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## Poetry.

Salaton of Written for the Banner of Light. THE "PROFESSORS" VS. "RAPPINGS." BY COSMOS.

- Some certain Professors once tried to discover The law and relation of rappings; But found that at best, 'twas a futlle endeavor, To prove it by tricks and foot-tappings.
- They claim that Galvani or Mesmer at best, Elucidate plain to the mind: . . In electrical forces, which mortals possess.
- The cause of the tippings we find. The Davenport youngsters were chosen in form, From countless circles of Mediums: The spirit of John, with a battered tin horn,
- Played snatches of grand to-deums. A few days' sitting, with scarcely a tipping, Disgusted these Doctors of knowledge;
  For the promised report they seem unwilling.
- To give it the stamp of their College. The Magi of Egypt, once counted impostons, Are proved to be honest and true; The reds of the priests this strange fluid fosters, As serpents uncoil to their view.
- So Saul and the witch 'twould seem but in keeping, With a bottle of Galvanised thunder, Burst open the tomb of old Samuel, sleoping Thus robbing the grave of its plunder.
- The transfiguration: the water and wine. The healing of sickness, and curing the blind; The Miracles all, they were never divine,-For a cure-all in act was this fluid designed.
- A few simple facts with a moral for each, We wish that all wise-heads may learn,-Don't try to pluck fruit that's out of your reach, Or fossils unseen by the sun.
- A new revelation will doubtless be made, To benefit suffering possessors; Until we receive it our prayers must be laid At the doors of the College Professors.

Splendid Romancel

#### COUNTRY NEIGHBORS:

THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER 1.

"She is an orphan, hard her lot, With strangers had she grown; Holy Father, shield her well, 'Tis hard to be alone.''

busier place than the village of Mapleton on Rapid one the idea of subtraction as readily as those of her river. It is situated at the "head of navigation.", sister, long measure, while her stiff, full skirts made as the geographers term it, or in more common terms, her look broader than she was long, and one feared near the mouth of the river, just where the stream that the base was not strong enough for the superpours its somewhat shallow, but noisy waters, into structure. She took music lessons of her eldest the more tranquil Connecticut.

There is a fine water power here, for the river falls Academy twice a week. one hundred feet within the space of a quarter of a mile; Nature, therefore, has furnished its capital. but there are few rich men in the region to build Ada Grace bothering her head about it, for the more large mills, so, that there is no monopoly of the water, and hundreds of little shops with their buz- got a husband, and I mean that my beauty shall zing wheels are scattered upon the banks, giving to learn only accomplishments. She can sing and play the place a population of thriving mechanics, and Sweet Afton," and has embroidered two ottomans. well-to-do farmers, the latter finding ready sale for the products of the soll.

The village is like a beehive, and no drones are allowed, or if they intrude themselves, they are left | a rock on St. Helliner." so entirely alone in their solitary dignity, that, to all intents and purposes, they might as well be glued over and stuck to the hive, as try to enjoy life in this busy place.

Some twenty years ago a certain lawyer who had held office under General Jackson, but who had long since been denied the flesh-pots of Egypt, and even the leeks and onions of the Kitchen Cabinet, straved into Mapleton.

To his astonishment he found but one professional man, besides the minister, a doctor, and even he was devoting most of his time to raising merine sheep to supply the woolen mill of the Mapleton Manufacturing Co., that had a capital of five thousand dol-

Our ex-office-holder was somewhat surprised at the number of shoe shops, peg factories and places young man; I only meant that all fairy stories befor making buckets, clothes pins, wash tubs, &c. gin with some poor little despised damsel. By the Moreover, he ascertained that the wives of the most way, methor, what makes you call your little handthriving men in the place, even Mrs. Spicer, the trader's wife, and Mrs. Mudge, the doctor's wife, did their own house work; there were no servants in the place, only now and then when the census was increased, a neighbors' daughter condescended to be

"Just the place for me," said the hungry officeseeker; "I'll bring my family, and we'll be top of the heap, the only real gentility of the place. They will give me all the offices I want, and, if I only manage right, who knows but before five years are out I shall be 'Hon. Solomon Shuttleworth, M. C., asked almost in a breath. from Mapleton l'"

With such gay visions in his brain, he returned to the city, and, after consultation with Mrs. Shuttle & "We can't have that much longer, Mr. Shuttleworth, who, by the way, nelli the staff in her own worth, unless you get that clerkship in Washington, hands, they concluded to take their departure for that you've talked about so long. The baker sent in this land of promise. They had long struggled to his bill this morning, but I had to put him off, for maintain the appearance of gentility upon very Le Follet must be paid in advance." slender finances. A poor, little bound girl was the drudge of the family, which consisted of the father shall soon see a change and, mark my words, the and mother, two sons and three daughters. Now it time approaches when my falcuts will be appreciated,

was not perfectly "genteel," so "Arthur Wellington" and "Alexander Hannibal" were placed as clerks on Washington street; but after a short trial, being found deficient in arithmetic, were dismissed, and were seeking other places at the time of their

father's change of residence.

"Arabella Sophla," "Margaretta Francesca." and "Ada Grace," were model young ladies, being brought up under the special tuition of their mother. They wore the longest waists, the largest bustles, and the most sweeping dresses of any of the fair damsels of "Smith's Avenue." Hoops were not in vogue then, or I should have to tell you of the great circle around which the beaux, who called now and then upon the young ladies, revolved like the satellite round Jupiter. . They had dark, stiff hair, which gave them some trouble, as long, dreoping ourls were fashionable; but after much torturing and confinement in ourl papers and pinching with tongs and plastering with patent curling fluids, they succeeded in producing certain elongated spial ornaments, reminding one of candles dressed in mourning.

The young ladies were somewhat compressed in the chest as their mother had always been of the opinion that out of door exercise made young ladies coarse, and fresh air in sleeping rooms brought on colds, so the daughters kept their lungs, like their hands, small as possible. Unfortunately tight waists were the rage, and whenever new dresses were made, they followed the illustrious example of General Jackson at New Orleans, and "raised cotton breastworks."

A hired piano stood in the parlor, and occupied the morning hours of Arabella Sophia and Margaretta Francesca. Their evenings were devoted to the beaux, among whom, one clerk with very slick hair, and turned-down shirt collar, named "Edward Augustus Fitzwilliam," was the especial favorite of the family, and supposed to be desperately in love with "Arabella Sophia," because he wanted her so often to sing and play,

"Go, forget me-why should sorrow," &c. Mrs. Shuttleworth insisting upon it that young men in love always sung such pathetic songs that express just the opposite of what they mean.

True he had n't much salary to depend upon, but then he was so "genteel," had such long, slim, white hands, and wore such a "love of a vest," blue and gold color with rosebuds scattered over it!

But we have quite forgotten "Ada Grace," the pet of the family. Unlike the rest of the children, she had light hair, blue eyes and fair complexion.

"My wax doll," her mother called her, and rightly, for she seemed to be endowed with the same quantity of brains, and the simpering expression Nowhere in New England can the traveler find a peculiar to the doll sisterhood. Her dresses gave sister, and attended Monsieur Le Follet's Bancing

> "As for Rithmetic and Gografy," Mrs. Shuttleworth said, " for my part I do n't see much use in book learning girls have, the more difficult it is to one with a splendid white house with green blinds, and a little 'sheperdess with a crook tending lambs, and the other with Alexander Bonaparte sitting on

> The family were scated at the tea-table one evening, just before their father's return from Mapleton. "I say, if the old gent would only shell out the cash, we'd go to the theatre to-night," said Arthur Wellington, "for old Job comes off with Cinderella

> as an after pieco." "Oh, do take me," said Ada Grace. "Cinderella will be so delightful!"

"Ha! ha! Waxy, you need n't ever expect to be Cinderella; you are too much dressed and petted at home for that. It will take Sally to play that game."

"What in the world are you talking about, Alexander Hannibal?" said his mother, sternly, while Ada Grace gave her head a toss, and pouted out her pretty lips, as if her dignity was much offended.

"You need n't make a fuss for nothing," said the maid down in the basement Sally-she says that is not her name, it is Alice."

"Well, if I chose to call her Sally, nobody has a right to prevent it. Sally is altogether a more proper name for a kitchen girl than Alice."

"This is a new way of robbing one of their good name." said her son, with some attempt at wit. Just then the door opened, and Mr. Shnttleworth

made his appearance. "Good evening, Mrs. Shuttleworth! all well at home? Any news, boys?" These questions were

"Eh! nothing but dry bread and cakes for sup-

was considered far beneath the dignity of any mem- and I shall hold up my head in Congress yet. If I much at her taste, and declared they should feel hor- poor boy takes so much comfort with them. And mind the corners, nobody will see the ber of the family to engage in any business that can't make a speech equal to the best of 'em, then ribly lonely with so many trees and bushes about, just think about his grafting those trees, from read.

my name is n't Solomon Shuttleworth. But send for and it would n't be at all like the city, that she soon some oysters, and I'll tell you my adventures,"

"The old story," said his wife, "always something coming, never anything here. If my name was that their appearance would astonish the natives. Solomon Shuttleworth, I guess we'd sco ----"

" What we should see," said Arthur Wollington. But where are the oysters?" "Send Sally," said Alexander Hannibal.

The bell rang, and in answer to the summons a pale, sickly-looking child, some twelve years of ago, appeared, and received orders to go out and buy a quart of oysters.

" No. two quarts," said Arthur Wellington.

"Three! three! all of three," said his brother. "Yes, mind you bring three," said Ada Grace.

"Oh, yes, let us have a good supper for once," said he father, depreciatingly.

Mrs. Shuttleworth, who was reomewhat undecided voice of authority?

"Bring one quart of oysters, and two dozen crack-

ing; submitting with that stoical philosophy which youngest daughter, exclaimed bedient husbands so soon acquire.

along the city thoroughfare. It was evening; the getting out." street was not well lighted, the air was chilly, and she kept by the side of the houses, and walked as heads, "both great and small," to catch a peep at fast as her tired, aching feet would allow. She pro- the new comers. Even Mrs. Sewall laid her potatoes cured the oysters, and was walking homeward, when on a clean plate, and joined the group, and her husshe saw a tall, awkward looking young man, leisurely band, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, came and walking the street, stopping at the windows, and made the apex to the pyramid, as he was wiping his making exclamations to himself.

"My gracious! if them aint coffee-pets! And what lots of shining kettles and sausepans! Crackers! Would n't mother's eyes sparkle to look at 'em! I'll go right in and buy that patent apple parer."

He was turning back to enter the door, when poor little Sally, as Mrs. Shuttleworth named her, tremling like a leaf, stumbled over the iron grating of the cellar window, and fell, scattering her oysters and crackers upon the pavement. Her fear of the young man was lost in the greater dread of her mistress's

your supper? Never mind, there's no use in crying | nuts." for what can't be helped."

"Oh, but she'll whip me, I'm afraid." "Whip you? who'll whip a little girl for stumbling

I never was in a city before. There," he added, cook." vhen he saw her pail refilled. "run nothing to your mother about it."

ther is dead. I'm a little bound girl," and she hur- gry family. ried away lest she should be reproved for her tardi-

In the meanwhile, the Shuttleworths were discussing Mapleton and their future prospects.

"If it was n't for Ada Grace," said Mrs. Shuttleworth, "I would consent to go; but how in the world the child can finish her education in such an outlandish place, is more than I can imagine."

"Oh, they have a good school there, I was assured by the postmaster. The teacher is a cellege student, the son of a farmer, who has worked his own way through college, and is now earning money to study a profession. He is a fine scholar, and their school s very popular."

"There, now, said his wife, with a sneer. "that's iust as much as you know about bringing up daughters. A farmer's son to accomplish off the beauty of the family! Where's the dancing academy, and the ing to arrange the house. painting, and the fancy work?",

"Well, well, these will come when I get into Conrress.—no mistake this time; those country people will be pleased enough to have such a family settle among them. We'll have everything our own way. eves, dressed just like the pictures in that magazine But here comes the oysters.

olace," said Arabella Sophia, who had lately taken head, that looked like our yollow painted churn, or it into her head to set up for a literary character. as it would look if it stood on long legs," So she read "James's last," and went to hear a course of lectures on the "Innate poetical idea of the Hottentot race."

There were two vacant houses in Mapleton, either of which Mr. Shuttleworth could rent. One was a call her," said Lizzic. huge shingle palace on the top of a hill, painted white, with a yellow door. There were no shade pendage, with the imposing appearance of the house, in health, decided Mrs. Shuttleworth in her choice. The other

though Arabella declared they might call it "a cot ing. I suppose it would almost break his heart if I tage," and for her part she should like it, especially should stop one of the newspapers." as they could have a woodbine twined over the side "Lawful sake! husband, I'd rather go without a of the house, yet the rest of the family laughed so turkey Thanksgiving than give, up the papers, the

acquiesced, and after weeks of bustle and preparation, they finally arrived at Mapleton, imagining

Mrs. Shuttleworth sold part of her furniture, and selected from the auction shops such as she thought would be most showy, having little regard to utility. A second-hand pier table, a half-worn tapestry carpet, a couple of glass mantel lamps with pendant ornaments, a half-dozen embroidered chairs, which, with the girls' ottomans, she thought would produce quite a sensation where home-made carpets and cherry tables were the ne plus ultra of gentility.

Their nearest neighbor was Farmer Sewall. He lived in a snug brick house in the "hollow," snrrounded by orohards, corn-fields and meadow lands. He worked hard, lived well, dressed in homespun, knew nothing of city fashions, but by the strength of before, now turned to the waiting child, and sald, in his sturdy arm thad won all the solid comforts of - life for his family.

Mrs. Sewall was one day standing by her cookingstove, lifting with a large fork a huge, vegetable net, The children looked vexers their father said noth- full of noble Carter potatoes, when Hannah, the

"Do look out, mother; the stage has just stopped Meanwhile, the little girl timidly wended her way on Davis's Hill, and the new folks from the city are

The window was soon filled with a pyramid of

"Wife, we must be neighborly," he said; "these people have traveled a great ways, and are commencing housekeeping anew; had n't we better send them in some dinner?"

"I would do it with pleasure, if I thought our country cooking would sult them."

"Hungry folks are not dainty; do as you would be done by, and do n't be troubled with 'ifs.'"

"Well, I don't know as it's best to send biled pot.' I have a notion city folks do n't like it much; sharp voice and strong arm, gold she burst into tears. but I have a couple of nice, roasted chickens in the "What's the marter ? that the young man, "spilt house, and wheat bread, and apple sayee and dough-

"That 's right-send a basket full."

"Who'll carry it?" asked the mother.

"Jim and Simon, of course," said the father, as on these confounded hard sidewalks? Never mind; two boys of twelve and fourteen years respectively top crying, and I'll fill your pail again, for I sup-stood watching the stage; "and give them your pose if I had n't been in your way, you would n't mother's compliments, and say that we feared they have stumbled. I guess I'm an awkward fellow, but | would need some provisions, before getting ready to

A canacious basket full of Mrs. Sewall's choicest cooking was accordingly despatched, much to the "It is not my mother I'm afraid of, sir; my mo. surprise of Mrs. Shuttleworth and delight of her hun-

"And what shalls I pay you?" said Mrs. Shuttle. worth, taking out a long red purse, heavy with steel "A little bound girl! What under the sun is beads. The boys shrugged their shoulders, and lookthat?" said the young man, as he turned again to ed at each other, and then at the purse, as if they examine the curiosities of the kitchen furnishing es- were entirely unprepared to make a bargain. At last Simon, gathering courage, said-

> "I guess mother didn't want any pay; she thought you were among strangers, and she would be neighborly."

> Mrs. Shuttleworth looked very smiling upon the boys, and said-

"You are nice boys, and very polite to strangers

we shall be happy to see your mother as soon as our parlors are ready for the reception of company." The beys ran home, glad to be dismissed so gra-

ciously, and Jim, who had a remarkably good mem ory, (being able to repeat the whole catechism ver. batim,) gave the errand just as it was delivered to him. Mrs. Sewall felt rather scandalised that pay should be offered for he neighborly kindness, and thought the message rather formal, so much so that she would not venture to offer her services in help-

"Why, wife, perhaps they have help sufficient, and need none from others,"

"I guess they have," said Simon, " for I saw two great-tall girls, with long, curling hair and black Joe Sikes sent to Lizzie from New York; and then "I'm glad there are some educated people in the there was a little short girl with curls all over her

> "And there was another one," said Jim : she was standing all alone in that great, cold kitchen, and looked very sad and pale, and had great blue eyes." "Oh, that is the hired help, servant, I suppose they

"Where is Jerry?" said Mrs. Sewall. as she glanced her eye round the well-filled table, and upon trees before it, but it was surrounded with a white the group of cheerful, hearty eaters, who were defence, and moreover the house was furnished with a vouring the well-prepared meat and vegetables with door bell, the only one in the village. This last ap that zest which labor and fresh air give to persons

"He is out in the shop, I venture to say," said his house she said was altogether too small, and more father, "and so engaged with his gimeracks that he over was not painted. It was a snug, little one did n't hear the, bell. I wonder what in the world story house, with ample room on the lower floor to will become of the fellow. He is always either read-accommodate the family, if they had chosen to think ing a newspaper, or at work on some notion or other so. It was in a warm, sunny place, with a small with his tools. I have my doubts what will become osphard of choice fruit, a trim garden, and, as the of it all, and if he was n't always so faithful to work roof was hidden by some old shade trees, it mattered on the farm when I set him at it, I believe I should little whether the house was painted or not. But put a stop to so many experiments and so much read-

ing how to do it is the papers. Why, we sold twenty bushels of fruit last year, all from the soions he set, when he was n't older than Simon."

"Yes, yes, wife, we all know he is mother's pet, and a wonderful boy, of course; but here he comes." A tall, rather awkward looking young man, about

eighteen years of age, entered, saying pleasantly-

"I hope I'm not growing deaf, mother, but I did n't hear the bell; I must have been pounding nails when you rung."

" Nover mind, child; there's victuals enough, only they are getting rather cold." "They've come! they've come!" said the two

boys, almost in a breath, to Jerry. "Who's come, pray?"

"The Shuttleworths-the whole family; two young gentlemen about your age, but dressed much finer, I can tell you. Their hats shine like grandma's satin bonnet, and their pants are strapped down to their feet like a saddle on a horse."

"Come, come boys," said Farmer Sewall, "enough of our new neighbors for once, now for work." Spring is upon us, and I want all hands busy. Jerry, can you help mend the stone fence round the pasture?" A shade of disappointment passed over the young man's face, but he answered cheerfully-

"Yes, sir; I'll be there in half an hour." Jerry and his mother were left at the table.

"Will you have a piece of the pudding, Jerry?"

"Yes, mother, I never refuse your baked Indian puddings. No n't you think the new hen house and the patent nests are quite an improvement?" "Yes, indeed, Jerry; but I do n't know about your

spending so much time in making now notions; sometimes I'm afraid your father thinks that you will be poor help upon the farm." "He may be right, mother; but the disposition

was born in me. I never saw a little brook when I was a child, but I wanted to build a tiny mill, or the steam issuing from the tea-kettle, but I wanted to set a machine in motion. I dream every night of something new which I wish to make, and I dream too, of success. Sometimes I hope to make profit enough by my 'gimeracks' to compensate father for the loss of so much of my time. This summer I will work hard for him; the next winter I will study, and then one year to the workshop, and if I do n't succeed, I'll turn farmer in earnest."

"Well, we're not so poor that we must keep all our children hard at it, all the time; but your father likes to see all labor turn to some account."

"And mine shall at some time," said Jerry, "if it be nothing but making button moulds; but now for the broken fences. I'll patch them to my father's content," and Jerry started for the pasture.

Merrily went the wheel of Lizzie in the spinning room; little Hannah had trudged to school, and Mrs. Sewall found employment enough for the afternoon in heating the oven, and replacing in her pantry the loss of the contents of the basket sent to her neighbors. Indeed the Sewall family were always busy, and always cheerful. The family on Davis's Hill were equally busy about

these times, for Mrs. Shuttleworth was a famous manager in her way, and great was the commotion she stirred up. "Margaretta Francesca," she screamed out at the

top of her lungs, early the next morning, "get up and go to work, and wake up 'Arabella Sophia;' we niust get the house in order to-day."

The young ladies roused themselves very reluctantly, and with many yawns, threw on some old, faded, "drabby" looking silks, stained and ragged, so tight that but two or three hooks remained to fasten them behind, and with their hair in ourl papers, the girls descended to their morning meal, which, thanks to Mrs. Sewall, was that morning a decent one, for the remnants of the basket were more acceptable than Mrs. Shuttleworth's cooking.

"Now girls," said the mother, " wo must lock the doors, and tell Sally to say 'not at home' to anybody that may ring; the first thing is to put the parlor in order, it's not much matter about the kitchen; the carpet must be put down, and the piano set up as soon as possible, and by to morrow Ada Grace can have on her polka dress, and hair curled, and sit at the plano practising, so that when people call she may be in readiness to see them."

The young gentlemen and their sistors were struck with horror at the idea that there was no upholster. er in the place who could be hired to put up the curtains, and fit the carpet, but their mother, who had certain rigid rules of economy, among which was "pinch at home to show abroad," was not sorry to get so much extra out of her children. Like some politicians, she would increase the salary of the foreign ambassadors at the expense of the home depart-

However, Arthur Wellington, Margaretta Francesca, Arabella Sophia, and Alexander Hannibal agreed to arrange the parlor, if they might have matters all their own way. The young ladies drew on kid gloves and put handker hief, over their heads, and the young gentlemen in gloves and dressing gowns proceeded to business. It must be acknowledged they performed their task much sooner than an upholsterer would have done, for the sun was still above the horizon when the last curtain was hung upon. the cornices. These ourtains were the special pride of Mrs. Shuttleworth, being composed of alternate pieces of red and yellow worsted damask. The corners of the room and the fitting of the carpet round. the ample hearth did not give our young folks so much trouble as they would have done more experienced workmen, but Arabella Sophia said-" Never mind the corners, nobody will see them," and this.

Mrs. Shuttleworth, in the meanwhile, was unpacking her crockery, and loud and long were her lamentations over the broken articles.

"It all comes of my letting Shuttleworth pack so much of it; he never could do anything right, and wastes more by his ignorance than I can save by all my economy."

However, her plaited cake-basket and German silver spoons were safe, much to her delight.

They were not troubled with callers, for Mrs. Shuttleworth's message to Mrs. Sewali had circulated through the village, and the neighbors delayed their calls. But they kindly sent a barrel of apples, some nice cheese and butter, and other country luxuries, much to the delight of Mrs. Shuttleworth.

"It's all because they are so pleased to have city folks settle among them," said Mrs. S., and she assumed a patronizing air, and determined to be very condescending to such good people. Her husband was equally delighted; he had visited the countingroom of the Mapleton Manufacturing Company, and talked so largely of "railroad stock" and "manufacturing interests," that the managers, supposing he had a large amount of money invested in stocks of various kinds, very readily, at his own modest suggestion, appointed him their agent at a salary of five hundred dollars a year, "a mere trifle," he said. but as he had the leisure, he would gladly accommodate them, and no doubt they would find his services more than a compensation. Now the truth was, that this very salary was to be the sole dependence for the support of his family, and he was only too happy to obtain it. He assumed an unusual air of authority when he entered his house that day and ordered dinner.

"Dinner! Mr. Shuttleworth, when there's not a place in the house to set a table," said his better half. "I've no time to cook for idle folks; you'll find something to cat in the kitchen." So the prospective "M. C." walked into that apartment to satisfy the demands of appetite as best he could.

Alice was at work over the wash tub, trying as well as her strength would permit, to wash the young ladies' clothes, they, having but a limited wardrobe of underclothes, and therefore demanding such services often at an inconvenient time. Mrs. Shuttleworth said, "it was all folly to make up such loads of linen and cotton to put into drawers, it was better to lay the money out where it would show."

The child left the tub and waited on Mr. Shuttleworth, looking rather wistfully at the food.

"Well, Alice," said the gentleman, "that's your real name, I believe?"

" Yes, sir, Alice Hoffman.

"A German name. Well, Alice, how do you like Mapleton ?"

"I think I shall like it very much, sir, when I get rested, and the fine weather comes on. I was born in the country, sir."

"No wonder you're tired, and aint you hungry, too; here, take this biscuit and apple, and sit down

Poor Alice was very grateful for a kind word, but she opened her blue eyes in astonishment, not understanding that a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. They were mutual sufferers under their household tyranny. Mrs. Shuttleworth's step was

"What in the world are we to do for milk, Mr. Shuttleworth? Arthur Wellington says there's not a milk cart in town."

"Everybody owns a cow, I believe-perhaps I better buy one."

"Keep a cow! keep a cow! Mr. Shuttleworth, with what help I have. Pray, who will feed it or drive it to pasture? Sally perhaps could learn to milk, but I've other work for her to do."

"Mr. Sewall said that his wife could sell us milk

"Very well; Sally can go for it. Remember, child, to take the pail and run down to the brick house yonder; as soon as you have kindled a fire."

Alice said nothing; but all day long she thought of that morning errand. She shrunk from encountering strangers, but that was not the worst; she must go ragged and dirty, for, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, such was her condition most of the time. But the next morning at suffrise, when Mrs. Shuttleworth's loud voice was heard, bidding her get up, a sudden resolution seized her, and taking s olean, gingham dress, a castaway of Ada Grace's, but neatly washed and mended by herself, she put it on and ran out of the house. It was early Spring; her path led across a pasture which sloped gradually from the hill in the direction of Mr. Sewall's.

A few old apple-trees, carefully trimmed and scraped by Jerry, were scattered here and there; and one fine elm, with a curiously gnarled and knotted trunk, stood about half-way between the two houses. It had by some accident, been bent when young so that it formed a comfortable seat. and in Summer afforded a fine shelter. The barefooted child trod cheerily on; all her sadness vanished as if by magic. The sun was rising, and the birds sang a sweet morning song. The air was . sweet and refreshing, and the fresh, young grass, was a soft carpet for the feet, so long used to the .city pavements. Alice forget her sorrows, and dimvisions of early childhood fleated in her memory, when she played beside a cottage door, and beneath green trees-and then came a child's prayer trembling on her lips, as the soft, sweet air, kissed her brow and cheek. She forgot even her bashfulness, till she arrived at Mr. Sewall's back door, then her heart went pit a pat for a moment, but it was for a moment only. On opening the latch, a busy scene presented itself. It was baking day; the family had risen from breakfast, and Mrs. Sowall and the girls were "over head and ears," as the good woman expressed it, and arms, of course, for she was moulding huge loaves of brown bread. A long table, loaded with apple and pumpkin, made by Lizzie, while Hannah was washing dishes and singing over her work. They were so busy that no one heeded the opening of the door, and it was not until Aline said in a low voice-

"I will take Mrs. Chuttleworth's milk, if you .please," that the busy mother and daughters turned to see whence those sounds proceeded.

"Oh, it is Mrs. Shuttleworth's little girl; take a seat, my dear; it's rather chilly this morning. Hannah, put a chair near the fire, and then fill her pall. And would n't you like a cup of milk; may the you'd drink it, as you don't keep a cow; it's very wholesome for little girls that are growing, and you do n't look very stout, either."

Before the child could gather courage to answer, the milk was brought, and Alloe thought that there was nothing more delicions. The kind words of Mis-Sewall, and the gentle manners of the daughters,

were so new and strange to her that she felt bewil-

dered, and fancied she must be dreaming. "You need n't take the trouble to come, for Simon can take it when he goes to pasture."

"Oh, I can come as well as not," said Alice : the very thought of losing the pleasure of the walk, and the sight of the happy faces before her, making her loved to have her friends make social visits, and took dread a change in the arrangement; "it's so pleas great pleasure in making cream biscuit and election sant, and the walk is not long."

"Well just as you prefer; the morning air is good for you, and you must drink your cup of new milk every morning; we'll see if we can give you some rosy cheeks, now you have come to the country

Alice bade her new friends "good morning," and tripped home with a light step and happy heart.

Oh, the blessed influence of kind words ! They fail upon the suffering heart as dew and sunshine you, for mother is famous for making light crust, upon the soil, waking into fife fragrant and beauti- and Jerry thinks all Mapleton can't beat him in

"You little, deceitful hussy!" was the greeting Alice received as she entered the kitchen door at the treat, for she left none on the plate, though there home: "and so you were too proud to go for milk inyour every-day clothes. Go-take off that clean had become much interested in this orphan child; dress, and do n't let me see you putting it on again there was that in her looks which would interest in the morning."

Alice felt sad at heart, but there was no time to spend in grief, for Mrs. Shuttleworth was bidding smoothness of which attested the daily care which her make haste, and carry water to the girls' room, it received from her hands. Alas! poor child, it was and call them to breakfast. The latter meal was always late at the Shuttleworths, not only because allowed to care. it was more convenient to the habits of the family. but because they all agreed with "Margaretta Francesca" that it was very "ungenteel" to breakfast earlier than eight o'clook. Of course Alice must wait till this repast was over in the dining-room, before she was permitted to eat her own solitary meal in the kitchen, and the child often suffered from want of food, as she, at least, must rise early-This morning she wondered why she should feel so light and strong, but there was no mystery about it. it was Mrs. Sewall's clixir, a draught from "Bessie," the famous Ayrshire heifer that drew the prize at the Country Fair.

Altee was in a brown study all day, wondering how she should avoid the mortification of appearing before Mrs. Sewall in the unseemly garb she then wore. "Where there's a will, there's a way," and Alice's cogitations ended in her recalling to mind that she had in her slender wardrobe, a gingham sack apron; made for Ada Grace, but not suiting her fancy, was handed over to Alice, and Mrs. Shuttleworth was ignorant of the transaction.

Alice folded the apron carefully, and just at dusk, ran down to the elm-tree, where she bestowed it in a snug nook, ready for morning.

CHAPTER II.

Thus daily on the gentle flower With insolence they trod.

The Shuttleworths are now fairly established in Mapleton, and cling to the large house on Davis Hill, though it does take a huge wood-pile to keep the parlor warm, and though the wind howls in a stormy night like an evil spirit, making doors and windows tremble at his angry touch. Arthur Wellington, finding that his neighbors had no time to admire his patent leather boots, fancy vests, huge ring, and pink-embroidered shirt bosoms, has found trol over it until it is of age. Next to being a blavea place as bar-keeper in the "Horse Tevern." in the suburbs of New York. His mother often speaks of land, who would gladly have changed places with him as manager of a large hotel in New York. the piganinnies of the South. A slaveholder has efforts have procured so many orders for the Maple. to get the most out of the young bone and muscle ton Manufacturing Company that the managers, at given to her for a limited time. Her power ceases the advice of the elder Shuttleworth, have enlarged when the child is free, and what cares she for its their operations. Many of the villagers also have taken stock, and gay visions of sudden wealth dance before them. Mr. Sewell, however, obstinately refused to invest any funds in the concern, and is called very selfish, because he does not turn in his wool, and receive a stockholder's share.

"No," he said decidedly, in reply to Shuttleworth, I get a fair price and cash down from one of the Jerry. agents of the Lowell Mills, and as I know nothing about manufacturing, and do understand farming, I shall stick to the latter."

"I am very glad," said Jerry, at the dinner table, that you were proof against all Mr. Shuttleworth's arguments, father, for notwithstanding all he says about the price of the markets, and the price of I do n't see how he can be capable of advising the than Alice." stock holders."

live without one?"

"I said, next to none, mother. They take the Mirror of Fashion,' price one dellar a year. Mr. Shuttleworth says his wife and daughters insist tidy sitting room with their sowing, all is bustle and upon having this, and care nothing about any other confusion at Mr. Shuttleworth's wooden palace. His paper."

"And so he borrows, yours, Jerry?" said his fa-

"He did, till I found it difficult to get it back again, because the young ladies used them for curl- gold-beater could work harder to spread a little gildpapers; since then I have told him that as I wished ing over a broad surface, than she, to provide a to file them, I preferred not to lend theft."

"Why, Jerry," said little Hannah, "ain't you ashamed of yourself?" "Well, you'll not get an invitation to their great

party," said Simon. "A great party?" said his mother; "when is

that to take place, and how did you know anything about It?"

"Why, do n't you remember their little girl carried home three or four quarts of skim-milk this morning, or rather I did for her, and when we were going fectionery, much of it gaudily painted, and ornathrough the pasture, she told me it was to make blue sponge,' or semething that sounded like that, As the family sat at their meagre meal, the day for the party."

"It's a queer name, any way," said his mether: but I guess it will be blue, if it is made of skimmilk."

The words had scarcely passed her mouth before Alice made her appearance with netes of invitation for Mr. and Mrs. Sewall, Jerry and Lizzle, or rather the notes read as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Shuttle- party?" said Mr. Shuttleworth. worth at home on Wednesday evening at seven o'olook."

"What does that mean?" said Mr. Sewall; "I suppose they are generally at home at that hour, are example?" they not? That's about the time we get through our chores, and are ready to sit down in the sitting-

"Why, father," said Lizzie, "that is the fashionable way of inviting us to a perty."

"Well, I only asked for information. Wife, what

errands for you before the children were old enough. Wife sends her love, and wants to have you bring your work and come as soon as dinner is over, and make a social visit and take tea with her."

The children all laughed, for they knew too well they were often sent on such errands. Mother dearly cake for the tea-table."

Alice was sitting an amused listener to the con-

"Oh, Alice!" said Hannah, "do n't you like apple dumplings?" and she sprung up, untied Alice's sunbonnet, and gave her a chair at the table. "There now, Jerry, help Alice to that great plump one; now, some sauce, if you please, mother; and, Alice, must sauce them with a compliment, if they please Early Harveys."

Alice paid the best compliment in her power to was no greedy haste in her manner. The Sewalls even a casual observer. She had a fair complexion, full, liquid, blue eyes, and silky, brown hair, the the only part of her adorning for which she was

"Oh, how I wish I was old enough to go to a party!" said Hannah.

"Ada Grace will give a party Thursday evening," said Alice, " and you will be invited."

Hannah's eye sparkled with delight, and as they had now risen from the table her feet sympathized with her eyes, and began dancing round the room.

"Mother, mother, shall I wear my blue muslin, or my white?" "We will see, my child, when the time comes; in the meantime, moderate your joy a little."

"But only think, mother, a party! A real party! never attended one in my life. I suppose you have had so many at your house, that it is no now thing to you, Alice?"

Poor Alice! the very word was to her but another name for aching head, weary limbs, and short commons, for Mrs. Shuttleworth generally deprived her family of all luxuries for a week previous to the time of giving her parties.

But she merely said in reply: "Oh, we do not give them often," and thanking Hannah for her nice dumplings, hastened home.

"That is a very pretty child," said Mr. Sewell: I wonder where they picked her up."

"Ada Grace says," Hannah answered, "that they found her in some hospital or orphan asylum in Boston, and her mother took her out of pity. She laughs at me for being so fond of Alice, because, as she says, she is nothing but a little bound girl."

"Little bound girl-little bound girl; pray, mother, what does that mean?" said Jerry; " it seems to me as if I had heard the phrase before."

Mrs. Sewall could hardly explain, but she came

ery near to a correct definition when she said-"Why, it is next to being a slave, Jerry; the persons to whom a child is bound, have complete conwife, I have seen poor, bound children, in New Eng-Howard," she believes the name to be; "it begins generally some interest in the bodily health and with an II, anyway," she says. Alexander Hannibal strength of his slaves, for they are his property. is traveling agent with his father, and their united But a severe mistress to an orphan child often seeks condition then? If there is under God's heaven, ar object of pity, it is a poor, helpless child, bound to a stern mistress."

"I never heard Alice make any complaints," said Hannah.

"I should have very little compassion for the children which might be bound to my mother," said

"No; but I should pity her, though," said his father, "for she forgets to eat and sleep when there's a destitute child to be cared for in the neighborhood. I wonder how Hannah would like to change places with this little girl at Shuttleworth's.

"Why, I would take her place willingly for a week or two, father, if I thought she was unhappy. cloths, he takes no newspaper, or next to none, and I am strong and healthy, and could work harder

"God grant, my child, that you may never become "No newspapers !" Takes no newspaper!" said a little bound girl," said her father, with more omo-Mrs. Sewall, "how in the world do they manage to tion than was usual for him to show. "Come, boys," it is time we were in the field."

While Farmer Sewall and his boys are in the field, and his industrious wife and daughters in their wife was determined to make a sensation—an easy thing to accomplish in a country village, if one has the means. But this managing lady wished to open her doors, and keep her purse-strings close; and no

large entertainment with small moans. The lumps were picked from the brown sugar, and pounded for the sponge-cake, to save loaf-a very trifle of cream just secured the name of ice-cream to her flavored frozen milk-lard eked out butter, and raisins were made to do double duty by being out without stoning. When the "Tolegraph," the name of the stage-ceach which came daily to the village, arrived, it brought Alexander Hannibal, who to the great delight of his sisters, had a quantity of conmented with mottoes in true heart-breaking style. previous to the party, the question was asked by

"Will you send tea round, mother?" " I would if I could find some one to carry the ten travs."

Ada Grace-

"Did n't you tell me that Jerry and his brother waited upon the company at Mrs. Sewall's quilting "Yes, sir," said his daughter.

"And shall I infer from that, Mr. Shuttleworth," said his wife, "that our children must follow their "I do not think it would harm them; if no one

else can be obtained, it is your only resort." "I'll find another way," said his wife, with a toss of her head.

After dinner, as the stood filling the tart shells with jelly, she called her eldest daughter to her side, is our way? Let me see; I used to go on such and, after some private conversation, the children

were notified that a large table was to be spread in the display would be almost overwhelming to the Shepard, the overseer of the factory. natives.

The young gentleman and his sisters were to arrange the table, while their mother prepared the eatables.

Wednesday morning arrived, and to the delight of all Mapleton, the sun shone from a cloudless sky.

"Are you going to the party to-night?" was the general question in the little workshops in the busy factory, and across back door yards. And the comtleworth had persuaded his wife to listen to him.

seven the door-beil rung, and Aline ushered in the mighty in its power. first party, consisting of Mr. Sewall's family, and their neighbors, the Mudges.

is left alone ten minutos."

"Come quick, girls," said Arabelia Sophia, as she burst into the chamber, "there are a dozen in the parlor, now, and see, the street is full, I hoped more than half of them would n't come. I wonder if mother has enough for them to eat? See there, only singing her songs at home, but most of the company look." she added, "if there aint the old maids, Polly and Betty Wood, in the square-topped chaise, and markable child." Margaretta Francesca also disdressed in their black satin, that report says came played her musical skill, and the effect was treof age many years ago."

"Do hurry, girls," said Ada Grace, "there's no one in the parlor to entertain the company, but father, and he's taking snuff, and talking politics with Squire Howell."

At this hint the young ladies moved, the elder sisters, with their long, black curls in oily brightness, drooping upon the sides of their faces, while artificial flowers ornamented the Grecian twist behind; dresses of gay-colored barege, car-rings, and huge breast-pins completed their outward adoring. Ada Grace followed in a figured silk, manufactured from one of her mother's; her long braids of hair, finished by huge bows and streamers of yellow ribbon.

The young ladies were disappointed in their hopes that not more than one-half would attend the party. for nearly every invitation was accepted, for aside from weddings, paring bees and quiltings, such parties were unknown in Mapleton.

"To tell the truth," said Mrs. Sewall to her eldest daughter, I do n't know whether to take my knittingwork or not."

"I guess they do n't work at such parties," said

Lizzie.

"Any way, I'll put some in my pooket," said her mother, " it seems so odd to sit idle so long. There child, see if my dress is in order. Mrs. Sewall wore a very nice rich black silk, and a cap of Lizzie's manufacture, trimmed with white ribbons, and thread lace. She had a pleasant, matronly face, and her quiet manners and sensible conversation would have commanded respect in any circle.

" Is your father reading, Lizzie?" This gentleman had consented to go, because wife did n't want to go without him. Jerry was loth to leave a patent bee hive which he was making, but his mother insisted that politeness required his attendance upon his sister. A word from his mother influenced him at all times, but he sighed as he laid down his tools, and thought of a room full of company.

"I shall be as much out of place as pig-weed in

your posy-bed," said Jerry. "My son, respect yourself in all places; a man may be a gentleman, though he is ignorant of the fashionable forms of society."

was full, and many persons would have been more menced rowing. comfortable, could another door have been opened. As it was, they suffered in silent endurance, the gen- men, tlemen all arranged upon one side of the room, and the ladies on the other, sufficiently demure to please his car-blade rested idly in the air. "You might the strictest quaker. A slight buzz, occasioned by just as soon try to catch that sea-gull by swimming

was the only noise which disturbed the "meeting." "How is your baby, Mrs. Mudge?", and "How is your father's rheumatism, Miss Wood?" or "Have handkerchief. Had he been a shipwrecked mariner you seen Mr. Spicer's new goods?" were timidly alone on a rate, or sitting across a drifting mast, he asked on the ladies' side; and the crops of hay, con- could not have thrown more energy into the perdition of the wheat, price of fleur, and rise in hops, were discussed among the gentlemen.

Mr. Barton, the young lawyer, did venture to ask Arabella Sophia if she did n't miss the pleasures of

"Why, yes, she did think sometimes she should go razy, it was so herrid lonely in Mapleton."

"I suppose you often attended the opera." -"La, yes, indeed, but only to think 'Pandora' is coming over, and I shall miss seeing her." Parodie must be fiattered, thought the schoolmas-

ter. who read the papers, and understood Italian." "You must console yourself by reading," con-

tinued the lawyer. "I do, indeed, I sometimes read till midnight." "Have you read Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine?"

. "Not wholly, yet; it is up stairs among Pa's books, but it has got such horrible pictures of devils and giants in it, that I thought I should n't like it. objects to." Thus spoke the gentleman in charge of got as far as the story of a man with a bundle, the tiller. going into a wloket gate, and I fell asleep with the ook in my hand."

"Indeed, I have always thought Bulwer very en tertaining. Do you have Blackwood, Miss Shut No. 1, as he bent over his oar.

"No, indeed, the greenest wood I verily believe in man No. 2, thinking of his share in the remuneraown—you see how our room smokes."

"Miss Shuttleworth, let me lead you to the plane, the company are languishing for music." "Pray, what shall I sing?"

"Can you give us Dickens' Ivy Green?" "No, I naver heard it. How would you like Shakpeare's Black-eyed Susan ?' "

"That is unknown to me, but a ballad from Shakspeare would be a treat, indeed, if you will do us the The bostmen touched their hats, and Crawler mount

Meanwhile, our friend Jerry sat in a corner near the dining room, before the arrival of the visitors, the plane, contemplating its construction, counting and kept looked till nine o'clook. - At that time the the keys, and wishing he could see the inside. He guests were to be ushered into it, and it was expected was roused from his reverie by the voice of Mr.

"Did you know, Mr. Sewall, that some gentlemen are engaged in surveying for a railroad from here to Cold Ruse? They will be here to morrow, and I can see no shorter out than right through your big meadow."

"I should be sorry to lose my meadow, Mr. Shepard, but I would like a railroad here."

Jerry's eyes brightened. A railroad! Just what he had so long desired. How much he had puzzled mon answer was, "Yes," for scarcely a family but his brain over the construction of the steam engine. contained some invited member. For once Mr Shut- When he went to Boston in his little yellow wagon, he had the first sight of a train of cars in motion. "A few weeks only," he said, "and the town are He had ascended a hill, when a sound, as of distant to nominate a representative; I have no doubt but I thunder, arrested his attention, and in the distance shall receive the nomination; but to increase my he saw what seemed a huge, living creature, breathvotes and popularity, we will show no exclusiveness." ing fire and smoke, as it moved swiftly along its So the lawyer and the blacksmith, the shoemaker iron pathway. Once it was hidden by intervening and the doctor, the trader and his clerk, the furmer woods, but its wreath of smoke rolled high above the and the schoolmaster, were all included in the invi- tree tops, and seemed like the waving flag of the contation, and curiosity induced many to accept, that queror on his triumphal march. Again it came in seldom indulged in such amusements. A little after sight, tireless in its speed, unswerving in its course.

"And this is the work of men's hands!" said Jerry, to himself, "or rather of their heads-thought "Oh, dear me! how horrid vulgar!" exclaimed made visible. Here is the result of study-the work Margaretta Francesca, "to come just at the time of clear heads and patient hands." There was a mentioned in the note. Now I should never think curve in the road, and as the cars moved swiftly out of going to a party till nine o'clock. Here, Ada of sight, and were again in the distant woods. Jerry Grace, fasten my bracelet; I suppose we must be in thought he would rather be the inventor of the steam the parlor to receive them, for mother has a job in engine, than the greatest king on earth. Ah, Jerry! the kitchen, yet. There are not eggs enough in her such inventors are kings in the realms of mind but custard to thicken them, so she's got to add more, or their inheritance is often poverty and scorn. The something else, but she says she can fix them if she discussion of the railroad, and its probable course through the village, interested the gentlemen for a while, and little groups of ladies began to discuss cooking and babies.

Ada Grace gave them some music, which Jerry thought not half so fine as the sweet voice of Lizzie. applauded, and some pronounced the player "a remendous.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

"The liberty to know, to utter, to argue freely, according the dictates of conscience, I prize above all liberties." To know thyself, as only HE may know.

Who calmly listens to the voice within, Fearless of aught save that most pitcous woo-The fear to listen lest it wore a sin. Is perfect freedom, that no Tyrant's power Can crush or fetter, even for an hour.

The joy to pour thy burning thoughts in words That scourge the Tyrant or uplift the slave. To send them forth like joyous summer birds-To sing of HOPE FOR ALL beyond the grave, Is bliss beyond all other earth may give: For THIS an angel on the earth might live.

With earnest words the Sophist to unmask-And prove the captious reasoner false and vain-Is power and freedom; and the blessed task Is only his whose conscience wears no chain : And he who prizes not this right divine-Is like a delver in a darkened mine.

He, who doth quench another's feeble light And deems his own for such a safer guide. Doth fold the spirit in a darker night Than cursed Egyptia when her first-born died But whose'er, by act or word expressed, Bids man be FREE, is therefore truly blest

Too oft, alas, is reason-God's best gift-So curbed and fettered that the passive brain Is like a helmless vessel, cast adrift. A mournful wreck upon life's troubled main All joy and honor unto those who break All servile fetters for sweet Freedom's sako. VALLEY CITY, C. W., MAY 17, 1858.

## THE MAN WHO "WAS ALWAYS TOO LATE,"

"I THINK We shall reach her !"

The men rested for a moment on their oars and glanced over their shoulders at the rapidly disappearing ship; then each gave an ominous shake of Before eight o'clock Mrs. Shuttleworth's parlor t e head, but, upon the entreaty of Crawley, recom-

"She's getting her steam up," said one of the boat-

"Then it's no go," grambled the other, and again conversation carried on in an under tone by a few, arter him, as to overtake the Water Witch when her steam's up."

Poor Crawley stood up in the boat and waved his formance.

"It an't no good, sir," said the man at the tiller; "they would n't slacken speed if they seed you ever so much."

"To think"-and the despairing Crawley sunk down in the boat-"to think I only missed her by ten minutes !"

"You might jist as well 'avo made it ten hours!" said one boatman. "A miss is as good as a mile," observed the other.

Then, as he measured the distance with his eye-"but your'n is as good as two." "Do you mean to put back?" asked Crawley, in-

nocently. "In conrse-without you want to be rowed to Ameriky!"

. "Which, as we an't got no provisions, an' I've a wife and six young uns to purwide for ashore, I

Crawley made no reply, and the men rowed back to the harbor.

"There's the passage-money lost!" said boatman "An' a five pun' note a top o' that!" added boat-

"Shut up," gruffly observed he of the tiller, "a remindin' the gen'i'man of his misfortins. Why he

looks as lonesome as a sprat that has lost its way in the middle o' the Atlantic !" The men grinned and were silent. A long pull, and a strong pull, and the boat shot into the harbor.

"Bring the luggage on to the hotel,"
"All right, your hono'r l'hetter, lick hext time."

the hotel he had left but a short time before. "I beg your pardon, sir; but I think I've the hon-

or of addressing Mr. Crawley ?"

The speaker, one of two men who were standing directly in Crawley's way, was a fleshy-faced, broadanimal jaw, that gave him an unpleasant bull-dog aspect. Crawley looked at him and turned pale; the stranger touched his hat and repeated the ques-

"It's in vain to deny," began Crawley, when he of the bull-dog visage interrupted him-

"Of course it is! You're Mr. Timothy Crawley, about to embark for America in consequence of a slight dispute with your creditors, and an impossibility to arrange satisfactorily with the Court of death. Bankruptcy. Very sorry, but you must ge back with us l"

"There's no help for it!" sighed Crawley.

"None! Sorry to urge a gentleman to do anything against his inclination, but must's the word here, and no mistake!"

"All right!" said Crawley, meaning, of course, that it was all wrong. "You'll take some refreshment first, and then I'll return to London with you." At the word refreshment, the bull-dog visage mol-

lified, and its owner hastened to reply. "Since you are so pressing; besides, we've had a smartish journey down, and that always freshens

So between his two captors Timothy Crawley. the runaway bankrupt, re-entered the Crown and Sceptre Inn.

"You'd regularly got the start of us; if you had n't missed that boat we must have gone back empty-handed; as it was," and here both officers indulged in a self-satisfied chuckle, "as it was, we were just in time."

"And I was," said Crawley in a voice thick with emotion, "just too late."

Poor Timothy Crawley lit was his fate through life to be always too late; others might grasp the "skirts of happy chance," but he was fated never to behold them but at the moment they were vanishing round the corner. That "tide In the affairs of men." which, as we are told, if taken at its flood leads on him it was always low water-go when he would, stand where he would, the wave of chance never self. brought any offerings on shore, never rolled even a pebble to his feet. We have all heard of the man, who, complaining of his general ill-luck, asserted that "had he been brought up a hatter, he believed men would have been born without heads." This in the ribs. "Nonsensel I know dozens of girls man, hitherto without a name, we draw from his obsourity. He was the father of Timothy Crawley.

"Tim! my boy," sald rich old uncle Bob, addressing that unfortunate paterfamilias. "You've got at this testimony to his attractions. five children, and they're all girls! what on earth do you mean by it?"

Paterfamilias answered his wealthy relative humbly enough. He said, "he meant no harm."

"No harm! nonsense, do n't tell me; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. The world's overstocked with girls-why, where do you think you'll find husbands for them all?"

Mr. Crawley gazed at his five olive-branches, who, it is to be hoped, were useful—for in the crnamental department nature had shown herself singularly negleotful. Mr. Crawley, as'we have said, looked from one to the other and ejaculated, "Where indeed!"

"I like boys," continued unclo Bob, "and what little money I have to leave," he emphasized the English girl; just the kind of fireside ornament that do, " will be left to a boy. Your brother Jack has a loving, yet with a spice of humor in her composition, boy-I do n't like Jack, but I've made a vow, and I'll and a free, joyous laugh, that came as pleasantly keep it-so you know what to expect."

" sword of Damooles."

"On November the 12th," so run the announcement in the Times, "the lady of Mr. Timothy Crawley of a son." The long-looked for had come at last, she would n't be so confoundedly merry. She 's aland there was but one drawback to the general joy. ways laughing. I don't see what she can have to It was this:—that just six months before master Timothy entered the world uncle Bob had quitted it -leaving the whole of his property, without reservation, to the male offspring of "brother Jack." Little Tommy had come, it was true; but, unfortunately, he began life six months too late.

"Who's that?" oalis out the sharp-eyed schoolmaster, as he detects a delinquent who has crept laughing opposite to him-when a new actor apwith anything but "a shining morning face" into the school. "Who's that?" for the little atom had hastened to lose itself in the mass.

"Crawley! sir," cried a dozen eager and syco phantic voices.

. Boys are little men-and very bad little men toowhat would they not do to win the master's smile? what have they not done to avoid his frown?

"Where is he?" "Here he is, sir!" The orowd of boys divided into two parts, leaving a vista between, at the end of he would have it supposed. She had begun to get which stood little Crawley, pale and trembling. " Pass him up."

A dozen hands were outstretched-a dozen boys, the Iscariots of the class, fastened upon the culpritin a minute he was "passed up" to the desk of the master.

"Late again, Crawley; this won't do!" And gazing down into the small face quivering from ex- pleasure of Mr. Timothy Crawley to ask the momencess of fear, the tyrant tightened the well-waxed string on the end of his cane. "Why are you late?"

truth-he could not help it; to be always late was ludicrous indecision before his looking glass. A pile Orawley's fate, and he bowed to it with a more than of cravats, of various hues, were lying, much rum-Moslem resignation.

"You are always late—always the last in school!" -and this whistle of the cane was heard in the sir- she detests it." Here another cravat was added to a whistle which resembled that of the railway, inas- the pile. "A man can't be too careful about his vain for Timothy to plead the old excuse, that some has refused a man, merely because his cravat was body must be last; or to urge Charles Lamb's ex. badly tied! Nothing makes a man look worse than tenuation, that if he came later than the others he a badly-tied cravat." Here cravat number nine was was ready to leave earlier, and so keep up the bal- also cast saide. "Let me see-to-day's Priday. I time followed by a scream from the tortured child. ... Friday nothing serious, that is. Well, what can

ed the steps and began to retrace his steps towards cook-pit or the prize-ring. For ourselves we differ from these wise gentlemen, who seem to think that if you would elevate the mind you must debase the body; and should be sorry to find any child of ours acting as some ruffianly boy's shoe-black, or, for some trivial fault, oringing at his master's feet a scourgshouldered man, with a small cunning eye and heavy ing and trembling slave. "Whip the young blackguards, sir-whip them! I was well thrashed at school, and it did me good!" so roars Major Oldbuck who appears to consider the temple of knowledge as some besieged city, to enter which you must make your attacks through the "breech; but wiser men than even this "man of muscle" have protested against the whipping process-thinking, with the great preacher, that there are many ways of bringing sheep back to the fold besides worrying them to

Timothy Crawley's path to knowledge lay through a cane-brake-above him-around him-backwards or forwards-whatever step he took, canes, canes, and nothing but canes -a seemingly endless plantation of canes, from which all taste of sugar had been most carefully extraoted. 'So he trod the "beaten" track, picking up very little on the road; and when his school days had passed away, he had not seen more than the outside of the gates that guard the shrine of knowledge.

"TIMOTHY CRAWLEY, TAILOR AND OUTFITTER." Such was the lettering that adorned the front of a very handsome shop in Rend street; and Timothy seemed never tired of reading it, always for that purpose approaching his home from the other side of the waynever crossing the road till in front of his own door.

"Good business, Timothy?" "Why, yes-no-that is, it would have been a good business, only I delayed a little too long before I could make up my mind to settle upon it, and so that oursed fellow got beforehand with me, and

opened a shop twice as large next door." "Why do n't you get married, Tim?" said another good-natured friend, who, being married himself, made a point of urging that ceremony upon others, upon the same principle as the fox whe had had lost his tail in a trap, recommended his companions to immediately amputate theirs.

"Ah l why do n't you marry, Timothy?" echoed another friend, a bachelor, who had evidently laid to to fortune, must have entirely escaped Timothy; with | heart the maxim of Roohefoucauld, and found in the misfortunes of others a something pleasing to him-

> "Well, I do n't know! I've no objection," replied the accommodating Tlmothy; "but really, I do n't think that I have met anybody who'd have me,"

"Nonsense!" and Benediot thrust him playfully who'd jump at you."

"Would they, really!" The color had mounted into Crawley's cheeks-he was evidently surprised

"There's Hetty Briggs; my wife says you were made for each other."

"Just the girl for you, Tim," echoed the bachelor friend.

"A splendid girl."

"First rate, and-money l"

"Upen my word, I-I-never thought of it before; but I always did like Hetty, and if I only thought-" "Try, man !-try!"

"Certainly I will, as you both recommend it; that is, I mean I'll think about it."

He did think about it, and we have to chroniole

Hetty Briggs was a fine honest-hearted thoroughly word "little," as it is the habit of wealthy men to a man would wish to place in his house. Gentle and from her red lips as the ringing of marriage bells Crawley did know what to expect. Had uncle Bob She had always felt a liking for Timothy, but his been less rioh he would have been " an obstinate old continued indifference had not only prevented any brute;" as it was, he was termed "an eccentric old outward demonstration on her part, but had annoyed gentleman." It is, after all, to be doubted whether her more than she would confess. "What does he a rich relative is a great advantage-if he be long mean, coming here day after day, sitting opposite lived, certainly not. Never did poor Crawley set me for hours and never saying a word; looking atabout anything—business or pleasure—but a "fear | me with his eyes and mouth wide open, as if I were of offending uncle Bob" hung constantly over him, a Punch and Judy show? What's the good of a like that terrible and much to do often quoted, man constantly opening his mouth, if not a word comes out of it?"

"I wonder whether she really likes me?" ruminated Crawley. "I do n't think she does much, or laugh at. I'm sure I never say a word. I'd propose to-morrow, if I thought she would n't laugh. I could n't bear to be laughed at l"

And thus matters went on for some months-Crawley, a daily visitor to the Briggs's, sitting as usual with open, mouth, practising silent system; and Hetty Briggs, half amused, half vexed, sitting peared on the scene in the person of a Mr. Henry Sinclair, a cousin and professed admirer of the young lady.

"What does that puppy mean by coming after Hetty? He never leaves her side, and never stops gabbling, like the goose that he is I I'd like to punch his head: and will, one of these days, if he do n't leave off annoying her." Such was the valorous resolve of Mr. Timothy Crawley; but the annoyance felt by the lady was not quite so apparent as tired of the continued silence of her bashful lover, and gave, possibly from very vexation of spirit, an increased attention to his rival.

"I'll give him one week more!" thought Hetty, and then, if he still continues silent, I'll accept Harry Sinclair. I know he loves me, and I can't be expected to grow gray-headed awaiting the good tous question, Yes or No?"

The seventh day from the date of Hetty's resolve "I-I could n't help it !" The poor boy spoke the had arrived, and saw Timothy standing in a state of pled, upon the table. "I know she don't like brown, and as for blue,

much as a scream was sure to follow. It was in personal appearance at such a time. Many a girl ance. The pedagogue was relentless, and again and never thought of that. Friday's a very unlucky day again the cruel caue whistled through the air, each livery i Napoleon never would begin anything on It appears to be the fashion now-a-days with most be more serious than a proposal of marriage? Why of our popular book-makers to uphold corporal pun- not put it off till to-morrow? One day won't make ishment in schools—to eulogize the fagging system— much difference I and then I'll consult Wilkins about and to urge upon teachers of the young the incules these cravate he knows Hetty's taste. To-morrow tion of those manly feelings which, when arrived at it shall be "listed so he swept hastily-for fear his their full maturity, find their fitting arena in the mind might again change all the cravate into a

drawer-finished his toilette, and departed in search of the critical Wilking.

Saturday saw Timothy at the Briggs's door. As he was about to ascend the steps, it opened, and the detested Sinolair, with a smiling face, tripped merrily down, greeting Timothy with a good-humored salu tation as that gentleman pushed past.

"When Hetty Briggs becomes Mrs. Crawley, I'll take care to shut the door upon that fellow !" soiiloquized our hero, as he ascended the stairs and entered Mrs. Briggs's drawing-room, where, to his joy, he found the charming Hetty alone.

We will not dwell upon the scene that followed Suffice it, that, with much circumlocution, Mr. Craw ley got the proposal out. Hetty had begun to laugh, when an appealing look stopped her. She rose from her chair, and said-

"Mr. Timothy Crawley-you have been a visitor at this house for nearly twelve months, and during that time no hint upon this subject has escaped your lips. Had it been otherwise, I might have come to a different determination; but as it is, I cannot become your wife."

"Why not?" burst from poor Crawley's lips.

"Because my hand is already promised to another. Mr. Sinclair declared himself, this morning-with the consent of my parents I have accepted him. Here a wicked laugh escaped her lips. "It is but fair that first come should be first served!"

"But I was coming yesterday—I assure you I was. Ask Wilkins."

Hetty shook her head, and moved towards the

"We must talk no further upon this subject. I am sorry for you, Mr. Crawley, but-" and her hand rested upon the look-"you are just one day too late!"

The door closed behind her, and Crawley was left alone in the drawing-room.

"Crawley's business is going to ruin!" "So I understand. He never went on well since is refusal by Hetty Briggs."

"Sad business that about old Brads's Bank!" " Had Crawley any money in that?"

"Lots! I advised him to draw it out long ago; but he delayed, as usual; and when he had made up his mind, old Brads had closed the doors—suspended payment only an hour before!"

" Bad thing for Crawley!"

with young Martingale's lot; and when a tradesman takes to the turf, he's done for."

nan himself.

man enters and inquires politely for Mr. Crawley. "I am Mr. Crawley."

The young man, from the recesses of his right-hand is himself chained as closely as a galley-slave to his box. The young man draws out a slip of paper, and wail is softened in the harmony of nature, and fills

presents it politely. "Bill for payment."

"Bill ! Bless me !- what hill?"

"Drawn on you by Fleedy and Cordurdy, for

eight days l" The banker's clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"See-I've marked it to come due two weeks before the Derby."

and after that it will go to the notary's. Good morning."

notary's to Messrs. Fleecy and Corduroy's solicitors. Clouded past chant thy solemn requiem, for the tomb chants. The news spread in the "trade" like wild | embrace the forms of Folly and Oppression. Then, fire-other debts came tumbling in-a meeting of will the iron chains that hold thee in bondage, give creditors was called-Crawley feared to face itand, more from alarm than dishonesty, decamped. It shall fasten itself around thy sorrowing forms. His passage was taken in the Water Witch. He ar and bear thee homeward, in the path of eternity. rived at Liverpool in time to see her steaming out of the harbor, and returned to London in the not chance, who dance now, lightly to joy, must come very enviable company of a couple of lynx-eyed offi. and take up your sighs, and sing your dirges; for

As we have said, it was an excess of nervous fear, and not dishonesty, that had distated Crawley's flight. "Reckless trading" was the gravest charge that could be brought against him. All his speculations had failed, from the fact that they were never ohorus, that sings, "life has no end;" yet sing-if pushed at the right time. If a demand arose for his you will-apart, from us-chant your solos of lifegoods in any of the colonial markets, his cargo was and worship the gods ye have made. For, after all, sure to arrive when the market had again taken a ye only worship things from his hands. And as soon turn-when the glut had come from the over-supply, as you have learned to deck your brows with bright -and " too late!" was the answer of his agent.

Crawley was made a bankrupt-reprimanded by the learned commissioner, and permitted once more to enter the trading world; but he poor fellow ! felt the disgrace noutely, and never held up his head afterwards. He became a clerk in the countinghouse of his old creditors, Messrs. Fleecy and Corduroy, who, having got sometning like eighteen shilllngs in the pound, kindly held out the helping hand to him. In their service he dragged on an uneventful life, leaving nothing for us to record but the manner of his death, which we shall take the liberty of borrowing from the Times newspaper, where-un-

appeared. We extract only as much as concerns poor Timethy:---

"Among the sufferers by this sad accident, was Mr. Timothy Crawley, who was traveling for the minutes !".

While fair girlhood or womanhood may be the tender and delicate and kindly feelings of our nathe Temale character. The light of diamonds may the memory. glitter upon her rich tresses or lovely form, but her Jeweled lustre cannot rival the captivating light of a Joyous eternity! Budding, blooming life! Sorrowgenerous heart. The kindness of such a character, ing, joyous life! Tearful, smiling life! Life made her efforts to dispense blessings around her, seem to up of day and night! Days of smiles and joys! ling; like the camomile, which spreads the more you be hallowed by the smiles of Heaven.

BIBLIOLATRES. BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Bowing thyself in dust before a Book, And thinking the great God is thine alone; Oh, rash iconoclast, thou wilt not brook What gods the heathen carve in wood or stone. As if the Shopherd who from outward cold. Leads all his shivering lambs to one sure fold, Were careful for the fashion of his crook!

There is no broken reed so poor and base, No rush, the bending tilt of awamp fly blue, But he therewith the ravening wolf can chase. And guide his flocks to springs and pastures new; Through wave unlooked for, and through many lands Far from the rich folds built with human hands, The gracious foot-prints of his love I trace.

And what art thou, own brother of the clod. That from his hand the crook could'st snatch away, And shake instead thy dry and sapless rod, To scare the sheep out of the wholesome day? Yeal what art thou, blind, unconverted Jow. That with thy idol-volumes covers two Wouldst make a jail to coop the living God?

Thou hear'st not well the mountain ergan-tones By prophet cars by Hor and Sinal caught, Thinking the disterns of those Hebrew brains Drew dry the springs of the Ail-knower's thought, Nor shall thy lips be touched with living fire, Who blowest old altar-codis with sole desire To weld snow the spirit's broken chains. God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;

If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness And find'st not Sinsi, 'tis thy soul is poor; There towers the mountain of the Voice no less, Which, whose seeks shall find, but he who bends, Intent on manna still and mortal ends, Sees it not neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ. And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone: Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it, Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.. While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shrowd, While thunder's sorges burst on cliffs of cloud, Btill at the prophet's feet the nations ait.

## Mife Eternal.

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

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

PART SECOND.

Come, Immortality, let us chant a life-melody. Come and join us, all ye myriad choirs, that sing "Very bad! Besides, he's lately got mixed up unto God; come, all ye that people this vast globe; come, life in every form; come, starry angels, with your orowns; come, let us gather at the shrine of The above conversation was between two of Mr. | Immortality, and hold a jubilee with Eternal Life! Crawley's friends. We will now visit that gentle- | Sing on with all your varied notes. Let the wail and the anthem go up alike. Let the perfume of flowers Clad in a coat of fashionable cut, and crowned with | join with us. Let immortal matter sing our melody, smoking-cap of a velvet gorgeous to see, Timothy also. Here we stand, a blessed, immortal choir; is standing in his counting house, when a tall young | singing in holy unison at times; then striking off, each into his separato melody. God alone hears the harmony that is borne to Him from His great lifeanimated choir, a choir that will chant through eterpocket, produces a large leathern case, to which he nity. We hear a disconnected note; we hear, perhaps, a sad heart-wailing, because the form of death oar, or convict to his clog, or old Marley to his cash. has taken a loved one. But to His great ear, that

up the life chords of His music. There are notes enough of joy, that go quivering along to made theso wails and groans soft, even as dulcet tones. Sing on, immortal choir. Eternity's bright songsters warble forth the melody of life. It is a song that "Stay !"-and the alarmed Crawley referred to his | never ends; one that is interspersed with the varied almanac, and a racing calendar against which his cadences of beauty. The humble form that toils in ledger was leaning—"that can't be due for these daily labor, that feels the sweat on the brow, shall feel in like proportion the softened dows of heaven gathering on his spirit brow. When he asks for daily food, he is singing his soug of life.

Sister! hearest thou not these immortal strains, "Very sorry, sir! but we don't keep accounts by as his soul breathes forth a wish for a joyous release, the racing calendar. I'll leave you the notice "\_\_ for the hour when he shall be freed from these accuand he placed it on the table. "We shut at four, | mulating and oppressive cares that make his song sound so inharmonious?

Oh, ye who thus toil, and toiling, thus hope for And the bill did go to the notary's, and from the the brighter day, join us, and over the sad and Messrs. F. and C. were Mr. Crawley's woolen mer. of error is building, and will soon stand ready to place to a golden cord let down from a sphere of life. Yes I your notes shall be changed; and they, perthey must ever rise in the great scale of human existence, while time exists.

> Gather ye here, at life's fountain, ye that bow to graven images, that worship a god of stone, and not the God that made you. Come and join the swelling spring garlands, He will walk in your midst; He will bring you blessed tokens of remembrance from the shadow-land; and He will tell you life is yours; that your song of praise, that is now begun, shall never know an end; that no dying cadence will fall upon your ears; for it is written in eternity, and well it is, that no boundary line stands for thee, poor, darkened nations. Come, ye that live and engage in the strife of

earth! that make the pestilence end the famine walk abroad—that strike down a brother man, in God's image—that call back the particles of his body to the ground, and send his spirit on, where thou shalt der the head of "Frightful Rallway Accident "-it go. What clashing notes come up in thy song! Will the sword of the conflict be ever thy implement as thou dost journey through eternity? Will the wounded and the dying be the pavements in thy life-pathway? Reflect. Thou hast begun an immortal song! Change, speedily, the time and the tune of this great well-known firm of Fleecy and Corduroy. It appears oratorio, for thou art treading on the threshold of that Mr. Crawley had only missed the preceding train | eternity; thou art tinging the future with shadows. by five minutes, and, owing to that unfortunate cir. For what are the present, past and future, but one. cumstance, became a traveler by that to which the The dark or joyous rays of the past shine through accident occurred. Thus, we regret to say, pay- the present on the future. Every act of childhood is ing with his life for a miscalculation of some five before thee, as well as behind thee. To day is but to-morrow; and yesterday, to-day.

The good thy hand can find to do this hour, will be a sunny spot of yesterday, and a golden flower toand no doubt is far superior to the male sex, in all morrow—and a bud of peace to-day. Indelibly does time record all actions. They are written on the ture, she is not necessarily beyond the reach of in. great page of immortal existence, to be read with fluences which may detract from the loveliness of tears or smiles, according as the record draws forth

> Never fading, ever present, all animated, glowing, Nights of tears and sighs! But as the day has its 'tread upon it.

luminary for light, so has the night its stars. Go forth, blest angel of Hope; walk by the side of Time. Follow closely in her track, and leave the impress of thy glorious form, that every heart may have thy image painted on his soul.

A blest harbinger of heaven—a blest attendant of the soul is Hope! Were there no eternity, thy presence would not be needed. Thou art necessary to gather the buds of Time and carry them to mortals. Immortal as eternity itself it thy power. There is not a spot on earth where thy fairy footsteps have not wandered. Thou art the spring tide of the heart, that chases away stern winter. Blessed Hope ! bear this message from me to all the forms thou dost meet. .. Tell them you live with Time, and with Time will wander.

How all creation exhibits itself as one living thing of life and joy-one great masterpiece of God! And the varied forms-the little fibres and veins that make up that Being and form the life-current, seem but the flow of blood from and to His heart. What atoms of existence are we-treading on the many globes and planets-feeding on the ilfo that grows from them-soaring with bright thoughts to higher life aspirations that we call "our own!" But, after all, we are only the emanations of God-only his doposit of love.

Where does the greater stream of love abide? Tell us ls what conscorated part of His universe is there the most of His inflowing love? Look around, dear friend, and see, if thou canst. Is thy own heart a. greater reservoir of God's beaming smiles of love and wisdom than thy brother's or thy sister's? If so, bar it not up-let a little streamlet go out to them, that they may drink eternity's waters.

Ah, how insignificant-how atom-like, are the mightlest powers of man, compared to that great Sun of Wisdom! From what source, my soul, does that Great Centre gather its life, filling all eternity with immortality-filling every little soul, as fast as it can gather in the grains of knowledge, and yet keepeth in reserve ten thousand times-yea, myriads more of worlds on worlds on which to shower its

And who, speedily, shall stand in His divine presence? Shail we ever see him face to face? How can the soul that is ever beneath Him go on to meet Him? We must gather Him up in the particles of knowledge that He has made for us. And they must be the God of the soul, till the soul has learned new powers of accumulation. And then it may get a little higher glimpso of His radiance.

He that would learn wisdom, let him be humblelet him come daily, treading in eternity's path, plucking the life-blossoms that grow there, and thus grasp His heaven.

"Heaven" must be a thing within, and yot a thing to como-remembering that the human soul has all the faculties with which to feed on eternal iovs: and if these are formed for never-ending immortality, are they not bright enough now for thy primary existence to begin to feed on Heaven's food? If a soul has the divine attribute of eternal love, can it not now begin to send out its genial breath, and et earth have a foretaste of the bright angel-love? Heaven must be gathered by atoms. We must work the kingdom of happiness into the soul. All tho desires of the heart must flow to one object in view, or we cannot enjoy that place.

The poet has his heaven-but where? It is not n the busier haunts of men, where his hours go on in sweet employ. His heaven is where his heart does flow-and music, from the softer spheres, comes flowing into his soul. Ho floats on the breeze of time: he makes the wild waves dance with joy; he talks with little flowers, and makes them living forms; he looks on stars, and calls them eyes of love-and the silver moon, bright queen of the host and the twilight hours a silken robe that folds him in soft slumbers. Such is the poet's heaven. Thought builds his palaces and golden streets, and

his heart finds bliss within them. Mechanism has her charm for her own devotees. and the stoio's bliss is, in fact, profound, and deep research, in cause and effect-in investigation-in science—in the laws that govern all things—in the great mechanism of God, that moves the planets and the worlds. He finds no bliss outside this range. Take him to the poet's charms, and he finds no heaven there. Then, is not the kingdom of heaven to be found dwelling for each within each?

The change that men call death, will never carry us to any point of enjoyment where the heart is not. So in all the varied phases of life-eternal, the soul will find its own legitimate bliss, and gather around tself the materials of happiness which it yearns for.

How beautifully has divinity deposited the elements of happiness where every soul can be filled with that which his heart craves! What an omnipotent distribution of mercies! The same eye goes over all His immortal works! The lily of the field is clothed, and should a mortal grow faithless? Floating on the stream of time, should he doubt the Father's hand that made these waters?

Rest, my soul, in the bright anchorage of fondest trust! Let me nestle in the bosom of my Father! for I am His immortal offspring; and His arm can sustain me, though my brain be feeble, and apparently inadequate to the task of life! Though I fail to sing forth all His melody now, He has given me a pathway to eternity! He has given me an animated life! He has never whispered-death: It is only error that dies. It is only truth that lives.

Well, we have sung a song! a brief, immortal. song la little prelude of the tones to come. And . life is ever a prolude. There is ever following on a nobler strain-a richer flow-a still warm, mellow cadence. But in this wonderous song of eternity, we have no finale. It is only beautious echoing, from angel choirs saying, Amen-which is-even. so-let it be.

Trouble becomes a marvelous mortifier of pride, and an effectual restrainer of self-will. The temper is mellowed and the feelings refined. It needs repeated strokes of the hammer to break the rock to pieces; and so it sometimes requires repeated strokes of anguish to break our hearts to pieces, and make us humbler and wiser men. God's ohildren. are like stars, they shine brightest in the darkest. night; like toroles, that are the better for beating; like grapes, that come not to the proof till they come to the press; like trees, that drive down their roots farther, and grasp the earth tighter, by reason of the storm; like vines, that look the better for bleeding; like gold, that looks the better for securing: like glow-worms, that shine best in the dark: the juniper, that smells sweetest in the fire; like pomander, which becomes more fragrant for chafing; like the palm-tree, which proves the better for preserv-

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# Banner of Light

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DEATH OF PROFESSOR HARE.

This eminent man of science had reached a ripe old age, and passed to a much higher sphere on Saturday morning, the 15th of the present month. He was in the seventy eighth year of his age. Since the present century opened, he has borne a celebrated name as a discoverer in the field of, chemistry, and especially in connection with electro galvanism. In 1801, he made the highly important discovery of the "Compound Blow-pipe," not having reached at that time the age of twenty one years. This discovery carned for him the Rumford Medal from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Besides this instrument, he was the inventor of several others well known to scientific men, but which it is not necessary in this place to enumerate in detail. Among them may be mentioned the Calorimotor, the Litrameter, and the improved Eudiometer. It was as a chemist, however, that Dr. Hare was most distinguished. His reputation was such in this field, that in the year 1818 he was elected to the Professorship of Chemistry in the Medical Department of Pennsylvania University, which seat he filled with credit to the institution and honor to himself for the period of thirty years.

In the summer of 1353, his attention was called to Spiritualism. Conceiving it to be a wide spread and increasing delusion, injurious to the happiness of men, he set himself at work to correct the error. He spent considerable time and money in making a machine by which he felt a sure confidence that he could present the whole phenomena of spirit manifestations, as a delusion. This machine was made on scientific principles, and was ingenious; it precluded the possibility of any agency of the medium, independent of spirit power, acting upon it, to produce manifestations of intelligence. The first time he tried the experiment upon it with a medium, to his utter astonishment the following words were pointed out on its disc, unmistakable to his consciousness: " Oh, my son, listen to reason," signed "Robert Hare," who is his spirit father. Dr. Hare snys that this was the most awful moment of his life, for here was tangible, real evidence to bim that the spirit of his father still lived; it proved to him a' truth more interesting than all others, the immortality of the sout. The instrument he made, in his kindness, in his love of truth, to show the fallacy of an injurious delusion, as he conceived it to be brought joy unspeakable to his 'soul in the full con-

trine of Spiritualism. In 1856 he published a large work entitled "Spirit Manifestations." This book is of great value for the many useful facts it contains. By physical agency and material philosophy, aided by spirit power, Dr. Hare has absolutely done what has not been done before, viz.: he has demonstrated the immortality of the soul. Of course, after that, those who were wont to praise him before, now began to abate some of the strength of their expressions in his favor. A monstrous public prejudice, founded on the purest bigotry, was to be appeased, and there never yet lived a man so great but the time servers and timid ones were quite ready to permit the sacrifice.

viction of its reality. Since this, Dr. Hare has been

an unflinching, bold and honest defender of what he

knows by actual demonstration to be true-the doc-

The delicate and complicated inventions, which were the product of Dr. Hare's mind, to test the truth or falsity of an external agency in producing therappings, as well as to prove the intelligence that resides in the same, are well known to every one. He was himself satisfied of the theory to which he arrived, while those who could blindly follow him as a leader in equally abstruse matters of pure solence, were loud and even abusive in denying to him so much as ordinary intelligence in this. The manner in which he was treated at the meeting of the American Scientific Convention at Albany, when some of the sapient members proposed that he be furnished with an apartment in a mad-house, shows very clearly what is the worthlessness of opinions that must needs stand or fall according as the mob spirit per-

Dr. Hare died full of years and crowned with lasting honors. He leaves, besides a widow, three children, viz.: Judge Hare and his brother, residing in Maryland, and Mrs. Prime, residing in New York.

THE STRENOTH OF MIND-A complete knowledge of the present revealments is yet to be had by those to whom they come. This knowledge can only be gained by a patient and fuithful examination into the true object and design of all that is revealed.

In all the candor and strength of mind would spirits have man approach them in communion. Spirits desire not to bend the mind; to elevate it is their mission; but with sorrow do they often see it waver and sink under the influence of a weak fancy, and writhe in the agree of a sickly imagination. In tones of love would shall whisper to such minds, "Arise! be fifm; know ar own powers! Exercise your own will! prove to God and your fellowman that you are free—that you can cultivate your gifts-that you know your duty, and will perform It!"-Age of Progress.

There is point and meaning enough in the above extract to teach hasty and thoughtless persons a lesson. What brings ridicule upon the Spiritual movement, as indeed upon all other movements which necessarily indicate advancement, is, the ill-considered haste with which people rush into what they think is a delief in these things. They subscribe their faith even before they understand what they are to put their faith in ; and more often before they know why or on what conditions they are to believe.

are offered to mankind at this day, must, if they one. If it be true that happiness grows out of ourwork any deep and abiding effect, be received by selves, and is in no such sense extrinsic and circumthem individually. These great truths must needs stantial as is often pretended, then it must be alcome home to each one personally. Every man must lowed that we may create it as we go along; and the be satisfied of them, and of their high value, for him- deepest, and oldest, and richest experience satisfies self. The say-so of others is worth nothing to him, us all, that there is no surer or speedier method of and that he ought continually to remember. Unless, securing an object so universally desired, than by foresorth, he enters patiently upon his own investiga- working the soil of our own natures. We must learn tions, and proves these things thoroughly to his own to believe that we possess, in one sense, an all-suffisoul, they are no more—and they are expected to be ciency within ourselves. no more--than the passing of the wind, or the telling

are altogether delusive, and which will certainly selves. sink away under our feet.

THE CHURCH AGAINST HUMANITY. The recent suicide of Mr. Henry William Herbert the well-known author, at his room at the Stevens llotel in New York, is one of the saddest tragedies we have ever been obliged to chronicle. The cause of the rash and foolish act of which he was guilty, was such as properly precludes any very free comment on the part of the press, although it is due to seem all the more difficult of realization. the public that the narrative should have been laid

before them in all its truth and reality. But the point on which we desire chiefly to comment is not that connected with his death, so much as with his burial. He was interred in the cemetry at Newark, the wall of which runs parallel with his from his own gate. The house was filled with people who had come to attend the funeral, but they were disappointed on being told by the clergyman who officiated (an Episcopalian), that, much as he should like to do so himself, the ritual of the church forbade his reading the church service over the body of a suicide; and he therefore felt obliged to bury his friend-for Herbert was his sincere friend-without what are styled by ecclesiasticists "a Christian burial."

At the same time, the clergyman said that he was not forbidden to give free expression to his own feel ings; he knew the deceased well and thoroughly; he had known him long; and the very worst it was possible to say of him was, that his faults, no matter how numerous soever, were all on the surface. At heart, he was a good and true man; brave, noble, and sensitive; jonlous, to the last degree of his honor, and on that account goaded, no doubt, into the rash step that he finally felt obliged to take.

All this, and more, the clergyman could truly and conscientiously say; he could pay such a tribute to the nobleness and humanity of his accomplished friend, but he could go no further because the church forbade him ! And thus does the Roman church lay down her stern laws likewise, which are disobeyed teur gardening, partly intent upon finding choice only at the everlasting peril of the disobedient. Both churches are alike in this particular; and we venture to add, that in this particular they are a standing disgrace to Christendom.

The Age is better than the Religion which has been furnished for it. Humanity is much in adit were not for the strong and steady pressure from formed in places most hidden from observation, without, there would not be one half the decency and which teemed with minute worms in immense numis, as it has always been and always will be, that man is better by far than his institutions; the latter a careful and thorough examination of the branches are intended for him, but when he outgrows their The present is the time to exterminate them. Let confining limits, they must be set aside for something

Here is a pitiful sight indeed! were it not thus intimately connected with a melancholy tragedy, or worm eaten apples, in most cases picked from the with the last sad rites that can be paid to man, it would strike people of common sense and feeling ravagers, fair, round, plump fruit, luxuriant in with an idea allied to the ludicrous. A clergyman declares that he would like to pay proper respect to the cold remains of his friend, and that friend one whom he loved for his virtues, and whose vices were " all on the surface "-but is dumb because his church forbids him to read the ritual ! This is a church indeed! This is an institution especially adapted to the wants of living and dying men! This system of barbarous rules and superstitious formularies, borrowed from the same demoniac spirit that impaled the corpse of the murderer at the fork of the road with a sharpened stake, is altogether and is something in whose everlasting sufficiency some men-and not few in number, either-profess implicitly to believe !

Out upon these doctrines-these superstitionsthese base barbarities! The world has need of another Reformation, if rites and rules like these ecessarily belong to what is called Religion!

### GIVE AND TAKE,

"It is not, in this world, what we take up," says Henry Ward Beecher, "but what we give up, that makes us rich,"-and it is an apothegm quite as pithy as any that might be quoted from Lord Verulam himself. This doctrine of self-sacrifice is not sufficiently well understood. It lies at the basis of all that is sweet, and whole, and lasting in our stand with any man or men on an unfriendly foot-

the leading qualities of his character, it is because he has learned it first through the discipline of self- onmity that naturally flows from our perversness is sacrifice. If he is kind and gentle in his demeanor from the Source of Wisdom. Those who have been towards others, it is because he knows how to forget acquainted with believers in Spiritualism, have been himself for the sake of those around him. If he is cognizant of the marked influence in this direction, generous to a fault, and draws down upon himself that their belief has produced. Spiritualism makes the approbation of all large and flowing souls like us more indulgent and forgiving to those who sin his own, the reason is as obvious as that generosity against us and revile us; it assimilates us with all; itself is admired even of the meaner portion of the and makes us know all men as of one family, one world, and can grow out of nothing less than the brotherhood; it draws from our hearts friendship highest form of self-abacgation.

the shortest outs to happiness, here lies a road en- | Spiritualism brings men to stand on a friendly

The manifestations of a spiritual character that overlook, or obstinately refuse to consider the right

To expect that only what we take is going to enrich us, is to misconceive the whole story. Selfish Creduity, of all things else, ought to be chiefly practices never made a man happy yet, and it is not guarded against. It is the easiest matter in the to be presumed that they ever will. On the conworld to fall into the common way of thinking, and trary, by belittling the human soul, they incapacithat, too, without being able to tell why we do so. A tate it for enjoying all those commonest blessings blind and over willing conformity is the greatest of which are its plentiful inheritance. When a man all perils to the soul, and kills out everything else. has come to that point where he thinks he is defraud-We must see, and know, and understand for ourselves. ling others, he has to learn that he has fully begun Especially in spiritual matters is it necessary for us to defraud himself. It is a falsehood that so many to make all things true only to our own personal ex. | believe, when they hug the delusion to their hearts, perience. If we accept anything on the strength of that they have it in their power to cheat others; others' statements, we rest our faith on grounds that they cannot do it; they can cheat no one but them-

It is plain that we have all yet to understand better than we do the secret springs of our happiness; which, if we do but touch them with the slightest touch, will give us all and more than we desire. But the conditions are simple and rigid. Of them none is before this single one of self-sacrifice, for efficacy or thoroughness. Perhaps it may be insisted that upon this hang all the rest. It is so rare an exhibition, too,-as the world at present goes,-that it may

Giving may pass for another name for charity; while Taking signifies just the reverse. Which of the two is the better calculated to confer solid and substantial enjoyment, the experience of those who have tried both arts will satisfactorily show. Be it our office, however, to proclaim that there is no own little estate and into which he easily entered greater fraud which a man can practise upon himself, than by supposing that selfishness is going to secure him a single blessing.

> Men strive for Wisdom. Art inspires the throng. Genlus lends her aid in magic song. The light of Science spreads o'er darken'd earth; From realms beyond the skies it had its birth. But the grim monster, Toil, YET rules supreme, And the velled Future seems like misty dream. War's clarion-notes are borne on ev'ry breeze, From tropic climes, far o'er the distant seas,-And prayers go forth to the Great Source of Light To stay the sword, and teach proud man the right! The time's not distant! Men who now rebel, Will learn that Evil leadeth down to hell-That when the Good prevalls, and works its leaven, All will enjoy on earth a taste of heaven. Science and ART, with Wishon for their shield, Shall then come lorth-a mighty power to wield! And as each year this army doth increase, Wan shall give place to Universal Peace!

LOOK TO YOUR FRUIT TREES.

Recent rambles through the fields and orchards of the country, have developed the fact that the mildness of the winter has left alive all the many varieties of bugs and worms which prey so disastrously upon the fruit trees. While engaged in a little amamorsels to tempt the appetite of a famous trout, of whose whereabouts we know, but who evidently desires no particular intimacy with us, we turned up various descriptions of bugs and insects, which caused us to examine the fruit trees with more ourious eyes. The limbs of the trees, especially of the vance of those who seek to mould and control it. If young trees, told the same story. Nests were being repriety within the church organizations. The fact | bers. In some instances they were sufficiently developed to be seen at a glance, but in most requiring an hour or two each morning, be devoted to the protection of the trees. Watch them as tenderly as a mother does her infant child, and instead of a few ground, their life and freshness destroyed by the quality and abundant in quantity, will gladden you at the harvest time.

It is needless to say to any fruit grower, who is ether than a recipient of Nature's bounty without equivalent rendered therefor, that it is quite as reasonable to expect good corn or potatoes from merely dropping the seed into the ground, as to expect good fruit without judicious labor and watchfulness. And in neglecting your own trees you are not only guilty of a willful disregard of your own interests, but you are also guilty of a serious crime against your neigh. bor. By your carelessness you destroy the effect of worthy of the nature and the dignity of humanity, his labor as effectually as if you maliciously entered his premises and inflicted an injury upon his trees. You would shrink from the perpetration of an act like this, but you are little less guilty if you allow your trees to become the uurseries of enemies which will eat the proceeds of his toil, and destroy a harvest to which he is fairly entitled. Did every man act upon this principle, and see that his own premises were clear of the infection, the evil would soon be removed, and vigorous orchards, bewing down with their loads of fair and luxuriant fruit, would bless and gladden the earth. Will you do the portion of the duty Nature has marked out for you?

### ONE GOOD REASON.

Mr. Emerson says that " wisdom will never let us ing." The truth, of this saying no one will deny; For example; if a man betrays courtesy as one of consequently, whatever tends to orento between man and man a friendly feeling, whatever lessens the and love, instead of condemnation and hate; it frees It is important that we understand this doctrine the soul from petty jealousies, evil surmisings and of Give and Take more thoroughly. Men totally prejudices; it make us leave off all judgment passed forget themselves, when they imagine that the more on others in all condition and under all circum. they take, the more they have. It is not so. On the stances, no matter how great the apparent wreng, contrary, it is those who, within the ordinary re- how great the crime; it oreates in the soul unlimit strictions of produce, give the most, that also take ed charity, and brings out from it a manifestation the most. This habit of giving, when directed by a of love for its opponents and enemies, the same as wise and discriminating mind, chiefly enriches him for its friends. This, Spiritualism does; and if it has who practices it. At any rate, it never results in a not yet done this in the hearts of all its true beligyloss. crs, it will do it, it must do it, for such is the nature. While so many are industriously inquiring into of its influence.

tirely open to their travel, but which they ignorantly footing with one another. Then if Mr. Emerson's

from the Source of Wisdom-and what comes from that she was like the flickering taper in its socket. that source cannot be wrong. This is one reason, Many physicians had given her up as hopeless, and among many other good reasons, for believing that declared she could never be any better. As a last Spiritualism emanates from God.

#### HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS!

who feel and know the influence of spirit power say this; and, how beautiful it is, uttered a thousand to health, to the great comfort of us all. times, conveys but a feeble expression of what the | I could go on and enumerate very many like oirno language can delineate—no picture can paint cedes any I have ever heard of in modern days. The magnitude of this beauty, its height, its depth, There seems to be no limit to his healing powers, satisfied longings, with thoughts withdrawu from his elder brother of olden time." carthly things, alone can feel and know it by the natural growth of its own appreciative senses. Spiritualism is to the soul like the gentle dews to vival seems to be general. Spiritualists, and all thirsty earth; like food to the hungry; like oloth- that they may be aided to become better men. and never been supplied, and never will be, by anything "the end is not yet." I trust good will come of it. nothing else can bring; it bripgs fitting garments and in its genial atmosphere of light and love, any religious exercises, unless they first publicly watered by the dews of angel-breathings, the soul deny what they know to be true." unfolds in youthful beauty and eternal freshness. It is spirit-power alone that can free the soul from the bondage of sin and error-from suffering, pain, and misery. This work Spiritualism has begun in from darkness into light-from pain and suffering | than we can:into happiness and heaven? Is it not beautiful to have all our-doubts dissipated, and rest in peaceful trust in the arms of our Father's love? Is it not have a sure, unwavering belief in immortality, and to hail death as a welcome messenger to bear our souls from the short night of our earthly existence to the eternal day of spirit light?

Spiritualism pours these beauties into every soul ready for their reception; they come not into the soul from external teachings, but from divine influx, and what the soul thus feels, it knows beyond the power of words to speak, and beyond the power of glory, borne up on philosophy, towered as the theme man to controvert or change. How beautiful it is ! How beautiful it is!

THE BIBLE.

Reformers need to learn to respect not only every an that lives, but every person. No spot on earth but is consecrated. A book that has baptized and regenerated so many natures, that has inspired so much heroism, should not be lightly spoken of. The deficiencies of the churches ensure their destruction as sure as to-day's sun molts yesterday's snow. We waste our force in destroying that which is destroy-ing itself. To guage the Bible by the oriticism of the present age, would be as unfair as to judge of the character of the child from the stand-point of manhood.

the zeal of to-day into the HEROISM of to morrow. What do we work for? To put the Bible out of existence? No! To destroy the churches? No We are working to educate the people, to resurrect

the holy angel within. - Exthange. The case is well put. The struggle is not, or should not be, to overthrow and destroy, to ruin and lay waste, but to impart new life to the hidden principle within-to call out those nobler traits that have been but little appealed to as yet-to develope, to emancipate, and to make perfectly free.

To this end, nothing need be destroyed but error. And with the fall of that, no ruin is created, no danger impends over the race, since it is nowise possible that any structure of error, however ingeniously put together, can either afford shelter to the human race in times of a common calamity, or bring harm to the same by its total overthrow. The great end and aim of all spiritual and truly reformatory ef. fort is, thorefore, to infuse a new and true spirit into the old forms, so that, without doing violence to the tender religious sensibilities and deeply-rooted religious partialities of men, they may gradually shed themselves like an old and dead coating, while the body of the believer becomes at the same time regenerated and revivified.

The Bible has done a good work, yet not so widely extended a work as it might, but for the barnacles of superstition, and fear, and ecclesiasticism, that have clung to its keel. The spirit of that book is the spirit that must actuate and control the whole world-which can be none other than the spirit of Christ. And it is this very thing for which we have us respect only the spirit, and discard the superstitious idea of doing reverence to the letter. Upon the latter basis it is that the sects have worked, and worked with such wonderful effect. By quoting their convenient texts, and fragments of texts-to say nothing of mistranslations and outright misrepresentations for the sake of partizanship-they are enabled to entrench themselves within the wails of their doctrines and creeds, their synods and their polities. But the moment they grasp for the spirit and let the other go, the needed change is visibly wrought which shall make the nations one common brotherhood.

### CURES PERFORMED BY A MEDIUM IN

BARATOGA, N. Y. We learn from Bro. Andre Cook that several remarkable cures have been made at this place, through the instrumentality of Mr. Rufus B. Newton, a healing medium, who has for the last three years been used as an instrument for the healing of all kinds of disease, chronic as well as coute. Consumption is among his most important cures. His testimonials are his neighbors, a list of whom can be procured, if desired. This medium is in the habit of producing, by the application of his hand, the effect of cathartic or emetic, and also produces perspiration or sweat when the patient requires these remedies. The wri-

notice, I will give. A daughter of mine has been so very sick for several years; past with dispepsia and female weakness, that we had dispaired of her No. 1, commencing with Mrs. J. S. Adams. Hall west

saying, above quoted, be correct; Spiritualism comes recovery. She had become so weak and nervous resort, we applied to Mr. Newton, the medium, who made an examination, as usual, and described her. symptoms, located her difficulties, and told her she A lady said, the other day, "that all the Spiritual- would be cured. And she did recover precisely as ists say how beautiful it is ! how beautiful it is ! why she was told by the medium. In about six weeks do they say so?" There is a good reason why those the general circulation was regulated, and the nervous irritation overcome, and our daughter restored

reality is. There is a beauty in Spiritualism which cumstances; but suffice it to say, this medium superits breath, and its power, are beyond utterance and His terms are very liberal with all. Though poor expression. The soul in its deep recesses, in its un- himself, he renders aid to the destitute freely, as did

Another correspondent at Saratoga writes as follows :- "Our village is getting on finely. The rethe withered flowers; like refreshing rains to the other 'Infidets' (?) are the subjects of prayer-not ing to the naked; like light and colors to the opened live and practice more religion—but that they may vision of the blind man. Spiritualism supplies a adopt the more popular theology. I can hardly see void in the human soul, yet unsatisfied, which has the cause and object of this great movement; but else; it brings nourishing food for the soul which and truth and righteousness advanced. There is a most bitter feeling here against Spiritualism and its adaped to its wants which nothing else can bring, advocates, and they are not allowed to participate in

#### 'T. G. FORSTER.

Brother Forster has been lecturing in the State of Texas, with marked success, although he writes us hearts susceptible to its influence; and, is it not that his health has been so poor, that he has often beautiful to the consciousness of the soul to become | been obliged to keep his bed most of the interval befree, to have the prison doors of hearts thrown open? | tween his lectures. This is his apology to the readto have the chains of error fall off, and come forth in ers of the Banner for not keeping them better posted freedom-to love, and see God in all his works? Is on spiritual movements in the South. The followit not beautiful to merge from sin into holiness | ing, from the Galveston News, tells the story better

T. G. Forster delivered his first lecture last night, and we hear the most unbounded applause bestowed on him by those who were present, as having far surpassed, in his powers of eloquence, all efforts of beautiful to realize and to know that all earth's clooution ever before witnessed by them. Such is children have started upon a journey that has no the testimony of all. We are assured there was termination, that shall bear us on forever; and every step taken in this journey bring to us more intelligent among our citizens, whose initials will heaven, more happiness? Is it not beautiful to doubtless sufficiently designate the writer. He will be allowed to be a good judge of true eloquence:-

> EDITORS NEWS-Allow.me to say that Mr. Forster's efforts last night, for intense eloquence and majestic sublimity—and I do n't express more than half my feelings, my judgment, my soul-was the most splendid lecture, the most eloquent oration, the most magnificent effort of human intellect and god-like grandeur, that ever blazed before my mental vision, or thrilled the tendrils of my heart. Immortality and from the children of the earth to the God of the heavens.

> I don't know the man-never saw him before; nor does he know me. Would that he speak every night, and all night. Oh! the sublime strides of the soaring soul toward the eternal God and his angel immortalities l

The discriminating editor of the News, with his large experience, when he said the other day that the most cloquent lecture he ever heard fell from Mr. Forster's lips, said a great deal, and yet he said

Mr. F. expects to reach Memphis, Tennessee, by the latter part of this month, and after passing the summer months in the Western and New England States. to locate permanently in one of the Southern cities, I trust that the providence of the ages will temper | devoting his time to lecturing in the South, and in Editorial Correspondence for the Banner.

### HUMBUG EXPOSED,

The Independent, published at Mankato, Minne. sota, is responsible for the following expose of one of the Exposers of Spiritmalism. The public is always ready to pay liberally for the services of those who pretend to expose mediums and the cause they represent, but people are never so badly duped as when they pay their dimes to these people :---

"Another Humbug Exposed .-- We notice that a Dr. Loomis is lecturing at various points in Minnesota on Spiritualism, Psychology, &c., and has succeeded in "pulling the wool" over the eyes of some of our brethren of the press, by his Psychological experiments upon persons selected from among his auditors. The Doctor pretends to account for the phenomena attending so called spiritual manif stations upon Psychological principles. His experiments upon persons. psychologically under his control, as narrated by the Hastings Independent, and other papers in the State, are truly marvelous. He has recently been performing in Decorah, Iowa, and the following correspondence between the editor of the Gazette, of that place, and one of the Doctor's paychological subjects, throws some light upon the modus operandi of the Doctor's control over his patients:

Mn. Woon-Hearing that you were one of Loomis's subjects, you will confer a favor by stating whether you were directed by Dr. Loomis before the performance, as ts what he wanted you to do, when you pre-tended to be under his influence. Truly yours, F. BELFOY,

Mr. Belfor-Yours has just come to hand. Dr. Bomis instructed me beforehand. Said he had been in the business about eleven years—that his object was to gull people. I was never under his control, been, and are still contending; that we shall ali of but feigned to be [by his direction] in order to carry out his humbug. I look upon him as a base impos-DANIEL WOOD,

We would infer from the above that somebody has been sold, cheap, dirt cheap."

### ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

The usual yearly anniversary meetings are to occupy the attention of the church building public this week. As usual the weather is decidedly damp. Whether the rush of the "big guns" of Ecclesiastieism to our city draws down these showers or not. we are not weather wise enough to determine; but it is certain that with the recurrence of anniversary week, we always have unpleasant weather, which usually passes off, and is succeeded by sunshine. when it closes.

### THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Miss Hardings, who is acknowledged by all to be one of the most remarkable mediums of the day, will speak on the above subject at the Meionaon Hali, Tremont Taupile, on Wednesday evening at 784 o'clock. Clergymen admitted free. The subject is one worthy of her abilities.

### PERSONAL.

Miss Amedy is engaged to speak overy Sabbath until the second Sabbath in October. She is quite? popular in the towns in the vicinity of Boston, and has given good satisfaction wherever slie has been engaged." A local to the place of the site of the distributed

See Seventh Page for History of Mediums,

### Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW, YORK.

NEW YORK, May 22, 1858. deep and pure religious sentiment, to form a basis, plied with ablo speakers. for the intellect and give it a proper direction? has founder; declaring them the hinge on which our veloped his inner life. It has done this by making found in the catacombs of Rome. Love the foundation and corner stone of thought,. action and belief.

action: where character? To know, to be, to act- sion. truthfully, morally and perseveringly, are the three great conditions of human life. It was no fanoyit was a noble inspiration, when Vanvarnague said Great thoughts come from the heart; and what cultivates the heart?"

Such sentiments as these outside of Spiritual circles, or in, are most cheering. But to us they are not new. What else have we been listening to for the past ten years, in our thousand little despised who has advised us to cultivate our intellects, a speakable light of immortality. cloud of witnesses too great to be numbered, have . Mr. Parker said that he should speak next Sunbesought, implored us, to look to our hearts. Not day to the society of Progressive Friends in Pennsylthat our heads are to be neglected or despised, but vania. this being pre-eminently an intellectual age, its great and devise, arrange their business and social rela- work." tions, speak, preach, pray and give alms, intellectuwhich is the voice of the soul.

universal brotherhood and good-will; all laborers wonders do you behold! who strive to make man better, as well as to improve works; and our friend Munson is supplying the de- pattern, and yet the web is there on land and sea.

At the Communion, he has long been in the habit of beauty. All these garments are made by this Great inviting all to participate, "who love the Lord;" Clothier, yet all, fish, reptile, insect, beast and bird, without requiring that they should be members in are more beautifully and fittingly clad than the "good standing," or any standing, in other churches. Queen of Sheba, or King Solomon in his glory. And

packing, which is performed by a select corps of brightness is not dimmed. The moon and the sun most expert, and at the same time, courteous sorters shine as brightly now as in ages past. and packers-for the custom is to sort out the ladies and accommodate them first-occupied from twenty minutes to half an hour; and still, after all the seats and all the aisles were bestowed with an econ omy wonderful to contemplate, there remained about the different entrances, a dense sea of human bodies for which there was no room within. Many were obliged to depart, finding it in vain to achive either sand persons managed to get within sound of the ception. speaker's voice.

Mr. Beecher's subject was the same, in substance, with that of the other speakers to whom I have rel am with you always. Does God take more care of ferred, viz.; the necessity of elevating the inner man, fish and flics than of man? the sense of right, above intellectuality and self. The merchant, the lawyer, the mechanic-men and women of all grades and conditions of life-ought and maple, the elm, and all the trees, varied garments must, take with them into all the days of the week, of beauty; we see a revival in all nature; the sun is and all the actions and business of life, this sense of the preacher; all nature hears and accepts his justice of duty, and of kindness to others. In all business of traffic and bargain, in all our intercourse in their sweet songs. What a penticost is this ! all and relations with each other, the question should the ground seems holy with new life. be, not will this benefit me, am I making a good trade? but is it right? That is the rule. Everything must come to be settled by the Law of Right.

Man lives on different planes, continued the speaks or. There is the plane of his affectional, moral and religious nature, and the plane of his animal, heard. ing and selfish nature. Most men live on the lower plane. In order to do this, they need not have been made men. To live on the animal plane, they need. ed only to have been made animals. It is the higher plane, the sense of right and justice, charity and

presume, in his labors, until the hot weather drives wedded to nature. The whole world of nature is

him into the country. Mrs. Davis speaks to-morrow. at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn; and Rev. Mr. Benning at Clinton Hall, New York. Although we have no stars, or comets, from abroad among us, our regular meetings will doubtless be continued through the season; MESSES. EDITORS—The influence of Christianity on and friends from the country, or other cities, may civilization; or, in other words, the necessity of a always anticipate finding our halls open, and sup-

The last book of pretensions, claiming the attenbeen incidentally a subject of discussion at several tion of Spiritualists, is "The Gospel of Jesus," edited of our recent Conferences; was ably treated by Mrs. by Rev. Gibson Smith, and published by Gibson, Hatch in her last two Sabbath discourses in this Smith, South Shaftsbury, Vt.; S. T. Munson, New city, on Mental, Moral and Religious growth; and York; and Bela Marsh, Boston. The book professes by T. L. Harris in a recent sermon. I sent you a to contain the Gospel of Jesus, compiled by Matthew, sketch of Mr. Harris's and Mrs. Hatch's discourses from his own notes, and those of Peten, Luke, Mark on this theme. In our Conferences, Dr. J. F. Gray and John; and to have been received by Peter; also, has made several foroible presentations of the in-the Aots of the Eleven Disciples; the last Epistle of debtedness of the world to Christianity and its Peter to the Chapelites; the Aots of Paul and the Jewish Sanhedrim; and a table of contents of a Hisimproved modern civilization has turned; and the tory of Jesus, by Peter. The work professes to have fire which has kindled the heart of man, and debeen translated from ancient Latin MSS., recently

The book is well written and printed, and no doubt will attract a good deal of notice. But the first point It is a little remarkable that simultaneously with one would desire to established is, not its authenticity, this, men of science, technically so called, are earn- but its antiquity. 'What is the proof that such MSS. estly turning their attention to the same field of were ever found at Rome? and what are the evidences thought. Edward McPherson, Esq., of Gettysburg, of their age? On these questions the volume is si-Pa., has recently delivered a lecture on this subject; lent. When an equal antiquity is proved, it will and in a complimentary letter to him on his dis- then be time enough to place it by the side of the course, from the well-known Dr. Lieber, which has common version of the New Testament, with the view just fallen under my eye, I find some passages which to determine which is the Simon pure. For the preare worth being put on record. "Intellectuality sent, I shall take the liberty of guessing, on my own alone," says Dr. Lieber, "promotes so little sub-account, that those old manuscripts are indebted stantial progress, a c that frequently the most re- to the clairvoyant oye of some modern medium for fined periods are the deadliest, and coexisting with their discovery and existence. The modern forms of wide spread barbarism in society." Again: "The thought and expression, identical with those ourrent scientific spirit consists in shrewd inquiry, untiring among Spiritualists at the present time, in the abcollection, and philosophio grouping. But where is sence of farther light, inevitably point to this conclu-

## Meetings in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER'S LECTURE LAST SUNDAY MORNING AT MUSIC HALL. Mr. Parker spoke to a very large audience of about three thousand intelligent and attentive hearers.

He first offered a heartfelt, impressive prayer of circles in all the four quarters of the globe, but the thanksgiving for all the various blessings which we iterated and re-iterated injunction of our spirit- daily and hourly enjoy-and a petition for strength friends, to love one another; to cultivate the heart; to conquer evil and temptation; for love, to love to learn goodness; and to ultimate our lives in be- others as we love ourselves; for forgiveness, to fornevolent actions toward mankind? For every spirit give as we are forgiven, and for more of the un-

Mr. P. spoke from the 17th verse 5th chapter of lack is soil. Men toil at their various callings, plan St. John: "My Futher worketh hitherto, and I also

We have not space to admit of but a condensed ally, and with an eye to the main chance—which simply report of this interesting discourse which was over means self-instead of governing their actions by a one hour long. Mr. P. said: How mighty are the living love within them—the silent voice of right, forces in the world of matter; heat, electricity, vegitable and animal life! Put a little atom of the I honor all the apostles of love; all preachers of butterfly's wing under the microscope, and what

Go to Lowell, where carpets of varied complicated the gloss of his surface, whether I can subscribe to colors and textures are woven. The power of the their particular views or not. If they are hopest | Merrimac rolls the wheel, the machinery moves, the and hearty that is chough. They have their mission, shuttle flies, and the mechanism in its varied forms which it is not mine to judge; and I bid them God- is produced, and the carpets are piled away for speed. Of such, and among the noblest of this or future use. Man wonders at the power that can do any age, are your Theodore Parker and our Henry this, yet the power that made the atom of the butter-Ward Beecher. Both of them are immense battering fly's wing is more wonderful. The power of the rams, striking gigantic blows against the mammoth | Merrimac makes the carpet, yet what is the Merriwall of Error; terrifying its defenders, and toppling mae compared with that great river of God, the it over about their ears in smoking masses of brick operations of His nature? What is the carpet made and mortar, stone and splinters; and both of them there, compared with the green carpet that floors are full of love and sympathy for the human race. the earth, on which animals live and tread: the Mr. Parker's recent onslaughts have not passed un- buffalo, the bear, the ox, the horse-all animals, noticed here. There is an urgent call for copies of wild and tame and it is over green. You see not his pamphlet sermons, as well as for his larger the power that makes it-you see no weaver, no mand. Of the pamphlets, he tells me, he recently . How handsomely are the fishes made and clothed; sold at the counter, a thousand copies in a single day. the insects are all well clad; the beasts are clothed

Mr. Beecher has of late signalized his liberality, in coats that never pinch under the arm, and are by freely immersing—in the large additions which never out of shape. The shoes of the buffalo are have been made to his church—who preferred that always fit for use, and need no change. The garments mode of baptism. Scores have united in that way, of the birds are adapted to their flight—are made In Mr. Beecher's sormon last Sunday evening, was, all nature is as fresh and beautiful now, as ever. as usual, delivered to an audience of thousands. The The stars have shone a million years, and still their

> The powers that move the heavenly spheres in harmony, the centripetal and the centrifugal forces which are but the breaths of God, are the same as when these worlds were made. However old the world of nature may be, it is ever new and fresh.

Nobody ever preached hell and damnation to alewives and shad, and yet they drop into the bosom of the Almighty, and God never loses sight of them; a seeing or hearing position. Probably four thou- their spawn is never lost to His eye of Infinito per-

The air is full of insects, yet not one is afraid to die. Fear not, little flook of the ephemeral world, I

· Nature is wonderful in her operations. The appletree puts on her wedding garment of flowers; 'the words of life; the tuneful birds rehearse the tidings

It is not from the tall warehouse of prosperity that man shall get glimpses of the far-off world of never-ending life, but in the green valley of nature; here he shall read lessons of humility, and learn teachings of immortality.

In the cold winter we have longings for the green beauties of summer, we look upon and admire the evergreen, plue and fir, for they bear messages of promise to satisfy these longings. In the winter of the soul, we have the overgreen of hope. The world of matter is suited to the inhabitants upon it. In good will, and the acknowledgment of the Supreme, nature we find the mineral, the plant, the animal; which lifts man above the animal, and makes him from the animal we slope up to man; this is the MAN. course of nature ! it is ever tending forward and up-Our lecture season, proper, is over, and for the ward. Then man also tends upward, from the savage present there is a lull. A. J. Davis still occupies to greater degrees of refinement and civilization, and the desk at Dodworth's, and will continue to do so still upward to the flower of a Socrates, and still on for the present. Mr. Harris speaks, regularly, morn to the dear God who maketh and loveth all. There ing and evening at the chapel of the University, is a perfect harmony between all things on earth. Washington Square; and there will be no histus, I Vegetation is the marriage ring by which man is

grateful to our flesh; it warms and feeds us, gives us clothes and houses for protection. The world da. lights us with its beauty. It has beauty for the savage and for the civilized; for the child and for the old man there is food for every love and every desire, adapted to every taste and every capacity.

Man is one world and has another to attend him So long as all nature, in her perfect work, in her thousand tongues of beauty speaks Theology, I can never doubt. Every violet, dandelion, daffodil and onquil, teaches me of God.:

When men reject the volume of nature in which to read Theology and learn of God, and take the volumes wherein are written doctrines and dogmas of men, I do not wonder that they have a devil, and attribute a malignant quality to God. Our ancient fathers looked on nature as a Deity. Nature is the primmer where man first learns of God.

Let the earth's annual crop stop one year, and the world is in the house of death. How wonderful are nature's works? The miracles of the New Testament are far less so. God in nature changes the water into wine on the hills of Italy and Switzor land; he feeds not five thousand from a few loaves and fishes, but from nothing, save air and earth, he daily feeds ten hundred million, and all the animated life unnumbered that moves, and this is not a miracle, but the work of God in nature.

How old is the material world! and yet how young and fresh it is? Thirty thousand years, and perhaps sixty, and yet mankind has still the bloom of immortal youth about its brow; not a faculty is lecayed or lest-every one is fresh and beautiful.

Toll me of the bright intelligences of the past-Socrates, Zoroaster, Zalenous, Numa, Confucius Christ and others; we learn of them; but our learnng ends not hero; humanity still goes en-the tree of humanity-and as it grows, it blooms higher.

#### LECTURES LAST SUNDAY AT THE MELODEON.

Joel Tiffany, of Ohio, occupied the Mclodeon-desk ast Sunday. In the afternoon, he called attention to the advantages gained to us by an established communication with the world of spirits, as well as the disadvantages, and the principles and truths this clothes him with the attribute of wisdom. communication evolves.

The great trouble with man has been, and is, that ne has never acted up to his highest convictions, nor always received truth when it came to him, even when he know it to be such. He is, however, anx- along the ditches, reads, lanes, and barnyards, is an ious that his neighbor should keep the whole law, even while he asks respite for himself.

Spiritualism has already established the fact of the communion of mortals with the spirit-world, and the truth also that our communion is not always with spirits of the same class. There are pure ones. who are sent to us with messages of love from God's kingdom of immortality; then there are classes of spiritual beings far below, who take delight only in the gratification of lust, even as some do on earth. There is as great variety of grades in the spiritworld as in our mundane sphere.

We have learned that we are subject to the control of spirits-good spirits and bad-and to the influences of purity or of sonsuality which they shed. If we seek to converse with any particular class of to draw towards them we must become pure and holy, or blackguards and mountebanks.

We have also learned that any amount of faith is not necessary, to bring us under the influence of the spirits. The man who believes neither in God nor festations. The man who ridicules and scoffs at I the spirits, and wish nothing to do with them, but it of empty boxes," ere long. is all the same. They have something to do with you, and you can't help yourself-provided your condition is to their liking. If you wish nothing to do with evil spirits, your only protection is to buckle on the breastplate of righteousness, and clothe yourself with truth and purity.

Another truth Spiritualism teaches is that the spirit in the body and the spirit out of the body, are the same. The influence of the one is like the influence of the other. Individuals are known to be influenced by the society they keep, by a mental attraction and repulsion, and spirits disembodied are governed by this same law. There is the same bar in this world between the good and the bad as in did you dig?" "I dug home as soon as possible." the world of spirits. The character of the inspiration you received is shaped to your own mind. You need as much inspiration to listen as they do to speak, else the spiritual inspiration cannot be com-

In our circles for obtaining spiritual communica tions, we have never properly attempted to harmonize the ideas and principles of those presentwe have only arranged the external things to produce harmony; and, so, sometimes we have been blessed with communications beautiful and pure, and, again we have received most infernal ones. Curiosity is one great draw-back we have had to endure. We have been actuated by eurosity, rather than a desire for truth, which will make men better: and often combativeness has been pretty well excited, by resolves to oppose this or that man's erced, and all who adopt it -- so you attract those spirits no better

I ask spiritual mathematicians what an influence must come over impressible persons in those circles. by this incongruity of ideas in the minds of the others? In forming a circle, it is your first duty to receive no bad influence, and, in the second place, to impart no bad influence to others. See whether your feelings are pure, or sensual; see whether you are seeking for truth for truth's sake, or for your own many have been injured. I know of many such, and & Co., at Augusta, Ga., have been indicted in that selfish gratification. From neglect of these guards, so do vou.

Now, if Spiritualism is to go forth to purify the of all that is impure and unholy.

Owing to the crowded condition of our columns. of the evening lecture.—En.]

. Tell me, yo winged winds, that round my pathway roar, do you know some quiet spot, where hoops are worn no more? Some lone and silent dell, some cave, where women can walk three abreast, along the village pave? The loud winds hissed around my made for a grand regatta for all the American Colface, and answered, "'nary place."

### The Busy Morld. FUN AND FACT.

THE READER'S ATTENTION is called to the beautiful story we have commenced on the first page of this number of the Banner, written by the popular authoress, Mrs. Ann E. Porter. The other pages are filled with so much choice reading, that we are at less to particularize.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns this week, we are obliged to omit our usual variety upon the eighth page of the Banner. Correspondents will be attended to next week.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for June, has been placed upon our table. It is filled with articles of sterling merit. Phillips & Sampson are the publishers.

Mrs. Aloina P. Enrigh, of Fairfax county, Virginia, recently left the form in the triumph of faith. She has since manifested herself to her brother. Mr. James T. Close, of Alexandria, Virginia, and we are promised some test facts from him .- Vanguard.

Mrs. E. Burgis, the clairvoyant medium, of Racino, Wisconsin, and Mr. Burgis, are about making a trip to England, their native land.

Lord Bacon says, " Ethewold, Bishop of Winchester, in a famine, sold all the rich vessels and ornaments of the church, to relieve the poor, and said: There was no reason that the dead temples of God should be sumptuously furnished, and the living temples suffer penury."

SALE OF WARDROBE.—The sale of Charles J. Foster's heatrical wardrobe took place at Leonard's, Tremont street. Although largely attended, there were but few bidders present, Mr. Curtis, formerly of the Boston Theatre, being the principal buyer, under the assumed name of Allen. The whole wardrobe, properties, &c., which must originally have cost over \$8000, brought, at this auction sacrifice, the total amount of \$174.33-less discount, 10 per cent.

It is goodness and lowness of heart which raises man to the highest pinnacle of moral greatness, and

Bedbugs and Roadies.—Experiments have established the fact, that the plant known to botanists as Polygonum punctatum, usually known as waterpepper or smartweed, which may be found in abundance effectual and certain destroyer of the bedbug.

If man never relieves distress, or feels for "others" wees." how can he look for the smiles of Providence to rest upon himself? How can he ask for blessings, when he has never bestowed any?

HALLS' BRASS BAND .- This excellent Band, we are pleased to know, is fully appreciated by the public generally, and, consequently, what we might say in its praise would be entirely superfluous. Orders for Military and Firemen's Parades promptly responded to, by addressing D. C. HALL, the leader, No. 4 Winter Place, or No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

Electricity is about to be applied to music. A performer seated before a piano, constructed for the purpose, in London, Moscow, or St. Petersburg, will spirits, we seek to adapt ourselves to their character play a morceau, every note of which, by means of the electric wire, will be repeated by another instrument in one of the concert rooms in Paris.

The man who courted an investigation, says it is n't half as good as an affectionate girl.

AMUSEMENTS .- It is announced that the National spirits, is as liable to their impressions as he who Theatre has been leased to Mr. James Pilgrim for a believes everything in God's universe is a spirit term of five years, who will shortly open it. — The Because a man believes not in the first spiritual Museum is crowded nightly with delighted audiences. truth he is no less susceptible to spirit influence- Kimball knows how to please his patrons. - Ordhis condition and sphere being right for the mani- way Hall, likewise, has a full share of public patron-— The Howard Athenaum managers are get these manifestations, is just as likely to become a ting to be snobbish since the close of the Boston medium as any one. You may turn your back upon Theatre. We predict for them "a miserly account

A PAIR OF THEM .- Trafalgar Square now contains the statues of two Generals-Sir Charles Napier, and Dr. Jenner. The former was a General Officer; the latter a General Benefactor.—Punch.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe, of Wisconsin, is a newly announced trance speaking medium.

Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, of Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, is reported by a Philadelphia paper as saying there are a number of Congressmen who are Spiritualists, and that not many years will clapse before Spiritualism must wield a marked influence in Washington.

"Bob, did you go to the mines?" "Yes." "What

"Thank God!" exclaimed Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his deathbed, " if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you ery half so much as I have made you laugh."

THE MILK TRADE OF BOSTON.—The New England Farmer says it has been making investigations in regard to the milk trade of Boston, with more or less care and carnestness, for the space of two years, and results have been obtained which will startle the community. We do not suppose that the purchasers of milk, as a general thing, expect that their milk is all pure, there being a well-founded impression that it is adulterated with water to a considerable extent. The Farmer finds, "by the investigations instituted. that the value of the milk annually brought to the city, as it comes from the country, is about one million of dollars, and that, as it is sold out to the consumers, it has swoilen to the sum of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars I the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars being the charge for carrying the Cochituate water through the streets, and peddling it out at six cents per quart."

"Mother, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now, what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

GEORGIA LOTTERIES STOPPED .- The lotteries of Swan city as bogus concerns, and some of the parties interested in them have been arrested and held in world, it must be sanctified and made hely. There \$10,000 ball each. Two of the firm of Swan & Co., is no use in hunting up patent by-ways to salvation. Benjamin B. Wood and George P. Eddy, reside in There is no way under heaven nor among men, by New York. The receipts of this bogus concern are which you can be saved, but by purging the heart said to have averaged about \$150,000 per week. Among the persons arrested at Augusta, are Frederick P. Barber and Leon Dugas, who professed to be we are compelled to defer, till next week, the report the State Commissioners authorized to superintend the drawings. Since the above was put in type, we learn that

these lottery offices are not closed up; but the formal presentment against the said company was merely to test the legality of their lottery charter.

July next. Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Trinity, and other New England Colleges will doubtless be represented. Boats are also expected from the New York and l'ennsylvania Colleges. Springfield, Lake Winnlplscogee and the North River have been mentioned as suitable places for the regatta to be held.

## Political Items.

The President has asked Congress for a loan of-\$15,000,000, and the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives have the matter under advisement.

The Scoretary of the Navy has sent in to the Senate a letter from Lieut. Craven, ln which he expressed the opinion that an inter-oceanic canai across the Isthmus of Darlen is entirely out of the question. It would involve, he sayse a reckless waste of human lives and money for which no possible amount of business would ever compensate.

The overhauling and searching of American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico by the Brltish vessels of war, has created much excitement and indignation. Our Government will refuse to permit any such conduct on the part of any power on earth. The President has already demanded explanation and reparation from the English Government, and it is almost a certainty that they will disavow the action of their naval servants.

It is reported that Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, has abdicated his authority, and the belief is that the war in Utah has thus came suddenly to an end. Some of the government journals, however, are inclined to question the truth of the story, thinking that it is only a "blind" got up by the Mormons to lend us off the right track.

It is supposed that the Utah Expedition will cost at least ten millions of dollars, and very likely amount to nothing, after all.

The House of Representatives have very unceremoniously turned out their doorkeeper, and elected another in his stead. He was charged with abusing his office.

The London Times India correspondent gives a most graphic description of the sacking of the royal palaces at Lucknow. It was hardly above the barbarism which the English army are sent out to over-

The Paris Univers has a very bitter article on England, from which this is an extract:-- "Let us renounce this alliance with perfidious, insolent England-this alliance which has never been cordial, and which never can be relied on. An isolated position would be even more satisfactory-rupture would be preferable. No war with England, however disastrous, could ever destroy dynasties in France. The alliance of English conditions is more menacing to them. The tomb of St. Helena is empty, and from it issued not only the Emperor, but the Empire. The cordial alliance did not prevent Louis Philippe from expiring at Claremont, and that tomb will remain closed."

Mohammed Pasha, the Turkish Naval officer, has been in town with his companions, inspecting all our public institutions, with which he expressed himself much delighted.

The United States Senate have finally voted to abolish the Fishing Bounties, and thus destroy our only school for seamen.

Gen. Persifer F. Smith, commander of the Army of Utah, has died at Fort Leavenworth.

The Tariff Investigating Committee are just ready to send in their report to Congress. In it they relieve all members of Congress of any imputations. and show where the entire \$87,000 went.

Postmaster-General Brown has had the suggestion made to him that it would add greatly to the consience of the public, if a system of post-office money orders could be established in this country, similar to what is now in operation in England. It is certain that such a system would be self-paying, and would insure all the safety in the transmission of money-which is at present so much desired.

The Territorial Committee of Congress have reported adversely upon the petition of Utah to be made a State.

From some reports that reach us from Kansas-it is made to appear that the people of that Territory will reject the English Compromise by a heavy majority. There has been some pretty hard words used between Dr. Robinson and Gen. Lane, an account of which is given at length in the papers.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. R. D., NORTH LEEDS, ME.-We duly received your letter and remittance, and owe an apology for not noticing it ere this. It was mislaid. We are obliged for the interest you take in the welfare of the Banner. S. C. S., Laconia.—Go on in your work, only use moderation.

and, above all, do not give up your judgment to any spirit. If they bid you do anything opposite to your own Reason, wait until you can believe it proper for you to do the thing required. C. B. T.. CANADA WEST.—Will send a paper to the lady, if

agreeable, for her contributions. We see nothing to disagree with in your letter. Ours did not take so wide a range. We know that intelligence does come through mediums superior to their powers of mind.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VIOINITY. MELODEON.-Miss Hardinge, of New York, will speak noxt Sabbath, afternoon and evening, at 3 and quarter to 8 o'clock. THE LADIES' HARMONIAL DAND will hold their semi-weekly meeting at the house of Mrs. Alfred Nash, No. 7 Phipps Place,

on Thursday, June 3d. All interested in this benevelent work are invited to attend. DRO. JOHN H. CURRIER, tranco-speaking medium, will lecture in Lawrence, Sunday, 23d inst.; Concord, N. H., Sunday, 30th; Orango, Mass., Juno 6th and 18th.

LORING MOODY will lecture in Milford, N. H., Sunday, May 23d; Manichoster, N. H., Sunday, May 30th; Lawrence, Mass.; Bunday, June 6th; Haverhill, Sunday, June 18th; Groveland, Monday and Tuesday, June 18th and 45th; Georgetown, Wednesday and Thursday, June 16th and 17th; Exeter, N. H., Surday, June 20th. I Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture falls for want of needful arrangements. Mr. Moody will act as Agent for the "Banner of Light."

, Miss Rosa T. Amery, the trance-speaking medium, will lecture in East Foxboro', Tuesday, May 25th; Milford, on Thursday, 27th; Shorburne, on Sunday, 50th. A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spirit-unlists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEZITINOS WIII be held overy Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Speaker, Roy, D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

Meerings in Chelsea, on Sundays, morning and ovening, METTINGS IN CHELSEA, on Bulladys, morning and ovening, at Guild Hall, Windsimmet street. D. F. Geddard, reg; ular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDDEFORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Sunday afternoon and avoning, at 8 and 7 object.

clook.

QUINOY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hallevery Sunday morning and aftornoon.

BALEM.—Meetings are held in Salem every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Sowall street. The bost trance-speakers ongaged. Circle in the morning free.

J. N. Kwapp, Supt. Mcetings at Lycoum Hall overy Sunday afternoon and ovening, at 21-2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Tranco-speakers engaged.

Lowell.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular moetings on Sundays, forencen and afternoon, in Well's Hall. Speaking, by mediums and others,

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.—Arrangements are being made for a grand regatta for all the American Colleges, to be rowed some time during the month of morning. All are invited. Admission, 5 cents.

## The Messenger.

ADMISSION TO OUR CIRCLES.—A desire, on the part of our

Admission To our Circuss.—A desire, on the part of our readers, to make themselves acquainted with the manner in which our communications are received, induces us to admit a few persons to our sessions.

Visitors will not receive communications from their friends, as we do not publish in these columns any message, which could, so far as we know, have for its origin, the mind of visitors or medium.

Visitors will not be admitted, except on application at our office, between the hours of 0 A. M., and 1 P. M., each day. No charge is exacted, but all applications for admissions must be made at this office. must be insde at this office.

HINTS TO THE READER-Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mo-diumship of Mrs. J. H. Compar, whose services are 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 us.

They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are

tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything more than Frierz beings. We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is cell as well as good in it, and not expect that purity shone shall dow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirit, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of grath as he perceives,—no mere. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinious merely, relative to things not experiencest.

The Spirit governing those manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to have truth come through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

fection is not claimed.

#### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

James Finlayter, Edmund Perry, John Clary, Rhoda Stevens, William Atkinson, John Atkinson, Rosalind Kidder, Henry Foss, Woodhouse Wheeler, Wm. Anderson, Mary Brown, James Gline, Stephen Wallace, Caroline Lee Hentz, Henry Woods, Robert Williams, Wannondaga, Hon. Samuel Woodbridge, Dea. Benjamin Reed, Robert Bishee, Henry Elliott, Charles Cheever, (M. D.) Ruth, Chas. Holmes, Mary Wells, William Brown, Stephen Bigelow, Dr. John Roberts, (N. Y.) Charles Wainwright, George to Dr. Wainwright, Washington Goode, Dr. Dwight, Lafayette and Charles Mowatt in answer to "C.," Hattie

Stevens, Rev. Dr. Sharpe, Washington.
John King, John Howe, Isaac, a slave, David Hooton, Harris
Owens, John Harvey, Charles Edwin Green, Abner Kneedand,
Rev. Dr. Emmons, Samuel Joy, Margaret Wilmot, Elizabeth
Shaw, Caleb Revd, Gro. Kent, Thos. Campbell, John Scarles,

Bhaw, Caleb Reed, Geo. Kenl, Thos Campbell, John Searles, John Carr, John Barron, James Tykendahl, Mary Gardner, Goorge Corbett, James Ferguson, Betsey Davis.

John H. Crawford, Patrick Murphy, Harvey S. Palge, Caroline Holmes, Charles H. Saunders, Charles Hill, John Moore, Oliver Bacon, Susan Brown, Benjamin Lindsley, Commodoro M. Perry, Mary, Charles French, Henry Clark, Charles Halwin, G. W. Carver, John Jameson, Cordella, Fletcher Leroy, General Gates, Willie Eaton.

Robt. King, Sally Parker, Sam'l MacIntyre, Dr. John Williams, Abraham Potts, George Brown, Louisa Curtis, Mary Paul, Geo. Robbins, Mary Sister, John Ellenwood, Honry Barker, James Richardson, John Cardington, N. Bowditch.

#### William Sands.

My name was William Sands. I have friends in various parts of the United States; both acquaintances and relations. I have been rather indirectly requested to come here; for what purpose I scarce know, except it be to make a fool of myself. However, as the call has been loud, I will endeavor, in my poor way, to respond to it; but I must tell my friends, at the outset, that I am the same, and have not changed in regard to my view of spirit life.

Many people suppose I never gave it the first thought; but such individuals were those who looked at the exterior, and did not penetrate the same. No man is going to heaven by his friends-he must go by his own works. My friends ask me a very foolish question-Are you in heaven or hell? As regards heaven, one is in it who is happy, be he on earth or in spirit life. As regards hell, every man is in hell, whether he lives in an earthly or spiritual state, if he is doing what does not agree with the inward The murderer does not need to be cast into a lake of fire, to be purged from his sins. If the people of earth would only suffer the inward monitor to do this work, and would treat him with kindness. they would never believe in the necessity of this literal heli of fire and brimstone.

I have every reason to believe that my friends did not expect me, although they called loudly for me. The call was like this: " If Spiritualism be true, let William Sands come: but we know it is not true, so he cannot come." Most of my friends are religiously inclined, forming their present happiness from what they gained of the church. They know full well what my opinion of the church was, and I have told them I have not changed. And in regard to this revival, I think it may be likened to a man placing his house on another man's ground. The convert does not form his opinion from what he has seen or heard, but from another's senses. In a word, he is psychologically influenced, and when the preacher's zeal has died out, the convert's house will fall to the ground. I never interested myself in religion on earth. I understood it all, but never could get into it; and I am very much inclined to tell my friends to keep cool, and not get excited by what they supvose leads to their eternal welfaro—keep cool, as in winter. If they would only seal their piety by acts of charity, they would be perhaps truly religious; but as it is, I cannot see much good in their notions. I must speak the truth—and as I feel I speak now.

Yes, they called me strange, and said that I lived far beyond my time. Well, I have not been subject to hell in consequence of my earthly deeds. But I have been finding myself a little better to-day, and to-morrow a little better. Yet I am considered an undereloped spirit; but, thanks be to God, I am one of Ilis children, and can't, therefore, be cast off.

I suppose it does not matter to you where my friends are; so I will, without taxing your medium farther, bid you good day.

James Bates-Lost on the Fulton. I want to inform my people that I am dead. I could not rest, and they (spirits) told me to come here. My name was James Bates. I was 29 years old. I was here when one of the passengers with me spoke with you. I tried to speak, but could not, then. I was on board the steamer Fulton. My people live in New Orleans. They do n't know that I was on board that boat, and are very much troubled about my absence. Tell them I am dead, if you please. I do n't know where I am to go, or when I am to stop going. I want them to know this, lest they should think worse of me. I knew a little of this before I went, but not much. Tell them to be patient and happy, and I will tell them all in a short time. Tell them I am not unhappy-I am happy enough—it is n't that I came back for. I have much to say, but can't say it now. April 12.

John L. Brewer, Liverpool. Do you, measte my time by yours, or am I to measure it for meet? I want to know who you are? Something wich seems to be a duty, an ur-

gent duty, brings mi here. My name used to be something very much like this John L. Brewer I was of Liverpool, England. I have been dead to the world seventeen years, fourteen days. I am not misaken, as I see your mind indicates. I was ever partitular in my carthly life, and shall be so throughout eternity. My memory remains clear and unsullied as when I was 25 years of age, and everything which transpired in my earth

of age, and everything which transpired in my earth life. I have in the store-house of my memory, and can bring from thence at any time! With.

The place that was once my home, has ever bean called the old Brewer house. You'll find it situated on the outskirts of Liverpool. Every one who is no quainted with that locality, knows where it is. The

the time I am speaking, there is one of my descendants residing at that piace—my old home,—and, as far as I can understand, they are not well to do in this mundane sphere; indeed they seem to suffer at times for the common necessities of life. Now I have been told that I could seek out a way by which have been told that I could seek out a way by which have purely them and if I do I shall benefit them ten upon everything. I must here state that I, for many years, lived alone—that is, apart from my I look back, I now see how far I failed to do it. kindred—was not in communion with them, they having the audacity to call me one of the children change called death, all those errors passed from belonging to his Satanic Majesty—the devil. I, on me. I saw that in earth-life I had worshipped an

But a feeling rises within me, which says, it were unknown God. better for meeto perform a duty, than to remain constantly unhappy in regard to that duty. When I me to say there is no punishment for sin beyond the died, I had £2000 in the Bank of England, and that grave. Every sin must receive its punishment. If which will obtain the same, may be easily found, if may be permitted to give them directions. Around the house is what you would call here a large garden. Every child has a monitor within—we will call it In the north-west corner of that there are two large fing-stones. Beneath the right hand flag-stone, the tates, no child need to sin or suffer; but they go out largest, they will find a very small box, nearly a foot after another's opinion, instead of heeding the advice square. In that box they will find the necessary of the monitor within. documents to procure what I had in the Bank of England, and also £6000 in gold. I never intended that should remain where it has so long a time, but only placed it there to get rid of my creditors. In he casts off the mortal. If he has lived in sin, he the meantime, death came, and I left. This house I finds himself miserable until he has cast off that gave to a kindred, far from me, whom I had seen in sin, and put on a robe of righteousness. These infancy. He, at the present time, occupies it. Ho friends do not believe in Progress. Oh, if they look contentment of spirit—all I ask for; and now, after coming and finding myself somewhat disappointed, I will pass from you, and make myself barrents. will pass from you, and make myself happy or unhappy somewhere else. Time may send me here again; however, I cannot tell how that may be. April 13.

This spirit, on being told by the spirit controlling the circle to-day, that he would be able to commune with his friends by coming here, expected to meet them face to face. It is that to which he alluded, have been here.

### George Mann.

A spirit entranced the medium, but could not control her vocal organs. He wrote-

My brother-I desire to speak, but am unable to do so. My name was George Mann—my native place Manchester, England. In times past, I was a nember of the Lebanon Lodge of Masons. Brother, Marston told me to come to you. April 13.

#### Joshua Davis.

To my dear companion in earth life-I come that may take away the wild tempest of doubt, and place within the soul a hope; yea, more, a knowledge in regard to the safety of the boy Joshua. Yes, my wife, he is well and safe, and your alarms are groundless; therefore, be at rest. I have long tried to give you this information, but could not until this hour. Dear one, you may place, perfect reliauce in what I now give—I will meet you again.

Yours, in spirit,
Joshua Davis.

### Johnny Cilley.

My dear Mother-I have tried to come all this ime, but could not till now. I often see you at go to her? They know about it-read the Banner. nome, but cannot speak. Call for me often, dear mother, and father, and all. I am very happy. JOHNNY CILLEY.

hand around it, and printed the characters, as a little child would do.

### Mary Beals.

I am not used to speaking through your medium. I do not understand the laws that govern my com-ing; but as I have strong attachments in the earthsphere, I am induced to try and make my way through the materialism I see on every hand, that I came to me and told me that I "must not be too nay draw near that which even now is a great draw- hard on Doctor Howe;" said he, " I know your sister back to my happiness in the spirit world. I have was there, as you said, but they do not see as not been long in the spirit world, searce long enough you do." o break the charm that binds me to those here.

Yes, I have a husband here in your city, and I have sought many times to make myself known to him, but I have never fully made him understand my coming. His soul is ready and willing to drink in the waters of belief; but oh, we have not yet been able to hold the cooling draft near enough for him

no other way, and I assure you I approach you, a bly from lack of memory, and when we reported our stranger, with some degree of reluctance; but when I look forward, I am willing to take up my cross, as

did one whose example all should follow.

I see many changes that have taken place since I left earth. The question has been asked, am I pleased with all I see. Oh, yes, for I know that all will be well. I know that earthly children will be constantly reaching out for something new that they have not as yet attained. Oh, if we could only see earth's children always ready to meet us when we come, all would be joyous: but we will not complain. for we know in time our good Father will make the band, but cannot to-day. I will meet you again. He communion, open and the bliss more complete. I know full well that many kind bearts hold me in sweetest remembrance in earth-life; and oh, as I look within the hearts of those I love and find the flowers of memory blooming fresh within, I can but bless my God. Oh, I would that mortals would always turn their thoughts to Him. I know He hath by some been called an unjust God. But who that looks at the work of His hands, but shall know Him as a God of Love, a God who is not willing any of His children should pass from His hands unblessed.

I find much joy in the knowledge of the happiness of my companion. I know full well he has wandered through dark paths, and that sometime in his life, he will wander through still darker, but the star which guides him, will beckon him to a place of rest. He sometimes wonders if I am with him. How strange the thought! I know it has no abiding first ray of light. place there. With him, yes! morning, noon and light—with him to bless, and to lead him on to

ove unknown to mortals. Oh, tell him that all I regret is, that I cannot always shield him; that I cannot always advise him; therefore can commune with none, and I come tohat he at times stays away from me. Oh, tell him I always pray for him and wish him to walk in ways of peace. To all those I love, I will say that my wish is for their welfare and happiness. My name was Mary Beals. April 14.

## Rev. William Miller.

earth, for the blessings of to-day. Many years have all I wish. I did not come here to be taught, but I passed on since I left earth, and all have been running on, on, on. The mind of man has ever been grasping at something higher, not satisfied, and heaven. now in your day Jehoyah has been pleased to open the windows of Heaven, and the glorious sunlight of he has tried the two worlds until he has lived with Immunion has been given to you, and how little a body and without; then he sees himself as he is, ou prize it !- how lightly you look upon it !- when and sometimes to bitterly mourn the past. you should all of you offer thanks to the Giver of All Good, that you did not exist in times past. Oh, how his sed an age you live in it. Than been called to earth that I might answer a

Thave been called to earth that I might answer a description. I bless God for the opportunity. The whole carth is sending forth praises to God for progress. Yes, not one in a thousand, can realise. The world knows me—ask not for that which I

house was built by my grandfather, John Brewer, and it was handed down to me. While I was on earth, I kept it looking well; but since that time It has fallen nearly to decay, because money has been wanting to give it a fine and comely appearance. At the time I am speaking, there is one of my descendation of death—all say I believe, yes, I know it to the time I am speaking at that piace—my old home—and as been her box for each real line at the line I am speaking at that piace—my old home—and as been her box for each real line at the line I am speaking at that piace—my old home—and as been her box for each real line at the line I am speaking at that piace—my old home—and as been her box for each real line at the line I am speaking at that piace—my old home—and as been her box for each line has for each line has for each line has a line h

I may meet them, and if I do I shall benefit them. lieve in that when on earth. Yes, from my soul I I know I was foolish to expect to see them here, believed it. I believed that man's sin would carry when I consider the distance which separates them him even unto a literal hell. But it was because I from this place. Yet I did not know but I might looked upon the Father as I could not look in my find something mysterious here, as mystery is writ- present condition. I tried to love Him under even

I must tell those dear friends, that with the the contrary, was content to let them do as they unknown God. I had wandered through the wilderpleased, and kept aloof from them.

Now, I do not wish those friends to understand

has a family—how many, I do not know, for overy- aboard in the natural world, they will find it writthing looks dark and strange to me there. I have ten in all therein, and if it is found here, shall it

> other than they make and the God they have located afar off, lives in everything that hath life. They may worship Him here—they may worship Him in the spheres, because He is all wisdom-all love. Oh, how mortals would rejoice, could they look upon their God as we look. But we will bide tho ime when they shall all see as we see.

My friends ask me if I am happy. Yes, I am where he says he might have known they could not happy. I have cast off all earth's error, and have come up through tribulation, and have washed my garments in the Fountain of Knowledge, and to Him

be glory now and forever more.

My name was Rev. William Miller—I passed from earth nearly forty-nine years ago. Those I have in an earthly state are now standing between the two

spheres-they were in youth when I passed on.

#### Charles Hutchins, to his Sister. Perhaps I'll be more welcome than I was some time ago. My namo is Charles Hutchins. I have got something else to come for, elso I should not

You know I was talking to you about my sister. Well, she is a medium, and they do n't know what ails her-I go to her, and shall not harm her. I want to manifest through her; she says sometimes she sees me, but you know she is blind-so she can't see me as your medium sees spirits. They think she is crazy—has learned too much at that institution. I found out she was a medium, and I jumped at the chance to come. I can speak through hercan write through her, and tip things through her, but she is under such confounded influences sometimes, it's about as hard to make a medium of her, as it is to make the other place out of heaven.

The fact is, I want to know if it's right for me to She do n't know about mediums. All her other faculties are as keen as a knife. She has been blind all her days, but she is smart. It is hard for me to This spirit clutched the pencil by doubling the overcome these quickened faculties. I would like to have her come here, and I'll be on hand to see her. I am her guardian spirit. I can't carry her up very high, because I am not very high myself; but I have looking at people mad as I once did.

You have not got mediums enough; I can't get a change to talk once in six months. I want to get Julia developed, so I can talk more.

Do you know Fisher-Doctor. Fisher? Well, he

Well, I want to let my sister know, in my poor way, that it is me she sees, and that I want to develope her. This spirit manifested to us about a year ago,

and we had some difficulty to obtain such information from the Blind Asylum, as would establish the truth of his message. We, however, received it at I trust you will pardon my coming, for I know of last. His statement to us was denied at first, probaill success to the spirit, he was rather disturbed. He alludes to this in his message.

### Albert Boothe.

I wish to speak, but cannot do so. I wish to talk with my brother. I died in Boston, one year ago, of fever-was sick cloven days.

### Augusta Sprague.

I am very desirous to communicate with my hus-Yours in spirit. is in New York, April 14. AUGUSTA SPRAGUE.

## Robert Kidd.

I have no home on earth, and none in the spirit life; but when I float above the broad ocean, I feel only then at home. I come to-day, I use your medium, not because I wish to, but because I am forced to. Conditions that oppress, around my spirlt, have urged me here, and I cannot leave until I cast off a

portion of the weight that has hitherto kept me in hell. Suns have arisen and set, moons have gone out, and midnight darkness is left, and I have passed from earth in utter darkness and despair; no one asks for me, or if I have an existence in space beyond the tomb! And as I must care for myself, if I am cared for at all, I must come here to gain the

I know you all-report of you has roached me; but one is present whom I have followed for years, and in vain have I sought to gain even a partial communion with him. I have no friends on earth, day simply to benefit myself—and who dare oppose me? Who dare say, go and come no more? No one save Him who holds the eternal in His hands, "Tis a long time since I have used mortal form in this wise, and I had almost forgotten my own tongue-a long time since I controlled material force, and I had almost forgotten to do that. Meet me in spirit life, I think that all you Spiritualists should first offer and I meet you on a level with myself; but difficult thanks to Him, the God of the heavens and the ties cluster about me here, and I am unable to give must return to earth to observe and to commonoe in an earthly state, my march toward happiness-

Ah, well, man knows but little of himself until

I have a company of acquaintances with me to day. Some I have never met until this hour, and now it seems as if the forces above and below have

sembling what carries the soul from its Maker. My so long they will be deluded.
punishment is just now more than I deserve, and I Now, as we understand it expect more than I yet have had; if I did not receive it, I should think my Maker unjust. The wings who, like the people of the present day, dearly loved of the vulture of my despair have long clouded the the body, and could not look beyond it for satisfac-

Dever pass away.

I say I have been from earth many years. Yes, the time seems long to me, and yet it is in reality short. When man finds himself unhappily sltnated, he is apt to lengthen out his existence. The day is long, the night without end, and the year an eternity. Many come to comfort me; but the cry is, return first to the place where you first committed sin against the spirit of all things. When I reach out my arm to grasp at happiness, it is a ignis futuus—to be seen, but not touched.

If you are very desirous of receiving my name, I shall Robert Kidd speak it. 4

myself at the end of years calling upon the same and would be convinced by the expression he used. God in vain, and receive for my benefit, "Return to both on earth and in spirit life, I have no encouragement to trust any man, yet I will meet you

as you desire, and see if your mind is of value. Yes, yes, thousands have gone beyond me in my except I return to earth. April 16.

A gentleman accompanied us to this sitting who was the person alluded to by the spirit, and the dence.

### Dr. Emmons.

I have been requested to come here to-day; how unused to speaking through media. I was once connected with the church—that body of people who professed to love and serve Jesus Christ, and not only him, but they profess to love their enemiestheir neighbors as themselves. I professed the same -I tried to live up to my professions, but I do not come here to-day to tell how well I did, or how evil I did, but simply to answer a question propounded.

Why I am called upon to do this, I cannot tell, unless it be from cariesity. I hope this is not the case, and yet if it be, my coming may not be in vain. The question was as follows:-

"What would you have us understand by the passage in the New Testament, which reads like this:
1 and my Father are one?"

Jesus spake these words to his followers, and he no doubt meant that they should understand them, but they did not, and his professed followers at this day do not. They have cast a veil of their own weaving over these words, as they have over all his life, and they who understand even a part of the spiritual nature of Jesus are few, very few. Now what I have gained of this personage since I left earth, I will most willingly impart to others.

"I and my Father are one," said Jesus, and he spake the truth; but he might as well have said, I am but a result of the Supreme Power. He might as well have said, I move by His will, I live by His will, I work by his will, as to have said, "I and my

Father are one."

He who walked forth in purity, was Jesus, and he may well be said to have been one with Jehovah, for as He is the essence of Love, so was Jesus,—he being the only perfect man that ever walked this mundane sphere. Our wise Father manifested perfectly through Him, that coming generations might have an example to follow, and attain happiness by the same. Jesus said, "Whatever I do, ye may do, and even greater things." New I understand that the same power that was bestowed upon him, others might receive; the same miracles he porformed, others might perform. But that part of the great multitude who inhabit earth, and look upon Jesus as their saviour and their God, know not what they do He can only be their saviour as they walk in his footsteps, as they live up to his teachings; and a thousand Christs might live and pass on, and be of no avail, unless and when the Sabbath comes upon him, he pretends not will that His children should be in darkness.

to give it to God.
The Sabbath! I might say, that hallowed day! for it in this light. No man should knowingly desecrate

the Sabbath. But I have wandered. Deity, if they devote all other days to their own service, never caring for the happiness of others.

Now the principles that Jesus sought to perpetu-

how much happier the life to come would be.

All mankind, bend or free, high or low, may be do they not live at peace? Because they have let go know that he has placed it there by his own hands! their hold of God; because they are not one with the I left a family, to whom I was much attached, not-Father. Oh, let me beg those who have called for withstanding the little difficulties that arose in that me, to walk with Jesus, that every hour of their life family. I was attached to them, and instead of castmay be conscerated to Jehovah. Let them render to ing censure upon those who are even now a great material things all that is due them, and to God all deal above me, I should have taken them by the that is due to spiritual things. Then they would hand, and censured myself until I had healed all not be obliged to call for one who has gone forward, wounds. But I shall continue to come to them, unto illume these things; but the taper within their till I have opened their cars to the music of heaven, own souls would burn brightly enough, to not only for I have learned that happiness is found by making illume their own nature, but that of those around them, others happy, a thing I never learned on earth. Oh, (A quostion sent to us by F. P., asking an explana- if the golden rule reigned on earth, how happy a tion of the passage, "Before Abraham was, I am," family we should have. Now it is, do this for my was here presented to the notice of the spirit) sake. Oh, if people could only see themselves as Christ is believed by many to have existed through they are seen, they would go about and make things out all time. Well, the power that actuated him, pleasant in life. the life-essence, did exist so far back, that mortals cannot reach it, and will not to all time; but the

alm; it thrilled and filled his spiritual nature, and thing but a whole heart, and your work must be he may, in that sense, be called God; but when mor- done on earth first." tals are fond of worshipping the body of Jesus, and enter into such an error. Christ especially said: stop longer with you. 'Flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heavon,' and yet thousands expect to meet that body in the igher state of existence, which served the spirit of esus on earth, as your bodies do your spirits.

How absurd the thought! Oh, the time will come you spiritualists, will wonder why they were so in the English literary world, is now giving blind, and could not see the truth. The resurrection perience in Spiritualism to the Sp. Telegraph. of Jesus, and his appearance to his disciples, is not understood by the church.

hate-my name. My life was filled with spots re- so long as they suffer another to seek for them, just

Now, as we understand it, the natural body of

Jesus was taken care of by certain earthly friends, sun of my existence, and it seems as if they would tion. The same power that performs so many won. ders in this day, rolled back the stone and closed the eyes of the guards, so that these friends could take care of his body. To be sure, they said, Christ is risen—he is not here, but they spoke of the spirit. Mary saw him in spirit, and was astonished, and would have taken hold of him, but he said, "Touch me not," knowing well that if Mary touched him, she would at once dissolve the elements which he had combined about his spirit, in order to render it visible to her.

Then, again, we find him with his beloved disciples. He is said to have entered the room when the can give it you; but I hate the name, and never again doors were shut—now all will admit that a material cannot pass through material substance, therefore One might suppose I had filled the store-house of Thomas spoke to the spirit, when he said, "My knowledge during my sojourn in spirit life, but my lord and my God." I know that Christ told him to soul has been constantly poring over the past, and handle him and see, yet I find no record that he did striving to wipe out stain after stain, and to find do so. Jesus well know he would ask for no more,

Oh, that man, could see things as they are; yet earth and make confession, and then angels will time alone can roll back the stone of bigotry from await you." I have so many times been deceived, the dark sepulchre of the church. The star of progress has settled over the church, and ere long the whole body shall be illumined, and every one shall see, and know, and understand for himself.
Our Father and our God, Thou Spirit of the Uni-

spirit existence since I left earth, and yet I see them | verse, we do now humbly thank Thee for the blessings traveling fast, as if on eagle wings; and I am left Thou hast been pleased to bestow upon us, Thy chilno one cares, no one looks upon me with even pity, dren; and we do, oh, God, thank Thee, in behalf of this mundane world, in darkness as it is to-day; we thank Thee because we know that darkness is not eternal, and however dense it is at this day, we know that in the future Thy love will penetrate it. We agreement to meet him had reference to a request worship Thee because we know that Thou art Love, for a private interview at a medium's place of resi- and we return to-day to teach Thy children, because we know of no higher employment, and want no bet-ter. And oh God, as we take upon ourselves what we were wont to bear years ago, we thank Thee for Thy goodness. We desire, oh, God, to rear an altar to Thee, and the sacrifice we would offer is ourselves, well I shall answer the call, I cannot say, as I am spiritually. Do Thou bless the sick of earth, and as their bodies languish beneath the rod, let their spirits grow brighter and brighter, and soon may every spirit passing from earth come with light.

May Thy love, oh, Father, fill all souls here; and when they shall severally come up hither, to Thy kingdom in the spirit, may they know and serve

Thee better.

Wilt Thou, oh, God, bless the churches especially. We know that they are wandering in the wilderness of doubt; that the cloud hangs heavily over them; yet we know that the cloud only hangs over them today, and may be dissipated to morrow. Oh, God, wilt Thou bless those that stand as teachers therein. May they go forth in Thy way; and we know, oh, Father, that way is to help the afflicted, be they of whatever creed, Methodists, Atheists, Baptists-for we know that all creeds must yet bow before the God of Love. We know, ch, God, that Thy power is unlimited, and as Thou in Thy purity and love hast taught us to pray—therefore we do send forth our thoughts to-day. Wherever Thou art, in earth, in hell, or in heaven, answer them in Thine own way and for Thine own glory !

I was known as Dr. Emmons while on earth. April 16.

#### Hannah Kimball.

My dear Husband-For good reasons I approach a medium, to convey a message to you to day. That I do not come to you through a nearer source, is be-cause 1 cannot. Yet I do often come to you, and should more frequently, if you would sit alone. One who often writes through your hand, desires you to sit for him at any time convenient to you, and he will give you something in rhyme. I would give more, but can't do well. Your spirit-wife Hannah, to John G. Kimball.

There being some doubt whether the middle letter was G. or F., the above having been written, a different influence took possession and wrote:-

My mother has left; my father's name was John G. Kimball. John was my name. April 16.

### Dr. J. W. Chapman.

mortals would take pattern by these Christs. The of themselves! Man plods along all his earthly life, Christian, at this day, devotes one-seventh of the week to the service of God. All other days he devotes wholly to himself, gathering to his earthly storehouse all that may chance to come within his reach, is the result of folly on the part of man. God does

I have great cause to mourn over my past life; not that I committed many known sins, but that I did not Jesus hallow it? All men should look upon was constantly signing against myself; and man should be just to himself, as he would be to God. I sometimes suffered very much from troubles of a do-The Christians of to-day, I said, devote one day to mestio nature, and that tended to carry my soul the worship of God, and do they think this will be downwards. Oh, I would to God I had broken loose acceptable to Him? We think not. They may in my earthly life, then my spirit would not be in clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and go to the condition I am at this time. But I am not disthe sanctuary, but this will not be acceptable to posed to mourn away my spirit existence. No. I have too much reason to bless God that I can go near the fountain of goodness, and that I have opportanties of filling my soul with that I never hearded ate, should be carried, not only to the church, but to the workshop; and if they who reach out for that when my spirit craved spiritual food; when my soul which is not theirs, would only pattern after Christ, longed to be satisfied in the matter of spiritual exhow much more glorious would be their lives, and istence. But I placed a stone upon it, and said, I will be content to believe what others have seen and believed, and 1 came well nigh losing my soul by one with the Father. The same germ of life eternal this. I was never over zealous in anything, perhaps found in Jesus, is found in all mankind. And it not enough so; but sometimes positive power for may come forth and interlink with Deity, if man good would rise within me, and I would be obliged will only do his work. If he would manfully take his to exercise a mighty power to overcome it. Now I oross, and bear it up Calvary's steep, how great know those who had known me in earth form were would be the reward. The temples of God would not be desecrated, the money changers would be cast off. had given me. Inever used those talents, except for Now, as we return to earth, we see nothing but war, benefit of self. Oh, God, how sad one feels to find No one seems to be at peace with himself-and why himself surrounded by a veil of thick darkness, and

I left a family, to whom I was much attached, not-

We, in spirit life, have good reason to thank God that the two worlds are so closely united. We might physical, the form, existed only from his natural dwell in darkness a long while if we could not come birth.

to carth to buy our oil. We go to those who are high Christ tame into the world a perfect child; the in spirit life, and they say, "Go where you first transangels watched over him, and when he became of gressed God's laws—and there commence the work, age, the spirit of the Most High was poured out upon of regeneration. God will not be satisfied with any

I am very desirous to communicate privately with supposing that body was carried to heaven, they my own dear friends, and when they see fit to give know not what they do. And if they would only me an opportunity, I shall readily embrace it. I look at the developments of nature, they would not will now bid you good day, as I have not power to Dr. J. W. CHAPMAN, April 17.

SPIRITUALISM IN CANADA.—A gentleman occupying a prominent social position in Belleville, Canada when those poor, deinded creatures, who now revile in the English literary world, is now giving his ex-

We have had the pleasure of that gentleman's soanderstood by the church.

It has ever been a mystery to some of the good of knowing Canada and its inhabitants, can confibrethred in the church, and it will probably remain dently predict that. Spiritualism there will make so, until they have courage enough to east off the steady and decided progress, when it once gets a chains of the church and seek for themselves. Just firm footbold. Vanjuard in the church and seek for themselves.

### Bistory of Mediums. NUMBER L

MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

Mrs. Adams is the wife of John S. Adams, who is well known to Spiritualists as a firm advocate and a powerful defender of its precious revelations. He is the author of many published works on the subject of Spiritualism. As a writer, he is clear, comprehensive, forcible, and intuitional. How much the association of Mrs. Adams' spirit with a congenial partner, for many years of so spiritual a nature, has done for her medium development, cannot be easily estimated.

Mrs. Adams was born in the State of Maine, in 1830, and from her earliest days has manifested proclivities of character that have since developed themselves in a marked fondness for the works of Naturer In all things she sees beauties to love and admire, even in deformity, and in the lowest conditions of 'life. She recognizes the God-life, in all life, and the sleeping germ of this life even in the grains of sand we tread upon. Her conceptions of God, His love, His power and wisdom, are unmeasured, and the relations we bear to Him are the tenderest and the holiest of all relations. He is the Father of all alike-loves all alike-the high and the low, the favored and the degraded; His sunlight of love shines on all the same—the just and the un-

When a mere child, Mrs. A.'s parents were taken from her to the spirit land. When she came to graphs:maturer years, she was urged and persuaded to join herself to the Orthodox church, of which she was a member for many years; not, however, without feelings within her inmost soul that the character which that church attributed to God was contrary to the voice of Nature, which whispered in her heart more truth and love.

Her attention was first called to Spiritualism in the Spring of 1852. The hand of a medium was seized by spirit influence at her first sitting, and wrote for her as follow: "You are a medium, and your mediumship will be like writing on rice paper -the more light you expose it to, the easier can you read and understand it." This prophecy has proved true of communications given through Mrs. A., for the more we read, examine and criticise them in the sunlight of truth, the more significant, truthful and beautiful they appear. Mrs. A. continued investigations and sittings, mostly in her own house, for some months, feeling a strong and constantly increasing interest, when she began to be conscious of herself. Among the first manifestations through ing upon the pianoforte, etc.; all without visible steps until the summit is thine to gaze from. Let the soul be ever a willing recipient of light. Truth agency. The name of her spirit mother, on one occasion, was written in a closed drawer, in which paper and pencil had been placed by spirit direction.

Mrs. A. was next developed a writing medium, which was soon followed by trance, personating, speaking, psychometrical, and seeing and conversing with spirits in a normal state. Her visions, which freshing for the eye to gaze upon. Oh, deem the exconvey ideas in the language of symbols, have been, ternal sight but secondary to the clear, internal gaze and are now, exceedingly fine. The character and disposition of the various persons for whom these visions have been given, having passed the strictest and most impartial analysis, have appeared faultless and correct delineations of each.

The life of Mrs. A., as it is believed to be the case with all excellent mediums, has been characterized with much bedily and mental suffering. It may not this volume is "LIFE ETERNAL" It possesses great be an error to suppose that every pain we suffer helps unfold our medium powers; that all suffering fully expressed. A series of chapters selected from is friction to the material covering of the soul, that this volume are now being published in this paper. makes the gem within shine brighter.

In February, 1854, the "Lily Wreath," a volume of 188 12mo. pages, was commenced, and concluded in about eight months; the principal part of which introduction and incidental notes by John S. Adams. was spoken through Mrs. Adams in deep trances, It is a thrilling account of an unprogressed spirit; five or six pages at a sitting, one week between each.

dressed to one, but it is adapted to all; it is for all the following words, which revert to the past life of who read and admire the gems of spirit love therein this spirit; her innocent childhood; her fall and recorded. "It is whispered in love; it is breathed from the happy home of angels, where earth's children shall all abide; where brighter, softer garlands shall crown their brows, undying, forever."

The following selections will convey some idea of the beautiful language, and the instructive truths, the home of my childhood; in the cradle of innocent this book contains. The following Prayer and Resolutions are in words and sentiment adapted to every soul of progress :--

streams fill me with drops of celestial wisdom. This nestle. That hand, that once protected me I curse. throbbing heart pulsates with new life when fed by Her spirit passes away; sorrow and disappointment angel-hands breaking unto it the bread of life to was her shroud. On her grave no tears are shed nournish the soul for eternity. Not in high pillared none to moisten the green sod, and it grew dry and domes doth my soul bear incense to its Maker, but barren like her early hopes. Yes, memory rolls me in Nature's higher temple, where the spire of pure back, and it brings an agony of soul; that was my affection reaches unto its spirit home. There this mother ! Her form was mouldering back to dustheart loves to worship. At the shrine of love let and I was mouldering back to misery. Years fled humility bear her incense of gratitude; angels catch and icy age came trembling on me. In darkness the echo, and the dews of forgivoness fall on the wandered; to eternal misery; as I was taught to thirsty spirit. Life of all Beings! Soul of all Wisbelleve my soul was fast hastening. As I went doms! flow in, Flow in to this weary spirit. Thou alone didst guide me through the darkened night of Another dying couch. Memory played well her error; and now, the luminary of truth dawns over part; like arrows of conviction she pierced me. me; I pray for lasting light till the twilight of Dark as my own, were beings about me-kindred to death approaches, and this spirit rises triumphant mine. And their words came pouring into my over sin and grossness; then, at this exhaustless soul—'God will condemn to eternal misery.' Delasting happiness shall be mine throughout eternity. the spirit fled down, leaving hope in the grave. No

Resolved, To keep the spirit pure and bright, that I may drink at angelic fountains of knowledge. Resolved. To plant flowers of beauty in my pathway, to cheer the barren path of the traveler.

Resolved, To keep Hope bright, with a garland of immortal flowers on her forehead. Resolved, To scatter blessings in life's pathway

like the fragrant rose at morning, that shall waft its sweetness until the evening of eternal repose. Resolved, To leave no known duty unattended. that my spirit be stayed in its flight to its heavenly

Resolved, Topave my pathway with eternal truths, gathered in Nature's volume: truths that shall abide

long after these mortal steps have trod the heavenly pathway. Resolved, To bring my heaven near me.

Resolved, To find my God pervading all Nature. Resolved, To water with dows of affection the less

favored plants in the garden of Nature; to give them, Many gems like the following are interspersed

through the book :-The cares of life, borne calmly, brings angels in

thy pathway. Spirit truths are stars to light your passage home: On the barren trees in thy pathway, engraft the God."

Fruit of heaven. mory to wander in.

Take not even from spirit sources the errors of Let reason hold the away; place it not aside for

Take beauty and adopt it, though in plain garb. Strengthen thy own intelligence by frequent com-

Quote from authors of wisdom and intellect, and arrange a beauteous volume of thy own gathering. Stud the soul with gems of truth.

Ripen for the change that awaits thee. Follow no foot-prints but those made by guides of

Keep the flame of pure affection bright, that it may reflect the finest faculties of the soul. Nature is the unfailing revelation, the purest from the hand of God.

Reason is the guide to nature; truth is the pass-

The season of quiet thought prepares the soul for Solitude is like a mirror; one reflects the form,

the other the follies of life. Live for humanity, live not alone. Waft to the barren hills, the darkened valleys, the shady groves, waft the undying truth, the light of spirit progres-

sion. Penetrate the thick hedges of error. Wipe the tear from sorrow's eye, hush the sigh of misery. Would'st thou then add to the convoy of angels that shall welcome thee to those heavenly shores, when the spirit passes there, fill well the little sphere allotted thee, with deeds of love and duty. Go to the earth's barren spots. Go to the lowly cot, and whisper comfort; go to the mighty palace, and whisper immortality. Go and make soft the hardened heart; go and join the hands of humanity in common brotherhood.

What can be more grateful and soul-satisfying to the true Spiritualist, than the two following para-

We will not float on the tide of opinion; we will launch boldly into the stream of principle, which flows from and to God. 'T is a deep-flowing tide, that few can stem. On this deep, clear stream, the barks sail nobly, yes, proudly; they are turned not by passing gales; they heed not the gathering clouds, they stop not at every port where banners are raised, proudly lettered, saying, "here is the land where opinion resides, where popular breezes are blowing." No! true principle heeds them not. It knows no wavering. Its destined port is in the far, far land.of beauty, where the breezes of love come laden with the fragrance of beauteous thoughts: where the pure lily-blossoms are growing; where harmony embraces all, and scals us with a kiss of affection. This is where one interest grows. This is the haven to which justice sails, where the voyagers on barks are met in happy recognition by those forms in the land

of love.

We are soaring high when we are gazing low. We are building eternal mansions, when gathering the tiny materials of truth that lie along our pathway. We are planting garden of Eden beauty, when we are gathering carth's blessoms to sweeten life's hours. We are building for ourselves a towering deme of a gradual development of medium powers within wisdom, when we here are cultivating the inner man. Self-culture rears a mighty dome, from which we can gaze around and behold brighter scenes than the eye her own mediumship, were, the opening and closing could catch in the valley of ignorance. Oh, let us of doors, the displacement of moveable objects, play- traverse mountains of thought. Stay not thy footever comes shrouded. That which brings light and wisdom we see not at the first. The darkened cloud precedes the tiny drops of rain that make the flowers come forth. Wisdom may often be veiled; she walks ofttimes in dark disguise, beneath the heavy robes she folds around. There's thrown around her beauteous form, a graceful, easy robe, pure and rethat's given thee. The darkened mantle which wisdom wears at times, is but thrown on to shield the inner robe, that when she comes thy joyous guest, her garments may be pure and shining.

During the months in which the "Lily Wreath" was given, a manuscript volume of about four hundred pages was also given through Mrs. Adams, addressed to a lady in this city. The title perfixed to merit, full of instruction and deep thought, beauti-

In the month of March, the same year, was also received through Mrs. A., the "RIVULET FROM THE OCEAN OF TRUTH," published by Bela Marsh, with and the light received by that spirit through Mrs. This volume, in the purport of its language, is ad- A.'s mediumship. From this pamphlet is quoted degredation in maturer life; her agony; her death, and the hell in which she was an inhabitant thirty years after death:

Oh, memory! ch, memory rolling me back! Oh, where? Oh, where? Yes, back to earth-back to love; in the arms of a fond parent, nestling in confidence on that bosom. And years flow on. That kind hand leads me. Years added to years, but not goodness to innocence, Maturity comes—maturity of time, but not of spirit—I no longer rest on that Great Fountain of Wisdom! Let Thy tributary parent's breast; no longer in the bosom of love I

fountain I will drink purer waters, and springs of mons filled the room; darkness brooded over me: stone marks the spot-'tis well; sunken is the mound-'tis better; omblematic of my destiny. Then I passed where all were dark as my own spirit, each with guilt that stained the soul with deepest dye; and we were truly companions in woc, for no brilliancy emanated from either soul.

And years fled on, carrying that loved one still upward, till one dark, dreary night, I saw a star; none other saw it. I called; I implored; it answered me; it grow brighter, and larger; it came to me in the human form; nearer he came; he took me by the hand; he bade me rise; joydusly I hastened. He told me of other stars that shope far above him. for him, that carried him from darkness to a bright land; that God loved me, and would let me come too. He led me to this bright land. Me, in sin, and unworthy. And oh, the debt of gratitude that rests

in this heart.

In the fall of 1854 the "Bouquer or Spinir Flowers" was commenced, and completed in the spring of 1855. This volume is a continuation of the "LILY WREATH," of the same size and character, given chiefly through Mrs. Adams, and published by Bela Marsh, of Boston, the same year. The following is given as a specimen of the style and character of this book :

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see

On the barren trees in thy pathway, engratt the God."

The inquiring heart goes out and speaks:

The inquiring heart goes out and speaks:

"Where shall I find my God?" The pure in
them be a beauteous vale of flowing flowers, for me heart will heet him in the gentle stream and within the tiny flower. Deity wears no mystic veil to the

soul, to the heart of purity; for on creation's face thize when the spirits have traversed unnumbered they read the lineaments of his parental love. The worlds; we can hope while time endures. Where Delty. The pure in heart find no shadows floating immortality of conception fills the soul with wonder. they look, and with eyes of peace behold the universe, a circling glory of enchantive life, twining to deed of yesterday is gone—gone into revolving oterthe great central Spirit, God. Through flowery nity; perchance we shall meet it again - past records paths, the pure in spirlt walk, not by the wayside hedge; they bound along the wide and beauteous avenues of love, linking their life and thoughts with myriad sonls. The pure in heart see bright divinities of beaming love shining through humanity; verse of life looks only like the waves of the ocean. they gaze on brightness through the love of the spirit within the mortal. They do not sit on the bank of despair, where the deep and angry waters of sin and error are flowing on, but they sit them down by the cooling, flowing stream of happiness, of existence, will make a swellleg sea, and they shall and on its wavelets send their sparkling trust to the bosom of their Father, God. Blessed are the pure. for they shall see Him. Each moment of their life bears unto them the impress of their Father's face; bears unto them the impress of their Father's face; foams are dashing on; bright jewels are in the sea, and on the mighty works his hand hath made, they and every wave shall bring them a pear! from the see the image of their God. How blest are they depths of celestial love, and the tide of angel-life is that ride on those plume-like, bounding, crystal rising higher and higher; soon the waters will flow thoughts, that send their spirits out in dewy sparkles over the land, so that every soul may go forth sailing to be attracted to some sapphire sea of bliss, where bright and sparkling jewels dash 'round the shores and diamonds point the way to bliss, and emerald islands dance in other light, and jeweled wings sweet reality, and the Christian knows not the power spread out from soft angelic forms, and mystic that lies within his wings; he knows not how far this is the port to which the hearts of purity sail to knows not what angels gaze and sit watching their see their God. Then launch thy spirit nobly forth, quivering. This is not a fancy picture; there's not and on the quivering aspirations of thy immortal a soul within the universe but hath these pinions. soul, send its beauty danoing on flowers of bliss im. Man cannot conceive—'t is God originates. Man mortal. Warbling melody shall greet the soul. The imitates; the image of angels with wings is a bright sweet enchantress shall entrance the vision, and the lideal, and a golden real. Then, Christian, wilt thou soul of pure desire shall gaze through countless vis | fold these wings, or wilt thou write upon them thy

tas of eternal space, on the image of its God. Each pure desire is a wing on which the spirit in faith? Every holy aspiration is a chariot inviting mounts. the soul to fly onward. Each loving thought is wave of progression, and every longing, throbbing emotion a golden arrow darting the spirit on and on through space infinite, eternal, and sublime. So blessed are the pure for they shall see God; no atom of creation shall be a thing too small for them to gaze upon and behold Him. In each shall be seen a kingdom of His glory; a bright enchanting power that leads home through wisdom's ways to their Father, God. Each day of life, and each care shali bear the shadow of His spirit.

While o'er the silvery sea of purity we sail, the the waiving branches above shall duplicate their Mrs. Adams, entranced. dewy leaves by being mirrored on the waters below as the future, the golden future, paints its form upon the stream of the past. So to purity let us wed our souls, that we may through eternity gaze upon our

About the time the communications of the Bouquet were received, a series of communications were commenced and given through Mrs. A., addressed to Mr. George W. Kecne, of Lynn, Mass., and continued weekly for more than two years. This volume is large, containing about one thousand pages. The beauty, love and power contained in these communications, I have not language to convey a just idea of. They are like the waves of the ocean in power; like the sunlight in olearness; like the soft atmosphere of summer in love, and like the fragrance of flowers in their emanations of beauty. It seems strange why this volume, so full of the righ treasures of thought, has not been given to the public.

We quote the following paragraphs:--Away back in the dim recesses of the spirit lies God power, unknown, unrecognized and unworship-Wouldst thou be born into this power? Then pas through shadows willingly; pass back into the recesses of philosophy, where reason holds the sceptre; fathom the spirit, learn the depth, the height, the breadth of the soul, and the new birth shall fol-low—all things shall become new, old things shall shall become triumphent over matter, so that man gratitude to thee. I am rising, I am rising, shall literally walk on the waves. Let man be a Mother.—(Addressing the circle.) Turn as is in His holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.' His temple is the universe, and the universe obeys His will in silent beauty. The spirit fills its fieshly form, its earthly temple, and let it be silent and obedient to the influx of spirit power.

He who suffered in the garden of Gethsemane, whose life was thickly draped in sorrow, comes to earth again; he comes triumphant now.

dews that fall on the grassy plains, the greener, him to me. Oh, turn him not away. My lost lamb fresher do they grow.

The grassy blade that loves to rise
In such deep trust unto the skies,
Is like the heart;
The more the heart doth sche and sigh,
The thicker will the blossoms lie;
The more come shadows round the heart,
The more the agenda come the part. The more the angels come to part.
The deepening gloom away.

. . . . All the wishes of the heart come from God, and re a part of Himself, and every longing of the soul shall be a sphere of bliss unto all, rounded into love.

The sigh, the tear-tho smile, the flower-are res pirations of God's life drawing us, drawing us. If the rose does not enchant us, its thorn has not pierced us. If the green valley does not invite us, the rugged mountain has not been climbed.

Thou canst take hold of heavenly things; why were they made, if not for man? His nature is suited to their investigation; their beauties are incased for his hand to break the seal.

When reading from out the varied things of life that tell of God, learning in deep research of His power, know that whatever beauty is there should find a kindred joy within thy soul—it was made for thee. He made the great creation vast, and all that arms have caught him; these heart-throbs pillow therein is; He formed the eye and ear of man to his head again; and a mether's arms of love now gaze and listen to those works; they are all adapted cradle him to repose. Long did he rove, an undisto his capacity. As you go on in gradations of knowledge, you will find how admirably suited to each unfolding are all His mighty works. No suddenness of truth comes o'er thee, but all goes grading on in symmetry and love, till lost in Divinity. See how the earth rings with harmony to fill of life are thickly twining now; he grows within my the ear, the organ that conveys sweet music; to the soul; eyes of affection now bathe his soul with the soul there is a beauteous harmony that comes up from earth; to the well cultivated soul there is ever melody; no note seems out of tune; some have a finer sound, others peel forth louder strains-but strike them all with a skillful hand, and you have the well-filled harmony; but learn ye first to gather notes, and then set them to God's harmony. We are all, as it were, notes in the great music-scale of life; note well the varied positions they occupy upon the staff of life; the music dwells within the soul of the composer—the deep-toned note is requisite to the softening of the higher, while intermediate notes

come blending in. 0 0 How sacred to man is his own bright soul; how beauteous the thought that identity lives; that we wave of life, but keep our ripples individualized. Keep this little atom of existence singularized from the multitude. Eternal destiny is ours, and ages far hence shall find us still the same, (though brighter by wisdom and progression,) with all these warm desires. We shall taste of eternity with the same pleasure as now we drink it. Oh, these immortal faculties! Take the faculty of love—the soul might look for ages on the theme, and still grow wise; we can love through rolling eternity; we can sympa- of interest and eagerness; but from her physical in-

pure in heart flow unto him, each stream of thought shall the spirit take its rest? As we walk over the s a crystal brook that sparkles its spirit home to boundary of creation, the eternity of thought, the

We pass to heaven and home on thoughts; the

we may regal again. We move on like waves of the ocean; one billow bounds with another-ripple follows ripple, and we dash to eternity's shore. And thus the great uni-We cannot stray from the locality where God has planted us-and the little ripples make up the great life-current, and the tide of angel existence now flowing in on these waters, will rise up on the sands never ebb.

Let mortals ask how high is the angel-tide? are the waters rolling on our lands? Tell them the in calmness.

'T is not imagination that paints on the canvas bright angel forms, with wings; 't is drawn from nusic floats along the breeze. This is the port; they reach into the world of life and beauty; he longings and thy supplications, and send them forth

> Many unprogressed spirits, at different times, have communicated through Mrs. A., and in consequence of thus coming to mortals have been made better and happier in their spirit life.

The " Progressive Life of Spirits after Death," a pamphlet of thirty pages, published by Bela Marsh, in 1855, given by unprogressed spirits, was chiefly communicated through Mrs. Adams.

The following dialogue is a specimen. The spirit of Lightfoot spoke through George A. Redman, enlllies of life shall adorn our way. As we pass along, tranced; and the spirit of Lightfoot's mother through

> Lightfoot .- Where, where is my mother? I want to talk with her. Mother .- Your mother is here; she has a star that

will pierce you.

Lightfoot.—Mother, mother, speak to me.

Mother.—Take away the cloud; I will grow calm; you shall come to me.

Lightfoot .- Oh, how I love to meet thee here; let me hold thee by the hand; there is a sweet perfume, my mother, that rises from thy spirit breath. Oh, give me one word from thy progressive life. Mother lo. dear mother.

Mother .- Sweet and calm as the evening breezes are the joys I would bring. Live nearer me, child of my heart; lay thy aching head upon my breast; loser, closer come. I am waiting for thee. Look above thee, and see myriad spirits waiting to convey thee home; long lost, long absent one. A mother's heart still clings with fondest emotion, and ever shall my wings of affection fly around my flower. broken from its parent stem. Blossom, hasten to thy bower of happiness. Blighted by sin, come, fly, I call. I beseech—come, come, hopeful, erring one hasten to these arms. Oh, my God! who can make the parent heart forget!

Lightfoot .- I advance towards thee, mother; reach down thy hand, and let me kiss the rising virtue that emanates from thy form. Methinks 1 see thee

handing to my thirsty soul the nectar of life eternal. Oh, come, come, come to me, and let my head rest upon thy bosom, and my hand from thee gather the pass away, principles shall be flear as the noon day fruit of progression. Thou hast yet the feelings of a sun. There is a gigantic power that lies in the humother; and though low, has fallen a leaf from thy man mind, and the period is nigh at hand when it stock, yet will there ever remain a silent pulsation of

Mother .- (Addressing the circle.) Turn away the learner, not a teacher, and this shall be. The Lord gaze of the curious; let pity come and shed her tears, for the lost one is once more folded to the heart of a fond mother.

Hope, hope has drawn away the dark curtain, and my child is unveiled to my view. We have met as thousands more shall meet. Oh, give me angel-flow of words to breathe out gratitude. Think you that I was happy when sorrow wafted her cold breeze around my child in darkness, unfolded in error, and blossomed in sin? Did an angel mother not weep The spirit of man is strengthened by shadows, the for him? Oh, let his come and anchor on the occan more darkness and shades of night, the more soft of hope. By your united efforts you have brought

is called home. He hears these glorious accents. Oh, the gushing, bursting, swelling joy that keeps within my soul! Oh, give his spirit wings of faith to bear it on the brighter forms.

Scest thou the path o'erspread with flowers by any gel-hands? and from angel-tread a fragrance shall ascend to fill your souls. We are grasping heaven's joys; we are nearing our heavenly home; we are blended in sympathy, shrouded in one mantle of

hope.
. I love you all; a mother's joy is full. Oh, let it ring; oh, lot angels echo the glad tidings; oh, let it ring on, on to eternity.

Lightfoot.-It was dark; a gloomy sorrow hung over my spirit when I went to a spirit-land. No ray of sunshing lit the darkoned portals of my heart. My mother was lost to me. Alone did I wander over the dark prairies of the spirit-world till I came to earth; and here I have met friends; and here I would express my gratitude. Here, while wandering still in darkness, I saw a star; 't was dim at first; in it I saw a mother's love. I saw the sweet smile of recognition, and now the arms of my MOTHER twine

close around me. Mother .- Earth shall yet hear all my gratitude. It shall hear a mother's joy; page after page shall be inscribed. His life, oh, what a blauk! These eager covered star. Distance, not love, divided us. In shadowy dreams, in phantoms wild, I used to stand beside him. Now no longer hope comes in the dream, but reality has fired my soul and clothed it, and has brought me back my wayward child. Our threads dews of a mother's tenderness, twining around him. Was he once dark? Oh, tell me net that! The fountain-source of love has the shadow and the light. The parent stem will claim the blighted leaf, will own the decaying buds. He is mine, restored to me. If thanks will recomponse, my soul would speak in

Many believe that unprogressed spirits cannot communicate through the truest and best mediums. This belief seems erroneous. It is the work of angels to lead souls from darkness to light, and with the assistance of their own spirits, through mediums more congenial to themselves, dark spirits under their immediate influence are brought to mortals for shall rove hereafter through space and time, with all the light that they should have found while in the these, our own legitimate faculties. How glorious material form. It is angel work to lead souls to the thought that we merge not into one flowing God, to lesson the pains of human woe, and such effort in sympathy and compassion is the true language of Christian love.

Many communications have been received through Mrs. A., by a large number of persons; and all. without exception, have evinced truthfulness, clearness and beauty. Communications through her have been sought for by all who knew her, with feelings

ability, many, many who have sought them, have gone away disappointed. Her heart has ever been willing, without the consideration of material rereward, to communicate to all; for her soul loves spiritual more than earthly treasures; loves to give more than to receive.

During the two last years very few communications have been given through Mrs. A., owing to a general weakness of her whole physical being; but her spirit vision and intuition in a normal condition, hus often been clear and active. Her bodily sufferings have been, at times, very great; she has been at death's door. During the last twenty weeks provious to May 1, she has been confined to her bed, most of which time she has been helpless; has suffered constant pain, at periods, almost beyond endurance. In this sickness she has been closely watched, and lovingly cared for by great numbers of snirit friends, and in her severest sufferings, when it seemed to those around that her spirit must be loosed from its tenement, she has been entranced, and sung, and laughed, and spoke of the beauties amid which her spirit guides had led her. Her experience in spiritual things during these months of agony, has taungt her deep lessons of beauty, in unfolding to her a knowledge of the nearness of the spirit world to this. and the intimate relations that exist between the inhabitants of that world and this. These truths, with the instruction from numerous visions that have been given her, would make a volume of deep interest for all.

During her hours of greatest agony, in her conscious moments, she has prayed one constant, fervent prayer, that God would give her power to heal diseases, and make her an humble instrument in His hand to lessen pain and agony, that others may not suffer as she has suffered.

The following words of Madame Guyon may be well applied to Mrs. A.: "I have sometimes thought that the Lord deals with his friends who are dearest to him, as the ocean does with its waves. Sometimes it pushes them against the rocks, when they break in pieces; sometimes it rolls them on the sand, or dashes them on the mire. And then, in a moment, it retakes them into the depth of its own bosom, where they are absorbed with the same rapidity with which they were first rejected. The more violently they are dashed upon the rocks, the more quickly and impetuously do they return to the great centre."

Mrs. A.'s character is humble, simple, child-like. forgiving, passive, and affectionate. She has a large soul which makes her humility; clear conceptions of truth which make her simplicity; the kingdom of heaven within which makes her child-like; Christian love which makes her forgiving; a powerful will which makes her passiveness; and the expanding germ of love which makes her affection.

She has given her by nature that condition of soul which invites the influx of truth from the fountain of eternal wisdom. In her demeaner she is modest and retiring, shrinking from any reputation of earthly greatness-from all the false ceremonies of life-from fashion and all its vanities. Her soul rises without pretence above the love of earthly things, and breathes and grows in the more congenial world of spirit-life. A. B. Cuild.

ANOTHER TEST FROM MR. MANSFIELD.

The following correspondence, besides being interesting for the truth it contains, is of much importance because of the standing of Mr. Burke, who figures therein as the initiator. Mr. Burke is regarded in New Orleans with the same respect as Abbott Lawrence was in Boston, and the reputation of the spirit addressed, who has left many friends on earth, is well remembered by those in his profession. A correspondent, writing to a friend from New Orleans, where the parties reside, says :--

"The communication received by Mr. Burke is in the city who know the parties. Mr. Grymes was one of the most distinguished lawyers in the land, and, as he says, his opinion was law.

Mr. Burke was formerly one of our largest and most influential merchants. Although retired from business, his name is a household word in New Orleans. He is a gentleman that does not jump at conclusions,' but investigates thoroughly all subjects in which he becomes interested. I say this much in regard to his position, in justice to him, and for your own satisfaction. The publication of the article referred to, will do much good. Some say, "he must be crazy-a man of his sense-to be humbugged," &c. Others are induced to investigate for themselves-and upon inquiry, they find that there are hundreds among us who are "humbugged"their most intimate friends, whose advice and judgment they will rely upon on any other subject."

> [From the New Orleans Sunday Delta.] BPIRITUALISM, BY GLENDY BURKE.

I am fully aware of the position which an individual assumes who comes before the public in the character of a teacher. It is not, however, in such capacity that I appear, but in that of an inquirer after truth, in the examination of decidedly the most important subject that can be presented for human investigation. I have been led to examine the sub-ject of modern Spiritualism, purely in its intellectual manifestations, from having listened with profound attention to the lectures of Mr. Forster, at Armory Hall, which were remarkable alike for their erudition and eloquence. My progress has been of in-tense interest to me, and the developments throughout have been of the most satisfactory character. I have realized to my mind positive evidence—which is far beyond faith-of the immortality of the soul and the immediate communication of departed spirits with us here on earth. Whatever may be the teachings of the Bible, or however widely views may differ among various denominations of the Christian church, there can be no doubt that Spiritualism fully satisfies the minds on those points of all who will calmly and truthfully examine it.

To become perfectly satisfied, in addition to manifestations submitted to me here in New Orleans, I sought to secure a test to remove doubts most likely to arise from the supposed influence of personal contiguity, or what is ascribed by some to thought-reading! I therefore addressed a communication to the spirit of an old and intimate personal friend-now some time departed\_I mean the late Col. John R. Grymes, of New Orleans. I determined to keep all knowledge of its particulars to myself, and mentioned to only two or three confidential friends the fact of having thus written-but to no person whatever was the communication in question ever submitted. I transmitted that letter, under cover of an underenvelop, to prevent its being read by any external means, to Mr. Mansfield, at Boston, on the 81st of March, requesting him, in a separate letter, as a medium, to procure for me a spirit reply thereto. The envelop which covered my letter to Col. Grymes was without any superscription whatever i It was seourely scaled with wax, and impressed with my pri-I vate seal, to prevent its being opened without detec-

It was never opened, as the following facts will'establish :-

On the 19th of April I received through the postoffice, in reply, a scaled package from Mr. Mansfield. having the Boston post-mark of the 10th. My lotters are placed in the box of Wm. E. Thompson, Esq., and are usually handed to me, as this was, at his office. I opened it and found it to contain my blank sealed envelop, returned to me without superscription, and the sent unbroken. It had neven been opened. I requested John M. Chilton, Esq., to open it, which he did, in the presence of Mr. Thompson, when the under envelop was found within which en-closed my letter to Col. Grymes, as before stated. That letter was then read by Mr.-Chilton and Mr. Thompson, and is the same herewith published. Besides this unopened letter thus returned to me, the reply thereto from Col Grymes, written by the medium or amanuensls, Mr. Mansfield, was likewise in the package, (which was also read.) together with the old envelop with which I had covered my scaled communication and my letter to Mr. M., which old envelop bears the New Orleans post mark upon it.

I refer to the two gentlemen just named to correberate the facts so far as they are stated to have oc-curred in their presence. They occupy adjoining

In my letter to Mr. Mansfield I had simply requesed him to transmit to me such answer as might be dietated in reply to my inclosed sealed communication, not in the slightest manner intimating to him for whom it was intended or what were its contents! He could not, therefore, have been otherwise than totally ignorant of them, for never having shown the letter to any one, and it never having been opened to humanæyes until returned to me and opened by Mr. Chilton, its contents could never have been known to Mr. Mansfield or any other human being but myself! Even had the contrary been the case, and Mr. Mansfield had made himself acquainted with the contents, the complete identity both of character and brief history of Col. Grymes, but slightly known at best to any stranger, would seem to make it impossible for the reply to have come from any other source than the one it indicates.

I submit the correspondence, and it speaks for itself. It has proved as surprising to me as it must to others; while, if it serves as an incentive to the investigation of Spiritualism on the part of others, one of its chief objects will have been accomplished. For it costs us nothing to investigate, while the recompense may prove of infinite value to those who truthfully undertake it; there being no subject of investigation which furnishes material for deep and abiding interest equal to that which intimately concerns our personal welfare on earth and eternal destiny hereafter. Then, if such investigation proposes to afford results which may be to his advantage and never to his disadvantage, surely he who turns contemptuously away from its consideration must in-deed be a madman. Should it fail, however, of conviction, the inquirer is never made worse by the inquiry. Do not, therefore, denounce that of which you may be entirely ignorant. Denounce it when you have found it worthy of your denunciation, after an impartial investigation, but not until then.

#### LETTER TO COL. GRYMES.

#### "New Orleans, March 31, 1858.

" DEAR COLONEL -My attention has recently been drawn to the consideration of the subject of modern Spiritualism. So far as my mind has progressed in its examination, most favorable impressions have been made upon it of the harmonial character of the philosophy it inculcates, and the evidences it affords of the immortality of the soul. Tests of various character are deemed necessary to meet the requiremen s of the various organizations of the human mind; and these tests, we are assured, are afforded to win from error those who seek truth for its own sake on the most important subject to man.

It is not, therefore, the prompting of superficial curiosity which has impelled this communication, but a higher and nobler purpose has led me.

God in His infinite and boundless love to man has so constituted his mind that he cannot be content with ephemeral hopes and assurances of faith regarding his destiny. He must have somethins more, for it is a divine law of his organization, written upon his soul, to call for evidence which shall not be rejected, and that law, like all others, must be ful-

Tell me, then, of your spirit. Does it live, and live forever? Tell me of a hereafter, and the true philosophy to govern main and prepare him for final happiness.

l sincerity, not in idle seek to use your response for my own and others' good I have thus written these lines. G. BURKE. To Col. John R. Grymes."

### REPLY.

"MY DEAR BURKE - God be praised that you have thought proper to seek this great pearl of priceless value. You have dared to be a man, to say to the skeptical, and I may well add, infidel world, that, as for Glendy Burke, you dare investigate the subject of Spiritualism; let the world say what it might, come what would, you have resolved and re-resolved to investigate the subject for yourself; believe and know for yourself; in fact, I may say, you have undertaken it in right good carnest.

Now, Burke, if you will but heed your impressions closely, you shall yet become a medium source, through which you may, of your own dear self, converse with your dear departed. Your organism is of that investigating character, not believing any assertion without sifting it thoroughly before you accept it, but when your senses are reasonably convinced of its practicability or truth, you are not so bigoted as not to openly arow your opinion, though you meet the frowns of the whole world. Thus far, you say, in your examination of the subject, you have been favorably impressed, yet you say you are not con-vinced beyond doubting that this intelligence may not be through or from some unseen or undiscovered law or principle of nature which may as yet be developed through scientific investigation. Excuse me; you do not say so in your letter to me, yet, I read that in your mind. You do say, tests of various character are deemed necessary to meet the various organizations of the human mind. What shall I say by may of test that shall not only convince you of my spirit identity, but the inhabitants of my dear, dear once earth home, New Orleans? Time was when John R. Grymes talked and was listened to in your city—his word was law, because it was truth.

But my mind reverts to my boyhood times in my Virginia home; and passing from that to a later period of my earth-life, I find myself a resident of Louisiana; this was prior to its having been an in-dependent State! I was then a feeble instrument with many others, mest of whom have passed on to spirit life, in the then most public transactions of the State affairs. Further on, I find myself fighting the battles of your country; later on, defending the just and legal rights of my General, the Here of New Orleans, who was afterwards President of the United States. I mention these facts, not that I credit my. self for having accomplished much or little; no, no; but that you may have sufficient evidence of my iden-

Ohe ye inhabitants of my not long since happy home, New Orleans! if there is one city on your vast universe that the spirits of the departed are in abundance hovering over, anxious for its conversion, it is that city! Aiready has the great and glorious work commenced; and you will witness such an overturn of religious teachings, dogmas, creeds and superstitious idolatry, that in ten years you could not be made to believe that such teachings as are in ever have been taught! The day has dawned when the people will think for themselves. Though you may experience some pretty sharp shooting from Priest, Clergy and Professors, fear not; for the company that is for you, though by most mortals un-

Oh, my dear Burke, you have much reason to praise our lieuvenly Father that you live in this

age, when your eyes behold so great a salvation! returns again to it, and none other, as soon as the You ask me if my spirit lives. Judge you for your spirit who has used it for a specific purpose relined. Spirit-life will find you when earth or mortal quishes his temporary control.

1 have said more, dear Burke, than I, intended to have said when I took control of this medium. If I have satisfied your mind that I do still exist in spirit, then I hope still further to correspond with you. Call on me wherever you go, and I will try to communicate. Then, after saying, investigate every inch, rather take not a step that you do not know where you step; by so doing, you will become settled and grounded as you go along!

Now, one word more, then I close. You must not stop to crificise my manner of communicating! I have done as well as I could under the circumstances which surround your mind and the organism through

Then, adicu, tili I come agaln ! JOHN R. GRYMES. April 9, 1858."

### SPIRITUALISM.

The following sensible and just remarks are from he Albany Argus of the 28th ultimo:-

MESSES. EDITORS-I find the following in the Atlas and Argus of yesterday.

their character? Are they an immoral class—are

vert public morality-and if so, in what respect? I have mingled among Spiritualists, more or less, for years, in the character of an investigator of cer-herb, and while the medium held fast to the tree a tain phenomena; and, so far as I am able to judge, search was commenced which resulted in finding they are behind no class of people in the country, in the much desired article, about four feet from the the practice of all or any of the cardinal virtues. Do you charge them with being "Free Lovers"-Sensualists ? Certainly, the paragraph I have quoted, and many similar ones that have heretofore appeared in your paper, import as much.

So far as regards the conduct of the man men tioned in the above paragraph, I know nothing, but I do know that Spiritualism is in no wise responsi-ble for it; and I protest against the almost daily slanders of the press, against the character of a very numerous and highly respectable class of the American people. That there is occasionally a weak-minded man found among them—a fanatic—is undoubtelly true, -as in what class, sect, or even pro fession, is there not? You denounced Kalloch in strong terms, and undoubtedly with justice, but you lid not go out of your way to denounce the whole Baptist denomination.

It is a pitiable bigot who would attribute either a constitutional bias in an individual, or a common weakness of humanity, to the particular creed or theoretical belief such individual may adopt-unless such creed canonizes the fault of a virtue.

It was Jefferson, I think, who said, that he whose conduct is right, his religion cannot be wrong; and you, in an able article defending Roman Catholics of this country against Know Nothing proscription and intolerence, eloquently enforced the same idea. And Spiritualism tends, as it does to nothing else, to enforce the principle of individual freedom and individual responsibility. Spiritualists demand that they may enjoy the common right of religious lib-

But is not, after all, the same common, vulgar prejudice, that has persecuted reforms and reformers since history began, the author of all the slanders against Spiritualists, as a class? It must be so, for man may belong to any class or sect but "Spiritualists," and be guilty of any crime, and it is not even hinted that the class he belongs to is in the least responsible for it. For instance-a New York paper chronicled, a few days since, the insanity of a printer, under the head of "Another Victim of Spiritualism;" and in the same column of the same paper, the insanity and crime of a Baptist clergyman are recorded under the head of "Unfortunate."

Truly yours, VERITAS.

#### SPIRIT POWER. 4 SALEM, MASS., 1859.

Messas. Editors—I have been a close investigator of the spiritual phenomena for several years. And through the evidence which has been presented to 60 were sentenced to be hanged, and the remainder me, I have become satisfied of the truth of spirit intercourse, sufficiently to make me interested in the various manifestations and communications which

appear in your valuable paper. But there is one manifestation which I have nover heard satisfactorily explained; and which, if you can yourselves, or through Mrs. Conant, have solved, it would interest me as well as many others. It is

this. How do spirits transport material objects. often to great distances—and what conditions are necessary to the evolution of this phenomenon? Now, a friend of mine in Salem, who is very successful in obtaining wonderful feats of spirit power, tells me that within a few months he has had papers and other substances brought to him, at the house of a medium, (Mr. J. A. Bassett,) and that the articles have every evidence in themselves that they

distant. Not only this, but it has been a common thing with him to have articles brought to him from Boston and other places. The interest in Spiritualism has not decreased in Salem at all, and we hear of as many new converts to the faith as the revivalists make. There is now, as there has been, a great deal of opposition from sectarian bigotry, which has characterized most of

were brought from a place not less than 1200 miles

the sects, ever since Salem received its name. Dr. J. A. Bossett has been very successful in the sphere of healing, and has thus made many converts who would not be convinced in any other way, and carries out in his practice the perfect character of a practical Christian Spiritualist.

Fraternally,

These manifestations are not very common, yet there are some mediums who assert that they take place with them, and instances have been known where their statements have been corroborated by respectable witnesses. It has been stated that persons having peculiar powers as mediums are selected by spirits for these manifestations—that they draw from the medium a larger share of material life, whereby they are enabled to invest their own form with sufficient materiality, as to enable them to como in contact with material things—to handle them. That this materiality, belonging as it does to the animal form of the spirit of the medium, must, of necessity, return to air, from whatever part of space it may be carried by the spirit operating. In fact, it forms a telegraphic wire, as it were, connecting the spirit producing the manifestation and the body of the medium. The spirit, by means of this, takes possession of any object he wishes to carry, and when he has control of it, he allows the material force to return to its owner. If it is a bouquet of flowers—the spirit forms material matter belonging to the medium he is operating for, about his own hand, for instance, which renders the spirit hand

Your only safe manner of proceeding yourself is to follow the distates of reason and that given you by your spirit friends: Love to do right, love man; but love God supremely?

I have said many dear Burke then Y for the spirits operate in their various manifestation. we see through a glass darkly." 'We cannot know until the realities of spirit life are visible to us as inside the veil. We may know that these manifestations occur, but the precise method by which they are made it is not always possible for us to understand fully.-ED.

#### A MANIFESTATION.

The Haverhill Gazette, of May 22, contains a communication from one of its readers who signs himself "Phllosopher," touching some spiritual manifestations in that vicinity, from which we quote the following paragraph:

"Sometime since, a person in this town was desirous of procuring a certain medicinal herb known as "adder's tongue," but failing to find it at the druggists', and being informed that it could be found in a certain piece of woods in Bradford, went, a few days since, in company with three other persons—one of whom is a medium, so called—in search of the herb. After searching unsuccessfully for some time, the party sat down for the purpose of consult-LOVED NOT WISELY.—Thomas Kline, of St. Louis, for beoming a convert to Fark Love Spinitualism, loses his wife
a divorce suit, and has to pay her \$3000 a year allmony.

ist there. It was not long before the medium was I would ask, in all candor, what do you know of influenced, and suddenly started running at a rapid Spiritualism, that authorizes such imputations on rage some distance through the woods till he came to a small tree, which he involuntarily clasped with they "Free Lovers?" Do their doctrines tend to sub- his hands, and held it firmly, till his associates arrived. Only one of the party, and that one not the medium, was acquainted with the appearance of the search was commenced, which resulted in finding tree. After this was gathered the medium moved in another direction, and stooping down began to pat with his hands upon the dry leaves that covered the ground. The leaves were removed and more of the same herb was found beneath them, just springing up, which was also gathered. This operation was repeated several times, and invariably with the same success. This occurrence is a well authenticated fact. What power was it that thus directed the parties successfully in their search?"

The editor of the paper himself vouches for the truth of the statement made.

## Ante Foreign News.

Steamship City of Washington, from Liverpool, arrived at New York, brings news of considerable importanco. A resolution had been proposed in the House of Commons by Mr. Cardwell, and in the House of Lords by Shaftsbury, censuring government for the publication of their despatch to the Governor General of India, in regard to his procla-mations to the people of Oude. Ellenborough assumed all the responsibility and resigned. His resignation was accepted. The resolution was to be considered the day after the sailing of the City of

The House of Commons had disagreed to the amendments of the Jewish bill, and admitted Baron Rothschild as a member of their committee to confer with that of the Lords.

Sir Henry Bulwer has been appointed Minister to Constantinoble; and Hon. Edward Erskine Secretary of Legation at Washington.

The Times says the resolution of censure will be supported by Lord John Russell and the Peelite party, as well as Palmerston.

Speculations were rife as to whether the ministry would resign or dissolve l'arliament, in the event of the passage of the resolution.

The second election of the fifth circumscription, Paris, resulted in the success of the opposition candidate. The Paris Conference has been furthey postponed a few days:

M. Diaz, the Spanish Minister of the Interior, has resigned. India.—The Calcutta mails of April 9th arrived

at Suez on the 4th of May. Lucknow was perfectly tranquil, and not a single armed man was to be seen. The 4th Bengal Light Cavalry, 160 strong, had been brought to a court martial at Umballah; to be transported for life. A hot-weather campaign in Rohilounde is considered inevitable. A strong force had marched for Bareilla. Col. Seaton's force had encountered and beaten the rebels, taking three guns. Another despatch from Malta says Robilcund was in possession of the rebels, who were said to be 100,000 strong. An amnesty was offered in Oude to all who returned to their allegiance, mutineers ex-

### Children's Department.

### Prepared for the Bannor of Light. . [NEW BERIES.]

ENIGMA-NO. 32. I am composed of 110 letters.

My 107, 37, 94, 83, 14, 42, 9 is a pillar in Africa. My 6, 22, 108, 13, 83, 15, 32, 99, 86, 46 is a monument in Egypt.

My 90, 106, 9, 29, 36, 59, 60, 105 is a temple cut from a rook. My 101, 21, 84, 97, 56, 76, 77, 14 is an island in

Oceanica. My 83, 15, 88, 60, 84 is noted for its large Univer-

sity. My 110, 77, 16, 101, 94, 59, 37, 41, 30 is a large

volcano. My 28, 105, 107, 9, 20, 54, 80 are wandering tribes of peoplo.

My 94, 15, 70, 32, 37, 27 is the birth-place of a Latin poet. My 48, 24, 31, 49, 93, 22, 58 is a large cave.

My 9, 4, 59, 52, 92, 80, 41 is a large church in Europe. My 49, 81, 40, 81, 12, 92, 6, 86, 69, 46, 54, 100, 27,

42 is a great natural ouriosity. My 21, 101, 49, 15, 82 is a noted hero in the early wars of America.

My 41, 42, 109, 72 is full of singing. My 110, 15, 41, 1 we could not do without. My 107, 68, 1, 14, 31, 103 expresses power.

My 35, 93, 64, 9 is a heathen deity. My 2, 59, 68, 85, 70, 108, 23 is an editor of a paper. My whole, find out.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. JOHN B. CARNES.

### ENIGMA-NO. 33.

I am a word of 84 lotters. My 7, 32, 15 means to fix in the mind. My 8, 13, 27, 20, 3, 14, 26, 22, 29 means extenuate,

My 2, 83, 18, 8, 1, 28, 10 means liable to mistake. My 16, 5, 12, 31, 4 is a small bottle. My 25, 9, 17, 25, 31, 8, 24 is a kind of cloth. My 11, 30, 23, 26, 19, 6 is a house for persons de-

oted to religion. My 21 is used as a numeral. My whole is what all should do who write for this paper. mil 11 , 1 1 PAWTUXET, R. I.

hand, for instance, which renders the spirit hand sufficiently tangible to hold material things, and as this borrowed materiality is not, and cannot, he servesk, owing to a great press of other matter. Our ered entirely from the mortal form which owns it, it young friends must have patience.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

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

Miss M. Mussos, Medical Clairvoyant and Trance Medium io. S Winter street, Boston. See advertisement. MRs. Dickinson, Tranco and Healing Medium, 88 Beach

Mas. Krieht, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery Place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours from 9 to 1, and 2 to 5. Terms 50 cents a scance, tf. April 17. Miss M. E. Emeny, healing and developing medium, may be found at No. 20 Pleasant street, Charlestown. Terms for each sitting, 50 cents.

April 17.

Mr. Samuel Upram, trance-speaking medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabhath, or at any other time desired. Will also attend funerals. Address, Randelph, Mass.

March 13.

dress Box 315, Worcester, Mass. tf Feb. 27.

Miss Rosa T. Amedy, 32 Alien 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 Alien street, Boston.

MRS. DEAN, Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium, Rooms No. 30 Ellot street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 1, P. M., and from 2 to 6, and from 7 to 9 P. M.

Miss Sarah A. Maoous, Trance-speaking Medium, will answor calls to speak on the Sabbuth, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 375 Main St., Cambridgeport—care of George L. Cade. J. V. MANSFIELD, Bostou, answers souled letters. See ad-

Mrs. W. R. HAYDEN, No. 5 Hayward Place, Rapping, Writng, and Test Medlum.

Ing, and Test Medium.

MRS. J. W. Cunnien, tranco-speaker, will answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Mrs. C. is a Clairvoyant, Test, licaling, and Rapping Medium. Address J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass. Charles H. Crowell, Trance-speaking and Healing Me-Cinkles in County of the County of the New England itium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Tranco Speaking and Healing Me-MBS. J. S. MILLER, Trance and Normal Lecturer, clairvoy-ant, and writing medium, Now Haven, Conn.

JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No. 120 Newbury street, Lawrence, Mass. Mrs. B. NIGHTINGALE, Chalryoyant Healing Medium, will re

ecivo callers at her residence in West Randolph, on Thursdays and Fridays of each wook. Terms, for Examination, 50 ets. Sitting for tests one dollar per hour. 3m9 Jan 16. WM. R. JOCELYN, Trance Speaking and Healing Modlum, Philadelphia, Pa. II. R. STORER, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New

laven, Conu. GEORGE M. Rice, Tranco Speaking and Healing Medium, Withatasville, Killingly, Conn.

### Adbertisements.

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 twelvo lines, inserted thireen times, or three months. Eight conts per line for first insertion; four cents per line for each insortion after the first, for transient advertisements.

ROOMS TO LET.—Two Rooms in the premises occupied by us, No. 31-2 Brattle street. They will be finished to suit occupants, and each will make a genteel office, for any no desiring it. may 22.

ROOMS.—PLEASANT PRIVATE ROOMS MAY BE OB-

same author, either in pamphiet form or bound in cieft, at wholesale and retail.

The arrangement of the many 20

ARKER'S THEOLOGY.—The Rev. Theodore Parker's Sermon on FALSE AND TRUE THEOLOGY, dollvered in Boston, Feb. 14, to which is added the Prayers offered for his Conversion, and which are so pointedly referred to in his Sermons on Revivals. Also, published this day, the 26th theorem of Mr. Parker's two Sermons on Wilse AND. Sermons on Revivals. Also, published this day, the 20th thousand of Mr. Parker's two Sermons on FALSE AND TRUE REVIVAL OF RELIGION (April, 1858.) Retail price 8 conts for either of the three discourses. Sent by the publishers to any part of the country on receipt of the price. Rates by the thousand may be obtained by addressing

WM. L. KENT & Co., Publishers,

may 29 1p No. 3 State street, Boston.

A TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.—An ornament to a parlor, or Library, and useful for constant reference.

The Franklin Globes are handsomely mounted and sold cheap. MOORE & NIMS, Manufacturers, Troy, N. Y. M RS. YORK, HEALING MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT,

M. No. 14 Pleasant street, entrance on Spear Place, Roston. Mrs. Y. heals the Blok and reveals the Past, Prosent and Future. Terms for Examination, \$1; Revelation of Events, 50 cents. Hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. may 22 may 22

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Wednesdays and Saturdays, Persons are requested not to call on other days.

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Dec. 2.

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Medical Clairvoyant and Trance Medium,
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April 3

17 R. ORTON, M. D.

April 3

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Aug. 21

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