Retreating through the portals of the day,
To show the presence of the glowing night;
Zephyrs o'er the island sighing,
With tree and flower in wild coquetry play,
Clouds hung, the stars concealing;
Until the heavy rain-drops swiftly fell,
Making music 'mong myrtled trees,
So softly sweet that words would fall to tell;
Bright stars came, their light revealing—
Might all my hours be happily like these.

The shadows faintly falling,
Seemed faded forms of friends long loved and lost,
And angel eyes gazed deep into mine own;
I felt them there, the ones I loved the most,
Still advancing and receding—
The dead in form, are never from us gone.

I lived the days now olden,
And trod the paths I trod so oft in yore,
When every smile was mine, her every thought;
She strove to yield from her own heart's full store
Affection's bright chain and golden,
Which God, himself, with her own life had wrought.

But Death, with darkness angher,
Brought her life-day to a sad and sudden close,
And left me lonely, with my grief;
Night settled o'er my pain and her repose,
Despair fell and sorrow's canker
To dwell, should faith give place to unbelief.

Now all my being glowing,
Grows glad with trust; I muse in starlit hours,
When evening wraps the weary world in rest—
Another life is mine, believing showers
Hope's rich light; the kind bestowing
From God is not from mankind's weak behest.

Thus, with me still are dwelling
The souls of those who long ago left the earth
To dwell within the realms of lasting youth;
Death smelt upon them; death is not a curse,
And Nature's rich song is swelling
With immortality's undying truth.

GALVESTON, March 30, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE FATAL LEGACY.

BY SHIRLEY LEONARD.

"Alone! alone! and I am calm, nor know
What quiet it may be, that layeth low
All passion and all pain, with its deep stress.
My eyes are dry, my limbs are motionless;
My thoughts grow still, and shadow on the brain;
The blood grows waveless in the heart and vein;
I have no memory, no regret, no dread,
Nor any other feeling, which the soul
Have not, except that I am cold as they
Can be, and know not of it."

Oh, how I loved him! 'Night after night did I
Watch for his well-known step and voice; and with
what a wild thrill did I discover that each succeeding
evening brought him earlier and more frequently!
God forgive me! How could I help loving Clarence
Irving? But I will not anticipate.

At the age of fifteen my mother died, leaving me
in the wide world of Paris without friend, or pro-
tector. A father's love I had never known, and
knew as little of my mother's past life—on both sub-
jects I had been forbidden to speak. On her death-
bed, she called me closer to her side, and delivered
into my hands a small package, which she had al-
ways carried in her bosom, telling me to open it.
I did so, and drew forth a rich bracelet, formed of
gold links, with an exquisitely wrought clasp—a
splendid bauble, its singularity only equalled by its
value, the rare workmanship outweighing the worth
of the material an hundred fold.

"Take this, Theresa," she gasped, "and as you
value my dying blessing, never part with it—no,
not if you are starving for bread! Promise me
this," she continued, rising on her arm, and gazing
with fearful intensity and wildness at me.

"I promise," was my low, reply, ayed by the
piercing, almost fierce glare of her blazing eyes.
She sunk back exhausted.

"Now I can die," she hoarsely cried, "but if you
break this vow—may a curse from the grave of your
mother follow you to your last breath."

Then, calming her rising agitation, she added—
"Lift me, Theresa, I am swooning—oh! for one
hour of life! Help! I am sinking—as you hope
for mercy in your dying moments, lead a better life
than your mother has. Ah! what is this sudden
darkness! Hold me!—fast—fast—mercy!"—
a sharp, quick rattle, a groan, a heavy weight settling
down from my terrified grasp—and I was alone with
the dead.

When I recovered from my temporary stupefac-
tion, my cries aroused the tenants of the neighbor-
ing rooms. Soon the cold corpse was laid out on the
narrow, ragged couch, calm and solemn, and I, who
was no longer aught to that soulless tenement, nearly
delirious, in my frantic grief. But short space
was allowed me for the indulgence of sorrow. The
kind friends who had taken me into their humble
lodgings were unable to afford themselves the luxury
of charity for any length of time, and work must
take the place of tears, and bitter lamentations.

On the third day following the funeral, I applied
for employment again at the sewing shop which had
furnished me with the scanty means to support my-
self during my mother's illness. I was told that in
consequence of the last week's absence, another had
been engaged to supply my place, and that they had
nothing for me. Heart-sick I turned away.

I had not gone a dozen steps when I ran against
some one, being blinded by the fast rising tears. A
familiar voice, uttering my name in astonishment,
caused me to look up, and I recognized a good-natur-
ed fellow, who had befriended my mother several
times before now, a carpenter at one of the principal
theatres in the city.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

My tears gushed forth afresh at the rough sym-
pathy he evinced, as I briefly detailed my mournful
story, and when I concluded, he said—

"Cheer up, Theresa—I know of a place just made
for you—the girl who tends the bar in the saloon of
the Theatre—has left this week, and you will
do nicely. Come with me; I'll see the ballet master
about it."

Warned by this ray of hope, I hurried along be-
side my companion, to the side entrance of the thea-
tre. Although it was bright daylight, without, the
stage was dim and feebly lighted, but the narrow
passages, through which I was led, were without a
ray to dispel their darkness. Suddenly I found my-
self in a bare looking hall, where a number of girls
in soiled gauze garments were performing a series of
pantomimic evolutions, under the superintendence of
a choleric little man, who seemed to think his direc-
tions must be enforced by sundry oaths, which he
uttered from time to time.

To his sharp exclamation of displeasure, at this
interruption, my companion explained his errand;
whereupon, the irascible ballet master
eyed me keenly—then saying—

"Follow me—ladies, continue your exercises," left
the room, taking me in charge.

Through another series of windings we went, and
now I found myself in a little apartment, before a
desk, where sat a stern-featured man of about forty—
this was the manager.

On hearing that I was come to apply for the sit-
uation in question, he stared at me in his turn, and
finally, after putting several, as I thought, very im-
pertinent interrogatories, observed—

"You'll do; come to-morrow evening, and Celeste
will tell you what are your duties."

Celeste, I found, was the prompter's daughter, a
sort of supernumerary, an extra aid in reserve for
all occasions.

"Well, miss," said the ballet master, as we left the
manager's office, "you owe this good luck to your
face—that's certain. Pity, you should throw your-
self away, though—better join the ballet troupe—
you'd succeed admirably."

But I firmly declined, and a little piqued at my
decided aversion to his scheme, he consigned me to the
honest carpenter. The latter was delighted at my
good fortune, and proposed seeing Celeste at
once, hinting that it was best to get her right side,
as she was quite an important personage, in her
way, and might do me considerable harm or service,
according as I approached her.

The much-dreaded individual proved to be a hand-
some, good-natured looking girl of about twenty, and
much disposed to patronize me. She entered at once
into the state of my wardrobe, and having ascer-
tained that my finances would not warrant an out-
lay sufficient to make myself presentable, engaged to
fit me out from the theatrical stores, till I received
a portion of my salary.

With a lightened heart I returned to my miserable
lodgings with the carpenter, who insisted on my im-
mediate removal to his mother's house, both on
account of its being more comfortable, and nearer
the theatre; also, he could accompany me to and fro
every night.

"I was now more pleasantly situated than I had
been for a long time, and prepared for my coming
duties with something of my old cheerfulness.

The next evening found me in a half-fancy cos-
tume behind the marble counter of the Theatre—
I had been brought up in great seclusion, latterly,
although I could distinctly remember a time when
my beautiful mother lived in a splendid suite of
apartments, and I, richly dressed, was the pet of nu-
merous visitors, mostly gentlemen; like some gorg-
eous dream, too, were the memories of brilliant
suppers at which I was allowed to be present, amus-
ing the guests by my flippant forwardness, until my
childish eyes grew weary, and I was carried away by
my nurse.

But when about ten years old, a great change
took place; whether a separation from her protector,
by death, or some disagreement, were the cause, or
whether my mother feared that so precocious a child
would be ruined if longer exposed to such baneful
influences, I never could determine, but from the
midst of affluence, we suddenly descended to a very
humble style of living.

The desultory education I had picked up, was now
attended to more carefully; but ere long, by the fail-
ure of some institution in which my mother had
placed the remnant of a sinfully acquired fortune,
we were reduced to actual penury. Then came the
daily toil for bread, the grinding curse of poverty—
the falling health, and finally the wasting illness—
all cloped by the grim phantom, Death.

Those sad retrospections were passing in my mind,
as I stood at the upper end of the counter awaiting
the entrance of customers, for it yet lacked half
hour to the opening of the doors. I had passed a
weary day tickling the various articles for sale with
their different prices; but when I complained of
fatigue at evening, as I was dressing, Celeste brought
me a glass of some warm, aromatic cordial, and
when I refused to take it, laughed at my "holy hor-
ror," until from shame I swallowed a portion. She
appropriated the remainder to herself, saying, care-
lessly—

"Let me tell you, it won't do to begin too squeam-
ish—if you don't have to come to worse things than
this, you'll be lucky!"

We had another discussion concerning my dress,
which utterly shocked me, but I was forced to yield,
although I inwardly declared that when able to pur-
chase my own clothing I would never wear this suit
again—but I could not avoid acknowledging that the
wine had carried off my fatigue.

As I now caught a glimpse of myself in one of
the many splendid mirrors that haunted me with
my own identity, I crimsoned over neck and brow.
Declaring my arms and shoulders too white, and
finely turned to be hidden, Celeste had exposed both
to a degree that appeared indecorous to my Quaker-
minded simplicity. The profusion of long dark
curls which, partially shaded my form, was a great
relief, yet I felt a desire to shrink within myself
whenever a footstep approached the door of the
saloon.

Presently the sound of voices proclaimed that the
hour for opening the theatre had arrived, and the
next moment a group of dashing young men entered.
An imploring look induced Celeste to stay by me
a while longer, and I marveled at the nonchalant
ease with which she returned the familiar saluta-
tions of the new comers. They were evidently old
acquaintances, and I was quickly conscious that I
formed the theme of conversation.

The numbers speedily increased, and amid the
busy hum I could perceive that nearly every one in-
quired concerning the new tender. A few purchased
cigars of me, instead of my companion, evidently
from curiosity to have me speak, and then endeavor-
ed to draw me into conversation; but I took refuge
in monosyllables, and at length, to my relief, they
left for the play.

"This will never do," said Celeste; "you won't
keep your situation a week at the rate you have
begun; but this timidity will wear off. And as I
plainly see you'll not depend on yourself while I'm
here, you must get along without me the rest of the
evening."

As she pronounced these words of doom, she turned
resolutely away, and, despite my entreaties, left the
saloon.

At the conclusion of the first act, I heard, with
trembling, the indications of a second irruption.
But this time every one was full of the new play,
and the actress who made her debut that night, and
the loud discussion, the gay laughter, and entire
oblivion of myself, brought back composure. For-
tunately, I did not dislike cigar smoke, as the blue
wreaths soon issued from dozens of lips, and I was
kept too busily engaged in attending to the calls of
customers to heed any stray glances, or whispered
compliments.

By degrees I became interested in the various
groups and arguments around, and bore up pretty
well, until returning weariness assailed me. Then
I longed for the close of the evening.

As I went home with Robin, the carpenter, in re-
ply to his question of "how I liked my new business,"
I replied, "not at all," and was considerably indig-
nant when he persisted in asserting that I should
not make the same answer three weeks hence.

But before even that week was ended, I began to
be greatly reconciled; a pleasurable excitement, and
active self-possession succeeded to my former anxiety
and weary exertions. I was becoming used to my
new style of dress, the frequent stare, and undis-
guised admiration; even venturing a half saucy
reply on rare occasions; late hours ceased to over-
task, for I had learned to sleep late, and a portion
of the sprightly gaiety and abandon of my childhood
began to manifest itself. I was noticed by nearly
all the frequenters of the saloon, and had already
selected my favorites.

When the first payment of my liberal salary was
made, I consulted Celeste concerning its outlay, and
laughing at my early prudish scruples, went far be-
yond my adviser in display, and fanciful attire—for
I was becoming a thorough coquette.

It was upon poor Robin that I played off my airs
chiefly. I had tacitly engaged myself to him, soon
after entering on my new situation, and very pleas-
ant it was, to feel that I had a warm-hearted, manly
protector in the dangerous position I occupied.
Many a time did I listen to his merry, clear whistle,
as he worked away in the side scenes, thinking, I
well knew of whom; and how I loved to show my
power of bringing a sunshine of delight to his hon-
est, handsome face, by suddenly appearing beside
him with a lovely smile when he least expected it,
or if a fit of caprice happened to attack me, cloud-
ing his open brow with anxious solicitude, by coldly
refusing some little attention the next moment, and
flirting with another swain.

Poor Robin!

It was the evening of the 12th of May—I shall
never forget the date—that as I stood in my acous-
tomed place, a rich, deep voice at my side said—
"Mademoiselle!"

Turning, I saw a gentleman whose splendid dark
eyes, noble air, and fine features arrested my in-
dividual attention.

"What may I offer you?" I inquired.

"Your favorite wine," he replied.

"You mean that which we consider choice?"

"No—your own particular preference."

All the flattery which I was constantly receiving,
never caused a nerve to vibrate, or any perceptible
emotion save a faint, passing blush; but these sim-
ple words brought a vivid color, and as I poured out
a glass, I said, "Parfait d'Amour," my hand trem-
bled, so that I was in danger of spilling the contents
as I passed the glass to him.

"Pardon me," he continued, with a smile of in-
expressible beauty, "I am about to commit the bold-
ness of asking an unmerited favor—will you touch
your lips to the brim ere you return it?"

Who could have refused him? Certainly not I,
with those magnificent eyes beaming forth rays of
deep, warm tenderness that melted their way softly
into my fluttering heart. I did as he requested, and
saw him place the identical spot to his lips, as with
his ardent gaze fixed on me, he slowly drank the
ruby drops.

Just then the warning note of the orchestra an-
nounced the rise of the curtain, and the room was
vacated. My companion was seized upon by a dash-
ing French Comte, and borne off, casting one em-
phatic glance at me as he disappeared.

"Are you crazy, man?" I just caught these
words as the pair entered the passage way. "In the
name of Cupid, do you expect to carry on a flirtation
with her? She may amuse herself with your ridicu-
lous expectations indeed—but we have all tried hard
enough to no purpose—why man! we have settled
that she is an iceberg!"

"Possibly," was the calm reply, and a closing door
drowned the rest.

"Ah, ha," thought I. "For once, M. le Comte,
you speak the truth. You have tried hard enough to
commence an insidious flirtation, but do not imagine
because the grapes hang too high for you, that they
are sour, or beyond the reach of somebody else."

Well! it was no use—I could not get that hand-
some stranger out of my thoughts, strive as hard as I
might.

Before the first act was finished, I heard a step;
even now I could have told it from a hundred others,
and the next moment, he entered. Now, that he was
come, I wished him away; but no, he advanced to the
counter, and said carelessly:—

"The audience room is crowded, and suffocatingly
hot. I could not stay—will you forgive me for in-
truding on your presence before the permitted time?"

I murmured something, I know not what.

"Do you know I would gladly in a spoke if I
could take it in my native fashion—American
style?"

"What is that?"

"Why, we Southerners are a lazy set—so when we
have a mind to smoke, a little quadroon girl lights
a cigar, and puts it in our mouths for us. Even the
trouble of opening our lips is a great bore."

I caught the roguish twinkle of his eyes, and ven-
tured a low laugh.

"Really," I replied, "you are luxurious as Syb-
rites—do you expect to find all your tastes gratified
in this country?"

"I know one whose mere presence could put my
highest ideal of happiness to shame, and concentrate
every earthly joy in herself. Yes—in this country
my tastes, and Epicurean fastidiousness, might be
gratified as nowhere else I have dreamed they could
be."

He spoke eloquently, with the utmost correctness,
and with just so much foreign accent as to render
every word marked, fascinating, haunting. But de-
lightful as it was, I wished to hear another language,
his own native one, and I said:

"Let us not talk French. I can speak English—
it was my mother's tongue, and as she conversed
with me in it, lest I should lose the language by
mixing so constantly with Parisians. I speak both
with equal ease."

"Very well—English let it be," he replied. "I
long to hear your piquant accent. But are you not
going to give me a cigar?"

"Certainly—what kind?"

"That depends—do you intend indulging me
in my indulgence?"

"What if I should?"

"Then give me any cigarette you fancy. Stay;
can you light one? Don't let me impose on your
amability; do you fear the effect?" and his anxious
solicitude was very disproportionate to the cause.

Now three months previously, just before the
opera-balls, I had promised, even- evening of one
week, because Celeste and I were intending to per-
sonate two dashing cavaliers, and I did not believe
I had entirely forgotten the accomplishment, so I
answered, "Not I, I may be awkward—but I'll
try."

As gravely as possible I set to work, my compan-
ion regarding me with an amused smile, and when I
had achieved the first light curl of blue vapor, I
crossed the room to where he sat, and soberly trans-
ferred it to his lips. As I turned away, he caught
my hand, and ere I was aware of his intention,
kissed the palm once, twice, three times!

"Sir, I—you had no permission to do thus."

"I beg your pardon—pray, let me take them
back."

It was impossible to withstand his amusing ear-
nestness, and laughing slightly, I returned to my
place.

The entrance of the customary loungers prevented
further conversation.

For several evenings he came regularly, always
presenting me with an exquisite bouquet, and even
urging more valuable gifts, which I steadily refused,
and by degree spending more time between the acts
in the saloon. Once, when we were alone, he said—

"You speak English perfectly, yet are a French
girl; were you born in Paris, and are your parents
French?"

"I have none, etc. My mother was English, and
I suppose I am a native of this country—I never
saw my father."

"They call you Theresa—what is your surname?"

"I have none," I replied with a blush.

"Ah!" how much that little interjection compre-
hended.

From that time there was an increase of familiar
tenderness in his manner, and a shade of protecting
ownership toward me, with which I was too well
pleased to resent it. It was delightful to feel that
he cared for me enough to interest himself in my
actions. He also began to be exceedingly jealous of
me, although I never gave him the slightest cause;
but that, too, was not displeasing.

Thus some time passed, when one night I watched
in vain. Dull and weary seemed the moments, and
glad was I to be once more in my little chamber,
alone with my thoughts. His absence showed me
the state of my heart, and I was alarmed. What!
miserable because for a single twenty-four hours I
had not seen him? This would never do—I must
conquer this fearful ascendency he had acquired
over my mind. So the way I commenced carrying
out this good resolution, was to have a good, hearty
cry of disappointment, and dream of him until
morning!

The next evening I waited again unsuccessfully—
and my countenance probably indicated my feelings,
for one of the frequenters of the theatre, who had
noticed the progress of our acquaintance, whispered
kindly to me, as I stood thoughtfully gazing at the
door—

"Why so sad to-night? Such a pretty girl as you
ought not to despair."

When the saloon was vacated, I thought over those
words, and glanced in a mirror opposite. How un-
like to my fair, blue-eyed mother! I was a true
child of the sunny South in nature, features, com-
plexion—and yes, I might as well confess to my-
self, very beautiful!

Gazing thus abstractedly, I ceased to see the mir-
ror and its reflections, when a hand with firm, but
gentle pressure on each side my waist, and a warm
kiss on my half parted lips, as I raised my head
with a start, roused me from a reverie—its hero
stood before me!

The suddenness, the revulsion of feeling, the ming-
led emotions caused by this first embrace, quite over-
came me, and though I did not entirely lose con-
sciousness, I was incapable of speech or motion.
Dipping his handkerchief in some iced water, he
bathed my face and hands, held me tenderly in his
arms, refusing to let me support myself until fully
recovered. Then I perceived that the handkerchief
was lying on the counter forgotten; with a rapid
motion I possessed myself of it, and hid it in my
bosom.

"You were not here last night," I said reproach-
fully, scarce conscious of my words.

"No, I— I could not—I sat writing till near day-
light."

What could be the cause of this hesitation—had I
been indiscreet or curious? I hastened to change
the subject by saying—

"But you are here now, and we will not think of
shortcomings."

"Yes, I could not refrain from seeing you once
more"—here he checked himself, and looked care-
lessly away.

"Oh, what!" I exclaimed in nameless terror.

"Are you going home to America?"

"No, indeed, my dear; it is nothing—nothing
of consequence."

Perceiving that my anxiety disturbed him, I said
no more, but a cloud stole over my heart which I
could not clearly define. I grew silent, and saw that
it made him melancholy. Presently he rose to go
before the gay, noisy crowd should surround us,
and taking my hand, hesitated a moment, seemed about
to speak, then resisted the impulse, and lifting my
trembling fingers to his lips, bade me good night
tenderly, and left the saloon.

I was troubled and agitated; an indefinable some-
thing told me that he thought we might be parting
for the last time. I scarcely realized the busy scene
that was passing around me, as I mechanically at-
tended to the gay customers. How I was soothed by
the magic influence of the handkerchief embroidered
with his initials, that rested on my heart!

As I was leaving the room after the last departure,
I saw a note lying on the floor. I picked it up; it
was addressed to "Clarence Irving, Esq., Hotel—
Paris."

The seal was unbroken, and on the envelope was
written: "Private—to be forwarded immediately." I
had probably received it just before coming to the
theatre, and my faintness had caused him to for-
get it.

What was to be done? He ought to have it at
once, and the theatre was being closed. If he should
miss it and return, there would be no way to obtain
the letter—yes—despite some little shrinking I must
carry it myself, not daring to entrust it to other
hands, lest it should fail to reach its destination. It
was not very late, for the comedy had been short,
and no afterpiece succeeded.

As I stepped into the vestibule, the clocks struck
eleven. Robin was waiting for me, and, taking his
arm, I hurried home, escaping at once to my cham-
ber on the plea of fatigue. A minute or two I stood
irresolute—then I thought of Irving's unquestionable
love. I trusted him too implicitly to believe he
would consider me bold, and the note he must have
so, slipping softly down the stairs, first looking
door, and taking a veil, I found myself in the street.
A little tremble was succeeded by the mischievous
exhilaration of adventure. Yet I kept close in the
shadows, and when arrived at the Hotel— veiled
myself.

After eyeing me sharply, the concierge directed
me to the apartments I sought.

With a bashfulness I could not overcome, and which nearly caused me to deliver the note to the porter, I yet pursued my wild plan, half unconscious of its full import, and with a vague impulse of fear at the almost solemn farewell of a few hours previous, impelling me to see him at whatever risk, I ran lightly up the staircase, and paused at the door indicated. I heard the hurried beat of my heart as I stood there half frightened, yet now determined.

A bright ray streamed through the crevices, yet no sign of an occupant reached my strained ear. Mustering all my courage, I gave a timid knock, and half turned to fly from the spot. A movement, as of some one rising, a quick, light step, and opening the door himself, he stood before me.

"Ah, Babette!" he carelessly exclaimed, "come in—but where is your basket?"

Mistaken by my veil, and the dim hall, he evidently mistook me for the char-woman, or some other such worthy. Half relieved, I shyly handed him the letter, and turned to leave the room. But my ungloved hand, so hastily withdrawn, was not like that of a middle-aged laboring woman, even had not a little came that he once praised, rested on the forefinger, which, with my eagerness to depart, betrayed me. Smothering an ejaculation of delighted surprise, he led me to a seat, and raised my veil, I being meanwhile too confused at the discovery to resist. Then pressing my hands repeatedly to his lips, he murmured:

"How shall I thank you for this most welcome, unmerited favor? Therese! my darling girl!"

Somewhat reassured by his respectful tenderness, I begged him to read the letter, and reward me by saying it contained no ill news. Breaking the seal, he ran his eye over the pages, and desiring me to excuse him, sat down at an open writing desk, strewn with papers, to write an answer.

I gazed about the room. To the minutest detail everything was characterized by that tasteful, fastidious luxury so apparent in his dress and person. Yet I marked, too, a scarce perceptible air of mysterious disorder, by which inanimate things strive to give silent warning of an approaching crisis. I had barely completed my inventory, when, turning to me, he said:

"I am very much pleased to receive this important letter; but did you come alone?"

With blushing cheeks I answered in the affirmative.

"That was very imprudent, my love; the distance was considerable, and you are far too precious to expose yourself so carelessly."

Much relieved to find that he appeared unaware of any further imprudence, I breathed more freely, as I rose to go.

"No, no!" he said, "you will not leave me quite yet, Therese. I shall, of course, accompany you, and I am anxious that you should pass judgment on my favorite picture."

So saying, he led me to one at the further end of the room opposite a side door. I started, passed my hand over my eyes, and looked at my companion. "Do you recognize it?" he smilingly inquired, amused at my wonder.

"It is myself," I answered.

"Not exactly; I've wished it were too often not to know the difference. I came across it several weeks ago, and had it hung where I could see it night and day. It is the first object which greets my gaze through the open door of my chamber on waking, and the last I see on going to rest."

So convincing a proof of devotion filled me with a strange joy. I turned away, and affected to examine the other paintings, while he resumed his seat at the writing desk to superscribe the letter. At length I saw standing on a table, in its case, a freshly finished portrait of himself. My involuntary exclamation caused him to glance upward.

"Do you like it?" he inquired.

"Oh, it is perfect—but no, the eyes are too soft, half dreaming, and yet they are earnest."

"What is your impression of the original ones?"

"Bright, clear, and free from that wistfulness."

"Your description shows how closely you have examined them! Come, and learn your mistake," and he held out his hand.

I went to his side. Without rising, he looked up into my face, and gently passed his arm around me. I looked into the eyes that were raised to mine—certainly I had made a mistake—the portrait was not half so much unlike my sketch, as he now was himself.

A gaze, piercing, but for its warmth and tenderness; a smile, eager, but for its subdued, though intense ardor; a love, impetuous, but for its epicurean languor, shone out of the depths that were fastened full upon me, as if to read every emotion of my soul. My own lids sank, almost oppressed by the strange spell of new thoughts that stole over me like repose. Drawing me still closer, he leaned his head on my bosom, and still regarding me fixedly, murmured:

"Kiss me, Therese."

It never occurred to me to refuse—all fear, doubt, uneasiness, and reserve were gone, and in their place a half-repressed abandon. With those glorious, lustrous black eyes, beaming into mine, and those eloquent lips breathing words of fire in my ear, I only felt that I loved him—so I did as requested.

In return, tightening his clasps around my waist, he repeatedly caressed cheeks and mouth, dwelling with a lingering, thrilling touch.

"Why do you sigh?" he inquired, as with a quiet smile he placed his ear to my heart. The next instant, with sudden perception of the motive, I started, but what was my confusion when the mantle falling from my shoulders, left me in evening costume, and a corset of the treasured handkerchief peeping out!

"Ere I could interpose, he had drawn it from its retreat, and with a smile of most triumphant meaning, held it up before my sight."

"I—I—" was my stammering defense, "I meant to return it, and forgot till now."

"So you put it in your bosom, that I might know the importance you attached to the trifle? A likely story, that you would take it thence before me, as you must have done. Therese, you were not going to return it. See, it is still warm from your heart," and he put it to his lips as he held me more firmly.

"Therese, call me by name, and confess you love him who worships you."

Twining my arms about his neck, I pillowed his dark, curly head on my breast, and trembling with the wild flood of emotion that threatened to overwhelm me, whispered as I bent over him, till my lashes rested on his flushed cheek—

"Clarence, I love you. My whole heart and soul are yours!"

A hot, passionate kiss, glowing on my bosom; then

those strong, protecting arms, were wound about my yielding form as I was drawn irresistibly toward him, and leaning on his shoulder, my eyes fell beneath the fiery gaze of that ardent, lingering caress, that burned on my lips, and dimmed my vision, and checked my hurried breath with sighs.

I had forgotten all, save that I was with him—that I was loved by him who owned my whole heart, when, with a faint cry, I started up, and stood gazing vacantly at what had before escaped even my quick notice—a brace of duelling pistols, and beside them a newly written will, the ink scarcely dried, and yet wanting the signature!

Such an employment at that late hour, all flashed upon me with the blinding rapidity of lightning. I sprang to my feet, and with the stupefaction of horror, stood gazing mechanically at the articles. His eyes followed the direction of mine, and a sudden flush mounted to his forehead. Then perceiving my fearful rigidity, he gently touched my arm, saying:

"Therese! speak to me, my darling!"

The sound of his voice roused me to a sense of feeling, and a burst of tears mingled with a peal of hysterical laughter. Shocked at my state, he attempted to calm me.

"What is the cause of this emotion?" he tenderly asked, feigning ignorance of anything amiss.

"Oh! I do not attempt to deceive me!" I cried; "it is useless—my heart tells me all that you would withhold."

He perceived that further subterfuge was vain, and opening a drawer, was about to place the pistols in it, and take me in his arms. But with a wild shriek I snatched one of the weapons, and scarce conscious of what I was doing, should have discharged it in another instant, for it was loaded, but, wresting it from me, he held my arm firmly, saying:

"Be quiet, Therese! you will rouse the whole establishment—you have discovered my secret!"

"Oh!" I frantically cried, clasping his hand in mine as I sank on my knees beside him, "Clarence! don't kill me—don't fulfill this appointment—if you fall, I cannot survive it—you will be my murderer!"

He was greatly agitated, but strove to conquer his emotion and soothe me. Taking me in his arms as if I had been an infant, he laid my head on his shoulder, and attempted to check my will distress. But all in vain.

"Promise me!" I passionately cried, "swear to me that you will retract, and I will be calm and satisfied. Clarence! you say you love me—would you destroy me?"

Moved by my anguish and pleadings, he finally made some vague assurance that all should be righted, and begged me to cheer up. Notwithstanding this promise I felt uneasy, and by no means reassured. I was still convinced that he merely meant to put me off, as nurses do a terrified child, and when he implored me to smile, and think no more of the matter, I could only do my best to persuade him I believed and hoped he had abandoned all thoughts of a duel.

The clock on the mantel struck one. Startled to a sense of time and appearance, I started up, exclaiming—

"Oh, what shall I do! In this place at this hour—"

"Do not be alarmed, my love," he replied, tenderly. "We will soon go, and no harm shall come to you, even if you are discovered."

"Let us go immediately, then," I said, and hurriedly caught up my shawl. But taking it from my trembling hands, he folded it carefully about me, and then drew me toward him; lifting my hand, he examined each finger.

"Oh, do not linger!" I urged, not comprehending this delay.

"A few moments will make but little difference," he replied, "and I cannot part with you as a stranger, or mere friend."

He kissed me several times, gently, fondly, yet as I fancied very sadly, and then whispered—

"Do you love me, Therese?"

I gazed in surprise and reproach at him.

"Then kiss me, and tell me so," he said.

I did as he requested.

Slipping a ring from his hand on to my finger, he added—

"Wear that for my sake always, will you, Therese?"

"It shall never leave me, night or day!" I replied with firmness.

Clasping me once more in his arms, he held me with a strange tenacity, as if defying even death to part our souls, and then abruptly released me, drew my arm through his, and saying, "Come," we left the apartment.

The ring, that last yearning embrace, the strange, unnatural tone of voice, the sudden change of manner, all convinced me the more entirely that he had never for a instant relinquished the thought of this meeting, which was to decide my happiness or misery for life.

In silence we passed through the streets, while in my brain images of grief and desolation hurried each other with feverish rapidity. Never till now had I known the meaning of anguish and despair. All, too, seemed strangely unreal; my visit to his apartments, the subsequent avowal of affection, his passionate words of love, and the solemn interruption of that scene. I clung to his arm with a sudden thrill of agony as I realized the dark reality before me, and could scarce contain the wild impulse to shriek aloud, and wake myself from this horrible dream.

We reached my home. Once more he clasped me to his heart and pressed my lips. "Thank God!" he fervently exclaimed, "that at whatever cost, I have prevented this night from burdening my conscience with a sin worse than all the rest upon its list. I have not harmed you, Therese!"

He turned away, and I ran softly over the stairs to my chamber. Flinging myself on my knees, I grasped the crucifix before me, and implored all the saints to watch over him I loved. But soon my energies were roused—this duel I could not prevent—but might I not save him? A ray of light pierced the gloom by which I was surrounded; my resolution was taken, and in a calmer frame of mind I sank into an arm-chair to rest, and, if possible, to sleep for a few hours.

When I awoke from a light and troubled slumber, it was faint grey dawn. Rising, I wrapped a shawl about me, and stole out. The chill air struck me like a blast of death, and with rapid steps I sped onward. I had a presentiment that the meeting was to take place at a spot frequently chosen for such purposes, and thither I proceeded; yet, with all my haste, the sun was rising as I drew near my destination. If the time appointed was this morning, I feared I might be too late.

But, no! On turning an angle I perceived, a little in advance, the figures I sought. All preliminaries had been adjusted. Clarence and his opponent stood opposite each other. With the rapidity of thought my eye noted the whole group, the principals, the seconds, the surgeon. The latter stood in the background—and was just uttering the words, "One, two, three!" He raised a handkerchief; for a moment I was spell-bound by the spectacle before me—chained to the spot where I stood; the next, and the handkerchief fluttered from his grasp—with a wild cry I darted forward—there was a loud report—a sharp pang pierced my breast, and I was only conscious that I lay on Clarence's bosom, with a warm stream flowing from my side, when my arms slid from his neck—a dimness came across my vision—and I knew nothing more.

A confused sound of voices was in my ears—I languidly opened my eyes—I was in my own little chamber, and by my bedside stood three persons—Clarence, Margery Robin's mother, and a physician. "Therese!" exclaimed Clarence with emotion, "do you know me?"

I feebly murmured his name, and attempted to stretch forth my hand, but was too weak. Instantly his strong arm was around me, supporting my head on his shoulder, and I gazed with speechless but perfect happiness into the dark eyes that beamed such entire devotion. Margery lifted her apron to her face, and turned away. I knew she was thinking of her son, and could not endure the sight that showed I had no heart for him—poor Robin! Even then his conscience smote me—even in the arms of my lover—for my unfaithfulness, and trifling, toward him who would have died for me.

I had been ill for several weeks; the inflammation of my wound had rendered me delirious, and a high fever ensued. But I had saved Clarence's life, for, had I not enfolded him with my arms, and received the shot in my side, it must have entered his heart. My life was despaired of, yet Irving clung to the faintest hope with wild tenacity. Daily he had been at my bedside, and the best advice and attendance had been supplied.

All this was told me by Margery, whose sad countenance and trembling voice were constant reproaches to me. But surrounded by the profuse evidences of Clarence's love, I rapidly recovered. The rarest flowers, the choicest engravings, the most entertaining books filled my little room with perfume, and cheerful influences, and with these congenial remembrances, I was never less alone than when alone!

One evening I sat with Clarence by the open window in the moonlight. I was now well enough to resume my former occupation, and was intending to do so on the following week.

"Therese," said my companion, "of what are you thinking so deeply?"

I told him that I was hoping my situation at the theatre was not yet filled. He drew me to his side, and said—

"You will never return to that place. You will be my wife—you cannot do otherwise, for when I brought you here on that sad morning, I gave out that you were betrothed to me."

A bright flush of proud delight rose to my cheek. His wife! Clarence's wife!

"And, of course," he continued, "as you now belong to me, I cannot permit you to do anything but accept my devoted attentions, and attend entirely to my protestations—I promise to occupy your whole time with my egotistic plans and wishes."

He sat in silence for several minutes, his head leaning on my shoulder, when he suddenly exclaimed—

"Oh, Therese! what have I done that I should deserve you? It does not seem possible—tell me again that you love me. Do you, indeed?"

I kissed his beautiful forehead, murmured the desired assurance, and wondered as I passed my hand through his dark, close curls, whether he ever could know the depths of my love for him; for it was love, now—what had once been passion, was now pure, deep, undying affection. My illness had been a blessing in disguise to us both; it had refined and bound us more closely than before, in a holier bond than our former sinful impulses.

The knowledge that I would lay down my own existence to prolong his, touched him deeply; I had saved him at the peril of my own safety; for that, he was grateful; admiration and tenderness mingled with his feeling, and changed their course. I had been the mistress of his fancy—I was now enshrined in his heart. His better nature was aroused—he would protect, cherish, and honor me—I should be his wife.

The days passed pleasantly in the blessed assurance that I was beloved; and I sometimes asked myself if I were indeed the same Therese of a year ago. And about this time a little incident occurred to render me still happier. I was one day walking on the Boulevards with Clarence, when he asked me who was that person staring so intently at me. I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a middle-aged woman, humbly dressed, with her keen, black eyes, fixed upon me.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "I know her." She seemed very familiar, yet my memory refused to give me any light on the subject. Seeing my evident recognition, she advanced, and then it flashed upon me—it was my old nurse, my mother's favorite servant. Eagerly took her by the hand, saying—

"Do you not know me, Nicole?"

"I thought it was my darling child!" she joyfully cried. "Where is my dear lady?"

Tears rushed to my eyes. "She has left me, Nicole," I said.

The poor creature sat down on a seat, and sobbed like a child.

"Ah, my beautiful mistress!" she said at length. "why did you send Nicole away? She would have worked for you—you were too delicate to stand hardship."

When my mother met with a reverse of fortune, she did not retain Nicole, although the latter pleaded hard to be allowed to stay without wages. But she declared the one who had served her best should not fare the worst of all, and resolutely dismissed the faithful woman. She then went into the service of a family residing at a distance from Paris, and we had never heard from her since. But homesick for her favorite city, she had left her situation, and with her earnings opened a bird shop in the gay metropolis, a few months previously.

This she told me, and curiously eyed my companion. I briefly explained our connection, and promised to visit her before long.

Clarence now urged our marriage forward, as he wished to return home and present me to his friends. So it was decided that three weeks more should find

me the bride of Clarence Irving. In his fond pride he insisted upon the most elegant bridal outfit, and pronounced judgment himself on the various articles. When arrayed in the rich fabrics that so well suited my style of beauty, I almost ceased to tremble at the thought of his haughty relatives, believing, as he said, that they would overlook my low birth for the sake of my patriotic appearance, and devoted love for him. We also did not imagine it possible for his father to refuse forgiveness to an only child, and so we laid aside all misgivings of the future.

It was the last evening I should spend in Paris—the morning was to find me Therese Irving, and my face would be turned toward the land that would henceforth be my home. All my preparations were completed; my bridal dress had just arrived, and lay on the sofa—the veil, Clarence was yet to present me. I had dressed myself to please him, with particular care, and sat awaiting the well-known footstep. It came, and in another instant he was with me, wearing that peculiarly brilliant smile so different from any other person.

"Here's something to gratify your feminine vanity!" he exclaimed, dropping a package into my lap.

I unrolled it, and disclosed a most superb point lace veil, which I threw over my head to see the effect. As I crossed the mirror to bring the lamp nearer, the moonlight struck full upon my face, giving that ghastly pallor which it sometimes will, and to myself I seemed a corpse in its shroud. Suppressing a shriek, I gazed a moment as if fascinated, and then, with an awe-stricken feeling, removed the veil, quietly folded it up and put it aside, forcing a delight I could not honestly express to hide my true emotion from Clarence, who perceived nothing amiss.

"To-morrow, Therese, you will be mine beyond the power of any human being to part us," he joyously said, taking my hand, and drawing me to his side.

Then he continued to picture the happiness in store for us, dispelling my fears of the haughty aunt who had presided over his father's house ever since Clarence had lost his mother in childhood. Suddenly he brushed away my sleeve to look at an ornament on my wrist. I never wore jewelry, but this evening had clasped the bracelet which was my mother's legacy on my arm, as I was packing the last of my little keepsakes, and, pleased with its rich effect, let it remain.

It was, as I have said, of great value, and no sooner did his eye rest upon it, than a strange and inexplicable change crossed his features. Snatching it off, he eagerly examined every link, and demanded how it had come into my possession. Trembling with an undefined alarm, I told him it had been my mother's dying gift.

"Never!" he cried fiercely, and touching a spring, of whose existence I was not aware, the clasp flew back, exposing a small, finely painted miniature of one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. An exclamation burst from my lips.

"Oh, Therese!" he said, in accents of despairing grief, "do not trifle thus. It was not a gift from your mother—tell me it was not—I will bear all but that."

A film passed before my eyes. I became giddy with horror at the chasm that seemed yawning at my very feet. That at this time—on the eve of my greatest happiness, the fell demon of jealousy should blast my future hopes—it was too terrible for belief.

My silence seemed to agitate him still more, and I knew not what step to take, when to my amazement, he drew forth a bracelet precisely similar from his breast, and opening the clasps, bade me look at it.

"My mother!" was the involuntary cry that smote strangely on my ears.

A fearful expression and paleness overspread Clarence's face as he slowly said:—"And the other picture is a likeness of my father."

One thought alone filled my brain—it paralyzed every faculty, every perception—we were brother and sister!

In my desperation, I wished the bracelet never been given me, or that I had been his happy wife for even one short week. Then I cursed myself for the horrible thought. In an insane hope to find some denial of this relationship, I again scrutinized the lady's features. Alas! it seemed as if scarce a day had passed since its execution, and the period when I first remembered wondering at my mother's great loveliness, and in the other miniature I traced the likeness of Clarence, proving beyond doubt that it was that of her husband, the father of her son—Clarence Irving!

I was utterly benumbed, incapable of realizing this blow, or of suffering for the distress of him whose frantic despair was awful to behold. Even when he strained me to his heart, and rushed madly from the apartment, I was incapable of uttering a word, devoid of a wish to detain him.

How long I sat in this state of blank indifference and apathy, I know not, but I became aware of the presence of some one, and a voice sounded vaguely, without life or meaning. Then a violent shock aroused me, and, looking up, I perceived Nicole rubbing my hands, while heavy drops of cold water trickled from my drenched hair and garments.

In reply to her eager inquiry, I burst into a convulsive fit of weeping, but at length she gathered the cause of my condition from incoherent answers and exclamations.

"Poor child!" she cried, "to suffer so needlessly—but it is the fault of nobody but Nicole, and she did it for the best."

"What?" I eagerly cried—"what do you say? Is he not lost to me forever?"

"No, indeed. You are no more related than he and I. But I'll not tell you another word if you can't bear it better than this." For I was fainting under the reaction of feeling.

By a powerful effort I recovered myself, and, trembling in every limb, implored her to proceed. Then I learned that my mother had fled from her home, her husband, and infant son, with a French nobleman, whom she had met abroad, and who had followed her to America on her return. In time, her lover became less ardent, and she placed all her hopes of retaining him on the birth of a child, who might win his heart, and revive his waning affection. This she confided to her faithful Nicole, who was entirely devoted to her beautiful mistress.

In due season the infant was born, and produced the hoped-for effect. But one morning, about a week afterward, Nicole, to whose care it was confided, found it dead in her arms. Fearful of the consequences to herself, and still more alarmed for the hapless mother, she substituted in its place the babe of a poor, but honest woman, who had died a few days previously.

The exchange was not detected, and when, instead

of resembling the fair, fine-eyed American, I proved a decided brunette, she was only the more pleased at the likeness to my supposed father. But when this last hope failed, and she was actually deserted by her false betrayer, Nicole was restrained from disclosing the truth, by her passionate love for me, and the knowledge that this delusion was her only comfort. Even in after years, when other protectors took the place of the first, the poor woman dared not speak, and saw no possible evil that could result from silence.

Scarcely able to give way to my overwhelming joy from fearing the consequences of Clarence's leaving me in the state of mind he was in, I started up, determining to seek him at once, now fully aware of the possible dangers he might heedlessly encounter. Nicole accompanied me, and we proceeded toward his lodgings. Just as we were crossing one of the bridges, which was quite solitary, the figure of a man caught my eye; he was leaning over the parapet, and a certain air told me it was Clarence. I hurried forward, fearing, I knew not what. To my horror, he slowly divested himself of his cloak, and was evidently about to leap into the dark, swollen current below.

"Clarence!" I cried, exerting my utmost strength that the sound might reach him.

The wind wafted the well-known voice toward him. He turned, and saw me advancing with outstretched arms; but with a gesture of agony he waved me off, and seemed to bid me farewell. He mounted the parapet, and stood for an instant outlined against the dark sky.

"Clarence!" I again cried—"Stay! I bring you comfort!"—but ere the words had left my trembling lips he was lost to sight!

My frantic calls for help soon brought several around me; and I could not tell the precise spot where he had stood, and a quarter of an hour elapsed before his drenched, lifeless body was laid before me. Nicole, who retained her self-possession, ordered it to be carried to the apartments he had occupied, knowing that I would follow, and that so long as it remained, I should refuse to stir. When alone with the dead I gave way to a grief that threatened to deprive me of reason.

"Why," I repeatedly cried, "why could I not have been one moment earlier?" and then I would rave in the delirium of anguish.

Nicole never left me, and I almost hated her for giving me no opportunity to drown all recollection of sorrow in death. It was impossible to tear him from my almost rigid clasp, and when I awoke from a heavy sleep, caused by utter exhaustion, my wild rage and despair at finding they had taken him from me forever, frightened them.

Days fled, yet I knew nothing of time; but weeks after, a tall, dark man, and a stately woman clad in black, stood before me, and said, pityingly—"Poor child! she is mad!"

Then I knew they were demons, who had borne away my Clarence, and kept me hidden from him, while he was searching, and calling my name in despair. When they said they were his father and aunt, I knew it was a lie—they hoped to get possession of me, and separate us still more widely, so that he should never find poor Therese. I would have sprung at them, and forced them to confess where he was, but they held, and tied me fast.

I am now in a great prison-house, where they put me these fiends. People do not know what they are—and believe my Clarence belonged to them, but I know it is false. I am told they are very kind to take such care and expense for my comfort, but it is to keep me fast, where my love cannot find me.

Horrid spectres continually screaming in my ears that I was not the child of the beautiful blue-eyed woman I called mother; and they leer and mutter frightfully, as they hold a bracelet before me, saying she gave it me that it might gain me friends for her sake; but it killed my Clarence with its deadly clasp, and betrayed me to these fiends who chained me here.

So! they all believe me mad—ha! ha! It is they who cannot see my tormentors as they are; but some time my Clarence will come and call "Therese!" Then we will flit away in the moonlight, under the sea, where he once went to make a home for his bride. But they draw him out of the waves, and said he was dead; he was not; he will take me, and we will go to his ocean palace, where they can never come to disturb us.

I must be silent, though—or they will hear me—they would put me in the ground then, and he cannot hear me call him there.

Perhaps I shall see him to-night! Hark! that was his voice—merciful Heaven! they are telling him that I am mad! Oh! I am not! I will tell him so; but these gibbering spectres drown my cry—he cannot hear my voice—he thinks these wild, hollow shrieks are mine—yes, he too, believes what they say of me, and his footsteps sound fainter and fainter—CLARENCE! He is gone! and the imps mock, and chatter at me.

Ah! they have left me here to die! this is my coffin of stone—how large, and cold! But I shall never die—I am doomed to live, and Clarence will not come again. He thinks I am not here; if he came, he would only hear these fiends cry—mad!—mad!—MAD!

A BABY OUTFIT.

We find the following in an English periodical:—"We subjoin a list of what we consider as an ample and complete outfit for a baby:—Six night-gowns, four monthly gowns, six winter, four robes, six white petticoats, four day flannels, three night ditto, twelve shirts, six night-caps, six day ditto, twelve dozen diapers, four flannel coats, three flannel rollers, two binders. These last are very nice indeed, much softer than the woven ones, and quite firm enough, if knitted with Knitting Cotton, No. 20, and suitable needles."

It is "a great pity" that the "Rich Westener," who recently ordered a costly outfit at Genin's, in Philadelphia, for his expected first baby, did not see the above before purchasing. Godey's Lady's Book says he ordered—

"One robe, \$100; five plain robes, \$180; six slips, \$70.50; six shirts, \$37.50; six plain shirts, \$20.75; six night dresses, \$12; plain do, \$9; blanket, \$34; cloak, \$60; hood, \$10; six pair of socks, \$6; six skirts, \$39.50; six embroidered do, \$21; three embroidered do, \$42; four barrow coats, \$12; one reserve, \$3; plain blanket, \$8; three bands, \$5.50; three plain do, \$3.75; one dress, \$47.50; five do, \$35.50; three dozen napkins, \$13.50; three oil silk protectors, \$2.25; cradle, etc., \$75; nursery basket, \$35. We may have made some trifling omission; but the whole cost was summed up, by our informant, the head of the department, at \$318—quite enough to give the child a respectable education, if plucked to its account, to accumulate until needed for that purpose."

Poetry.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF LOVE AND LIGHT.

By Mrs. F. O. HAYES.

The world is full of love and light—
My inmost soul is full of song,
While truth's imperial banner blazes
Pursues me from the angel throng—
Just as the ocean's swelling tide
Kisseth the shore its wedded bride,
Till I forget to pray, and share
In Nature's own GREAT CELESTIAL PRAYER.

I drink now life's new strength, new bliss,
In every flashing, dancing wave,
And up of floating melodies,
As downward from the beams I live—
Till I forget my own heart-lane,
In the great liquid tones of praise
Which fill all soul, all sea, all air,
With Nature's great heart-throb of prayer.

I cannot ever breathe the lone,
"Let God's eternal will be done,"
While basking in the love-beams thrown
From His almighty central Sun.
I see such power in every ray,
For His success I cannot pray—
But bow divinely, calmly still
For the baptism of His will.

His will! Oh! mighty flood of power,
Rolling from the Delta brain,
Throwing the vital streams, each hour,
Through Nature's countless throbbing veins,
That greatest matter may be brought
To pulsate in a seraph's thought;
That the whole universe may be
Made conscious of Divinity!

Who, seeing His infinitude,
The grandeur of His written laws,
In the great book which all may read
Who dare to trace effect to cause—
That He is in this mighty plan
Of blessing, blessing more than man
Can hope for, only breathe a share
Of Nature's one great song of prayer.

HONEYMOONS;

OR,
HASTE AND REPENTANCE.

"Well, sir, I am glad it has come out what you married me for. It is charming to the bride of a month to find herself despised by her husband because she did not bring him a mine of gold—truly it is!"

"It is not for want of the 'mine of gold,' Mrs. Maybury, but I protest against being so deceived. I hate deception—you know it."

"Who deceived you, pray? Not I, for the idea that you were merely seeking a fortune never entered my mind, nor would I have believed it, had any one told me so. If you chose to imagine that because my sister was an heiress, I was one also; and because she endowed a poor man with riches, I should do the same by you—you deceived yourself. An aunt of ours adopted Adelia when we were left orphans, and dying two years ago, bequeathed her the whole of her fortune. It was my lot to become the ward of one in humbler circumstances, who used such resources as there were to give me a complete education, which was the only fortune I ever had to anticipate. I thought till now that that was something—but, of course, it is nothing!—Arthur Maybury, the high-minded, makes this decision."

"You are like all the rest of your sex from the beginning," said Mr. Maybury; "I have no more to say." Nevertheless, he did say more, and his speech waxed none the less bitter and accusatory, while his wife, Annie, retorted in turn in the same spirit she had already displayed. Strange words, and more strange tones were yet to be exchanged between the young bridegroom and bride. The scene had opened with Arthur's coming into the little parlor, and sitting down in the twilight, and Annie beside him, saying, rejoicingly, "At last we are to have an evening by ourselves, I hope," to which he responded, "At last, I hope." It ended, however, with his seizing his hat with a world of will, and shutting the street-door emphatically behind him.

Mrs. Maybury was alone, leaning an arm on the centre table beneath the yet unlighted chandelier. The flush faded from her cheek faster than it had from the autumn sunset sky; the light of her soul passed rapidly into midnight. Her frame quivered and shook with the tempest of emotion within, whose forked lightnings pierced her brain. Thus she sat long, yet no tears relieved the aching of the surcharged eyes, nor moistened the lashes with the rigidly clasped fingers before them.

Two wretched days went by, and Arthur Maybury and his wife had not looked in each other's face, nor spoken together, save in the briefest and coldest manner. To spirits like theirs, a quarrel was all that the word implies—both regretted it bitterly, very bitterly, yet so far both were too proud to begin concessions. Annie thought and knew herself injured; and dwelling on this side mostly overlooked the sarcastic and offensive language she had uttered—a thing her husband did not. He felt abased and peculiarly vexed at having exposed to himself and her that money could influence him in the choice of a wife. It would never have happened, had she proved rich, as he and others expected.

Once, about the time of his marriage, when a friend spoke rallyingly to him of his having drawn a golden prize, he replied that Annie Clyde, without a penny, would be the same to him as Annie Clyde with a million; and he would have been much hurt had the other seemed to discredit the assertion. Till pressed hard by circumstances, he had continued in the happy delusion; but his finances were now in a state seldom known to soothe a man's mind, or improve his temper.

He had finished the study of medicine only a very short time, and his patients were yet to fall sick when he first met Miss Clyde. Within three months he proposed, was accepted, and the marriage took place. The son of a poor man, Arthur had of necessity contracted debts in his course, which he trusted to success in his profession for discharging.

He was presented to Miss Clyde at the house of her sister, who was recently married, and came to reside in his native town. His eyes beheld in her a marvel of beauty and accomplishment. Her many engaging qualities were the admiration of the acquaintances she made. "And, then," some one would not unfrequently be heard to remark, "there is the fortune!" for somehow the unquestioned supposition was that Adelia inherited her money from her father, and that the sisters had shared equally in his estate.

After a brilliant wedding, Arthur and his bride set off on a tour, which was condensed into three weeks at the end of which time they returned to their own house, now ready for occupation on their arrival. It was a house of elegance, suited to their taste, if not to their means. Then immediately followed a great party—and now, as ever, the cost of all these indulgences had to be met. It is but just

to Arthur to say that the orders he had given, and his lavish expenditure, were all for the sake of his bride, and as being appropriate to her imaginary position; and all were enjoyed by Annie with the inconsiderateness to be expected of her years and situation.

For a time it had appeared a beautiful delicacy on the part of Mrs. Maybury, considering the contrast of her husband's poverty, that she refrained from any reference to her fortune; but after that, his sentiments on the subject varied, and he became secretly anxious to know where an amount of the readiest money was accessible. Those ghosts of dead pleasures, debts, were narrowing their circle around him. They could not be laid except by a chinking sound in bank vaults, and a substance, which looked like the consolidation of sunshine, having passage from hand to hand.

More intimations touching the state of affairs sufficed not at all, for the reason that they were not understood; so, shortly, Arthur was fain to apply to his wife in distinct terms for permission to use the resources which were theirs jointly now, he supposed. The surprise and chagrin awaiting both, when it came to this, need no description beyond what is included in the mutual recriminations with which the interview closed.

The two days that followed, Arthur kept himself from home as much as possible, on visits to real and imaginary patients, while Annie shut herself in, and through the servants sent every one else out. The house and everything it contained was the bitterest mockery to the sight of the young and so lately happy master and mistress.

Time enough there had been for passion to subside, and reason to exercise her vocation. Mr. and Mrs. Maybury sat at their table once more, and alone. She had come from her chamber partly at the suggestion of pride, afraid that an indisposition, which demanded less than usual attention from her husband, might not serve her as a plea more permanently, and prevent scandal among the servants.

But, beyond this, the unforgiving spirit had passed from her bosom, and a tender longing for reconciliation taken its place. Her husband traced it in the tremulous hand that gave him his cup of tea, and in the meeker expression of her downcast eyes, when he ventured to look in them. He traced it with pity and remorse, for the fondness in his heart was waking for his terrible trance, and that moment the cry of his soul was for the impossible boon of living over again the last two days.

In some natural way, the fact was at length rumored abroad that his wife was portionless; and one had that evening, without much stress or delicacy, appealed to him for either confirmation or denial. He had replied with haughty evasion, and springing to his brougham, driven homeward. "Portionless! and if so, is she the worse for it?" was the question that had risen to his lips before his inquisitor; but he turned it upon himself, and the sequence was, that riches and virtue appeared in their true relative value.

Arthur attempted some conversation of incidents of the day, and Annie seconded his efforts as well as she was able. As soon as the tea things were removed, and the room more secure against intruders, they put off restraint with unaltered, and amid weeping and retractions, sought to revive the withered wreath of wedded affection.

But, alas, for human pride and passion! alas, for them! Arthur Maybury and his wife destined themselves to suffer the unmitigated penalty of departing from the vows so recently spoken at the altar. Demons might have gloated in triumph over that scene, begun with promise, but relapsing into only elements of discord. The estrangement between the pair was wider than on the evening when their honeymoon had so suddenly set in gloom; and thereafter it seemed as though, seek as they would, no time or repentance could be found by them.

Weeks lingered away, and the sweets of love in that dwelling had turned to wormwood and gall. Annie had gone with her griefs to her sister, and Adelia and her husband had, in their indignation against Arthur, mistaken their advice to his wife. It was wind for oil to the troubled waters, caustic for balm to the open wound. And their prescriptions were but too faithfully followed. Arthur likewise had bad advisers, who checked his better impulses, and (wise and generous souls!) furnished him a separate magnifying-glass through which to criticize every one of Annie's faults.

The establishment it was not possible to maintain, nor was there longer occasion—its unhappy mistress having at length taken formal leave, and returned to a home at her sister's. So the domestics were discharged—the upholsterer reclaimed his efforts, for want of a prospect of anything better; and auctioneer's bills were posted on either side of the door which had opened so hopefully to the train of guests at the bridal party.

One day, a petition for divorce, Arthur Maybury vs. Annie Maybury, was filed according to law; the case came duly before the court, and the uncontented petition was granted. What God had joined together, man had lightly put asunder. Had death so soon parted the young and gifted couple, how loud a lamentation would it have created! The judge did it, and society saved its sympathy, regarding it as very comfortable—the most agreeable thing, under the circumstances.

Annie Clyde—for her brother-in-law, with a kind of congratulating smile, addressed her by that name the very moment he could hurry home after the decision—passed one night of misery so intense, that next morning she almost expected to see in her mirror her hair turned gray. It seemed as though her very sight might have washed away in the torrent of tears she had shed over her disappointment, her desolation. Then carefully looking her sensibilities from other eyes, she may have appeared happier for release from the ties which had so briefly bound her.

Herself and Arthur could not always avoid meeting as months went by. One evening, at an entertainment which she attended along with her sister and her husband, Annie found herself suddenly thrilled by the tones of a voice she once had not dreamed could ever be less than music to her ears. She had not known of Mr. Maybury's presence sooner; but determined on preserving not merely an external composure, but an impenetrable indifference also, she continued where she was, admiring a flowering moss-rose from the conservatory, which had brought her to the spot.

Arthur was attempting to sustain himself in a bantering conversation respecting the style of wearing the beard. His challenger was a school-day acquaintance, albeit never esteemed a prize in that way, who, having been abroad for some years, only

re-entering port that day, was not familiar with Arthur's history during the interval.

"Pon honor, now, my dear fellow," said the traveler, affecting a Parisian swell, "this disguising yourself from an old friend, with a mask of hair, is what I call—ah—objectionable, very—quite ungenerous. Besides, I do assure you, you are out of the mode."

Arthur was looking away, not appearing to share any deep feeling on the subject, and the other went on:

"The imperial," said he, caressing his own with his ring-finger, "is decidedly all the go in all the—ah—principal—I may say, fashionable cities. The Marchioness d'Avona (fascinating creature!) declared in my presence—speaking of another individual, you know—that a gentleman was, unfinished without an imperial. Non finit—those were her very words. Why, faith! to wear the entire beard is awfully hideous. I can invent no excuse for you, my dear Maybury, except it be that in your profession you are afraid to trust yourself among the fair ones without this moustache—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you know," said Arthur, answering him according to his folly, "the way in which all the various styles of mutilated beard came into vogue?"

"Pon my honor, no. How?"

"Another Beau Brummel," said Arthur, "of a date when the beard was universally worn as nature designed it, conceived the project of astounding the nation by appearing shaven. He repaired to a barber's, accordingly; but the latter, knowing his man, before his task was fully completed, laid down the razor, and demanded his fee. The fashionable had not a sous in his pocket, having parted with the last for a glass of brandy as he came to the shop. He promised, but promises were not current there; he raved, he implored, but the operator was inexorable. No pay, no more work. Mad with the humiliation it involved, the acknowledged leader of the ton went forth never so barefaced, save a patch on his lower lip. What then? Why, the whole retinue of apes aped him, and he soon found that short funds had helped him to make the hit of a lifetime. Now, to me, half shaving is always more suggestive of stringency in small coin, than of making one's self agreeable to the gentler sex; and I confess that my finances must be improved before I shall think of changing my present hideous custom."

"Ah, truly," the exquisite rejoined, "I perceive how it is. You do not believe in the—ah—predilection which the fair ladies have for the imperial. Come, now, let us refer the case. Here is Miss Clyde—a beautiful creature!" he whispered in Arthur's ear, "perfectly beautiful. I obtained an introduction the first moment," (he might have added that she openly rid herself of him the moment after.) "She shall be our—ah—umpire. You have heard our discussion, Miss Clyde; pray put me under the exceeding obligation of hearing your opinion respecting imperials."

As he spoke, with his arm through that of Arthur, he wheeled the latter by a movement which brought him face to face with Annie.

"I think, sir, the imperial may be peculiarly suited to your style of beauty," the lady replied, with a smile and air so markedly bland, that even the concealed questioner saw beneath them irony and contempt, and changed his theme and place abruptly.

The next moment Annie's sister drew her from the room for air, with a face white as a snow-wreath. It was a momentary faintness, she said, from standing there so long in the perfume of the flowers. It was quite over now; and she hastened back, as though fearful that some one else should note the vacillation.

Re-entering the festal scene, her eye involuntarily sought around till it fell upon Arthur. He was in another part of the room, addressing with the grace for which he was eminent, a beautiful young lady, the belle of the evening. Annie observed that the young lady blushed, and her luminous eyes softened beneath the look that was upon them; and a pang of jealousy, a sensation of injury swept her bosom. It was difficult in that moment to feel herself only a divorced wife; but she roused her self-command, rallied her spirits, and was gayer and more brilliant for the rest of the evening.

There was a lonely, wooded dell close by the river side, a quarter of a mile from the family country seat, whose carpet of moss, when summer-time came, yielded often to a mournful tread. Its wild flowers were wet with nightly dews, but more by daily tears. Oh! Annie Clyde was in secret very wretched.

So the season waxed and waned, and the household prepared to return to town. Annie dreading the removal for the change in her habits which it must demand, despising society now more than she had ever esteemed it, paid a farewell visit to the spot where she had hidden her anguish as one might hide a thing coveted.

It was a sombre afternoon; fitful winds rent handfuls of faded leaves from the boughs; flocks of birds sent forth a wailing chirp, hovering over flower-stalks dead and rustling; the river frowned back to the frowning clouds, coursing on between its sere banks. Annie took her familiar seat at the foot of a giant tree, which seemed deep-rooted, like her sorrow, and there, for hours, enjoyed the sympathy which nature offered.

At last she heard (did she not hear a sound?) a sound like a near footstep. She had sometimes thought she heard the same when here on other days; but, listening to the stillness, had thought it mere fancy—or, if more, still but the bounding of a hare or a squirrel among the leaves. This time, however, the sounds were repeated, and there was a sudden agitation of the encircling shrubs densely festooned with wild grape, whose burdening clusters had fallen to the ground unplucked. Adelia, anxious lest she was exposing her health, had sought her out.

Thus thought Annie, but with a tremor of her unstrung nerves, and a gasping of the breath that was more and more drawn in painful sighs. She had risen, with a hasty putting back of her disheveled hair, and taking up the mantle which had fallen from her shoulders unheeded. The vines and branches were cleft asunder by a strong hand, and to her feet advanced Arthur Maybury!

Annie sank into her seat faint and bewildered, without the power of articulating a syllable. Speechless as herself, Arthur knelt before her, took both her hands in his own, bowed his forehead to her knee, and rested it there. She bent her head upon his; and thus their humbled spirits communed together, baptizing themselves with contrition before heaven, and rising to newness of purpose and a higher appreciation of the mortal mission.

Stars lighted their pathway out of the grove, and seemed an alphabet of love, which they had never jeaped rightly till now. A few days later the broken band of Hymen was reunited with deeper

significance, with better hopes and hollower aspirations, on the part of those whose experience apart had been so rife with unhappiness.

It was on the anniversary of their divorce that Arthur and Annie chose their seats on the deck of the *Golden Petrel*, about to weigh anchor for the shining shores of California—their chosen future home.

"One year," said the wife, softly, "since our hopes perished so violently. Our hearts' term of mourning is over, for those hopes have burst their cements, and come forth as by a miracle."

"Again and again," returned the husband, "did I follow you, Annie, to your wildwood retreat, watching (oh, how earnestly!) to read your heart in secret as I had never been able to do in public, and see if it shared anything of the regret which was consuming my life. Words cannot describe the joy of that moment, when at last I dared to woo you to be my bride a second time."

There was a murmured interchange of endearing words, and an interval of silence.

"Do you remember," said Arthur, again, "the evening in the gay company, when we so suddenly met eye to eye? What an impulse I felt to revenge myself on the miserable pop who referred to you with such bold admiration!"

Annie smiled as she recalled her own emotions on the occasion, and compared them with those just now confessed. Then forgetting the things that were behind, they talked hopefully of what was before. And when evening came, and the panorama was waters, with only a belt of land fast declining beyond it, while the new moon cast oblique shadows over the deck and behind the flight of the *Golden Petrel*, their rich voices mingled in a song whose burden was of affection, which is all unmeasured by ocean, and which, though suns set, and moons wane, ever increases more and more. Then amid the echoes of their fellow-passengers, their hearts responded—*Eureka!—we have found it!*

Where west winds bear the Pacific spray like rainbow-clouds, is a little Eden home, with the tree of Love, zealously guarded, growing in the midst. Two cherub children of twin birth toddle forth hand in hand to gather bright flowers that cover the landscape as a robe of costly splendor the person of some eastward monarch.

I cannot ask the reader—Do you find this a pleasant fiction?—for it is no fiction. It is a sketch from real life, which some who peruse it will surely recognize, and say—"Here are old friends, only with new names."

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE RECALL.

By LILLA M. CUSHMAN.

Come home! I am lonely without thee—
Oh! wilt thou return never more?
Must I with these wearisome yearnings,
Leave my home for a stranger shore?
Come home—ere my spirit departeth—
Come home—oh! come home, ere I go
To that land prepared for the spirit,
To which I am hastening now!

Oh! friend of my soul! I am waiting,
And am hoping the live-long day,
That the wanderer is hastening homeward—
The wanderer so long time away.
Oh! weeks have grown months since we parted,
And the months into years have sped:
Thou comest, ere my soul has departed,
Ere the light from my eye has fled!

Come home! I am weary watching—
Oh! I hearst thou not my soul's cry?
Come home, oh! come home—for I'm dying,
Am dying, and thou art not nigh.

O'er the ocean, and o'er the mountains,
To the home of his youth he sped:
But the casket was broken and rifed—
The soul to its Heaven had fled!

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Broken Circle;

OR,
EARLY LOVE.

By C. H. TITUS.

The pure, holy and inspiring love that radiates from the heart of youth, is one of the most beautiful emanations of the spiritual halo that encircles the soul. Time may throw the dark clouds of adversity over it, and the stern pall of sorrow muffle its shrine, but still it is there, as bright and as pure as when first awakened, and no clouds are so dark that a few sweet rays will not struggle through—no sorrow so deep that they will not fathom—no path so rugged that they are lost to sight. Opposition is but a reflector for their brilliancy—death but a mount, where they ascend and radiate more beautifully.

It was night, and the calm, pure ether was jeweled, until the mingled rays softened the sable veil of night into a lighter gauze, and the breathing ocean folded in its bosom the sparkling diadem above. A vessel, all alone in the vast circle of sea and sky, lay like a pure bouquet of snowy blossoms upon a maiden's breast, harmonious with the throbbing of life beneath. A youth with thoughtful brow paced to and fro upon the polished deck, now gazing upward to the star-gemmed vault, then out upon the mirrored antitype. His thoughts are tracing loved ones far away—gazing, like himself, upon the radiant stars, that whisper not of what they see from their Eternal home. Sweet thoughts linger in his soul, and wake the softened echoes of the past. In fancy the cheerful faces clustering around the home-fireside are with him, and his heart beats high within his breast as imagination paints with vivid coloring each well-remembered spot, so deeply engraved upon the scroll of memory.

"God bless them all!" he murmurs, with trembling lips. "This sweet token her white fingers placed where it shall ever rest, and when she said farewell, I thought I saw a moisture in her eye. Perhaps it was but the blind mist in my own. But this chased band of gold shall be the emblem of her love for me, and with her lives the emblem of my deep devotion—a parting kiss."

The star-beams flashed from the burnished circlet as he pressed it to his lips, and bright jewels glittered upon either cheek as he gazed up into the studied immensity of space, and imagined love glances reflected from the blue set gems.

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."—Hoon.

Tread lightly—angels are here! Speak softly, for a soul is listening to the sweet music of heavenly choirs! Pure and radiantly beautiful, an angel in the guise of mortality lies upon the snowy couch. The dark, liquid eyes are veiled with silken lashes, and the velvet cheek is like the snow in purity, too delicately clear for even rose-leaf tints. A halo

seems arching above her marble brow, and no light but the silent breast, across which the folded hands, "like lilies on a bed of snow," repose, speaks of death. No, she is but sleeping. Death is too stern a name for such a peaceful rest. The light has faded from the gem, and left us but its purity. But where the halo of glory circles in beauty above the angels' home, there is another angel born to heaven—a soul from earth, without earth's fettered limbs. A spirit whom God sent to teach us love and purity, has blessed our earth awhile, and flown again to heaven! Ay, weep—tears never were more consecrated! Gaze upon her, as she sleeps so peacefully there, and cherish the golden sands that she has strewn along life's pathway. Press those cold lips for the last time; breathe a soft farewell over the still beautiful casket, and rear in your hearts an altar to her memory.

Mother, thou hast truly laid up a treasure in Heaven, and if the heart will throbb, and the hot tear flow from the deep fount of love, let the soul be lightened with that sweet promise: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

The little churchyard now has another mound, and sweet flowers bloom above the flower below—their fragrance ascends to the angels above. There is a pure white column that speaks her sweet name to the heart, and silently points to her home above. And the birds carol their songs, and the fragrant zephyrs tune their soft *Melodies* above her clay; but angels blend their voices with her voice, far, far above them all.

"Farewell! we did not know thy worth;
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized.
So angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew, were recognized."

Wildly the roaring surges dash upon the shore, and the mighty voice of the trumpet thunders in the gale. There is a crashing of timbers; and shrieks of despair rise wildly upon the rushing gale, and the hoarse gun booms the sullen signal of distress, over the angry waters. Strong men are struggling with death—death trifling with life! One youthful form floats unharmed among the hungry billows. Softly over his heart steals a power that he cares not to resist. Home, with all its cherished beauty is before him; bright spirits seem shielding him from harm, and the presence of death seems welcome—more welcome than the hope of life.

The loud winds sink to sleep—the wild waves yield to the calmer power, and ocean breathes again calmly, but heavily, as wearied with the strife. The queen of night withdraws her veil of clouds and gazes with pity upon the scene below, and the floating spar, with its burthen of life, rides buoyantly upon the waves. Life is saved; and once more the welcome shores of home are in view; but there is a cloud in the sky of life, ominous yet unseen, like the clouds of a summer storm mastering behind the horizon.

The low cottage, with its trolleed arbor and load of blossoms, bursts like a vision of fairy land upon his eager sight. With a repressed bounding of the heart, and a tumultuous crowd of thoughts, forbidding, but sweet, arising in his heart as he raised the latch, and with a glad cry of welcome he is clasped in the arms of the "loved ones at home."

There is a tear in his mother's eye, a paleness on her cheek, as he inquires for his "Nellie," and again the low, sad voice of a dim, invisible foreboding thrills his mind, and with a dizzy brain and sinking heart, he obeys the gentle "follow me." They pass across the little flower garden, through the familiar grove. Good God! It cannot be to the churchyard? on through the arched gateway, and among the flowery mounds and white monuments of death.

"Mother, is she here?" and the faltering voice dies in the breast. With a trembling hand she points to a white monument, graven with the name of Nellie—and he is with the dead! With bowed head and clasped hands he stands as pale and motionless as the marble before him—not tears of agony flow from his bleeding heart—the dark clouds have spread themselves over the sky of love, and all is night; and, as he kneels beside her little grave, in all the anguish of a noble heart, he opens a small golden locket, and presses to his lips her last fond gift, the golden circlet. It is broken, but treasured still—a sweet emblem of their severed earthly love; but the love is more pure, more holy now, for the hand of death has rent the golden links apart, not to separate forever, but to show their purity and unite again above.

WALPOLE, 1868.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

Dr. David Livingstone, in his newly published and highly instructive work on Africa, tells us that a troop of lions infested the village of Mabotsa, where, in 1843, he was living, leaping into the cattle-pens at night, and even pouncing upon the herds by day. The villagers, breathing vengeance, sallied out valiantly, but not liking the lion's looks, very soon turned tail. By way of shaming, or pricking on, the natives into justifiable homicide, the doctor headed an expedition. The lions occupied a hill a quarter of a mile in length, covered with trees. Round the hill a band of natives crept, gradually closing and hemming the lions in. The doctor and a native called Mehalwe, with guns ready cocked, got on a rock below. A lion was hit, but he bounded off—and the natives were not fain to attack a second time. Moving on to the village, the doctor caught sight of the lion again behind a bush, thirty yards off, and fired off both barrels. "He is shot! he is shot!" was the cry. There was nothing to be seen but the twitch of the lion's tail below the bush, and the missionary loaded again. The sequel he shall tell himself—"When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang; and we both came to the ground below together. Growing horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients, particularly under the influence of chloroform, describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shock annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mehalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance

assimilate to those of spirits in the higher spheres. Q.—If the doctrine of vicarious atonement is not true, of what use was Christ's death?

A.—Best ask his murderers. It has been the fate of thousands—nay millions, as well as Christ, to suffer; it was so before his day, and has been so since. The peculiar circumstances of his mission—(he was the last tender and prophet)—the power of his influence, and its accompanying simplicity of means—with its effect on the things of the period—all stamped something on his character which raised it above all others, and subjected it to persecution in a corresponding degree; but as to his vicarious atonement, we cannot receive the doctrine. The blood of bulls and of goats, and of Jesus of Nazareth, were all of the same character and efficacy in procuring atonement for the sins of mankind; for the penalty of broken laws must be paid by individuals who transgress them—not by those who, in their own persons, do not.

Q.—You spoke of wisdom in the afternoon lecture. Did you mean knowledge, or what?

A.—Knowledge is the gathering together of certain facts. Wisdom is their analysis and arrangement, and the knowledge pertaining to their application.

Q.—Do you believe in the doctrine of fore-ordination?

A.—The speaker claims to speak through intelligences—the spirits of men and women like yourselves, who have passed away from this earth—and it is not their wish to break the shackles which hang on spiritual throats and fasten them on those of men. They leave mankind to think on this matter as they may; but the spirits of all dead men and women who influence these words do believe that the Almighty fore-ordained all things. When He made the world He calculated the fate of everything which went to make up eternity, and what would be the result of everything that would carry the newly-born world up to that height which would ultimate in eternity. Everything is subjected to immutable law from the very foundation of the world.

Sundry other questions were put—some from the gallery, which we could not hear, any more than hundreds of others present. We had hoped that our hint, given last week, concerning their repetition from the platform, would have been attended to.

THEODORE PARKER'S DISCOURSE IN MUSIC HALL, LAST SUNDAY.

Mr. Parker, as usual, preached his Sunday morning sermon to the largest religious congregation, by one half, worshipping in this city. The average attendance here, numbers over two thousand, to speak within bounds, and on some recent occasions this congregation has numbered over three thousand. Mr. Parker's congregation is composed of men and women well informed; with intellectual and reasoning faculties well developed, and active. There is in the worshiper here, a remarkable expression beaming through every face, indicating an active living soul within; a life and soul expression which we do not see in many congregations elsewhere. There is here, an apparent indication of true worship, of freedom, independence, soul expansion and soul progression.

It is worthy of remark that a very large proportion of the congregation who worship at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon and evening, are to be seen in this congregation on Sunday mornings.

The exercises at Mr. Parker's, before the sermon, are the same as at other places of worship—singing, prayer, and reading from the Bible.

The subject of Mr. Parker's lecture was *The malignant quality ascribed to Deity—the evil ascribed to God through all ages of the world.*

His text was taken from the Apocryphal Wisdom of Solomon, Chapter II., vs. 24: "Through envy of the devil came sin into the world."

We do not propose in our very brief report to follow Mr. P. in his beautiful chain of reasoning through his sermon; we can only give some few selected gems of thought, caught here and there, at random, from the many beautiful thoughts he uttered. He said:

In nature we have tempests, storms, earthquakes, wild, ravenous beasts, excessive heat and cold, pestilence, pain, disease and death; and man asks what is the character of the Mind that causes these terrible things. In man, we have anger and wrath—we wish to hurt whom we hate; and we wish to attribute the same character we possess to Deity. The malevolent faculties in man are a part of his nature, as much as the benevolent; they are necessary for protection, in the condition of man, in the past and present. The more rude, the condition of life, the more necessary is this protection; the more refined, the more unnecessary becomes this defensive protection. This protective instinct is born in every man, and if not called forth, it sleeps there. In a low condition, men love vengeance and hatred; talk of contention and war; talk of pestilence, disease, hurricanes, storms and earthquakes, as coming from the wrath of God; and attribute to God all the malignant motives they feel within themselves. The savage has a savage God; the war-like man, a war-like God; the revengeful man, a revengeful God. The rude man calls his revengeful fancy, his revelation.

We look on troubled, agitated waters, and the reflection of the stars there looks the same; the straight line is crooked in a crooked mirror; hence the malignant notions, in us, appear to us the same, in our God. We think that God cannot do without malevolent passion; and that he will inflict his vengeance on men. Malignant emotions are attributed to Deity in the rudest developments of human life, consequently it is in the rudest forms of religion that the consciousness of the soul shudders before God.

In the religions of the present, God is presented, in words, as being a God of perfect love; but in acts as being a different God; and the devil is presented as a conspicuous and powerful being. Jesus is said to have come to deliver men from the power of the devil, and yet one hundred and fifty years after he came, the Apostle tells us that the devil goes around seeking whom he may devour. All the Christian sects of this day retain in their articles of faith, in church catechisms and sermons, a more developed doctrine of the devil than was taught in the New Testament; he is presented, as the enemy of God, as the seducer of men from the ways of right, and as the punisher of them for this seduction, forever. The devil is not represented as being unhappy, but as exulting in his triumphant victories. Some of the early Christian fathers thought he might be restored, and called back to heaven; but this doctrine was pronounced heretical, and dropped.

Mr. Parker, here said, very emphatically: *The doctrine of a devil has no foundation in the world of matter, or in the world of man; it is all whimsical. If*

a devil there be, he must be an emanation from God, a limb grown out of him; or, a tool of His will, sent to tempt humanity; or, else an accident, beyond God's control.

How ghastly is this doctrine! that God made the devil, to tempt man! If God created the devil, he made more evil than the devil has made. God creates the devil to take the baby in its plastic mind, and shape it anew, for evil; for suffering and sin? How awful the thought! What a conception of God, must men have, who believe in the hideous thoughts pictured by the devil! When you look at the world of matter, you find no absolute evil; you find much you do not understand, but all is for good—storms, tempests and earthquakes all are for good. Poison, is medicine taken amiss; good, in its place. Nowhere in matter, can you find any ill-will in God. And look in the world of man, you find power to love, and power to hate—these, each, are ministers for good; and in man, there is no fact, from which you can infer, absolute evil.

A woman at the recent fire in Federal street appeared at an open window, in the third story of a burning house; the stairs were burnt away, the flames were fast approaching her; there appeared no ready means by which she could be rescued from immediate death. Eight men, strangers, each extending their hands to the centre of a circle they formed, called to her to leap from the window and fall side-wise on their arms; she did, and her life was preserved uninjured. Do you believe that God loves you less, and will manifest his love to you in a less degree than these eight men loved this poor washerwoman, and manifest their love for her by their deeds? If you do, go and take your worship from God, and give it to these eight men.

Out of the darkened night of error, to the heaven of immortality, man shall come forth. God is perfect in wisdom—perfect in love; and in His universe He has blessings for every man, and in time perfect love in man shall cast out every fear.

During the utterance of prayer, before the sermon, I saw a vision of Mr. Parker; he, forming the centre of the picture before me; in the back ground I saw, in the long extended view through the dim vista of ages past, here and there a flower rising on the air, from the dark forest of error, and borne on the electric cords of intelligence to form an arch above his head. Above this I saw spirit flowers, more delicate, of greater beauty, falling in profusion, blending their emanations of beauty with those already there, to make the arch complete. These flowers are spirit emblems of truth, that come by research from the history of the past; and from the spirit world by the unfolding of his medium, intuitional powers. It is the condition of his soul that invites them. They hang around him in a garland of beauty; they fall at his will and pleasure on cords of intelligence that reach out to souls of kindred unfoldings, and by them these flowers are received, loved and cherished.

By this vision, I perceive Mr. Parker's medium powers, in a normal condition, to be inferior to none, even our best mediums, and in addition he has, and carries with him, the common sense and philosophy of the past, to regulate the gushing influx of spirit truths.

A. B. C.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, May 16, 1868.

Messrs. Editors.—Mrs. Hatch closes her lectures in this city to-morrow. She goes hence to Philadelphia for a few days; and thence to your city, where she intends to spend the first three Sabbaths in June. From that point she proposes to go north, to Portland and Montreal, and then ruralize for a time at Niagara and Saratoga. Indeed, she is even now in sad need of rest, as her flagging physical powers have but too purely indicated during several of her recent discourses. Her labors here have been arduous in the extreme. For some five months she has spoken three times a week in this city and Brooklyn, besides giving several side lectures at Newark. Taken as a whole, she has been astonishingly successful. A. J. Davis, on a recent public occasion, expressed the opinion that she had done more for the progressive growth of the world, in the past year, than any two thousand clergymen in the land; and though this may be considered quite too high an estimate by some, it is without doubt true, that she has done more to stir up thought, and start inquiry, on the great question of man's present and future, than all the pulpits in Christendom during the present century.

The subject of her lecture last Sabbath—which is to be continued to-morrow—was the important one of Mental, Moral and Religious growth. The discourse was one of her very ablest. Mental growth she described as quite separate and distinct from either of the others. There have been men in the world in different ages, who left brilliant corruptions of thought behind them, which are still operative who never gave a moment's thought to morality or religion. Morality, she described as standing half way between religion and intellect—an outgrowth from the two. Religion is interior to both these, and rests upon, and is the spontaneous utterance and action of, the soul. As a man may be intellectual without being moral or religious, so he may be moral alone; or religious, without being either intelligent or moral. The sleek church-goer who lays off his plecty with the Sabbath, may be a very moral man; and the Hindu mother who subdues all a mother's love, and sacrifices her infant to appease her deity, is religious, but her intelligence and morals are bad. The fault of the present age is, that everything must be intellectual, and be brought to the test of, and be tried by, intellect. We have an intellectual morality; instead of a morality of right and wrong—a morality of the heart. We have an intellectual religion, instead of one outgushing from the soul. And this will be so until our schools are reformed, and our children educated in their affectional and moral natures as well as their heads—until our colleges graduate their pupils in goodness, as well as in science. Mind is not the soul, any more than the operations of the electric telegraph are the telegraph. It is a manifestation of the soul with such material as it has at command. Nothing is more dangerous than to rely on intellect alone. As religion is the inner, so it must become the basis both of moral and mental growth; and the true office of the mind is, instead of originating and deciding our actions, to mould into form with an enlightened knowledge, the religious or spontaneous impulses of the soul.

At Dodworth's last Sabbath morning, A. J. Davis spoke on the question of reform. He defined reform to mean the stepping from one position or idea to a

higher. This of itself creates disturbance. Reformers labor under all manner of disadvantages; the materials they have to work with are discordant; and hence it is that their principles and their actual lives often show a wide discrepancy. Reform proposes to modify and harmonize men; and many reformers would have done better, if their materials would have allowed it. It is not possible for men to think alike; but their ideas may very generally be made to harmonize. Conservatism holds on to the past, and centres in authority; Progress marches out to the circumference, and onward into the future.

The speaker flattered his idea by the structure of a harness. Experience has taught us that the types or drawing straps should be the strongest; but the conservative is somehow imbued with the belief that little is necessary to a harness except straps to hold it back by. He is alarmed, and in his turn alarms the authorities; and the judiciary, in all its departments, opposes itself to reform. This creates additional discord; and, in order to start the car of progress, it sometimes becomes necessary to decoy conservatives aboard, and chain it there. He was reminded of this by an incident at the wharf, at one of the Brooklyn ferries. Many men and horses went rapidly on board the boat, but by and by there came a span of conservative mules, who refused to go on board. After much ado they were coaxed on deck, and the chains put up behind them. Then the progressive spirit below began to puff and scream, and the boat to move. The mules were alarmed and tried to back off, but the chains prevented; and thus, against their will, they were safely carried over and landed on the opposite shore.

Mr. D. thought the world was not so bad as is generally supposed. Wars average about two and a half years in a century; and when the laws of health are observed, sickness averages not more than two and a half days in a year. Fifty per cent. of suffering arises from a violation of known laws. But as it is, peace, happiness and goodness vastly predominate over suffering and evil; and so fast as men come into their normal condition, they will take their place by the side of their guardian angels; and by and by they will need no guardian angels, but will be a guide unto themselves. He believed if a progressive man, like Sir John Franklin, were to be cast into the orthodox bottomless pit, he would fit out a crew and man a ship, and start on a voyage of discovery, to find some north-west passage which should open into heaven.

Mr. Harris's lecture, last Sunday morning, was a very able one. It ran a singular parallel with that of Mrs. Hatch, in the afternoon. It hinged on the freedom of the human mind from all external restraints, and the necessity of an elevation of the inner man. The mistake of Christendom had been the attempt to bring religion down so that it could be comprehended by the intellect and the masses. The efforts of Paulus in the third century, of Socinus in the sixteenth, and of Priestly, and the school represented by Theodore Parker at the present day, have all been based on this idea. That Christ might be comprehended, they have been obliged to make him a mere man. The result of this system of effort, has been a wide-spread infidelity. Faith has been shipwrecked and lost.

In order to become religious, men must be elevated to the plane of religion; it can not be brought down to them. Religion can never save a man, nor vitalize a nation with goodness, until it goes deeper than the intellect. The Catholic Church has always committed this error. It has fed its people with dogmas, which they were commanded to receive, but not to question. It forbids thought. This system, when backed by force, may present the appearance of external morality and civilization, but it can do nothing more. When the force is withdrawn, it proves nothing better than barbarism; and the only way for nations or individuals to elevate themselves, is to take to themselves entire freedom of investigation and thought. Then the heart will be likely to get stirred, and the call of the Lord will be heard and recognized within.

Dr. Hallock continues his lectures on Spiritualism as a Science, to-morrow, at the Lyceum. He is then expected to conclude, and it is understood that the three lectures, which are pronounced very able, are then to be published in pamphlet form.

I see I am not done, and perhaps not likely to be done, for the present, with Cornelius Wina's bones, spoken of in my last. I hope I shall not startle you, or your readers, too severely, by the announcement, that two of the smaller bones, according to the agreement of the spirit, have been brought, by some invisible and unaccountable means, from the city of Hartford, and delivered safely at the office of Doctors Orton and Redman, No. 68 West Twelfth street, in this city. They are two of the vertebrae of the spine. The first of these arrived on Tuesday, May 11th, at 3 P. M., in the office, and was first seen as it fell and lodged in a chair. Cornelius was at once on hand to announce that he had brought it by his own air-line express, and to claim the honor of the achievement. The second vertebra, arrived on the following day (Wednesday) at about eleven o'clock, A. M.; and came down in the street, on the walk, near their office, as the two doctors were going out together. It fell in front of them, and was seen by both, while several feet above the level of their heads. But more of this anon. Yours.

FREE CONVENTION.

It will be seen by reference to a circular which we publish on our 8th page, that a Free Convention is to meet at Rutland, Vt., on the 25th of June next, and continue three days, to discuss the various topics of Reform that are now engaging the attention and efforts of progressive minds. We trust that all men who have the good of humanity at heart, and can possibly do so, will be present at this Convention. The platform laid down is broad enough for all persuasions to stand upon. We were obliged to omit the list of signatures appended to the Circular for want of room.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

We have received this popular and interesting monthly for June, from Messrs. A. Williams & Co., No. 100 Washington street, where it may be found for sale. Among the articles we find: "The City of Elms," "Tropical Journeys," "The Mithrascope," "Deer Hunting," "Esther Bonnet's Love and Hate," "A Night Scene," by W. C. Bryant, "The Virginians," by Thackeray, "A Mother's Confession," &c., &c. The illustrations are excellent, as usual.

Quite a warm discussion has been had in the Senate, over the question of giving gratuities to the official reporters. In the course of the debate Senators Hammond and Toombs defended the notorious Galphin claims.

MISS HARDING AT THE MELONAEON.

On Thursday evening Miss Harding, spoke about an hour and a half to a compact audience, on the subject of "Future Endless Punishment." She prefaced her discourse by reading from the 25th chapter of Matthew, verses 31 to 46—that sermon of Christ in which the goats and sheep were separated, and the passage occurs—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me"—and from the 16th to the 18th verses of the 16th chapter of Mark—in which it is promised that those who "believe and are baptized" shall be protected from the power of poison; and endowed with the power of casting out devils, and healing the sick.

We are compelled, by the limits of our columns, to give but a very few of the many beautiful and powerful ideas uttered by her.

She said:—Did we attempt to wade through the mass of perversion of the past, in relation to this record—the Bible—and try to receive it as truth; harmonizing in all its parts, we should stand on slippery ground; yet this book is unapproached and unapproachable—it is the noblest system of ethics ever written. To grant the Bible all true, without the evidence of reason, is to take the wheat and chaff together. The reason will winnow the wheat from the chaff. This we propose to do, rather than ignore the value of the Scriptures. Rather would we recognize the inspiration of truth through the mediums of the past, and give credence to truths recorded in the gospels of beauty. Jesus was a medium of innocence and perfection, though in the record of him and his sayings, as made by Matthew and Mark, we are confounded by the discrepancies; but, for this reason, to do away with the Bible would be cowardly.

We propose to call your attention to a test of a belief in Christ—for a sign shall follow those who believe; trace the pages of past history, and tell how many in eighteen hundred years have believed in Christ—ask those who profess to believe, if they can take up serpents with their venomous stings, unharmed—if they can drink deadly poison without injury—if they can lay hands on the sick and heal all diseases? We find here, in this part of the record, incongruity, or else no-gone believes or has believed in Christ, for if they believed the test would follow; if not, damnation is certain for all.

He, who, with his dying breath, prayed to his Father for the malefactors; he, who spent his life in love and tenderness, teaching the truths his Father sent him to teach; he, who drank the cup of bitterness and endured the agony in the garden, and beneath the burdens of his cross bowed and died, he is the being we listen to as denouncing all his brothers to everlasting punishment! We do denounce these words, recorded as those spoken by Christ, as unworthy the Son of God.

But we must leave this part of the subject, to discuss the *finality* of punishment. There is no evidence in the Old Testament that the Jewish people, as a nation, recognized the idea of the immortality of the soul. Some sects, very few, and very small, had imported the belief from foreign lands, and had a faith in the communion with spirits. Theirs was a state of mental darkness,—the great truths of science lay unexplored before them, and their souls were bound down to the most materialistic ideas. In their record, the progress of Joseph is given out as the reward of God for virtue and righteousness, while the affliction of leprosy was thought to be a mark of God's wrath. If we accept these incongruities at their own value, we find truth in each.

The "lake of fire and brimstone," (the worm that never dies," "the fire that is never quenched," "these, and kindred expressions are types of contemporary Jewish superstition—derived from the terrors of the Valley of Hinnom, where malefactors were carried to be burnt, and the flames being constantly supplied with the bodies of the wicked, the smoke arising was, naturally enough, regarded with terror and dread.

Christ, as a teacher among the Jews, adopted the figures of the Jews. Had he spoken the doctrine of progress—rent the veil of terror which hid the secrets of eternity, what a deed would have been done—what a mission accomplished! But life beyond the grave was one of those things which they were not able to bear, but which he promised the world in the future.

The world has always sought to remove the responsibility of individual sin from their own shoulders to those of others. The best proxy is found in the theory of "vicarious atonement,"—which teaches that the pronunciation of a few cabalistic words, tasting of the bread, and sipping of the wine, will shift the responsibility of a whole lifetime of sin onto the shoulders of the best man that ever lived!

We ask you not to follow us, as giving forth a system of spiritual philosophy. Spiritualists have but one ground—that of spiritual communion. Individually, they hold that love, wisdom and power are the triune attributes of the Eternal One. Our ideas are individual, and are to stand on their individual merit.

If you trace the history of every system from its commencement, you may have to go back millions of years to find where that law was first broken, which planted the germ of sin on earth. You may as well try to pluck one of the bright orbs from the sky, and say that we could get along without it, as to deny that effect always follows its cause.

The Holy Ghost is the consciousness of right; a sin against this is that direct blasphemy for which we must suffer, for if a law is violated the effect must follow—it cannot be forgiven. The illumination of the Holy Ghost is a lamp to the feet, and sunlight to the soul. There are those whose lamp of spirit life has never been lit up within.

There are thousands of children of sin and of the gallows, to-night, calling on the name of God. Can you deny that their physical structures were built by the same great Architect—that they are governed by equal laws—that they are warmed by the same sun, and chilled by the same wind?

In the most depraved soul is found the incipient power of all that is glorious—reason, intellect, eloquence, beauty. But the laws of man are more cruel than the laws of God. The spark of immortal life is torn from the strangled body of the culprit, and plunged into an eternity for which he is not prepared—instead of being cultivated and elevated to its pristine and intended purity. The poor boy learns his first lesson of revenge from the jail in which he is confined.

The world of the spirit-life is but a continuation of the earth sphere. The man who takes from the portion of others here, finds that he has abstracted a portion from his happiness hereafter.

Those who know the meaning of the word *paradise*, as used in the Scriptures, knows that it does not signify finality. We deny the doctrine of finality. Is there in life any finality? Is it in the blade of

grass? No. Is it in the soul of man? Is it in the teachings of Christ? Is it in the laws of life and development, when thought is lost in the ocean of futurity? No; it does not exist. All nature denies it; man's reason rejects it; and the heart of man bursts in protest to the finality of eternal punishment.

There is no such thing as reward—there is no such thing as punishment; all is cause and effect.

Trust to Him whose light shines through all nature. He is the sculptor, and will not break the statue. He alone knows the worth of the diamonds. He has hidden in the human soul. Be not afraid. "Be of good cheer; it is I."

Various questions were asked and answered, which closed the services.

[We learn that this discourse will soon be published in pamphlet form, for general circulation.—Eos.]

Political Items.

The Senate of the United States have passed a resolution, calling on the President for such information as he may be able and think proper to send them, concerning the recent high-handed proceeding of the British War Steamer *Styx*, toward the American schooner *Mobile*, in the Gulf of Mexico. The commander of the *Styx* told the captain of the *Mobile* that he had orders to overhaul every vessel in the Gulf that came within reach of him. If his directions are sustained by his Government, trouble is certain, and that of the most serious character. Lord Napier's attention has also been directed to the subject. It is believed also that others have been despatched to our home squadron, directing them to look into the matter.

The War Department has sent in to the Senate a communication on the subject of purchasing a site for a fort at the Golden Gate, near San Francisco. It has a ranch, or farm, attached to it, and the proposed price is \$200,000. Senator Broderick, of California, said it was not worth over \$7,000. The subject was referred to the Military Committee.

Minnesota has at last been admitted into the Union, and her Senators—Messrs. Rice and Shields—have been duly sworn in. This makes thirty-two in the family. Senator Inslan, of Iowa, immediately preferred charges of corruption against Senator Rice, who rose, for the first time in the Senate, to defend himself. He said that he courted the fullest inquiry into his conduct in connection with the land sales in Minnesota, and should at once resign his seat if anything should be found against him.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, has introduced a bill into the House of Representatives for the new Territory of Nevada.

Gen. Scott has called on the War Department for two regiments of Volunteers, to go on to Utah without delay. Congress will have to vote the needed appropriations, therefore, at once.

A Southern Commercial Convention has been in session at Montgomery, Alabama, at which the proposal to re-open the direct African Slave Trade was discussed with much earnestness on both sides.

Reinforcements for the Army of Utah are rapidly concentrating at Fort Leavenworth. Twelve hundred men had arrived at St. Louis, and left for the rendezvous. Gen. Smith, who assumes the chief command of the force, has arrived at Fort Leavenworth, not quite recovered in health, but much better and able to bear the fatigue of travel.

The President has remitted the sentence of the Court Martial—suspension for one year—upon Gen. Twiggs.

The first Paris Conference of the Great Powers of Europe was to assemble on the 15th. It is supposed that the Bernard verdict would occupy much of the time of the Conference.

The Fishing Bounty Bill has been up for some time in the Senate, and debated with much ability. It is uncertain whether the bounties will be repealed at this time or not.

In the House, a highly interesting debate arose upon the resolution to abrogate the Clayton Bulwer Treaty. Mr. Sickles, of New York, speaking in behalf of the Executive, reproved the House for its disposition to meddle with this matter, which he said it did not understand, as calculated to embarrass a negotiation now in progress with the English Government. It would seem, from the tenor of his remarks, that Mr. Clingman acted not only without authority, but without knowledge, in introducing the resolution in question. Several gentlemen, among whom were Gen. Quintman and Mr. Clay, were inclined to assert the right of the House to express its opinion, but the *ex cathedra* tone of Mr. Sickles indicated to the friends of the Administration that they were on a wrong trail.

MESSAGES RECEIVED.

We add to our list the following names received up to May 16th:—

John H. Crawford, Patrick Murphy, Harvey S. Paige, Caroline Holmes, Chas. H. Saunders, Charles Hill, John Moore, Oliver Bacon, Susan Brown, Benj. Lindale, Commodore M. Perry, Mary, Chas. French, Henry Clark, Charles Halwin, G. W. Carver, John Jameson, Cordelia, Fletcher Leroy, General Gates, Willie Eaton.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. W. M., WAKEFIELD.—We have sent No. 5 to our list in your place. No charge. Thank you for your interest in our behalf.

W. S. W., GREENVILLE, ILL.—In catering for the public, it is sometimes necessary to publish articles in accordance with the present taste. Many people would not read the Banner, were it not for the "stories." We aim to procure those which will please, yet inculcate Truth; probably we err sometimes. Your hints are good, and we thank you for them.

A. G., SPRINGFIELD, VT.—We did not have any of those numbers on hand at the time you wrote, and were not so prompt as usual in consequence of it.

E. M., GROSCH, CT.—The papers have been sent to the above town. We have added "Foguenoe Bridge," and sent you the missing numbers.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—The desk will be occupied at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 3 and a quarter to 8 o'clock P. M. Mr. JOEL TIFFANY, of New York, will lecture on both occasions.

BRO. JOHN H. CURRIER, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Lawrence Mass., June 6th and 10th; Concord, N. H., Sunday, 8th; Orange Mass., June 6th and 10th.

Lorraine Moore will lecture in Milford, N. H., Sunday, May 24th; Manchester, N. H., Sunday, May 30th; Lawrence, Mass., Sunday, June 6th; Haverhill, Sunday, June 13th; Georgetown, Monday and Tuesday, June 14th and 15th; Groveland, Wednesday and Thursday, June 16th and 17th; Exeter, N. H., Sunday, June 20th. Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture falls for want of needful arrangements.

Mr. MOORE will act as Agent for the "Banner of Light."

MISS ROSA T. AMERY, the trance-speaking medium, will lecture in South Dedham, on Tuesday, May 18th; North Bridgewater, on Thursday, 20th; East Stoughton and North Bridgewater, on Sunday, 23d.

ROOMS.—PLEASANT PRIVATE ROOMS MAY BE OBTAINED by respectable parties on application No. 124 Harrison Avenue. 85

The Messenger.

ADMISSION TO OUR CIRCLES.—A desire, on the part of our readers, to make themselves acquainted with the manner in which our communications are received, has induced us to admit a few persons to our sessions, for several months past. Those who attend, will not receive communications from their friends, as we do not publish in these columns any messages, which could be possibly, so far as we know, have for its origin, the mind of visitors or mediums. Such would not be of value to the skeptic.

Persons who desire to avail themselves of this privilege will not be admitted, except on application at our office, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 1 P. M., each day. This is absolutely necessary, as we can only admit a limited number, and must know in advance the number to be present. No charge is exacted, but all applications for admission must be made at this office.

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, or any other, as engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are spoken while she is in what is usually denominated "The Trance State," the exact language being written down by her.

The object of this Department is, as it has been partially implied, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communication to those friends to whom they are addressed.

It is a mistake to suppose that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and away with the erroneous notion that they are anything more than *finite* beings, liable to err like ourselves. We believe the public should see the spirit world, as it is, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

The spirit governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to the best advantage, so that the truth comes through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

Wm. Gordon.

Perhaps I've come to the wrong place. I have been dead since the year 1850. I died in December. I was second mate of the brig Mary Ellen, owned in Portland. When off near Cape Hatteras we encountered a terrible gale, and I, with three others, was lost overboard. My name was Wm. Gordon; my native place was Belfast, Me.; my age, 39 years. I have been trying very hard for the last two years to manifest to my friends, but have found everything so hard to act upon, it was hard for me to do what I wished to. I left a mother, one brother, three sisters, and a wife. I am told that they have mourned for me, and have not ceased to mourn; I cannot see why they should mourn for what cannot be helped. I always told my friends, if I should never come again they should not mourn for me, for I always had no idea I should know of their sorrow, and it would greatly affect my own comfort. I would like to tell my friends that I find myself much better off than I ever expected to be. To be sure I have seen a great deal of unhappiness since I came here, but the most of it arose from ignorance. If I had been acquainted with the place I was coming to, I should not have been exposed to all I have suffered. But for a time, I stood upon so uncertain ground, that I did not know whether I was going to heaven or hell, for the knowledge I gained on earth was so comparatively worthless, that I was like one wandering in a strange country without a guide. After a time I found I could come and commune with my friends, and that gave me much joy; but I was much troubled in regard to finding an instrument suitable for me to do so. I am very desirous to communicate certain things to my wife in regard to my earthly affairs, but cannot give that here, as you tell me what I say is to be made public. I can only give her some very valuable information, if she will meet me where I can manifest. I understand by others who know better than I do, that she is totally unacquainted with this thing, and I must first teach her what I have learned. I would like to have my friends fully aware that I suffered nothing in passing from one world to another, and I am sure they have nothing to mourn for in regard to my death. I am at a loss in one sense, but if I can be an instrument of informing them of the land they are coming to, it is well for me to be where I am. After leaving much love for my friends, and many thanks for you for this use of the medium, I will leave for my own home, bidding you good day. March 31.

Laura Simonds.

Some of my friends have been calling me a good while to come to their circle and manifest. I cannot go there, so will it be unwise if I send my messages from here? I am Laura Simonds. I died in Boston, and my friends reside in Boston. I died, I suppose, of heart disease. I was well one hour and died the next. I have not been very happy since I have been a spirit, because I wished to say many things to my friends before I died, and I was unhappy because I died before I could. I have a sister, married and living at the West. Her name is Wilson. I would like to have my friends write and tell her she is a medium, and if she will only sit for me, I will come to commune with her. I wish to tell my friends that I am very well satisfied with the disposition they made of my things. I do not care what becomes of them, but they wish to know what I think—so I tell them. They wish to know how long I remained unconscious after I departed from my body. Tell them I do not think I was unconscious at all. The first thing I recollect was, that they were standing over my body, trying to bring me back to life, and it troubled me so I could not get away from it any how. I think I shall be happier now, and shall soon tell them all I wish to. I can't tell them here—I do not want to. I was nearly sixteen years old. Good bye. March 31.

John Sheldon, and John Jarvis.

Wrote their names, after entraining the medium, and informed us they could not speak through the medium.

Winthrop Wheeler.

I have controlled all but the vocal organs of the medium, and cannot do that. April 1.

John Torr.

I feel very sad on approaching your medium to-day, not because I am a spirit, divested of mortal form, but because I have not the God-given privilege of communing with my friends—because I am obliged to come here to a stranger to give what I ought to give in private to those I love so well.

This is the first time I ever spoke through a medium, and I am told that conditions are not very favorable here to-day, but I am anxious, and cannot very well defer my visit. I suppose if I intend to send a message to my friends, I must give them something by which they may identify me. I would say that I have been in the spirit life very near ten years. I recollect very well it was in the hot season. My disease, I believe, they called dysentery, and turned into consumption of the bowels. I was sick near three weeks. I was a dry goods dealer by occupation, or in other words, I assisted my father; he was then keeping a dry goods store, and I assisted him. I am a little clouded in memory, but shall give you all I can safely, nothing more. I was near twenty-six years of age. I sometimes very much regret my coming to the spirit life at so early an hour; and then, on the other hand, I think it is well. I might have suffered much had I lived on earth. I might have been led into temptation, or my change been under darker circumstances. When I passed from earth everything was pleasant, and I had everything to live for. I had a kind father and mother, one brother, plenty of this world's goods, and everything looked beautiful. But I learned to shake hands with the messenger of death, for I was not afraid to die. I knew I had never sinned much against our kind Father, and I had always been taught by my parents to trust to His mercy and love, and what they had taught me in youth was a pearl of great price to me at my hour of change. And I to-day come from my spirit home to thank my kind parents for giving me that blessed light. Although it was small, compared with the light of to-day, yet it was competent to light me through the passage of death. I have ever felt a greater anxiety for the welfare of my friends since I have left them;

and as I know the time cannot be far off when some one of them will come to me, I feel doubly anxious to give them all the light I can. Tell them I find my place of existence all I could wish for, and I think it is spread out for me by the Father, and I praise Him for His kindness. I go on to the farthest sphere I can look upon, and I still find beautiful spheres. I can look upon, and I still find beautiful spheres. I am told that my own condition renders me so alive to the beautiful, and I wish my friends to so prepare themselves by the enjoyment of the beautiful on earth, that they may comprehend the beautiful of spirit life. I have every reason to believe that my spirit life is a medium. Although he is far from here at the present time, I think it is so; yet I dare not act upon him there, lest I cast fear over him; yet it is not unnatural that I should like to do so; but I feel it my duty to approach him cautiously, that I may reap a rich harvest in the future, and that he may have cause to thank God for the rich blessings given in his nature.

And my dear old father; as I approach him, and see that his locks are whitening with age, I look deep down within the soul, and find the laud of love burning deeply for all mankind. Oh, then, I wish to approach him, and give him of that light which made its appearance in years gone by, and is making a new glory in this heathen day. Oh, I would have him, in his declining years, have this light which is lighting so many to their new home, and which will build him a home which is not subject to decay. God bless him, is the prayer I offer whenever I stand by his side; God give me power to so enlighten him, that he shall find everything pleasant at his coming, is also my prayer. And my mother! I fall not to bless her—she who taught my infant lips to whisper the name of our Father, and taught me to see Him in love and find Him in peace. Yet I find a cloud come over me, when I see that she has not the light I have; and I want to see her happier, blessing God for that which others have. And my friends, they who gathered about my mortal form, and looked at it for the last time, and offered their tears and prayers for my departure—oh, I would have them see the light, and know of the future, and the God of love, who loveth his children, however they may be steeped in crime, however they may be in misery and vice, and who will in time draw all His children to Himself. And now, after offering a silent blessing and a prayer for those I love so well, I will once more wend my way to that noble, and seek to inspire their souls with that I have so often sought to inspire the hearts of God's children with—love to all mankind and to their Father in Heaven. Farewell, stranger—we meet again. John Torr, of Dover, N. H. April 2.

Merton—an Actor.

What a mixture of comedy and tragedy you have on the great stage of action—the world. It is really worth one's while to return and view the changes here, if they have nothing else to come for. So many actors, and all acting in their own way, and generally to please themselves, regardless of any body else. I say it is worth one's while to come back to earth, after they have been away for a few years, and they do nothing else, to view what is going on. Oh, my God! I have seen enough to carry me to the highest heaven, or to the lowest hell, if I entered into the philosophy of the things. But I am only a looker on, and not disposed to act very often.

When one can view the world almost at a single glance, he may consider himself very well off. Now I'm not disposed to come back to ridicule the actors, neither am I disposed to chide them, for I know they are every one of them working out their own salvation. If they have no mind to go down straight to hell and find heaven, that is not my fault, and if others go straight to heaven, that is because they are wise. They are all preparing for the great stage of action in the world beyond, and they will find that if they get their lesson well here, they will find it easier in the next. He who profits by all he sees and hears, is pretty sure to be well received wherever he goes, and is pretty sure to work his way to the light in time. But he who works like an automaton, never striving to understand what he sees, you will find continually fretting, because somebody is always in his way. Now if he would take advantage of his eyes and ears, and hear, and see, and understand everything he hears and sees, things would be comparatively pleasant.

It is a very strange fact, that among all embodied and disembodied spirits, you cannot find two alike. Now if they are not constituted alike, how can all go to heaven in the same way? I tell you what it is, the Great stage manager understands His work, and we must take care of the part you are to play on earth. What care you what your brother is to act? so long as you have your lesson well learned, it is all you have to care for. Some are very fond of tragedy, and consequently they start off and murder somebody. Well, that is the way they have to work their way to heaven. Well, if that's their way, let them go it. Some are fond of comedy—and they are continually doing something ridiculous; they get to heaven at last, and what care you how they go. It matters not what way they go to heaven, but, after all, there is only one way to go to heaven, easily and quickly. That is to do the best you know how, and if you do not know any better than to try to go to heaven by murdering another, why, do it; but I tell you one thing, those who learn their lesson here well, and act their part as become good actors, will find joy, beauty and peace hereafter.

But, my friend, you should all help one another to do right, so far as you can, and not get dragged to hell yourself; don't let one friend fall, and then step over him. It is your work to lift him up, and do not never let the Great stage manager have fault to find, because you do not do your duty. When you see a brother down, you may know it is your duty to pick him up. Oh, it is a pity you could not leave earth and look down upon this stage, and then return; I'm thinking you would all perform your duties if you could. Now I was fool enough to take the road to heaven by the way of hell; so you see I belong to one of the foolish class of actors. That is no reason you should do it, for if I find heaven eventually, it is no reason why you should go that road. I suppose you will say you don't talk in harmony with yourself. Well, take care of your own happiness, and if you see anything whereby you may help another, do it, but don't do what you know is contrary to right in your own case, to help another. I come here to-day for something—in answer to a special call, and you must let me do what I please, and talk as I please, and I shall answer somebody's call, for I have been sent here.

My name was Merton; I was rather an obscure actor, and died some time ago in Cincinnati—I don't know when. Good bye. April 2.

Wm. Bent.

I can't talk religion to you, as did your last visitor, but I can talk in my way. I understand by his coming that a spirit is expected to give something by which the friends may understand who they are. Well, there is only one way of doing that—give what you can, and let the rest go. I must tell you, before I go on, that I am a novice in these matters. I never believed, until a few days ago, that I could come to earth and commune with my friends. Let me see—I have been dead since 1850. I went out to seek for gold, and died shortly after getting to my place of destination. I left a wife, quite a large circle of acquaintances and friends, I hope. My name was Wm. Bent. I believe there is some misunderstanding in relation to the property I left, which was but little, by the way. Some of my friends think it was large. I was unfortunate, and did not do as well as they expect. Suffice it to say, I left but little; not more than enough, probably, to cover my expenses, which will account for their getting so little.

I believe my friends have never gained a particular account of my departure. I desire to tell them I died a natural death, and was well taken care of. The last thing I thought of on earth was home and friends, and I did not send any word home, simply because conditions totally denied me the opportunity—not because I did not desire to. I would like to

say, here, that I found everything in the future state different from what I expected. As to gaining anything, I do not see that I have gained much, in point of happiness. I have got to unravel some of the knots I failed to untie on earth. I must do it myself, as every one is obliged to perform his own labor here.

Any spirit has a great deal to overcome in returning to earth. In the first place, they are obliged to conquer their own prejudices, smother their own feelings, and often to go to a stranger, shoot at random, and if they hit their friends, they may be received, and may be rudely repulsed and have to try years again after. This, I am told, is the case by those who have come before me, but I know where to aim my shot, and if my instrument is good, I have as good a chance as the rest; therefore, I may accomplish something.

I believe I told you I felt a wife? Well, I suppose that wife belongs to somebody else now—so conditions seem to be. I should have told you I left a son also, for I did. He was nothing but a child, two or three years old, when I left. Now I must say I don't feel exactly pleased with everything; and I will here throw in a word to her, in private. I can give her something for her good, and my child's. This not for myself I wish to come, but, of course, I feel for my child; as for my wife, she must be taken care of by others. I can give her some advice, and that will not injure any one on earth. But I cannot give it here in public; so having done all I wish to do to-day, I will leave. April 2.

Thou God of Jew and Gentile—Thou spirit of love and power—we to-day would return thanks to Thee for the blessings we receive from Thee, and especially that Thou has permitted us, Thy children, to commune with earthly friends.

Dear Father, as we look at Thee, as seen in the past, in the present, and the future, we have great cause to cry out, "Glory be to God most High," knowing that Thou art our Father, and art willing to give good gifts to Thy children. We ask Thee to especially bless Thy children who are sitting in darkness; and do Thou, oh, our God, give us power to speak to Thy children, that they shall not ask who causes it, but the soul shall, by reason of Thy power, be ready to acknowledge Thee in this new truth.

We ask Thee, oh God, to bless all mankind; may those who have tasted the cooling waters of love, be allowed to hold the cup of water to the lips of those who famish for food and drink. May they so live in public, that the world shall see to them for living truth, because their acts shall show that they are able to give it.

Our Father, do Thou bless the children; they who are rising in this pleasant sphere of earth. Do Thou so inspire them with Thy power, that they may fully realize the light of the nineteenth century, and may they come up in its full inheritance.

Bless all who are in sorrow; remember to send holy ones to the sorrowing and afflicted. Cheer those in bodily distress, and fill their souls with the promise of the future, and may the star of Spiritualism be their guide in the future. We pray because we know Thou wilt answer. We ask, because we know Thou wilt give. We come to the earth, because we would do Thy pleasure; we return to our spirit home, because it is Thy pleasure; for all that we do, we would do, oh Father, in accordance with Thy holy will.

You may consider your session adjourned until the second day of the present week, at 2 1/2 P. M. God bless you. Good day. April 2.

John Williams.

Did you ever know of anybody who had no home in earth or in heaven? Well, I've been a wanderer all my life, and have never yet found a spot I could call home. The mariner finds a home in every port, and he who finds himself surrounded by congenial friends, finds a home within that little circle. I had no friends—I had no home; I wandered from place to place during my earthly life, and was just as unsatisfied at my closing up as I was when I first remembered walking and moving upon this stage of action. And strange as it may appear, I have been roaming about ever since I cast off my mortal body, and have not yet found any congenial spirit. I studied much in my earth life, and visited many parts of the globe, and I was at any and all times ready to die, because I found no rest here. And I carried the same feeling of inconvenience with me to my spiritual existence, and am likely, for aught I see, to carry it with me throughout an endless eternity.

Perhaps you'd like to hear something in regard to my life, and if so, I must begin at the beginning, and leave off where I left off.

My first recollection was on board a large merchantman; I was told that my birth-place was the ocean—that my father was lost during a storm at sea; my mother died at my birth, and all my mother's relatives passed from earth, ere I came to years of understanding—and my father's relatives are some of them existing in earth life. He, I am told, was born in England—my mother was also born there. The first thing I ever remember in my earth life, was being taught to walk on deck; an old rough fellow, that I afterwards learned to call father, was giving me my first lesson in walking. I am told I did not walk until I was near five years of age. I lived with this individual until I was some eight or ten years of age. He then left me with an old woman in the western part of the State of New York, and I never heard of him, until I have seen him in this new place.

I lived with this old lady until I suppose I was fourteen years of age—at least she told me I was—but having no correct idea of the time of my birth, I can give you nothing reliable as regards the years of my life. I left for the sea, and have since that time wandered all over the world, finding no friends, caring for nobody, nobody caring for me. When I could get something to eat and to wear, I was satisfied for a time, but a short time, too, for every place seemed to be filled with enemies. Now I lived until I was forty-seven years of age, I suppose; then I closed my earthly pilgrimage in a very unpleasant manner. Yes, when I think of it, it fills me with perfect horror. I wish to God I could scratch it from memory's page, but scratch as hard as I will it's there, and will remain there forever and ever, I suppose. About seven months prior to my death, I somehow or other got on board a privateer, and an ugly customer she was, too, both craft and crew. In the course of three months after getting on board, I was made second officer, probably because I would rush into any sort of danger without fear—for I knew no fear. Well, I cruised in her until I took a longer cruise, which happened in course of a squabble with a merchantman, bound from Europe for the New England States. I got the worst of the quarrel, and I always thought it was best for me and right, for I thought it was no place for me. I should not have stayed long there, for it was not my nature to tarry long in one place.

When I first became a spirit, without a mortal garment, I looked about to see one form that I could like, but of all that vast throng, I found no one that harmonized with me. I found none, and I chose to go to hell, there to expiate the crimes I had been guilty of. Perhaps you will ask me where that hell is. Everywhere, when a man is unhappy, is hell to him—a hell of conscience, whose fires are never quenched, until the evil, which caused the suffering, is burned out.

I was told, a short time ago, I had better return to the country I passed from, and see if I could get anything to make me better off. There are those on earth who will recognize me. They are not more than fifty miles from the place where you now are. Yes, they know me, and will understand me, too. I would to God they could understand how much I have suffered, but they never will know until they look through different glasses from what, I think, they will on earth. They rank high in situation and in happiness, and are in the enjoyment of most of the luxuries of earth at this time. I do not see fit to make their names public. One of the party I speak of, I at one time left and left him closely

looked up in death, but it seems the old fellow had not sure grip enough, and let him go. Thank God for it, for I am better off to-day than I should have been, had he died when I supposed he did. I don't suppose anybody here is going to understand me, or cares to have me come again. I do not come to please you, but because I think it is my duty to come, and because I shall better myself, and nobody else.

Now, if the two I speak of, should ever make themselves known to you, I will perhaps return again, and give them something, if I shall or not.

My name was John Williams—that was the name I was known by to them, and I died in 1831. My body was never so fortunate as to be buried under ground—had plenty of room, I suppose. Every star shines to some purpose; every spirit comes for something. April 6.

Wm. H. Haskins.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

Now, there are many inhabitants of the spirit land, no doubt, who are not much inclined towards earth. Probably they find their heaven where they are, and would not return to earth to find it. Now it is a great cry, among earth's people, why so many undeveloped ones return; they would like to know why those who have so long been away from earth do not return to it. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Every spirit who can gain some good, or perform some good, comes by the will of Jehovah. All others do not come, for they could find no channels through whom to come. All who come, do so by the will of God; all who do not, stay away by the same will.

The time will come when those who are without mortal forms will commune just as freely with spirits in mortal existence here, as you commune one with another.

But the world shall be revolutionized, spiritually and morally, and that, too, soon. No one shall say, can this thing be, for all shall know it; and you who have had place in this first dawning, will bless your Creator that you have been chosen to occupy your places.

Then, again, there is a great query in the minds of many in regard to the manifestations. I was an unseen attendant, a few days ago, at the house of one of your first men in this city. There we saw seven or eight assembled together, discussing the merits and demerits of Spiritualism; and one says, "If some spirit will come and manifest through me, I should believe. Why don't they come to such as I?"

That clearly manifests an exalted opinion of self, which, by the way, is not approved of by those they would find fault to them. The same principle that had existence many years ago, has been born again. And as it had its birth among the lowly, as at first, so at the second birth it had its resting-place among the lowly; for when the word was written down, it said, "I will come again in like manner as I came before," thus clearly proving this to be the second advent of the same principle which had its perfection in Jesus. Now he was the son of a poor carpenter, toiling for his daily bread, and Jesus was said to toil with him.

Let us see the thousands who, to-day, consider him the son of God—the Highest Spirit in the Universe of Spirits. Away back, a long time ago, he was derided by the multitude, and the Pharisees would hardly give him peace, while the Pharisees stood afar off and expressed themselves as men in this day. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" said the Pharisees. "Why did not this come to us?" says the man of to-day. The same spirit exists now that existed 1800 years ago, and probably will exist until the new dispensation shall have driven it far, far away. We who return to earth come, as I before said, because we can give some good and do some. And as regards our coming, as we come by the will of Divinity, we come through His means; and as He has provided these means, can His son give us better means? Now, as loyal subjects, we come in His way, and we care not whether mortals receive us or reject us. Our duty is plain. Our God is above us, and shall we fear? Now, we that can, shall go steadily upward, and carry with us all that we have power to save; and we do not come to the Chief Priests and Pharisees to ask of them when and how we shall come. We offer them the same bread we offer the humble and lowly. If they receive us, it is well; but if they choose to come among us, not having their wedding garments on, they must spend years of regret, if not an eternity of horrors.

Everything in the Universe is conducted by the Will of Jehovah. Everything, I say; and how much better it would be for His children if they would follow the teachings of the monitor within, and go out for Truth wherever it may be found. Then should they sit in pleasant places. Then should they who sit in darkness cry because of this light, when we should hear the cry going up, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" instead of the rebuke, "Lord, why did you not send this to me instead of my neighbor?" When all men shall put on the garment of Humility, then, indeed, shall the Kingdom of God be come.

I have entered your midst to-day by request—I have given what I could, and I will pass on now, that others may come. April 5.

John Henry Barker.

Ha! What a joke! some of my people don't believe I am dead; but they say, if you are, go there and say so. Now, you see I went to a private medium, and sent them a communication, and they didn't believe it. Yes, they said if you are dead go to Boston, and to a certain medium, and we will read the paper and believe. I was in my twenty-first year, and made three voyages to sea. I died of fever a year ago some June. I was taken sick just after we went ashore; I thought it was something we eat, and I was not doctored soon enough; and then again I couldn't make the old fool of a doctor understand me, and so I died. He would have it that all the disease was in my head, and I knew to the contrary, and he went to doctoring me for something that was all right. I was almost crazy though, after the first dose of medicine I had. I died in Rio; I told my folks so, but they didn't believe it, because they had not heard from me. Well, I didn't expect to die, so I didn't tell anybody where I lived. I was kind of an ignorant chap, but that's none of your business, though I thought I would tell of it. My folks are poor, but that's no reason why I should not come. Well, about a fortnight ago I went to a medium, and spelt out something, and she sent it, and some of them laughed at it—some were mad, but some said, "Well, if you are here, (I told them I would be there) go to Boston and send us the name." They knew that the medium could not get to Boston, and didn't know this medium. Now I'm going back to that medium, and tell her I have communicated to you, and tell her to send it to them.

My folks are church people, and they say they will believe if I come here; well, I've come, now let's see them believe—that's what I want. I was called a fool by some, because I did not like to learn at school; but I learned more at sea than I ever did before. I was one of them kind that learn by observation. I want my folks to know I'm dead; that I have not gone to hell, and never will, either; and if they'll believe it, I want come back again, unless they want me to. My name is John Henry Barker, of Bangor. My folks will know me, if nobody else does. If I should come again, I'm going to give a communication to the Captain. He used to treat me well, and would knock a sailor down quicker than wink if he said anything wrong to me. April 5.

Father Durand.

I have been privately requested to return, and once more control your medium, and give my ideas in regard to the remission of sins. I will here take the liberty to inform the inquirer that my stay in spirit life has been so brief, and so full of mystery, that I can scarce collect enough ideas to comprehend myself; but this much I do know, that the spirit in mortal form has no power to retain or to forgive

sins. The all-pervading Power of the Universe has that power, and to Him all should confess. He, the great confessor of Nature, should be to mortals what He is to Nature. I am unhappy; I find myself standing upon dangerous ground, and all that I gathered to myself in an earthly existence has flown to the four winds of heaven, and I am alone, unaided, but not uncovered. I dared not come here to-day and aver that I cannot prove. Therefore I have answered my questioner in brief. I can give nothing more. I am Father Durand, of the Order of St. Mary's, Mobile. April 6.

Mary—to Mary Wilson, Boston.

My dear mother—The way is long that I have traversed to meet you to-day, and you must prize my coming, for I come to advise about Willie. You must give him a good share of good advice in regard to the business he is about to engage in, but must not attempt to dictate, as it will do no good, and much harm. You will receive many pearls in this way; prize them, dear mother, they will make up your crown hereafter. April 6.

Hosea Ballou.

Behold the mighty laws of attraction, that not only draw spirit to spirit, but binds them as one! Marvel not, mortals, that the spirit comes again to earth, but rather seek to understand the laws of God, who governs you all. I see, in mortal form imprisoned, a half-fledged spirit, seeking to burst its cell, and to soar on to meet a loved one. But can its flight be upward as well as onward? No. I see, also, one who has gone to the spirit world, and I have watched the chord which binds them growing shorter and shorter; and the time is even now when they must commune in earth life or in spirit life.

When the Angel of Death ruthlessly severs those chords which bind a spirit to its body, sometimes grief seeks an abiding place in the heart of a dear one left on earth, and it seeks to shorten its life here, that it may meet the departed one. Shall we, then, all grief a good spirit? No—all sorrow is darkness—it belongs not to good. Is not that good, then, which urges you to free the spirit from grief, that it may abide on earth its God appointed time.

You have many mortals to understand; as yet you are children in the great wilderness of an earthly life.

Again, shall we say that the spirit of the Most High interceded and called that spirit to the land of the unseen by accident? No. Although our Creator governeth all things, yet man is his own spiritual and moral agent. If by reason of carelessness the spirit becomes disrobed of its outer covering, does it prove that God called that spirit upward or heavenward? No. It proves clearly that the spirit that has just passed on, went over the bridge which divides you from that one, by reason of folly. And yet such a child is not unhappy because of that folly, for one of ancient time told us the sin of ignorance God winked at.

The spirit who has passed away from your sphere has stronger attractions here than it has in spheres beyond. The mother she has left thus suddenly, cries out; "Oh, how hard it is for me so early to let go of that spirit—to give up the daughter I love!" And think you that cry has not an echo in spirit life? "Ah," says the child, "can I see that fond parent languishing in grief; can I dwell in peace in my spirit home, in quiet, while my mother is suffering?" No; and back the spirit lies to earth and begs an entrance into that which was once its home. Now it is the work of the disembodied spirit, to free the poor one in earth from the mantle of grief. Unburdened clay cannot raise itself above its own foundation, the earth. Thus grief might sit eternally there, did not the spirit for whom it sighs return, and lift the veil. And when such disembodied ones return, and come in contact with grief, it is absorbed by the soul, and that covering of the spirit is enwrapped in gloom, black as the covering you mortals are wont to wrap about the form when death visits you.

And as ye see that this grief must be carried away by the spirit ere the poor earth wanderer can be free, be ye mediums every one of you, and assist in lifting the dark pall. Who shall reward you? Your God, who giveth unto every man his just due. Therefore see to it that your hands are ever ready, and your spirit ever willing to aid mankind to be happier and better. When time shall be no more with you, may your garments be white, your souls filled with wisdom, and your feet shod with everlasting peace. May those who gather around you to scatter gems in your pathway, not only find access to the outer, but to the inner temple, and then may you rejoice in the coming of those you love, not only in time, but where there is no time. May 11.

Levi Woodbury.

I had designed to commune with you and the world to-day, but, as I have much to give, I am told I would better defer my visit until a more convenient time—until I shall find your medium in a more perfect state for me to commune through. Not that I require more than others, but because I have much to give. I shall take much from the medium, who is not in good condition to-day. I shall, therefore, defer until a more fitting opportunity. As I have been called upon to guide your circle to-day, I shall now close. April 7.

Peter Goode.

This makes four times I've come, and got beat off every time till now. I had never ought to come here to the spirit world in the way I did; it was wrong. Nobody knows me here, I know. Do you want to know who I am? My name is Goode—that's a good name, isn't it? The fact is, I am all wrong, not right at all. I want to know what I have got to do. I was murdered—killed.

I've got a medium down here a little ways, and I wrote something, and wanted her to send it, but she wouldn't, cause she was white and I wasn't. Somebody else in the world was more to blame than I am. My name was Peter Goode; you are getting me mixed up with Wash; he committed murder, down here a little ways. I'm worse than ever he was, though. What's become of Wash—do you know? I can't get at him. I kept round him till after he was convicted and sentenced, then I lost track of him, and I want to get to him some way or other. I can tell him something to benefit him, but he has never been round me at all. I know he was convicted and sentenced, and I expected him to come to me, but I have not seen him. They told me to come here. I went to the other medium and she wouldn't tell me of him; they sent me here. I've been dead most seventeen years. I am getting right now. Do you want to know how I died? I was killed—murdered, down a little ways from here. I am not sure about time—not straight, but its most that I had been dead most nine years when Wash got into a fuss. I want to know if the one that murdered me was hung? It was hard to tell who it was, I guess; but I know. I've seen my mother and my father, but I've got to keep after Wash, or I can't be happy. He was better than I, and he was mad when he done it—he was mad and got the worst of it. I got into a good many scrapes before I got caught. Nobody cares for me; I go to mediums, and they send me away.

I expected Wash was in hell. I worked for him till he got sentenced, then I lost sight of him. Well, he's got to suffer for his sins. You think I'll find Wash, do you? Then I will go. April 7.

[This spirit was the brother of Washington Goode, who was hung here about eight years ago. He was a black man and presented himself to the sight of the medium before he controlled, and as she objected, he found it very hard to do so.]

James Edward Thorne.

Any objection to my coming? I don't know how you proceed—explain it. Well, then, I'll give you a little, and if I can come again, well; but I, not, it is just the same. It's one thing to talk to your friends in private, and another to talk in public. They

might be ashamed of something—half of them were ashamed of me on earth. I have been dead nine years—I died in St. Louis—my name was James Edward Thorne. I suppose that I have no right to tell you what I did with—its none of your business—put that down. I was thirty-seven years of age—pretty old customer, was I? I had a mother on earth, no father, one sister and one brother. My mother lives in St. Louis. I have a sister in Minnesota; she's married, but I don't know who to, for I could not keep the run of her on earth. My brother is way off now up in the mines after gold. He's been there since 1850—he's been there since I died. I was to have gone with him, but the deuce of it was I died. I've been there, but not with my old body.

My folks always said I was a good-hearted fellow, if I would only let them alone; but they were a little ashamed of me. They are good folks, but they wanted to see things right. Somebody says they will want to know if I am happy. Well, I am happy as I ought to be. Fare is pretty high here, and that fare is goodness. I have not got much of that coin, so you see I have not traveled far towards happiness.

Well, Bill is in California, and well. I suppose they will like to know it, and when he will come home. Well, he's thinking of coming home next spring, but you can't believe what he says, for he has two minds very sudden.

I can't talk as that old fellow did, who came here first—everybody stands on his own ground here, and nobody would know me if I told you what I wanted to in the same style he talked.

I have a good deal to say to my mother; but I can't here. Tell her I am safe now. She always wished I was safe, somewhere, and I am safe here, sure. Supposing I should come again? Well, good by then, for this time.

Elias Smith.

Some of my friends have sent me a request that reads something like this: "Explain to us the phenomenon of Spiritualism." A very simple question, and one that can be answered very quickly. Every man has a volume within his own soul, which, if read carefully, will explain the phenomenon of Spiritualism. No one need go abroad for that—no one need to dig into the bowels of the earth—no one need to go from home for it. The light which has been sent from on high, shines on every soul, and if he will look within and read it, there will be no difficulty. It is not for me to explain it. I can give them proof that I can come and commune with them, but I will not explain the phenomenon, while they have so good an expositor in their own souls. My dear friends wonder why I wandered from one thing to another in earth life. I can tell them that it was because I found nothing to satisfy the longings of my soul. I can tell them that if the same light they can have, had shone for me, I should not have gone away dissatisfied. They called me turn-out, and it is just, but a very few can understand why I was so.

From my youth up I was inclined to study theology never so hard, but in line my ear unto wisdom as I might; still there was a vacancy nothing on earth could fill. I was often led to cry out why is this so? If the religion of Jesus Christ was given by God to satisfy the soul of man, why is it I am not satisfied? I went abroad for joy where I could not find it, and for happiness for joy where I have never been. These same friends wish to know what my ideas are in regard to universal salvation. I believe every child of the great common Father will eventually be saved, but I believe that every sin of the body will be atoned for. If you place your hands in the fire, you will be burned—if you trample upon the spiritual laws, you must suffer the penalty.

Another question is, "Do you believe in final retribution?" All mankind must in time come to purity. All mankind at birth are pure and innocent—the child is incapable of sin, and in the future the same spirit will come forth in the same purity.

I do not wish it to be thought that I discard the Bible. That record, as they look upon it, teaches them that the infant is a subject of damnation; but if they would only bring the light of love to bear upon it, how different would be the light which shines from that record.

All inspiration has a double meaning; look at the life and words of Christ, and no man can understand it who is a man of the world; but if he says to God, "Give me light," and looks within, God will give him wherewith to understand it.

I have also been called upon to give my views in regard to the present religious excitement—that great almighty sea of commotion that is casting up mire and dirt constantly. We look upon it in this light: as a stepping-stone to something higher—more beautiful. Every spiritual work has its use. We contend this is a spiritual work, however dark and mysterious it may seem to some who have greater light. God is in the work, and as one is brought from dense darkness to see a little light, is he not placed in a position to receive greater light? Thus the work tends to build up the Temple of Spiritualism. Every convert that falls to the power of the church, will be long call for this new light—will grasp for something better. They will taste of the light the church gives, and it will not satisfy; they will say, "Give me something more," and who shall answer but Jehovah? When the call comes, in His own way and in His own time He will answer. The last question upon the record seems to be this: Have you the same love you once had for your immediate family? Most certainly I have, only it is purified—that which was a bud is now a flower—that which in times past was but a bubble, has expanded to a wide ocean, and a thousand barks might sail upon its bosom, and thank God for its pure and deep running waters.

May rich blessings rest upon the dear ones who out of darkness called for light. May that which the darkness of God has been enabled to give them, be for their everlasting good.

April 8.

James Pogue.

This is no place for me—'m satisfied of that. I do not see why I was sent so unceremoniously beyond earth. I can't see how in God's name I over came to such an untimely end. You must expect but little from me, as I have but just come to the spirit land, and I hardly know whether I have my own body or another, or how I am situated. I know that I have left earth and how, but of my own condition I know but little, except that I am excessively unhappy.

There seems to be a gloom hanging around me that I cannot get rid of. The fact is, I am dissatisfied—I do not like being a spirit. I do not know why God placed me in such a position as this. I belong to in Mobile—that's a good way from here, for I know just as well about earthly localities as you do. What troubles me more than anything is, that my friends are in excessive agony about the strange, very strange things that have happened lately, and do not know that you want me here, or anybody else. I got permission to come, for I knew of these things ere I came to this position. My investigations never went far, for I was one who was willing to see what there was in my way, but not to go after it much. I anticipated a long life, and supposed I might improve myself in regard to my spiritual affairs when I had passed a longer life; but I was taken from earth ere I had made up my mind to go. If there is any way or ways for me to get nearer my friends, I want to know what that way or ways is. I do not know much about communicating—I talk what comes uppermost to me. I do not know what you do with what you get here.

I did not die of disease—my death was purely accidental. Oh, I wish to God I had not left home. It seemed to me, this morning I left home, that there was a black cloud hanging over me, and I thought that I was to be sick, or some of the friends would be sick, but I little thought what that cloud portended, until it burst upon me in all its fury.

My name was James Pogue. I was a passenger in the Fulton steamer. I believe I have got some friends or acquaintances in Boston who are spiritualists. I have been all the time trying to collect my

scattered senses, which seem to be scattered to the four winds of heaven. Well, if I give you something to read the friends here, they must be kind enough to send it to my friends at home. I cannot say all I want to say, to my friends here, but I can say all my black spots in my life to speak of, but I am on one side of the curtain and my friends on the other, and I don't know as they would like to have me speak openly here; so as I am conscientious, I will not do it.

I do not know anything about your God, your heaven or hell. I see no such place as heaven, as I supposed it was, neither do I see anything which looks like hell. Nor have I seen God any more than I did on earth; and as for the other gentleman, I have not seen him, and if he is now here I hope he will keep away. I do not talk very happily, but I cannot—I feel melancholy, and you would not have a person talk in gloom to you when he has sorrow in his soul. I do not know whether you Boston people are cold-hearted, or warm-hearted—whether you are disposed to do a poor man a kindness or not—if you are, it is well for me—if not, I am more than worse off for coming to you. This is all I can give you today.

April 8.

Life Eternal.

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

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

NO. 1.

The theme of Life Eternal. Painted, printed, written on every particle of matter! Where did this life begin? where shall these throbbing spirits end? Oh, give us, Thou great Infinite of Wisdom, myriads of eternities, and add them on through infinity, that the soul may grow to take in the smallest atoms of thy mighty attributes! To God and Nature we would inscribe the theme—life and beauty we would fill our page, and let it go on swelling the great tide of emotion that rolls heavenward.

How came, creeping into the soul, the dark shadow of "death"? How antagonistic to the life-principle! Can life die? Look abroad—take one glance over this little atom of creation you inhabit. Look at the great economy of nature; see how she throws off life from every particle of matter, and how, in the higher intelligence, the reproductive law is carried on. Let us first go to the vegetable kingdom, and see all forces standing to produce others, and still others—the seed, the germination, the growth, the unfolding; then the bud—the flower; another property, the fragrance; and still a finer—the gentle breeze that wafts their sweetness into the electrical currents of the atmosphere—and that, bursting and forcing its way into a softer current of finer air, till it reaches the spiritual home.

Go to the dead (apparently dead) mineral kingdom—dead to the material sight, and see life eternal there working. See new particles form and attract, till solid rock comes forth. Go scan the life of minerals—see them following nature's great law in strict obedience.

Vegetable matter having once thrown off its finer influences and forces, consolidates, and forms the mineral life. Then, again, see mineral decay soften and contribute to the vegetable growth.

The law of reproduction is the great law of nature, and the aim and end is, for all matter, both animate and inanimate, to throw off life.

Gaze on the tiny flowers that adorn your garden walks—from whence came they? They are made up of continued processes of heat, refinement, and attraction, that wait for their embodiment in the atmosphere. And the finer fruits of earth—do they come merely from the force existing in the tree? No! Only in part does the tree contribute. They germinate there, and bud. As the material body grows on the parent stem, but waits for a spirit to give it a finer being, so the little buds stand waiting after the blossom for all those finer particles that exist (though unseen) in the atmosphere, to come and hand their forces down to bring them to maturity.

The lower order of vegetable food have not these finer particles; they take sustenance from earth—and as man would make his body fine, (for we form our bodies from the nourishment we feed on) he should partake of the food that highest grows. Select, then, as he would his thoughts, those that grow nearest heaven. So intimately connected are the physical and mental parts, that if man would progress in knowledge and culture, he must have a corresponding culture from off the earth.

But what has this to do with eternal life? For earth—much of import and meaning; for earth shall yet embrace and hold a race whose lives are harmonious; whose spirits are attuned to celestial love and melody. And then they will be so nearly allied to heaven, that they can throw back bright powers and thoughts on the forms where they once stood. And when they gain this bright ascent, and stand so near to heaven's courts, spirit guardians and loving friends will reach forth the hand, and grasp them.

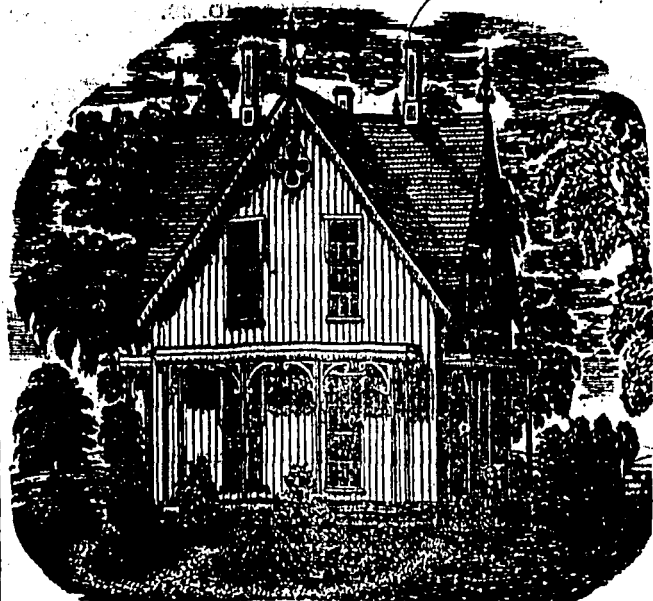
Oh, how the spirit grows with these majestic thoughts! To know nothing but life bursting in every grade of matter and mind, filling all the universe that God has made; multiplying and filling every atom of space that exists. When we reflect, and learn that we cannot find a vacuum in all God's broad domains, how the soul goes out in the path of investigation, to search out and know what fills this boundless kingdom; to know that every minutiae of form has the indwelling principle of God—which is Life.

Oh, how can the soul narrow itself to the compass to believe that some things die. Life knows no death. The lower order of animal existence that crawls upon the ground, is made for eternity, as well as you and I. God will not annihilate—and death and annihilation are but synonymous terms. They spring from error, and they must go back. Let us watch them, as their receding forms pass from our souls, and we take hold on things eternal. Can aught of mind or matter be destroyed that comes from out that great magnetic source of life, that never knew a beginning? Happy should we rest in the consciousness that eternity is made for us in which to dwell; and that that measureless period is given us for our progression, how wonderful must be the spirit whose powers are adequate to the long, long existence. With this thought what should we not reach forward to and grasp.

This united capacity of life dwelling in a material form, who can measure it? capable of going out and wandering through the avenues of knowledge that extend through all the universe. Oh, measure not the spirit of man by the temple he inhabits! How small in comparison! How insignificant of a soul of life are the little atoms of fluid, the vegetable and mineral proportions that make up the body that holds it. It is only the house to hold the spirit here; beautifully adapted to the planet it inhabits;

PROPOSED TOWNSHIP ASSOCIATION.

D. C. GATES, of Worcester, has sent us a Circular, in which the plan of forming an Association, partially on the "Community System," is thus set forth:



It is proposed to collect in some suitable localities, in any or all the States, if practicable, such parties as feel disposed to unite in more perfectly uniting individual means in fulfillment of the laws of society. To this end, invitation is being extended, fraternally, toward forming an Association to secure more perfectly the great end of this life, which is sufficiency of the resources of life, including all the Social and Educational advantages of property belonging to the race. A HOME FOR ALL has been preached, but it comes little in practice, like a good share of other sermonizing. Have we wisdom sufficient to form Colonies or Townships on a better basis than the present? It is believed so; and this Prospectus, in the absence of other means, invites attention to the matter, to gather up such as are interested, and as soon as enough are found in any point, to start a

Township. In order to defray the incidental expenses, each person joining the Association pays to a Committee duly appointed by the originators of this plan, the sum of One Dollar, to defray all necessary expenses in founding this Colony, and this is the only common fund required. Due guarantee shall be given that the best use shall be made of this fund.

Lands are open, in various parts of the country, to secure Townships or Colonies, if required. Let the plan of settlement be up to the wisdom of the age. Annexed is a plan of one hundred Farms of 100 acres each, and a mile square in the center for village use, where will be the Schools, Church, Shops, Stores, &c. Each neighborhood has four families, with a small park, which each house fronts; each family living on its own land, and each individual possessing his or her proper individuality and property; so there will be a good protective union, the material interest of each will be under his or her supervision and control, while the general welfare will be regarded mutually. A cut of a settlement is given above to show what may be done in the way of locating farms.

For further particulars, inquire of D. C. GATES and Z. BAKER, of Worcester, Mass.; or CHARLES CHURCH, of Otter River, Mass.; or A. P. PIENOR, of Belfast, Maine; or A. B. NEWCOMB, of Boston, Mass.; or C. C. WILLIAMS, of Norwich, Conn.; ANN BALLOW, of Hopdale, Mass.; or DR. BARBON, of Palmer, Mass.

Mr. Gates, in a note, says:—"You will see, by the small plan that I send you in the circular, that there will be 96 farms of 100 acres each, and a village centre of 640 acres. Forty acres of this is to be a Public Common, the rest is to be divided, equally, among the actual settlers."

The first great benefit will be that each person will have his lands—160 acres—for a Homestead, and about six acres of the village centre, at what it cost in the average by the township. Look upon this plan and you will see the moment these ninety-six friends have settled upon their lands this village centre will be worth, at a very low estimate, one hundred dollars per acre; that will be, to each, six hundred dollars for each and every one, as this value of his six acre lot in the village centre. The next will be the rise on his 160 acre lot, the lowest estimate, so I understand it; of the rise on the Homestead lot will be sixty dollars per acre, making the actual rise upon both lots to be the handsome sum of \$1600, to every one, more than it cost him. This is one reason why we should encourage it. The next is the social advantages with the privilege of selling off and subdividing into 80 acre lots, or 40 acre, or even 20 acre lots. Now, sir, when you take this fact, that ninety-six can start this movement, and will own 16,000 acres, but when subdivided there will be land enough for several thousand, I am confident that this only needs to be noticed in all the Reform papers of our land, to call out a large number of free and harmonious minds that are willing to start a Colony, as given in the Prospectus, and as explained by Brother BALLOW.

Fraternally yours,

D. C. GATES.

There are less of the impracticabilities attending "Socialist Associations," in this proposed plan, than in any we have ever seen. In fact, it may be said, to be merely an "Emigrant Society." Each individual is to have his Homestead, and his house in the village, which is a vast improvement on unitary "institutions," in point of practicability.

The difficulties attending all Unitary social movements, heretofore, have had their origin in the attempt to abolish individual rights, which the world is not yet prepared for, and which it will not be for many years to come. Selfishness has grown up like a weed in the garden of Humanity, and as generation after generation has, instead of endeavoring to uproot this weed, perpetuated it by sowing its seeds in the young gardens, which were to compose the future generation, it is too deeply rooted in the hearts of the soil for this generation, aided as it is, by angel hands, to pluck up by the roots. Some of God's children have out the stalk and leaves of this monster from the garden of their hearts; others have done this, and more—for they have aimed a blow at the roots, but alas! where is the man that can say he has entirely cleared the ground, so that God and His angels can sow the seed of Love and reap its wheat, with not a Tare in the sheaves? He is not on earth, we fear. The difficulties attending such movements do not lie in the absence of Truth, in their principles, or in the power of this Truth to give True Happiness, but in the unfitness of man to know Truth and enjoy True Happiness.

We think this movement has stepped far enough from the principles which govern social life in this age, and by acknowledging individuality, and the rights of Individuals to property, has in its elements of success.

Now whether it will succeed, or not, depends upon the energy, character and accomplishments of the parties who may locate. If farmers and mechanics of enterprise are selected, and a good "Protective System" adopted in supplying the village with necessities, it may succeed.

made to endure the varied changes of the earth; formed of all the materials that exist thereon. They are all called together, and made a delicate framework to hold the spirit. Then wonder ye that the change must come when earth claims the clay? when the animated matter goes back to be called forth again for another building? It is then the spirit stands out detached from those forces—and could it stay longer on earth? No; another planet attracts it, and it goes there with a body made up in the same manner of this, but corresponding with all the particles that make up the other planet.

As flowers on your earth are the finest development of beauty, made up more of the atmosphere of spiritual matter, I would liken the spirit unto them, and the body to the roots that cling to the ground. Oh, fathomless are the unseen powers of life made for that long unending existence! And where was the soul first born? By "soul" we understand the eternal principle. We, formed in God's likeness, must partake of His principles of animation; and added to that the thought principle. Then we, so nearly allied to God, with resources of brightest intelligence, shall we not go on rejoicing, and find Him in nature everywhere? All things speak of Him; then let the soul redouble His praise and power through everlasting ages. We will recognize Him in every tiny flower, in every spear of grass, in every form, however lowly. We will acknowledge Him forever through His works; and through the vast unfolding work of science, we will help to usher in His brighter rays that there exist. We cannot from Him turn aside, for all creation is His being. As we learn to read Him in surrounding things, He will dwell continually in our thoughts. But how much of His radiance is lost on souls that reflect Him not, that feel not the life-giving principle, that recognize not the countless tributary streams that flow unceasingly.

How happy he who knows this life eternal, who lives in things of life, who finds creation studied over with gems that fall from God's immortal crown—who looks on His all-animating works and says, "There is no fading joy—autumn leaves will bud again—winter's griefs will find a spring."

Change is the only form of death—a constant gradation from a lower to a higher existence, to echo the strain of life. Breathe it at the tomb, speak it by the shrouded form you once have loved; whisper it where beauty flies from fond embrace; tell it to the weary traveler; write it on the soul's bright tablet, that it may break through the thickest atmosphere that surrounds the darkest form. Oh, glorious day of animation! Mind triumphant over matter! Matter triumphant over death! The grave losing fast the victory! Death and its sting passing away—God's bright eternal kingdom opening unto our gaze.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

NEWBURYPORT, MAY 11, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—On Sunday last we were addressed through the mediumship of Mr. C. H. Crowell of Cambridge; in the afternoon the subject selected was the following verse: "They that believe and are baptised shall be saved, and they that believe not shall be damned." In connection with the verse, the signs in its connection which were promised were also discussed. The signs were, that they that believed should cast out devils, heal the sick, drink poison and be unharmed, &c. In discussing the connection which the established Church claims as the truth, it was asked if any single one of those powers have been shown by the believers and advocates of the old creeds—not one has ever been evidenced to a soul. The subject was discussed for nearly two hours, and was one of the ablest discourses ever delivered before us; the reasoning was acute and convincing to every candid hearer.

In the evening, Rev. Mr. Pearson, of this city, was announced as having prepared a sermon in opposition to us, and we were to be entirely used up. In consequence, the evening discourse was postponed until the close of his meeting, at which time the spirit, through Mr. Crowell, answered him, or rather attempted to, for there was little in the discourse to answer. He denied that any record is given in sacred history of any spirit ever appearing, except in the case of Samuel, and cavalierly disposed of profane historical record by saying that if there was any account, he did not believe it. He confined himself to ancient Spiritualism, and intends on next Sunday to explode the whole system of modern Spiritualism. It is very easy to see how far we may expect him to be, when he denies any ancient profane history, and disposes of well-attested accounts by simply saying that he does not believe them. If he had heard Mr. Crowell's answer, I hardly think he would attempt another exposure, for all of his arguments were utterly shown as fallacies.

Mr. Pearson is a preacher of the "Second Advent Faith," and Spiritualism has no opponent in this vicinity half so determined as his opposition; having, without sufficient notice, postponed our meeting to a late hour in the evening, we asked of him the favor of our announcing in his church, at the close of his discourse, that he would be answered by Mr. Crowell, and he refused. Either he has forgotten that when he and his believers were endeavoring to establish their church, they received the same opposition from the old churches that he now gives us, or else his progression has been of the retrograde order, and he finds it his duty to oppose all new truths which conflict with his creed.

I will say, in this connection, that in a conversation with him, he candidly admitted that he could not hold a discussion with any one of our mediums; he said, "he should be flogged immediately, because they would have the power of drawing assistance from a thousand minds to assist them." This, to me, was an acknowledgment I little expected, and appears to be an adoption of the first of our principles, for he must know that in a public discussion there would be more minds where influence would be in opposition than in favor of Spiritualism.

We have a medium in this city who writes Latin, Greek, Hebrew and French perfectly correct—also gives correct translations; the different Indian dialects are spoken through him, but not having any person conversant, we cannot tell about how correct these may be spoken. The Chinese characters are also given freely, as well as translated; persons who have known Chinese in California, say the pronunciation is good. We have compared some of his characters with a Chinese book recently come into our possession, and find them good copies. The medium has not the remotest knowledge of any language other than his own vernacular.

A skeptic—a student in College—recently said he would believe something in the matter, provided he could have some such evidence as above. The medium immediately became entranced, and for two hours wrote and translated in the different languages, and although he knew the medium had no knowledge, yet he still said he could not believe, but commenced asking questions, such as how old he was—saying that if Spiritualism was true, they (the spirits) could answer all questions—taking the ground that spirits were omniscient. It is worse than folly to discuss with such persons, for like their prototypes, the clergy and others, they know they have nothing to make, and everything to lose, in discussion. It seems very strange to me that these same men will believe all that Prof. Agassiz says, however much it may conflict with their belief, and certainly many of his geological explanations prove their religious theory to be incorrect, but since he is endorsed by the Harvard Professors, they dare not object to his revelations. So, also, with astronomers, from time immemorial; they have predicted the return of comets, and when the time comes they strain their eyes, and even their telescopes, to discover what they will honestly tell you they have no reason to expect, and finally, perhaps, announce the comet within the range of their telescopic-assisted vision, but invisible to all uninitiated; and this the believers in the infallibility of Harvard Professors swallow and call wonderful. And why? Solely because it partakes of the wonderful and miraculous; because, in fact, it is one of the mysteries entirely beyond the reach of their perceptions. But we show them no such far-fetched wonders. Spiritualism brings everything to the understanding of the investigator, and because it is divested of all the mysteries with which for so long a period it has been enveloped by interested religionists. These bigoted persons refuse to admit what they see; to them everything appertaining to the future must be mysterious, and need an educated clergyman to expound, or else it cannot be true. The most degraded among the heathen are more reasonable in investigating the teachings of the missionaries, than are these bigots in investigating the plain and simple truths we offer them.

I intended to have stated at the commencement of this letter, that Mr. Crowell gave universal satisfaction. Few mediums have been enabled to hold the attention of an audience for so long a time. At times he is most eloquent; in the afternoon, during the last fifteen minutes of his discourse, he gave one of the most brilliant bursts of eloquence I have ever heard.

VANATIAS.

THE BEST PLACE FOR BABIES.—"Mother," said a little three years old, whose nose had been "put out of joint" by the recent arrival of a baby brother, "if the baby should die would it go to heaven?" "Certainly, my child," responded the parent. "Then I think heaven is the best place for him," was the affectionate sister's conclusion.

Communications.

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

[G. H. Foster, Medium.]

Mary E. Torry, to her Husband.
My dear one, you ask me if I am happy in my spirit home? I can answer, yes. I am very, very happy. Just imagine me reclining on a bed of roses, with the perfume of aromatic flowers around me, and listening to the carol of sweet singing birds, and it will give you a faint idea of the home I now inhabit. I have been praying that the time might come when we could hold communion with each other. I can only thank the Father of the Universe that He has bestowed upon me the boon I so much desired. Husband, think of me often, not as in the graveyard, but as an angelic being; I will hover around to comfort and bless you, so that your interior may be brought out, and you may become a pure spirit. From your still loving wife,
MARY E. TORRY.

[Emma A. Knight, of Roxbury, Medium.]

Celia Randall to her sister Annette.
If thou wouldst court the favor of the good, then by purity and loftiness of purpose bring thyself into their sphere, thereby making thyself compassionate and congenial. If thou wouldst be beautiful, take the most proper care of thy spirit self, which, though plain and unseemly, can be made most lovely. If thou wouldst be loved, then seek those qualities which are like jewels of price set in the diadem of the soul. If thou wouldst be great, then by thy noble deeds win the honor of God, and the approbation of thy own conscience. Keep the garment of thy spirit bright and spotless, and thy flight, when leaving the material plane, shall be unencumbered by aught that could mar its progress.
CELIA RANDALL.

Forbearance.

The harder you are tried, the more need of forbearance. When angry words are spoken, let silence seal thy lips; that no retort shall make it (the war of words) rage higher. Better keep thy tongue well bridled, and be the sufferer, or injured party, than let it loose, and deserve reproach—for most truly when thy thoughts are cool again, ungoverned by anger or passion, they will surely tell thee thou art wrong, and the reality of this is greater than aught that can befall thee, for thy day of judgment is not in the future, nor is another thy judge; but the day is ever with thee, now and forever. Sin committed brings its remorse almost immediately—thou art the judge and the criminal, or thy conscience (part of thyself) judgeth, and has no leniency for thee. But when thou doest well, her praises are in proportion to the deed.

Oh, if mankind would practice more the virtue of forbearance, how peacefully would flow on the waters of time, carrying upon its broad, shining surface the barks of brotherly love, kindness, and truth. Thieu shall Christ's kingdom come on earth, even as it is in heaven, and peace and plenty reign forever.
A SMITH.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels, and words—
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time,
Shall live forever.

Unworn by numbers, follow Nature's plan—
Assert the rights, or quit the state of man;
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
Be slow to quick, but once resolved, be strong;
In spite of dullness, and in spite of wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Hither stand up assured, with conscious pride,
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

Those who put off repentance until another day, have a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passions waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart.
As fates the day-beam in the rosy west,
"T is with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their power.

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men, covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful and pure and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

The proudest motto for the young—
Write it in lines of gold,
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words unfold—
And in misfortune's dreary hour—
Or fortune's prosperous power—
"T will have a truly cheering power—
"There's no such word as FAIL."

Genius by intuition falls into truth, sooner than the greatest elaboration of mere talent can reason its way into it. It catches truth by inspiration. The one great fact of Nature and Providence flashes on it perpetually, like a sunrise of the soul.

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds of fire and steam,
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him like a dream.

Still, from the hurrying train of life, fly backward free and fast,
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged: the sorrow and the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are of our own akin;
And, in the tales our fathers told, the songs our mothers sung,
Tradition, snowy-bearded, leans on Romance, ever young.

Virtue, in order to become either vigorous or useful, must be habitually active, not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of a comet; but regular in its returns as the light of day; not like the aromatic gale which sometimes fans the senses, but like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air and renders it healthful.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

On the First Page of the BANNER—Poetry; "The Fatal Legacy," a well-written tale, which is concluded on the Second Page.

Third Page—Poetry; "Money Moons, or Haste and Repentance;" "The Recall;" "The Broken Circle, or Early Love," &c.

Fourth and Fifth Pages—The usual variety of entertaining editorials, reports of lectures, correspondence, &c.

Sixth Page—The Messenger department.
Seventh Page—Life Eternal, (a spirit message); Proposed Township Association; Communications; Correspondence.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed old Mrs. Beeswax. "What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that a man had six heads in his hat."

Railroad accidents seem to be the order of the day at the present time. No sooner is one horrid casualty duly chronicled, than another turns up. The last occurred upon the Lafayette and Indianapolis road, 15th inst. As the Cincinnati night express train, bound north, was crossing a bridge 22 miles east of Lafayette, it gave way, precipitating the whole train into the water. The accident happened at one o'clock in the morning. The night was very dark, and the high water had undermined the abutment of the bridge. The train was running at the rate of 25 miles an hour. The engine had reached the end of the bridge, which was 100 feet long, when the whole gave way. James Irwin, conductor, Jacob Bertenger, engineer, and Maioney, fireman, were killed. No passengers injured.

HANCOCK.—Dr. Stone, the sculptor, has finished the nude figure of his statue of John Hancock, ordered by Congress, and is now "draping it," having the actual habiliments of the illustrious Boston merchant to model from. The statue is about seven feet high, and represents the first President of Congress, when, after the Declaration had been signed, he urged a unity of action, saying:—"We must all hang together!" It was then that Franklin added, *solito voce*, "or be hung together!"

The staid Bostonians have actually been naming a ship "Lola Montez." If anything like her name, she, it will take a ripper of a clipper to whip her, says the Buffalo Republic.

There has been an "awful" hailstorm in Chester Co., Virginia. The damage is immense. Vegetation was destroyed, trees torn to pieces, &c. The hail was from two to three feet deep in some places on the roads, many of the stones being the size of hen's eggs.

We learn from our correspondent at Cincinnati that Bro. Wadsworth, trance-speaking medium, lectured in that city on the 9th inst., morning and evening, to very large audiences.

The efforts to stop the crevasse, twenty-five miles above New Orleans, have been abandoned. The damage by the various crevasses in the city and vicinity of New Orleans, is counted by millions of dollars.

Mrs. York, healing medium, has removed from No. 60 Harvard street, to 14 Pleasant. See advertisement.

Tunkerman, the mail robber, entered the New York Prison on Thursday, the 18th, to commence his twenty-one years' term of imprisonment. He requested the New York Jailor to lay away his clothes carefully in a casket, so that he might have them when he came out.

The news from California, by the late arrival, is unimportant, except the intelligence from several mining districts, which is of a gratifying character. Great excitement was said to exist at Poget Sound in consequence of the discovery of new mines in that locality. Vessels were despatched by their crews, saw

mills were obliged to cease operations for want of flour, provisions had experienced a great rise, flour selling for one dollar per pint, and two new hotels had been erected with great expedition at Port Townsend. At Sonora, in one instance, a pound of gold was realized from one pan of the decomposed quartz.

Billy Bowlegs, and his whole party, consisting of 160 persons, arrived at the U. S. barracks, New Orleans, May 16, on their way to the Indian territory.

A young gentleman, very conceited and vain of himself, and who, by-the-by, was rather disfigured with a face much pitted by the smallpox, was addressed by a chap who, after admiring him for some time, said:—"When carved work comes in fashion, you'll be the handsomest man I ever put eyes on."

Exercise.—For the preservation of health, exercise is of the utmost importance. Respiration, circulation, digestion, secretion, and all the bodily functions are assisted by it; causing, at the same time, clearness of mind and cheerfulness of heart. The evil results of the want or deficiency of exercise are seen in persons of indolent or sedentary habits. Indigestion, costiveness, constipation, and a multitude of chronic maladies are produced, besides the general derangement and discomfort of the whole system under which nervous patients suffer. We hope some of our female friends will take the hints given above, and act accordingly.

Wellington.—"I'm losing flesh," as the butcher said—then he saw a man robbing his cart.

Boston Museum.—"Batkins at Home," is a new play which has been performed here during the past week, and which will be continued for the present. It is a sequel to "Silver Spoons," and of course Warren is the performer. The play has no superior merit, but the delineations of their parts by Warren, Whitman, Davies, etc., are capital.

The Post announces, in large black letters, "Adams Printing Press for sale." We was not before aware that the "first parent" was a printer.

Old maid.—"What! nine months old and not walk yet? Why, when I was a baby, I went alone at six months." Young indignant mother (aside).—"And she's been alone ever since."

Utah.—The war department has received dispatches from General Johnston, dated Camp Scott, March 14. A large train of provisions was, within two days' march of Camp Scott, as was also the eastern mail, being the first official mail since September. Mr. Jones, the contractor, deemed it advisable to cause a halt till he should be reinforced by Gen. Johnston, to whom he sent for assistance, as a large body of Mormons appeared in his rear. Gen. Johnston immediately sent the necessary aid. It is reported that the Mormons appear very warlike. They can be seen at all hours in large numbers on the adjacent hills. It is expected that Gen. Johnston has had a brush with them before this. The report that the Mormons are all leaving Utah is false.

Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything."

Ordway Hall is doing a rushing business. Cocoa has the most wonderful power of sustaining muscular strength in the absence of food, and of preventing the wasting of the tissues of the body during the greatest and most prolonged exercise.

It is just after a "panic" that new tides of success arise.

THOMAS TIMES.—An old settler near Bloomington, Illinois, says the winter of 1830 was remarkable for the scarcity of money, so much so, that one man elected Justice of the Peace, could not raise enough to pay an officer for swearing him in; so he stood up before a looking-glass and qualified himself!

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady to a friend. "Why, he has made a fiddle all out of his own head, and he had wood enough for another."

FREE CONVENTION—CALL TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.

The dehumanization of humanity from all such influences as fetter its natural and vital growth, is too evidently the condition of all Progress, and therefore the duty of Philanthropy, to remain unattended in this call. The history of the beautiful only at the points where it records the encroachments of human freedom on the natural limitations of artificial tyrannies imposed upon thought and action. And the future is hopeful only in such proportion as it points to the wide and well-grounded emancipation of the race from the spiritual despotisms that, on the one hand, now control thought, and the civil and social disabilities that, on the other, restrain action; into that free and pure life which both are yet destined to retain. Every Philanthropist, therefore, who welcomes the present movement, and who, in the present age, to challenge the institutions that claim control over humanity, and to insist that those claims shall be appealed to the tribunal of demonstrable facts and rigid indications, rather than to the traditions of the olden time. The signers of this call desire to aid in carrying up this appeal. They believe the time has come when the friends of Free Thought in Vermont will find it both pleasant and profitable to take counsel together, and have a mutual interchange of sentiment on the great topics of Reform. That we welcome the friends of the cause, and that we are among us, is not to be expected, but it is believed that in person, we should "see eye to eye," and it is rumored, not creeds, that vitalize and harmonize effort.

With these convictions, we whose names are appended to this call, do most earnestly and earnestly invite all Philanthropists, and Reformers in and out of the State, to meet in FREE CONVENTION, at Rutland, Vt., on the 25th, 26th and 27th of June next, to discuss the various topics of Reform that are now engaging the attention and effort of Progressive minds.

In reference to the names appended to this call, it will be evident that it is not the project of any special branch or division of Reformers—having some shibboleth of its own to be mouthed with provincial accent—but the unanimous movement of those who hail from every section of the great Army of Reform, and who are determined to stand together. The catholicity of spirit and purpose, which will characterize the proposed meeting, are thus sufficiently guaranteed, and the assurance well-grounded, that every thought will be frankly and fully treated at the hands of the Convention, and thus the interests of the largest philanthropy secured.

As the friends of Free Thought, come, come all. Men of all religious creeds, and men of no creed, shall find equal welcome. And woman, too, let her come, both to adorn by her presence, and strengthen by her thought, and give depth and earnestness to the action of this gathering in behalf of humanity. Let her vindicate by her own eloquence and zeal, the social position she is so nobly and rapidly winning for herself. The only common ground on which we seek to meet, is that of *REASONABLE DISCUSSION*, and the only pledge we make is to bring a rational investigation to the solution of every problem involving the social or religious duty and destiny of the race. In this faith we hail all as brethren and co-laborers.

Further notice of the Convention, with a programme of its exercises, so far as can be previously arranged, will be published in the newspapers.

Children's Department.

Prepared for the Banner of Light.

[NEW SERIES.]

ENIGMA—NO. 29.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 4, 25, 29 is a polite accomplishment.

My 2, 3, 8, 14, 40, 59, 19, 46, 12, 27, 15, 17, 36, 40, 67, 42, 44, was one of the seven wonders of the world.

My 16, 20, 23, 26, 18, 34, 32, 11 is an adverb.

My 10, 24, 36, 6, 63, 7, 55, 62, 23, 28, 56, was the field of a great battle, fought December 8, 1800.

My 54, 52, 2, 12, 83, 59, 35, 37, 43, 17, 55, 45, 27, 43, 49 is the cause of much political excitement.

My 25, 30, 6, 18, 39, 3, 50, 33, 58, 31, 61 is an architectural wonder.

My 1, 7, 40, 41, 19, 9, 40, 83, 64 was a German poet.

My 21, 40, 10, 39, 60, 51, 18, 47 was a distinguished revivalist.

My whole is a familiar passage in Pope's "Essay on Man."

BOSTON, MASS.

TYPHO.

ENIGMA—NO. 29.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 8, 7, 11 is made in North Carolina.

My 13, 7, 2, 12, 11, 7, 5 is a person in a bad frame of mind.

My 2, 10, 7, 12 is used in a house infested with nuisances.

My 18, 9, 8, 16, 10 is supposed to have been the name of one of the Popes.

My 11, 9, 18, 7, 10, 8, 17, 16 is often indulged in by the smart.

My 6, 3, 13, 8, 9, 10 makes up about one-fourth of every man's life.

My 17, 13, 15, 4, 9, 14, 1 is the name of the whole of our existence.

My 18, 9, 13 is much used by farmers, and is also very useful to mankind.

My whole is a saying not found in Solomon's Proverbs.

JOHN S. CARRIES.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(Be more careful in spelling, or in numbering your letters.—Ed.)

ENIGMA—NO. 30.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 40, 9, 31, 20, 10, 15 we should not be.

My 17, 2, 27, 33, 43, 6, 42 we ought not to be.

My 23, 14, 46, 3, 30, 10, 26 we can be.

My 42, 15, 7, 4, 24, 34, 28 we should strive to be.

My 8, 12, 37, 17, 42, 45, 16, 33, 35, 24 in speaking, we should beware of.

My 1, 18, 5, 13, 36, 33, 19, 44, 32, 39 in writing, we should not be.

My 31, 44, 23, 36, 15, 25 we should all strive to obtain.

My 2, 11, 40, 38, 24, 21, 26, 22, 13, 23 almost all are agreeable to.

My 22 is U.

My whole is what all may find in the "Banner of Light."

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

ENIGMA—NO. 31.

I am a word of 9 letters.

My 3, 6, 2, 8 is a city spoken of in the Bible.

My 8, 7, 6, 9 is seen on vessels.

My 3, 5, 6, 9 is a part of the neck.

My 6, 9, 5, 8 is a fruit.

My 1, 7, 5, 6 is an article much used.

My 4, 2, 3 is an intoxicating drink.

My 6, 8, 7, 6, 1 are used by gamblers.

My 6, 2, 3, 1 are made by thousands, and are used in great numbers.

My whole is a place of some importance in Asia.

ROXBURY.

J. G. C.

BANNER OF LIGHT.—Would it not be well to say to your original correspondents that they must use such words only as are found in Webster's Dictionary, and that the same definition must be given to each word, as given by Webster?

EMMA.

We hope our young friends will profit by the suggestions of our friend Emma. We are aware that several errors have occasionally occurred in print.

A. LEE, SALEM.—We should have printed your long acrostical enigma; but, on examination, found a fatal error—the number given not corresponding with the answer, by a very long figure.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

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

Mrs. M. MUNSON, Medium, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, No. 31 West street, Boston. See advertisement.

MRS. DICKINSON, Trance and Healing Medium, 38 Beach street, Boston. See advertisement.

Mrs. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery Place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours from 9 to 1, and 3 to 5. Terms 50 cents a seance.

Mrs. L. E. EMERY, healing and developing medium, may be found at No. 20 Pleasant street, Charlestown. Terms for each sitting, 50 cents.

Mrs. SAMUEL, Trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Will also attend funerals. Address, Randolph, Mass., March 13.

Mrs. L. S. NICKERSON, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. She will also attend funerals. Address, Box 316, Worcester, Mass., Feb. 27.

Mrs. ROSA T. AMERY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 32 Allen street, Boston. She will also attend funerals.

Mrs. BEAR, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, Rooms No. 90 Eliot street, Hours from 9 A. M. to 1, P. M., and 3 to 5 P. M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

Mrs. SARAH A. MAQUON, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 375 Main St., Cambridgeport—care of George L. Child. At Jan 23.

J. V. MANFIELD, Boston, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.

Mrs. W. R. HAYDEN, Rapping, Writing, and Test Medium. See advertisement.

Mrs. J. W. OUNIER, Trance-speaker, will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Mrs. C. is a Clairvoyant, Test, Healing, and Rapping Medium. Address, 7 W. Currier, Lowell, Mass.

CHARLES H. CORWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.

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

Mrs. J. S. MILLAR, Trance and Normal Lecturer, clairvoyant, and writing medium, New Haven, Conn.

JOHN H. OUNIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 120 Northwile street, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. B. NIGHTWALK, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will receive callers at her residence in West Randolph, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week. Terms for Examination, 50 cts. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. 2m Jan 16.

Wm. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Randolph, Vt.

H. B. STONER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.

GEO. M. RICE, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Williamsville, Kentucky, Conn.

Mrs. H. F. HURLEY, Trance-speaker, will attend to calls for Lecturing. May be addressed at Paper Mill Village, N. H.

H. N. BALLARD, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.

L. E. COONLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

A. C. STILES, Independent Clairvoyant. See advertisement.

OBITUARY.

Passed to the higher life, at Stockbridge, May 8th, ELIZABETH, wife of Rev. Thomas Brewster, in the 54th year of her age. In her childhood she was connected with the Baptist Church, and was a member of the same. Her last illness, which was but a few days' duration, was characterized by resignation; and ere she departed, she was permitted to behold the presence of spirit waiting to accompany her in her journey to the Spirit Land. —Yours, J. A. LYONS, QUENBURY, May 11th, 1858.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—A limited space will be devoted to the wants of Advertisers. Our charge will be at the rate of FIVE DOLLARS for each square of twelve lines, inserted thirteen times, or three months. Eight cents per line for first insertion; four cents per line for each insertion after the first, for transient advertisements.

ROOMS TO LET.—Two Rooms in the premises occupied by us, No. 3-12 Brattle street. They will be finished to suit occupants, and each will make a genteel office, for any one desiring it. may 22.

MRS. YORK, HEALING MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT, No. 14 Pleasant street, entrance on Spear Place, Boston. Mrs. Y. heals the Sick and reveals the Past, Present and Future. Terms for Examination, \$1; Revelation of Events, 50 cents. Hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. may 22.

OUR NEW 30, 18 AND 12 INCH GLOBES show the new and important discoveries in Africa, by Barth, Livingstone, and others; New Towns in Kansas, etc.; also, the New Territory of Dakota; the U. S. Mail Steamship Route to California, via Panama; the Overland Route to California; the course of the proposed Submarine Telegraph; the divisions and boundaries in the United States; the Atlantic Coast, as Australia; the Arctic regions; the Antarctic Continent laid down for the first time on these Globes—in a word, they are, we think, the most accurate and modern of any in market. For Descriptive Catalogues, address, MOORE & NIMS, Publishers, Troy, N. Y.

MRS. M. A. LEYON, M. D., MIDWIFE AND LADIES' PHYSICIAN, 36 Beach street, Boston. Mrs. L. has engaged a superior Trance Medium, for the examination of disease and spiritual communications, either by Writing, Rapping, Tipping, or Entrancement. Persons sending hair must enclose \$1, and two stamps. Information given upon either subject by letter. \$2. Medicines for every ill, put up as the Spirit directs, and sent by express to every part of the world. Also, healing by laying on of hands. Patients attended at their residence. N. B.—Persons in indigent circumstances considered. may 15.

MOST STARTLING DISCOVERY.—The original Gospel of Jesus, translated from manuscripts in Latin, found in the Combs of Rome, and by Rev. George Smith. This Gospel is compiled by MATTHEW from his own memoirs, and those of PETER, MARK, LUKE and JOHN, and lastly revised by PETER. Also, the Acts of the Eleven Disciples; The Last Epistle of Peter to the Chaplains; The Acts of Paul and the history of the Christian Era, and the history of Jesus by PETER. Hence the real New Testament, admitted by divines to have been lost in the early ages of the Christian Era, is found, and free from human interpolations, and here presented to the world. Price, \$1.00. For sale by S. T. MUNSON, Great Jones street, N. Y. 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473