

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IV.

COLBY, FORSTER & COMPANY,
NO. 31-2 BRATTLE STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 4, 1858.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.}

NO. 10.

Original Poetry.

WINTER.

BY J. ROLIN N. SQUIRE.

The leaves are slowly falling—
The dead, the dry, the sere and yellow leaf;
The harvest grain has ripened in the sheaf
Long garnered from the crowded fields—
The wealth the gentler season yields.
Winter is loudly calling
On Autumn to resign the sceptre that he wields.
Dreadfully blow the breezes,
Hurling the eddying snow-flakes o'er the land;
Down, downward from the storm-king's icy hand;
The pent-up rivers slowly run;
To smiling lands and warmer sun;
But vengeful winter seizes,
And freezes them, and holds them with his magic wand.
Robbed of its golden glory,
The tall oak with its mistletoe mosses lined,
Spreads its arms, harp-strings to the Winter wind;
Regardless of the world without,
We gather our bright hearths about,
And stoke away the story
Beguiles the weary hours, and stimulates the mind.
The birds long since departed
To climes more genial and more warm than these—
To verdant isles hemmed in by mellow seas;
Still hops the snow-bird at our door—
Still flaps the crow above the moor,
Or like a broken-hearted
Spirit, is ever restless, in among the trees.
The hungry herd is lowing—
Together clustered—sheltered from the snow,
Each watching where the farmer's eye shall go;
The lambs are bleating for their food,
And in the stable stomps the steed;
And still the ceaseless snowing,
Lays the great earth in white, save where the brooklets flow.
Trees hung with sparkling splendors,
Like giant Jewels, glisten in the sun,
Until the wind king robs them one by one;
The skaters skim the glassy rill,
The coasters coast upon the hill,
And dreary Winter renders,
Though sternly, many pleasures ere its reign is done.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ROCKY NOOK.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Every pure and seriously-disposed mind must acknowledge that marriage is of God. It is one of the divine arrangements, a sweet and silent harmonizer of the many discordant elements that enter into the conditions of our existence.

CHAPTER XIV.

Two years of quiet—of home duties, and simple domestic joys; each morning bringing its cares—each evening a welcome to repose. These duties are all little household duties, scarcely noticed in the doing, but sadly missed in the neglect—and these cares are simply how to make a small income supply the wants of the head, the heart and the stomach of the four individual members of the family. A small labor is this generally esteemed, and the quiet, unpretending wife sits at home, by the fireside, mending the stockings or making the shirts, with one foot on the cradle rocker, and thoughts intent on the best method of cooking the meat, or making the bread, while her more ambitious sisters are charming a crowd with their music, thrilling it in the drama, reading Shakespeare to the sterner sex, who hang with rapture on the silver-toned utterance, or perchance in solitude, threading the charmed mazes of romance for others to follow in wonder and delight. As for myself, I simply knew that there were literary women, for I had read their books; but I had never seen one, and felt that I should be so awed by their presence that I wished to view them only at a distance. I knew, too, that there were actresses, and public singers, and graceful little ballad-dancers that delighted a promiscuous assembly with their agility; but neither had I seen one of this latter class.

I had, to be sure, spent some time at a boarding-school, but it was situated in a quiet village, and we were strictly guarded, as were the apples of the Hesperides, and taught to look upon all specimens of the masculine gender, as almost an unnecessary part of the creation. But it is a mistake to suppose that young girls, thus secluded from the world, are contented with the every day routine of domestic life; books and papers give them glimpses of an enchanted land beyond, and they have immortal longings after its fancy grottoes and its forbidden streams.

The truly happy housewife is she who can subdue this craving for excitement, and from a high sense of duty, and quiet submission to destiny, move in her little orbit, happy to live and die unhonored and unknown save by the small circle of her own household. How many such wives and mothers there are, who toil early and late, lovingly and uncomplainingly, their labors only half appreciated, even by those for whose comfort they fall a sacrifice. Her reward comes at last, but too late; for not till the boy, whose restlessness and buoyant spirits wearied her gentle patience, becomes the strong man, does he realize that mother's unceasing love, and care—and then he speaks his gratitude at the silent grave that gives no response. These are after-thoughts, for I had no such sage reflections in the days to which I refer; but I sat, and rocked baby, and wondered how soon he would need other clothes, and how pretty he would look trotting about, and whether little socks or waists would be most becoming; and how proud his father would be to see him running into the store, to walk home to dinner with him! Gradually he came to do this, and even then I could not decide whether I liked his velvet waist or plaid sack the best—his little jaunty

cap, with its ostrich feather, or the broad-brimmed straw, with its blue ribbon; in each my mother's heart found delight in him, but most of all, perhaps, when I gave him his evening bath, and he would climb up into my lap in his white night-dress, looking so fresh and pure, and lay his head, with its brown, moist curls, upon my breast, and ask for one little story. Ah, yes! I think I took most comfort in him then, and it was a refreshment and rest after my day of toil, to sit and prattle with him till the white lids fell over his blue eyes, and the dimpled hands were folded on his bosom. And then I was contented if I could bring my sewing, and sit beside him. What a well-spring of joy is a mother's love! Who doubts the existence of a good and holy being when he sees a mother at the cradle of a child?

No wonder the Virgin and child have been the objects of adoration in many climes. The very picture itself appeals to one of the deepest, purest emotions of the human heart. Yes, I was happy even in the narrow sphere of my home—and those two years of happiness followed that night of Mary Blake's visit.

"John, this must not be," said Aunt Martha, to whom I related the incident the next day—"my poor child's life has twice been in danger from this unfortunate woman, once by fire, and again—ah me! I cannot bear to think of it; the mere act of raising that wounded foot saved her from a horrible fate. I will go right over to Mr. Scott, and beg of him to take her to some hospital for the insane. It is a mercy to the poor woman, as well as to the community."

"I wish you would do so, Aunt Martha," said John. "It must be." But I saw John turn pale as he spoke, and his lips trembled.

When Aunt Martha saw her duty, she performed it; not noisily, nor with many words, but none the less firmly and heroically.

One Sunday evening Mr. Scott came to our house; we were all studying our Sunday School lesson—Lucy and Joseph sat together on the "tele-a-tele"—Henny by my side with her Bible, Mary was asleep, and John was pointing out Jerusalem upon the map, and giving a sketch of its history in later times. Mr. Scott was quiet in his ways, there was no bustle in his manner; no brusqueness at any time; but this evening he said but little, took a seat quietly in the chair I placed for him, and in such a position that the firelight fell upon his features.

He had grown old fast—time and trouble were making deep furrows in his face, but his look lighted, and a pleasant expression passed over his countenance as his eyes fell upon our bright, smiling Lucy, and the genuine, honest, intelligent features of Joseph. I thought there was a little dream-picture in his mind. The smile faded as quickly as it came, and deeper seemed the shadows in the sunken cheeks—"Go on, John; do not let me interrupt you—I shall listen with pleasure."

John completed the paragraph which he was reading—"The Jerusalem of sacred history is no more. Not a vestige remains of the capital of David and Solomon; not a monument of Jewish times is standing. The very course of the walls is changed, and the boundaries of the ancient city are become doubtful. The fences around the garden of Gethsemane are broken down, the olive trees on the Mount are decaying, the grass looks withered, and all round the city the aspect is blighted and barren. The Jews have often attempted to recover it; no distance of space or time can separate it from their affections; they perform their devotions with their faces toward it, as if it were the object of their adoration as well as their love; and although their desire to return be so strong, indelible and innate, that every Jew in every generation counts himself an exile, yet they have never been able to rebuild the temple, nor to recover Jerusalem from the hands of the Gentiles. Alas! for this devoted people! For that crime so offensive to heaven, the sin of idolatry, their city suffered a series of calamities for nine hundred years, with which no other city or nation can furnish a parallel. Then again for the greater sin—the crucifixion of our Saviour—it was foretold to them—Your house shall be left unto you desolate, and thus it remains unto this day." John closed the book and turned towards our guest.

"Your house shall be left unto you desolate"—repeated Mr. Scott, in a low voice, "an expressive sentence, comprehending in a few words a world of misery." He sighed, and a deeper sadness settled upon his features.

"But not forever, not forever," said John, his countenance brightening. "My faith is strong in the glorious promise of the Bible, that this ancient city shall be restored, and its former glories renewed. The redeemed of the Lord shall gather on Mount Zion, and the waste places shall blossom as the rose. The Lord will have mercy upon Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land."

John's eyes glistened as he spoke, and I saw that he was much interested in his evening lesson. But Mr. Scott shook his head sadly; he did not so read Scripture. But he seemed unwilling or reluctant to enter into any argument, and was restless, as if troubled with sad thoughts which he did not like to reveal. The clock struck nine—Joseph and Lucy left. As they bade me "Good evening," Mr. Scott said—"Tell mother, Lucy, that I will be at home soon." "Henny took the baby and went to my room. We were thus left to ourselves, John still talking about Jerusalem, for he had a habit of pertinaciously clinging to any subject in which he was interested, till he had worn it threadbare; and I now anticipated a whole week of Jerusalem, and its whole history, from the time when the mysterious Melchizedek came from his

residence there, to meet Abraham, down to the latest visit of some traveling American. John was sitting in front of the fire; his feet comfortably ensconced in slippers, were stretched upon the hearth, and his whole attitude expressive of comfort, while promise after promise about the blessed future of the Jews, occurred to him. I was opposite Mr. Scott, and wondering in my own mind what made him so taciturn. Suddenly he looked round the room, and seeing no one but John and myself, he turned with abruptness to my husband—

"John, Mary must go to Worcester to-morrow. I have written to the physician, and he has secured her a room. Will you go with her?"

As rapidly as if a thunderbolt had struck him John's countenance changed. He turned deadly pale, and for a minute there was a deep silence in the room. Mr. Scott was the first to break it, and he spoke as if he had not observed John's emotion. Indeed, I think he had not—

"We thought you could persuade her more easily than any other person; she yields readily to your wishes."

John rose, and walked to the window. I did not try to see his face. No, that one glance was enough. I sat looking at the coals. Again he came back to the fire, took from the mantel a little almanac, and turned its leaves.

"To-morrow is bank-meeting; it will not do for me to be absent, and the Tuesday following is town-meeting. I do not think it will be possible for me to leave, this week, Mr. Scott."

The old gentleman was disappointed. "I do not know what I shall do, John; it is bad business," and he sighed heavily.

My husband mused a moment—"Why not take Joseph and Lucy with you? They will be good company for Mary. Joseph can aid you if necessary, and Lucy can amuse her sister; and, if thought best, remain a few hours with her."

"A good idea, John—a good idea; thank you for the suggestion. Come over in the morning and see us off. This is a sad affair, Mrs. Hooper; but trials are sent for our good, I suppose. I thought my sorrows were great when Edward died, but that was slight affliction compared to this."

"The discipline of this life is perhaps necessary to fit us for the happiness of another," I said. "We all have our trials, Mr. Scott, and our Heavenly Father knows what measure is needful."

"But some pass through this life very easily, Mrs. Hooper. How happily, for instance, yours glides away, and yet you are about the same age as Mary, and she, poor child!"

He could say no more, for emotion forbade utterance. "I will walk home with you," said John, and they left the house together.

When John came in I had a book in my hand, but I was not reading—my thoughts were elsewhere.

"Ah, Anna, and so you are on Jerusalem. Is not it wonderful how Scripture has been fulfilled with regard to that city? Why, its history is a complete refutation of infidelity."

"Is it?" I said very indifferently.

"Is it? Why Anna, every prophecy, from the time when the patriarch Jacob foresaw in his prophetic vision the Messiah come to the sacred city, to the sad, but beautiful lament of our Saviour—'Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate! has been fulfilled—yes, all but the one glorious prophecy of its restoration, and its glory, when the Jews of this latter time shall be gathered again upon that sacred ground.'"

"That will not be in my day, John."

"I don't know about that, Anna; wonderful things are taking place every day. We live in a great age."

"I suppose our forefathers thought they did."

"Well; they thought wrong, then—Had they steam-boats, and railroads, and printing-presses, that could turn off ten thousand papers an hour? No, Anna, believe me, the world is just now taking a great stride forward, and, for one, I am glad to be living now, and only wish that when I grow old, I could renew my youth, and see the century out."

"Wouldn't it be pleasant to renew our youth, as plants and trees do, once a year, and come out fresh and vigorous every spring?"

"Not quite so often, Anna; no, there are pleasures in every season of life. I would not lose the strength and maturity of manhood, nor the serene twilight of old age. I intend to take the comfort of each as I go along; but as I am somewhat practical, and not endowed with a brilliant fancy, I think, when the drama is played to the end, I would rather have a repetition of the same, than be launched into the unknown and untrodden future; childhood again, with my mother's voice and smile, would be a heaven for me."

"I cannot sympathize in the idea of pleasure in old age—no, no," I shuddered; "it is sad to be old and worn with life."

"Why, Anna, we'll grow old together, and while we sit by the fireside and recall the days of our youth, our children will be fighting the battle of life, and our experience shall aid them. Let us see—there will be Mark, our first born, an honest, whole-souled man like his namesake—our Uncle Mark; then there will be fair-haired Ellen, gentle and good, like her blessed grandmother; and then bright, smiling Anna, with her mother's step and eyes; and then a brace of sturdy boys, Charley and Ned, full of fun and frolic, wide awake boys, true

children of the age, hammering and pounding, making railroads, and flying kites, and altogether keeping up such a commotion that we will half wish ourselves in the past age; but then we will bear with it patiently, for it is only letting off the superabundant steam, the said steam being generated to help carry on our great country to its glorious future; but following these boys will be our little Evening Star—our gentle Martha—who will be loving and good, like her precious namesake, and remain by her old father and mother till they shall rest together in the grave."

I waited a moment, holding my breath almost in my suspense; this stretch of fancy was something new for John—quite out of his way—and I wondered somewhat; but, as name after name glided from his mouth, I expected, but trembled lest Mary should follow; but it came not, and I breathed more freely. Still my woman's nature would not allow me to rest here.

"Well, John, you have filled the house, and, indeed, I can hardly imagine room for the whole, laughing, romping troop in this narrow home."

"Ah, but Anna, we are to have a new house by that time—a pleasant home for our old age."

"I hope so; but have you no other favorite names? have you exhausted all your list of pretty feminine appellations?"

He turned and looked at me inquiringly for a moment; but I kept my eyes upon the fire.

"No, Anna; those three names are my favorites, and I should almost wish them repeated, so dear are they to me. He came and took a seat by my side; he put his arm around my neck, and drew my head towards him."

"Has such a future no charms for you, Anna? Cannot we be happy in our old age, in our mutual love, and in the sweet recollection of a life well spent in training our family for happiness and usefulness?"

I did not answer, for my heart was full. Was it mutual love; or, while my own heart longed to cling to my husband, was not his a divided affection? Was there not some lingering, unspoken love in his heart—something of which he dared not speak, but could not suppress? In spite of all my resolutions, I could not rid myself of this suspicion. Again and again did this spectre haunt me. Something was concealed from me. Ought not a husband's heart to be open to his wife? He asks it of her—she expects it, and yet he would withhold something from her; he would have one domain in his heart to which he alone held the key, and we be to his wife, if she gains possession of it against his will. Such were my thoughts; but I dared not speak them. I dared not ask an explanation, lest John's sturdy honesty should give me the very reply my heart would ache to hear.

"Ah, John, don't you know that this world is full of trouble; how can you picture so bright a future? For me, alas! dark shadows rest upon it. Death may come, and—and—don't you know you once told me there was something worse than death?"

"Yes, death may come; but death is not so terrible after all; it is only separation for awhile."

"Death not terrible, John? What can you mean? Not terrible to the mother who clasps a young babe to her bosom? You are a man, and cannot understand the untold agony of such a separation. No—no! John, there is nothing more terrible."

"Anna, I have seen a mother live to wish her son had been strangled at his birth. I have seen a husband and wife estranged from each other, and more effectually sundered than if death had divided two hearts that love. Ask Aunt Martha if there is not consolation even to hearts that have bled at the grave of their beloved; but for those whom mutual hatred divides, there is neither consolation nor peace. Yes, there is a sorrow sterner than death."

I had no words to reply, for I felt that my feet had almost touched those cold waters. I had had one drop from that bitter cup.

"John, I sometimes think that it is a fearful thing to love; if one we trust proves false, how deeply we must suffer."

I was half resolved to go on and unburden my whole heart to my husband. He was in a mood very rare for him, for he seldom spoke of his own feelings or hopes. Why did I not? What evil spirit suggested: "It is he that should explain—keep your own secret, watch him carefully, and you may some day learn what you wish to know, without humbling yourself to ask." Yes, it was some evil spirit, for between husband and wife there should be no concealment. With it, there is no true marriage. Instead, therefore, of finishing my sentence as my heart dictated, I added—

"When I watch Joseph and Lucy, so happy in each other, children as they are, but nourishing an affection which I know must one day be so strong, and will wind itself about every fibre of their hearts, I feel more of sorrow than joy when I look upon them. Life has so much pain."

"Joseph and Lucy!" exclaimed John, "what can you mean, Anna? Why, she is a more child; comes here to study and recite, I suppose. Why do you link their future together?"

"Why, have n't you already done it yourself? Did n't you propose this very night that they should go with Mary to-morrow?"

"To be sure I did; but do you think I would have done so, if I had the thoughts you now have concerning them? I was thinking of Mr. Scott, and in what way I could aid him most. Joseph and Lucy—no, no," and John shook his head dubiously.

"Well, really, John, you look very grave. To be sure Lucy is a more child—now, but in a very few

years she will be a woman, and a beautiful one, too. Why should n't Joe secure such a prize? He is a noble boy, and worthy of her. I thought you were much attached to him."

"He is dear to me as a brother could be, Anna—I love Joseph very much. Let me see—he is eighteen years old—how time flies! Joseph and Lucy—I wonder I did not think of this before; but woman's keener sense has discerned it first, and no wonder. Well, well, we must do right and leave results," and John took up the night lamp, his face assuming its usual cheerful look.

Nothing troubled John long; he made up his mind what course he ought to pursue, and then went cheerfully onward. If he met with losses, he worked the hardy; if men cheated him, he laughed and said, "catch 'em at it the second time;" if his favorite candidate was defeated, he whistled and said, "better luck next time." This peculiar temperament made me afraid that his feelings were not deep, that his love was not strong and enduring, and I set myself to work to study his character more closely. It would have been better to have turned my eyes inward a little.

CHAPTER XV.

Whatever my husband may have thought or felt, Mary's absence was a great relief to me; and, as I stated in the last chapter, there followed two years of quiet. My three pupils, for they had gradually become such, divided my time with my household cares; Olive's proficiency was rapid in her music, and little Henny's equally so in her common studies. "Our pretty Lucy" was less fond of study, and had little patience or perseverance.

"There now, I will learn French," she would say. "Please, Mrs. John, will you help me, and may I come and recite to you twice a week?"

"To be sure, Lucy; but pray be punctual; my time is precious."

"Yes, indeed, I am true as the clock."

And so she would be, for a few days; but then it was: "I did not come last evening, because I was reading 'Zanoni,' by Bulwer. Oh, Mrs. John, do read it; it is the most enchanting book I ever read. I almost cried my eyes out over it, and I could n't do anything with French that day."

"Rather too high-seasoned food, I imagine, for so young a person, Lucy."

"Only read it, Mrs. John, and you will not think so."

Nothing, indeed, was too high seasoned for her palate; her novel-reading became a passion; but it did not pale her cheek, or dim the brightness of her eyes, and she always came dancing into the house like a sunbeam, ever ready for a frolic with the baby, or a song with Joseph. She liked to come into the kitchen, roll up her sleeves, put on a white apron, and dip her plump, white arms into the flour.

"There now, Mrs. John, I am going to make some of those nice little tea-cakes that your husband likes so well; never mind about the French to-day; I never shall learn those verbs, 'J'aime, Tu m'aimes, I'l maron.' There, I can't go any further, though I've studied two hours."

"And you are not correct even in that little, Lucy; but never mind, you may make the cakes, though you must n't forget that my husband never eats sweet cake of any kind for his supper; a slice of bread and butter, and a cup of tea, is all he will take; but somebody will like them."

"Yes, yes, you may be sure they'll be eaten, Mrs. John," and with a crimson blush on her cheek, she rolled out the sugar and beat the eggs. She dipped into the ologies at school, much as she did into my sugar—just enough to make a little display of her skill. She could analyze and classify a lily, name the planets and asteroids as put down in her astronomy, tell the capitals of the States, name the largest rivers, could paint a little in water colors, and had tried her hand at Polychromatic, Monochromatic, Pastel, and even in oil. Young as she was, if one only heard her name over the studies she had pursued at the village academy, they would wonder how "one small head could carry all she knew."

Henny listened always with awe and admiration, and it was a settled conviction with her, that Lucy was the most beautiful and accomplished young lady the world had as yet produced. Now and then she tried to imitate her, but the most unfortunate effort of the kind was in hair-dressing. Henny's hair was straight and smooth, and a little yellowish in hue. She thought it would be a great improvement to curl it, and one day when I was at Aunt Martha's, she spent some hours in rolling it in curl papers, and then pinching it with hot tongs. She burned her face sadly in the operation, and scarcely slept all night, for the curl papers were hard to lie upon; but the thought of her improved beauty sustained her under her trials.

There was not time to make a full toilet before breakfast, and therefore she appeared at table in her curl papers, much to John's annoyance, who asked Henny if she was under Roman Catholic penance, and to Joe's quiet wonder. The unrolling time came at last, when the poor child expected to look so much like Lucy. Alas! she had singed the hair in many places with hot tongs, and that handful came out in her hand, and the other curls were so exceedingly stubborn that they turned to all points of the compass, and the melted lard failed to bring them to terms.

The child worked till she was weary, and then eyeing herself in the glass with a rueful look, she said, "I thought, Mrs. Hooper, I should look a little more like Lucy; but I don't look so well as myself." And the tears flowed.

"Come and sit down on this stool, Hanny," I said, and I brushed her hair and smoothed it as well as I could, though it looked rough for many days afterwards. "There, Hanny, never again covet that which God has seen fit to deny you. Comb and brush your hair neatly, and be satisfied; it was never formed to curl. Nature curls Lucy's, but no art can make ours into such ringlets."

"I was a silly little girl, Mrs. Hooper; but is it wrong to wish ourselves pretty?"

"It is wrong not to be contented with ourselves as God made us, Hanny; but it is right to strive to make ourselves agreeable in person and manners to our fellow-men."

The child looked up inquiringly to my face.

"Mrs. Hooper, do you think I can ever gain friends and be loved like Lucy?"

I looked at the speaker, with her kind, open face, so expressive of her warm, loving heart, and I smiled.

"Yes, Hanny; you may have friends as well as Lucy—you have them now. What little girl was it that wept the other day because I was so ill? Who was it that sat all night by my baby's crib, when it had those distressing spasms with the whooping cough?"

Her blue eyes opened wide. "But I did not do that to be loved, Mrs. Hooper; I did it because I love you and the baby so much—oh, so very much!"

"Love begets love, Hanny."

She mused a moment, and looked doubtful, or, rather, puzzled a little.

"But, Mrs. Hooper, I am sure Joseph loves Lucy. I think he loves her very much; but Lucy is not always kind to him. Sometimes she tries his patience very much. If he says he likes her blue dress, the next day she comes dressed in green; if he wants to go to singing school, she says she is tired, and prefers to stay at home; when he is all ready to go home with her sometimes, she will disappear, and is not to be found anywhere. And yet she wept the other day, because, after she told him she wished he would go over and sing with Olive, and let her practice in peace, he obeyed her and left. I was rocking the baby to sleep when he went out, and he had hardly closed the door, when she laid her head upon the piano, and I heard her sobbing. He tries to gratify her slightest wish, and does not seem to love her any the less, though she is not always pleased with him. Sometimes I think she cannot love him at all, she tries him so much. Can love always beget love, Mrs. Hooper?"

This was a difficult question, surely, and Hanny now had puzzled me, and I was seeking to explain my own riddle, when I was relieved by the sudden entrance of Lucy herself, happy and bright as ever.

"Good morning, Mrs. John. Only think! I have succeeded in teasing father, and he has given his consent for me to go to New York! I am going with Mr. Hill, and shall remain six weeks, till your husband comes on to buy goods. Father says they will buy their goods in New York this fall, and I heard John say that he hoped you would go on with him—it would do you good. What a fine time we will have! I shall stay at Uncle Ward's; they are gay people, you know, and live in a 'brown stone front,' with plenty of servants, and receive a great deal of company. Heigh ho! how happy I shall be!" and she took Mark and began dancing round the room.

It was a great joy now—about as much as she could well lift—and the effort flushed her cheeks; her hat fell off, and hung by the strings at her side, and her curls danced as merrily as her feet. I never saw her look more like a sylph, so airy and graceful, as, putting the baby down again, she danced round him while he crooned and clapped his hands with delight.

Just then Joseph came in. He paused a moment at the door; the beautiful tableau took him by surprise.

"Oh, Joseph, rejoice with me—are n't you glad? Father has relented at last, and I am going to New York. I shall stay six weeks, but I know it will seem but six days, I shall enjoy it so much!"

Poor Joseph! He tried to look pleased, but I saw at once that it was an effort to appear so. How could any one see the pretty creature before him, and not be dazzled by her charms? In his simplicity he imagined that there could be none more beautiful in the great metropolis, and that once there, she might be forever lost to him. Was it this alone, or a sadder presentiment still, which made his smile fade so suddenly away, and fix a look, half-reproachful, half-sad, upon the laughing girl? Even she changed color for an instant, as their looks met, and a sudden paleness chased the color from her cheeks. Deny it as we may, there are moments in our lives when the veil of the future is suddenly lifted, and we catch a glimpse beyond. It is but a glimpse, a quick revelation—brief, to be sure, but so vivid that when the reality comes, we feel that it is but a dream fulfilled. Has not this happened in the experience of many? I shall never forget the peculiar look of those two young people, as they met each other's gaze thus suddenly, and it often recurred to me in after years.

One evening, before Lucy went to New York, she walked with Joseph to the beach, and visited the Cave—I never saw Lucy so grave and sad before; as she seemed the next day. There were traces of tears on her cheeks when she came to see me—which was at an hour when she was sure Joseph was not there; child as she was in years, there was a maturity and grace about her seldom seen in one so young. For some days she was reserved and sedate, while Joseph, on the other hand, was more bright and cheerful than usual, and seemed suddenly to have become quite reconciled to her departure.

"I should say, John, if Lucy were not such a mere child, that she and Joseph were under a solemn engagement of marriage. My woman's instinct has guessed it out."

I spoke seriously. John looked at me, to be sure that I was not quizzing him, and, seeing me still grave, burst into one of his merry laughs—a laugh that sometimes annoyed me, for it seemed to say, "You think you have a wonderful degree of penetration, but you don't see many inches before your nose."

"I almost wish your guesses were true," said my husband, "for there would be some hope, then, that engagement would not end in a marriage. Young people do not like the restraint of such promises, and slip the noose at the first convenient opportunity."

"I can't conceive, John," said I, with a little vexation in my tone, "why you should set your face as a flint, to use old Deacon Jones's expression, against these children. Here I have a pretty romance enacting before my eyes daily, and at every interlude you come in with a solemn face and a doleful warning. You are as bad as the ancients, who introduced a death's head at their feasts."

"Were not the ancients wise?"

"No, indeed, sir, not half so wise as the ancients who preceded them. Does not Solomon say there is a time for all things? Let death be received when he comes, but it is not necessary to invite him to every feast; indeed it is well for us sometimes to forget that life must end so soon. Rather let us work as if our work were for eternity. I notice that people who are always groaning and moaning about the shortness of time, and the certainty of death, are those who accomplish least for God and their fellow-men."

"Well, really, Anna, I did not intend to call out a sermon, but I am much obliged, nevertheless. I agree with you, that an active life is far more pleasing to God than an idle, meditative, gloomy one. Do you remember our old minister's wife, Mrs. Munson? I boarded awhile with them; and I really think that she would be a better Christian if she would attend fewer meetings, and make better bread—if she would read fewer memoirs, and make more pies. I never shall forget the morning when I came to the conclusion that a Christian woman could sometimes serve God better by attending to her domestic duties faithfully, than by making many prayers. It was during a protracted meeting, when there was a great deal of religious excitement in the village. There were two gentlemen, Mr. Munson and myself to breakfast; Mrs. Munson had no help but her daughter, an indolent girl, who could no more make a good loaf, than I could embroider that slipper. Well, it seems Mrs. Munson's mind was peculiarly exercised at that time, and she said to her husband, on waking—'My dear, my mind is so full of joy at the prospect of a revival here, that I do not feel as if I could attend to my daily duties.' 'Very well,' said her spouse, who was an easy, good natured man, 'you can lie abed and enjoy your mind, and Susan can get the breakfast.' So, while the happy lady was reclining on her feather bed in pious contemplation lost, we breakfasted on frozen bread, muddy coffee, and burned steak. I said to myself, then, if I ever had a wife, I hoped her pious contemplations would not interfere with my breakfast."

I could not help smiling, though I pursed up my mouth, and tried to look grave.

"Well, John, I think I should agree with you, were I a husband; but you are wandering from the subject. Pray tell me, once for all, why you seem so averse to the friendship of Joseph and Lucy?"

Another dark shadow on John's face—a look as of sudden pain, but he seemed making an effort to speak, when the door opened, and Aunt Martha entered.

It was a bright sunny day, a frosty, but pure air, and Aunt Martha, who was in the habit of taking a daily walk, looked as bright and cheerful as the weather.

"Well, children, I am glad to find you both here. John, you see how pale and thin Anna is looking; it has troubled me lately, and I came over on purpose to propose a little change for her."

"I am glad to hear it, Aunt Martha," said my husband, "I have been trying all summer to persuade her to leave her cares, and run away awhile, but she would not leave this boy, and I could not consent that she should take him with her, for there would be no rest then."

"But he is a great boy, now," said Aunt Martha, as she laid her hand on his little curly head, while he was looking for the lozenges which he was always sure to find in her reticule; "besides, I am coming to take care of him."

"Ah, indeed! then I can go," I exclaimed, "and to New York it shall be, John, as you have often proposed. A few weeks there, with my brother, will give me amusement and rest."

Now I had never been to this city, and was almost as much of a child as Lucy, in wishing to see a little more of the world, and anticipated a great deal of pleasure in sight-seeing for a few weeks. Aunt Martha was happy in my joy, and spent many hours with her needle in aiding my preparations; she cared little for such amusement herself, and was happiest in her quiet home, alone with her own heart and her God; but she did not forget that she had once been young, nor did she wish to see the gravity of age upon the face of youth.

Lucy was already in the city, but I waited to go with John. I had never left Mark for a single night since his birth, and all young mothers will understand why a little shadow mingled with the brightness of my anticipated pleasure. I had him in my arms the evening before my departure, when Aunt Martha came into the room. She looked serious.

"Anna, my child, you are about to get a glimpse of the gay world, a world so different from the quiet sphere in which you have always moved; now don't forget to carry your religion with you; preserve an even, quiet spirit, and when you see the wealth and fashion of this world, let not envy creep into your heart, but remember that true happiness has its seat in one's own breast, and that the pomps and vanities of this world can add nothing to true peace. Your brother is a man of the world—let him not lead you into amusements that will weaken the spirituality of your heart. Avoid the theatre—it will have peculiar charms for your temperament; one taste of that seductive pleasure, and you will be satisfied only with deeper and larger draughts. How well I remember what your dear uncle used to say. 'Martha,' said he, 'if there is anything upon earth that I cannot resist, it is the fascination of the theatre.' Now he wished that the drama could be elevated and purified, and a theatre be a fit place for our wives and daughters; but alas! he added, 'I know that it has wrecked more virtue than it ever promoted.'"

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

JOYS THAT WE'VE TASTED.

The joys that we've tasted
May sometimes return;
But the torch when once wasted,
Ah, how can it burn?
Splendor now faded,
By, when will ye shine?
Brooks is the goblet,
And wasted the wine.

Many're the changes
Since last we met;
Blushes have brightened,
And sad tears have wet;
Friends have been scattered,
Like roses in bloom—
Some to the bridal,
And some to the tomb.

I stood in yon chamber,
But one was not there;
Hushed was the lute-string,
And vacant the chair,
Lips of love's beloved,
Where are ye borne,
Never to smile again—
Never to mourn!

A Thanksgiving Story.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Deep snow covered the earth, and drifting leaden clouds overshadowed the city; a cold wind wailed among the leafless trees, and distant objects were enveloped in hazy indistinctness. It was Thanksgiving day, and from amid the curtains of lace and damask peered forth many a childish, happy face, gazing in merry defiance upon the storm without. The gleam of cheerful fires fell upon many a shivering passer-by, and the sounds of music, of childhood's light-hearted glee, gladdened with many a suddenly invoked reminiscence the worldly-seared hearts of men, the frivolous souls of women, pausing for a moment to catch the stray gleam of household love, the saving influence of home's light, and warmth, and joy.

The family of Mr. Allen were assembled around the festive board; his gentle wife sat beside him, their pensive boy by his mother's side, Mrs. Allen's two married sisters, with their happy husbands, and smiling, healthy children, the host's senior brother William, and several intimate friends. Comfort, and even luxury were displayed in all the arrangements of the table, in all the appointments of the spacious room; yet on the brows of husband and wife rested a shadow of gloom, of sorrow; the spiritual countenance of the boy betokened that some great grief weighed on the household air, that young as he was, his wing had touched him, and darkened life even to his childish eyes.

A strange fatality seemed pursuing the good and benevolent Mr. Allen and his gentle wife; they had consigned three lovely children to the grave, and for their frail and intelligent Alfred, their only remaining one, they lived in perpetual fear, lest the destroying angel should find him also. It was this fear, the ever-present sorrow of bereavement, that subdued their every joy, and intruded even upon the household festival—the annual family reunion.

As they sat around the glowing fire, by the festive board, there was prayer and supplication in the mother's bosom, that her precious remaining one might be spared. She was startled from her abstraction by the ringing of the bell; it was a timid, faintly-repeated sound, that signified some wandering hungry one's appeal. Mrs. Allen listened for the footsteps of the girl, whose business it was to attend the door, but Bridget feigned total unconsciousness of the timid appeal for admittance. Again that faint, tremulous sound! "It must be a child," thought Mrs. Allen, and she rose from her chair to go to the door herself.

"Let me go, mother, let me go, please," eagerly cried the boy, and encouraged by her answering smile, he rushed from the room, and across the long, wide entry. They heard him utter an exclamation of surprise, and in a moment he returned, leading by the hand a little girl, whose feet were bare, whose little hands were numb and swollen with cold; her tattered frock hung in loose shreds around her miserably wasted figure; her face was small and pale, almost blue with cold; and her features were pinched by want and famine; only her blue eyes were beautiful, though very, very sad, and her light brown hair hung down her neck, a confused and tangled mass. Deep pity shone from Alfred's clear, brown eyes, and trembled in his voice, as he said:

"She was kneeling on the door-step, mother; she has no home, she is so cold and hungry!" and, unable to say more, the tender-hearted boy burst into tears. There were answering tear-drops in his mother's eyes, as she approached the wretched child, and led her, dazzled and bewildered by the light, warmth and comfort around her, to the cheerful, sparkling fire.

All gathered around the little girl with wonder and questionings; but she replied not to all their inquiries. She knelt before the fire, and warmed her aching hands, and gazed dreamily upon the carpet.

"Where did you come from, little girl?" asked one.

"Have you a mother?" inquired one of the ladies. "Where do you live, poor child?" questioned Mr. Allen; but she replied not, until the gentle mistress of the house, gazing upon her with maternal pity, asked her if she was hungry; then the strange spell or apathy that enveloped her was suddenly cast aside, and a burst of tears and sobs accompanied her almost incoherent explanations. Her mother was sick, and had been taken to the hospital; her father was dead; she had no brothers or sisters; no relative in the wide, wide world. She came over the big sea, from another country; and her mother worked hard, that Anne might not be taken from her. A week ago mother had been taken to the hospital, and now the woman they lived with had told her she was dead; the woman was cross and ugly, and said she could not raise other people's children; she had brought her to the door, telling her that rich people lived there, who had lost three little girls; that they might take her to feed and clothe; she would not keep her any longer. She had gone out a-begging all the week, but she could not ask people for money; something seemed to rise in her throat, and choke her. The woman beat her, and gave her no covering at night. She had prayed to God to take her home to her father and mother; would the lady let her stay, at least until she was warmed?

All this, with the protecting arm of Mrs. Allen thrown around her, the poor thing told with streaming tears and choking sobs; in simple, yet singularly choice language, this sufferer of seven years old!

As the blue eyes were raised to the gentle, pitying face that smiled upon her, a thrill of memory, a pang and a joy passed over the mother's bosom. Haggard, wan and famine-stricken, the child of want resembled her departed Amy! It was the sorrow and the joy of this recognition that trembled in the lady's voice, as she clasped the little suppliant to her bosom, and orled, with unrestrained emotion:

"You shall have food and clothing, a home for life! Come, poor little wanderer, come, eat and drink!"

She led her to the table, and waited upon her with her own dainty hands, while Alfred, silent, yet observant, wistfully regarded the strange, yet winning servant.

"You must be careful; she may be an impostor, sent on this errand by a drunken father, or a designing mother. You are too generous and impulsive, Mary," remarked her elder sister's husband.

"She is a dirty child!" "She's all in rags!" "My! see how she eats!" remarked the children.

Alfred's pale face flushed; a rising hue of indignation colored the pensive countenance of his mother.

"She does not look like an impostor," mildly replied Mr. Allen; "at least let us do our duty until we find out more about her."

When her hunger was appeased, she was again questioned, and her replies were always consistent, simple, truthful. Mr. Allen said she should remain under his roof, and be taken care of; that while she proved worthy, he would fulfill the mandates of charity; that he had ample means, and would not be incommenced by the addition to his household. The good man met with much opposition from his guests; worldly prudence, caution and distrust were urged; tales of imposture and ingratitude were told; but all were silenced, and their better feelings called to action, when Mrs. Allen said, with tear-filled eyes and quivering tones:

"She resembles my dead Amy; you, who have never lost a child, cannot feel as I do. It is my duty as a mother to care for this orphan; look at her, sisters, and tell me, does she not resemble my darling, my lost Amy?"

Their proud, worldly hearts were moved to feeling; the sisters acknowledged the resemblance in subdued voices; the words of mockery were stilled, and Alfred, taking the poor child's hand, said tenderly:

"You shall be my sister, my little Amy!"

That night, her matted tresses smoothed, arrayed in pure, sweet linen, the orphan slept within the arms of her adopted mother, and Mrs. Allen's heart thrilled with reverence, as the child knelt down to say her evening prayers, beseeching the Father in Heaven to bless her dear, new mother.

In a week's time her little hands had lost their red and swollen appearance, her face its pinched and ghastly look; her beautiful brown hair waved round her shoulders in a mass of curls; her deep, blue, eloquent eyes spoke tender gratitude, gentleness and hope. Her feet were encased in soft, woolen stockings, and warm shoes; a pretty dark blue merino frock became her admirably. Mr. Allen inquired at all the hospitals, but could obtain no information regarding the child's mother. He sought the woman she had lived with; she was not to be found. But day by day the child twined herself around their hearts by her simple, loving ways. They called her Amy, and Alfred loved her as a sister.

Time sped on, and Amy grew a lovely, intelligent and cheerful girl, and Alfred gathered health and strength, and prosperity smiled on the generous benefactors of the poor, until a great commercial crisis hurled thousands from wealth to poverty, and shattered the fortune of the good man, who never doubted another's honesty. In that hour of sudden misfortune the heroism of woman's nature shone brilliantly forth in their adopted daughter. It was her voice that cheered and consoled, that spoke confidently of happier days, of the sunshine that was to succeed the passing storm. When compelled by necessity, urged by the filial hope of better aiding his parents in another clime, Alfred departed for a distant country, it was his sister Amy who inspired him with hope and energy—she who smiled upon him when he said farewell, bidding him be of good cheer, with an unflinching voice. And, when they removed to a country town, to a humble dwelling, she it was, who exerted her talents in music and drawing to assist her benefactors. Amy the orphan girl sat up long after midnight, for many months, writing tales and poetry under a fictitious name, that she might assist in bearing the burden of labor—in lightening the toil of the stricken father, the gentle, forbearing mother. None knew how often she wept in silence, for the loved and absent brother; how her heart sank with dread as she noted the change in Mr. Allen, as she watched the nervous eagerness with which the apprehensive mother perused the newspapers, or awaited letters from her absent son. Always cheerful, smiling, hopeful, they blessed her daily, and loved her with true parental fondness.

They had removed to a small town that looked out upon the ocean; there, as clerk in a small business, the once wealthy merchant eked out a livelihood; while Mrs. Allen and Amy attended to household affairs—the latter giving instructions in music and drawing. Far across the sea, in a southern and unhealthy clime, young Alfred toiled for the parents so dear to him—for the independence wrested from them by villany and deceit. In the little town of — Amy passed for the daughter of Mr. Allen, but she well remembered the day that gave her a welcome beneath their hospitable roof; she remembered her sick mother's wasted countenance and parting words; and she felt that Alfred loved her with affection far beyond a brother's love; and she wept bitterly, when alone, for the beautiful castle of the future, so ruthlessly destroyed—for her young life, doomed to be a sacrifice to duty—yet in her gratitude she faltered not, nor thought of self.

Since their removal to —, the lovely and intellectual girl had met with many admirers, but as from the wealthy and fashionable cavaliers she had turned smilingly and coldly away while she was the courted belle, so now she turned with gentle firmness from less refined suitors—not in scorn, or in pride, but with fidelity and truth toward the absent.

But when she beheld the ravages of mental pain and bodily infirmity too deeply impressed upon her father's face and bending form—when she beheld his hair changing suddenly to the hues of age, and heard him speak of death and heaven as his only hope, then her firmness gave way—her assumed composure changed to intolerable, yet silently-borne anguish; the battle between inclination and duty was fought, and the spiritual conquest gained. Amy would give her hand to an aged and wealthy man, who sought her love; she thus would rescue from toil and misery her benefactor's age; and Alfred would forgive her for his parents' sake. Not with superstitious longing, but with religious faith and trust; she gave herself one month's time, vowing within her soul, that if Heaven sent not deliverance within that time, she would dedicate her life to the fulfillment of filial duty, at the expense of every personal consideration. How swiftly sped the days of the allotted time! How many prayers arose to Heaven from the tried and faithful heart of Amy! The angels counted them.

One day she was apprised of a new pupil. An English lady of wealth had lately settled in —. Her little girl was to be instructed in music. Amy waited upon the lady, and felt a strange charm in her presence and conversation. The child was not a tractable learner; she was willful and inattentive—the love of music, the desire for the beautiful seemed to be absent from her soul; yet the gentle manners, the pleasant speech of the mother made amends for the child's disobedience and neglect. The melancholy resignation dwelling on the lady's face, her benevolent smile and sweetly musical voice, charmed and attracted Amy as with a powerful spell of pity and tenderness; and the lovely teacher was endeared to her employer's heart by a fancied resemblance, a haunting memory.

Two weeks of the allotted time had passed by, and strange dread possessed the unwavering soul of Amy Allen; there appeared no deliverance—the forged

chains were twining closer and closer; soon the sun of hope would set for her! yet she paused not, nor wavered.

She entered the English lady's house one day, with a face even paler than usual, and the quick eye of sympathy detected that her hands trembled as she touched the keys—that some mysterious sorrow caused the big tear-drops to moisten the deep blue eyes, from whence only a strong, indomitable resolve forced them back upon the heart they flooded, as with a mighty sea. Mrs. Harling saw and pondered, and when the lesson was concluded, she kindly invited Amy to her own chamber. Taking the young girl by the hand, she led her to a beautifully decorated, luxuriantly furnished room, and drawing her gently beside her on a cushioned divan, she requested her confidence—she entreated to know the cause of her evident suffering.

"Perhaps," she said, "I am acting strangely; you will think me forward and presuming on so short an acquaintance. But I feel an irresistible impulse to know more of you; perhaps I can aid you—believe me I shall be happy to comfort you. Miss Allen, you have not always occupied the station I find you in; you have known affluence; you are accustomed to wealth and good society. Your manner betrays that you have moved in a far different sphere. Am I in the wrong? Is it pecuniary distress that weighs upon you? or is it some deeper, holier feeling that threatens you with disappointment? Speak freely to me, dear girl; I would be a friend!"

Amy gazed upon the beautiful and benevolent face, with mingled feelings of astonishment, love, and trust. A sudden impulse welled up from her heart, and gave her courage to tell the story of her resolves and sufferings to the admiring and wondering friend.

"It is my duty to sacrifice all for them!" she sobbed; "have they not been all the world to me? Can I behold my father drooping with fatigue and discouragement, pining visibly for the want of those comforts that are absolute necessities to him; see my beloved mother, almost faint beneath the burden of household cares to which she is unused? Oh, no! I cannot; but yet the duty is hard—oh, so bitter! Would that I could die for them!"

Mrs. Harling gazed upon her with fervent admiration. "Noble, lofty soul!" she murmured. "Do not despond, dear girl; I will assist your father. Your faith shall be no longer tried; I am wealthy; it is the blessed privilege of wealth that it can assuage sorrow, and soften hardship. You shall not sacrifice your young life—that were perjury and deepest sin; but your motive was a holy one. Oh, blessed are the parents of such children. I am not blessed as such—I—She paused and wept aloud.

"Annie will improve; she will yet gladden your heart," said Amy, thinking Mrs. Harling wept for her child's perversity.

"Dear girl!" she replied, embracing Amy, "it was not for her I felt moved; I thought of my own little angel—lost to me years ago; of my child left among strangers; of my little helpless lamb, lost in the great wide city. Oh, Annie! Annie! where art thou now, my darling? If I knew thou wert safe in heaven, I would not weep for thee!"

Amy bowed her head upon the lady's bosom, and wept with her—wept for the lost child she mourned for, though she understood not the mystery of her language.

"You have another child," she whispered soothingly.

"Annie is not my child; I adopted her, that my lonely heart might have something to love. She is willful, disobedient, unloving. My child was the reverse. Oh, Amy! she had your soft, blue, questioning eyes; but her hair was lighter. Amy, I once knew poverty and toil; sickness laid its strong arm upon me; in a state of insensibility I was carried to the hospital. When I recovered, and sought my child, she was nowhere to be found. I returned to England, heart-broken and desolate; as if to make amends for the wretchedness they had caused, my husband's family acknowledged me, although they had cast me off before. I became the possessor of a large fortune, and I returned to America, in the vain, wild hope that I might find my child. I sought by every means—in vain, in vain! But what, alas, you, dearest? You are faint and trembling, Amy! what is it—speak to me?"

But she could not reply; a great hope had arisen in her breast; a tenderness surpassing all expression filled her soul; and with it mingled a dread of uncertainty, a fear of disappointment, that kept her speechless, trembling and unwept.

The voice in which she spoke at last was an eager, hurried inquiry:

"Where did you leave your child?"

"In the city of B—," replied Mrs. Harling; "I left her with the woman we had rented a room of, Mrs. Flimmer. Alas! I knew not when I was separated from my child!"

Amy was lying prostrate at the lady's feet, wildly clinging to her dress, crying in broken accents:

"Mother! dear mother! it is Annie! It is your child!"

For a moment the bewildered woman started back, and gazed upon the kneeling girl, with paling cheeks and distended eyes; but ere she could recover herself, Amy had risen to her feet, had flung her loving arms around her, had told her that she was not Mr. Allen's daughter, that she had been brought cold and starving to the good man's door, on Thanksgiving day, by Mrs. Flimmer; that she had believed her mother dead; that she was indeed her Annie, named by her adopted parents for their departed child.

With a loud cry of joy she was clasped to her mother's bosom, and, for a while, not a word was spoken—their hearts throbbing in unison, their holy tears mingling together, silently they rendered thanks unto God!

Unseen and rejoicing witnesses of the earthly reunion smiled with a kindred joy, and sped on their bright way, singing hymns of praise and victory.

It is Thanksgiving day once more. In the richly furnished, tastefully decorated parlor of Mrs. Harling's cottage residence, a happy family party is assembled around the hospitable board. The flickering, crimson gleams of the cheerful fire are reflected on the sweeping folds of snowy lace and amber-colored satin that drape the windows, and shut out the gloomy vista of desolation without. It is snowing fast, and a cold wind howls around the corners, and bends the denuded trees to earth; but within one house, at least, there is as much of human happiness as earth can hold. Relieved from the pressure of necessity, the overhanging dread of poverty, Mr. Allen smiles and sits erect, his gentle wife beside him, a heightened glow upon her pale rose cheeks,

looks from one to the other with unutterable affection. Mrs. Harling, richly attired, sits at the head of her table, her eyes often filled with tears, and she is upraised to heaven in eloquent thankfulness, as she beholds her daughter's answering smile of affection, the blessedness impressed on the dear faces around her. That daughter's hand is imprisoned in the loving clasp of her adopted brother, who has returned from abroad, never again to leave them; the tender soliloquy with which he regards her, the tell-tale blush upon her face, bespeaks a deeper feeling than fraternal love. Again Amy relates her first admittance to Mr. Allen's hospitable roof; again the good man tells how his heart yearned towards the forsaken child, and the kind mother says: "She was so like my lost one!" Tears mingle with the day's festivities, but they are pure soul offerings of thanksgiving, a fitting tribute for the time. Mrs. Harling embraces the "good mother" that sheltered her innocent child from want, and its attendant temptations; and Amy's heart is filled to overflowing with love, with the joy that is more of heaven than of earth.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days."

Pittsfield, Nov. 13, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light. TO KATIE.

The sunlight streaming from the dawn,
Beams o'er the world its smile of power,
And diamond dew drops from the flower,
And still I weep, for thou art gone.

The sun may thrill earth with delight,
And tinge with gold the distant view,
Soft zephyrs sing beneath the blue,
And yet without thee all were night.

Nature might wear for aye, the dress
She wears when summer splendors throng,
And kiss the heavens with dreamy song,
And I be sad, less thy career.

Beside his own, with heart elate,
Above the harvest wheat and corn,
The lark sings in the rosy morn;
Shall my heart sing without its mate?

As are the strings unto this lyre,
Ere we can make it yield a sound,
Thou art to me—and I abound
With thoughts that burn like living fire.

The lone flower strains beside the wall
To reach the sunlight's level line—
So leans my heart out unto thee,
To gather strength ere grief shall fall.

The violets, with their azure eyes,
Bend o'er the babbling brook's banks,
To view themselves, and not their thanks—
So my soul hangs on thy replies.

I watch the lights and shades that steal—
The shade that wakes thy brows repose—
The smile that wreaths thy lips of rose—
And sigh to tell thee what I feel.

The ring-dove cooing on the eaves,
Tells love-tales to his feathered mate,
And so I speak, with heart elate—
Hast thou no smile for him who grieves?

With careless air I tread the hall—
Familiar voices strike my ear;
I listen, but I do not hear—
I am with thee, and thou art all.

Both time and distance shades impart,
And speak the sad, sad word forever;
But are they strong enough to sever
True hearts, which long have been one heart?

'Tis true that we shall meet again,
The actuating power o'er us
Surely, surely will restore us—
We cannot baffle it with gain.

Till then, good bye: 'tis not mine,
The power to lull my longing soul;
As turns the needle to the pole,
So turns my spirit unto thine.

Written for the Banner of Light. DARKNESS.

"No sun, no moon—total eclipse."

Yes; all is darkness, deep and unpenetrable, here below. Even the very face of nature, once so joyous and bright to my young, untutored heart, seems shrouded in a dark and sombre pall. Wherever my weary eyes turn, I see shadows. They hang upon the mountain's brow, sleep upon the bosom of the forest stream, and fall athwart my cheerless hearthstone, where a lone and sorrowing woman now sits, thinking mournfully of the past.

I gathered to-day a bouquet of flowers; but alas, they too have lost their brilliancy of color, and in place of the many varied dyes that once were wont to gladden my admiring eyes, I behold only dark and poisonous weeds, whose rank exhalations infect the murky atmosphere of my room. All are black—columbines, violets and daisies.

This morning, a group of young and glad some children were busy with their sports beneath my chamber window. The clear and ringing laugh which rippled forth from their innocent lips, sent a thrill of exquisite joy to my cold and barren heart—for I too, long years ago, was happy and mirth-loving as they. I leaned forth from the casement, and tried to curve my mouth into a smile, as I beckoned them with my hand to approach; but the effort was a sickly one, for, without uttering a word, they gave a hurried glance at my face; now written all over with sorrow and disquietude, and then quickly fled the spot. Has my countenance indeed become so disfigured and grief-scathed that even little children loathe the sight of it, and turn to fresher, happier ones for relief? It must be so; and yet I cannot but thank them for the momentary gleam of sunshine which their presence afforded me.

The time was once, when my laugh was the loudest, my song the sweetest, and my foot the fleetest of the myriads of little children who sported like butterflies in the rich sunlight that flooded the village green. But a change came o'er the spirit of my childhood's dream, as one after another of the dearly loved ones were laid to their last rest in the old churchyard. Yet out of the darkness that followed that scene of mourning and desolation, a ray of hope shot forth, and penetrated with radiance the prisoners of my gloomy soul. God raised me up an idol, in the shape of man. Love, pure and revivifying, flourished for a season—but it was a brief one. Clouds soon gathered in my horizon, and the serpent Distrust lurked in the byways of my existence; ready at any moment to clasp me in its deadly embrace, and thrust its poisoned fangs deep into my clear and untroubled heart.

The thunderbolt descended at last upon my unprotected head. The golden fruit of which I had so eagerly partaken, was suddenly turned into ashes. My lover was false. He had won my confidence only to betray. At that moment hope expired, and with it the light of life. Day and night were now alike to my darkened soul. The sun sank at the close of an evil day, never to rise again for Lella. No moon threw its silvery lustre upon the ebon obscurity, that

from that time forth enveloped my soul. Mine was a cloud without a silver lining. Midnight blackness settled upon the face of the earth; and, to my blind vision, all was total eclipse.

Friends I had once, when youth and beauty were mine, but they are all gone from me now, and I am left alone to grope my way through a dull world, which has long since lost its pleasures and joys for Lella. If perchance I essay to sing, the tones of my voice become tremulous and low, and the burden of my song is a requiem over buried hopes and blighted vows.

By the world I am thought a strange creature, and the words hermit, recluse, or monomaniac, are not unfrequently hissed in my ears, whenever I chance to appear in the streets. Thus I am a stranger even in my own native village. People say I care for no one, and no one cares for me; and they say rightly. If I am shunned and neglected, I have nobody to blame but myself, for when I found that I had been cruelly deceived and deserted by him who had taught my poor and bereaved heart its first sweet lesson of love, then I shut the door of my dwelling against those kind friends who would fain have soothed and comforted me in my affliction; yea, I refused their generous sympathy, and sternly bade them leave me to my own sorrow and wretchedness.

And so for fifteen long years I have hugged this great grief closely to my heart. But thirty-five summers have rolled over my head, yet upon my brow are engraven the oars of twice that number. My constant prayer is, that the merciful Father in heaven will speedily unloose the shackles that fetter my poor and imprisoned spirit to earth. The valley of the shadow of death hath no fears for me, for out of the gloom and darkness of the very tomb, I shall hear the voice of God crying, "Let there be light!"

Welcome! yea, thrice welcome, oh death! for not till thy coming shall mine eyes behold the glory of heaven, or my weary and overburdened soul find its long promised rest!

Fraternity Lecture.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Henry Ward Beecher is not a Spiritualist by profession—yet, according to the philosophy that Spiritualism reveals, he is one in the truest and highest sense. The same may be said of Theodore Parker; and these two gentlemen are not so wide apart in the fundamental principles of their religion as many suppose. Divest both of the material that covers their spirits, and it might be hard to tell which has the more "orthodoxy." In the common definition of the word, we believe there would not be found a particle in either. They stand upon the same plane, and fearlessly and boldly speak wholesome truths, as the spirit gives them utterance.

On Tuesday evening last, though it was very stormy, bad weather, the Tremont Temple was filled to its utmost capacity. More than three thousand human souls were held in profound admiration during the whole lecture by Mr. Beecher, the subject of which was "Attraction and Repulsion in Relation to Common Life."

The lecture was a masterly, brilliant production, full of original thought, powerfully expressed. We make the following extracts from the report in the Atlas and Daily Bee:—

"A man's life, his health, his success and comfort in every walk of life, are materially affected by the conditions of his body, and yet, with one exception, there is nothing on earth of which a man is so ignorant as of the conditions of that body. The organization of it, the functions of its organs, the laws of health, are about as much unknown to most people as to savages.

Boys and girls still learn to read and write, to knit and cypher, which are all very well; but it is more important that children should understand the law of digestion than it is that they should understand the Rule of Three. It is more important that a girl should understand the structure of her lungs, the properties of air, and the necessity of exercise therein, than that she should understand painting and music, important as these may be. There are a thousand girls who know how to paint roses on rice paper, where there is one who knows how to paint the roses on her own cheeks, where they are surely more handsome. Thus we teach our children geography, we teach them about distant countries, their boundaries, their capitals, their cities, rivers and mountains. We teach them about the oceans, and their contents of islands, and a thousand other respectable knowledges, which it is doubtless desirable to learn, but which do not concern our daily affairs, and, with few exceptions, will never enter minutely into the life-work of those who learn them; whereas, their own bodies, the knowledge and control of which will go far to determine the virtue or vice of their lives, are seldom alluded to in the ordinary process of education, except in the most general way; for, although it be true that 'evil springs from moral causes, it is just as true that it springs from physical causes; it springs from both. The laws of food, of digestion, of circulation, of secretion, the brains, the lungs, the stomach, and their relations to the natural world, are veiled from the common school. We are taught about the Gulf Stream, but of that great gulf stream in our own bodies, not one word may be said.

But if the physical form is so neglected, the facts of which address themselves to consciousness, the knowledge of which is usually confined to books, what shall be said of the knowledge of the human soul, of which even books are so empty, and those the most empty, usually, which say the most about it? And yet, such are the relations of mind to philosophy, to religion, to criticism, to social refinement, to the domestic circle, to the individual development, that it may be said that society, the family and the church must all rest on an empirical basis until a thorough exploration of the human mind shall have given the right elements upon which to build. 'The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil' that grew in the garden was picked too soon. It hurt the race. All green fruit is unhealthy. (Laughter and applause.)

The world must pluck it again, when the ages shall have ripened it. The knowledge of good and evil shall yet bring back to the world that Paradise which its immature state banished. Meanwhile, every one may contribute what little he can to the stock of knowledge respecting mental conditions; and something will be gained worth gaining if attention is directed to this subject, and men begin to notice and reflect upon their own state. The man has learned not a little who has learned how ignorant he is of true knowledge. Moved by such considerations, said Mr. B., I am induced to speak to

you of the relations of the law of sympathy and repulsion to common life.

The key to what he should say was this—that every faculty of the human mind tends, when acting strongly, to excite the same faculty in another mind. This was a simple statement of a law whose action pervades all life, and might almost be said to determine our happiness in our social relations. The intellect tends to excite the intellect, the sentiments tend sympathetically to excite the sentiments, the emotions arouse the emotions, the passions address the passions, and so on. This general statement was, however, susceptible of more particular illustration. For instance, if the faculty of calculation is active, it will arouse the arithmetical or mathematical faculty in the hearer; if we employ the musical faculty, it will appeal to the musical faculty in others; if wit flashes in us, gloom will not receive it—wit comes to the door to welcome it, when it is seeking entrance there; if we exercise logic, we excite the logical faculty in those who hear us; if we reason analogically, or by comparison, the faculty of comparison in others will stand to hear what we say. Whatever faculty inspires us to speak, if we speak with power, will inspire the listener in hearing. So in regard to the emotions: benevolence awakens benevolence, good nature makes men good-natured, veneration tends to reproduce veneration, conscientiousness excites conscientiousness in others, hope appeals to hope, fear awakens fear, love inspires love; pride, in its normal form of self-respect, appeals to self-respect, in its perverted form of haughtiness, it rouses the same feelings in others. So, likewise, down lower in the scale, evil passions excite the like passions; cruelty begets cruelty, cunning awakens cunning, pride fosters pride, and so on. Corrupt men appeal to the corrupt elements in man's nature, and even the innocent and pure cannot but feel the reaction in themselves of the animal appetites of strong men in whose presence they continually are.

But we find that this law exists with the fullest force and the most beneficial results in the realm of the intellectual and moral faculties; whereas, as we descend the scale of mind, the sympathy tends to assume an antagonistic form, and begets repulsion. When you go below the benevolent faculties, though the law stands, and the same faculty responds, it responds in a repulsive form; selfishness is man rouses selfishness in another, but opposing selfishness, not sympathizing; so with pride, fear, hatred, and the like. This statement, it is true, would throw light on a subject so dear to us all—the subject of getting along in life. (Laughter.) He thought that men might be divided into two classes—sharp-bowed and blunt-bowed men; those that heap up the water before them, and those that out it in two, and leave it parting on either side; and how men are to be built so that they shall not drag, is a very serious question. Some men are always in difficulty, their circumstances are always thick and sticky, while some men always move easily, whatever their circumstances may be. He thought this difference turned very much on the faculties they carried, and the influence they exerted on the men around them. He did not mean to say that a man's fate is merely a reflection of his own temperament and disposition, but he did think that our joy or our trouble depend much more upon ourselves than upon any other circumstance. A man stands underneath a tree just after a shower, and, by lifting a tree, brings down a copious shower upon himself. He did not make the rain, nor the leaves that hung in ambush charged with mischief; but he hit the tree, and thus brought on his head the rain-drops ready for the fall. So neither do men create the dispositions that are in other men, but it is oftentimes by their unlooky conduct that they bring down the dispositions of men that affect them. A dissatisfied, peevish man projects an atmosphere all about him, that makes us delight to annoy him. We catch his humor; he seems to want trouble, and we are inclined to gratify him. As far as it can be, boys delight to torment an irritable teacher, workmen sily tease a surly "boss," and waiters at a hotel mark a fretful boarder. It is almost a miracle to find a cheerful, good-natured, kind-hearted man ill-treated, in the ordinary flow of affairs; he seems to surprise the same feelings in other men, and bring them to the surface, so that they appear better than they really are. People are always above or below par.

Every one is inclined to be amiable to the amiable. A good natured man, with a pleasant disposition, may circumnavigate the globe, and scarcely find an impudent varlet in the whole round. An ill-tempered man carries his own smoke, and makes not only his own eyes smart, but those of other people. It is a common thing to hear hard, selfish natures discourse of the depravity of man; selfish men always believe in 'total depravity.' (Enthusiastic applause.) They wear it, and other people dress like them. The human soul lies open, like the keys of an organ, running through a long scale, from the highest to the lowest beat; and we can make the organ of the human soul sound the highest or the lowest note, according to the keys which we touch; so that it is not enough to say how a man has treated us, but we must also explain how we have played upon him. The sound generally answers to the keys which are pressed.

Principles sleep when the passions are awake. Gambling at first may produce horror, but in time it begets a fierce excitement; lusts, in their veiled or open forms, at length call forth corresponding passions. No young man would dream of going to the fire with his pockets stuffed with gunpowder, or his dress saturated with camphene; but that would be a safe experiment compared with that of coming under the influence of stronger minds; where the strong passions of strong men tend to set him on fire of hell. It is the most dangerous experiment any man can try.

This principle would explain also the apparent contradiction which appears in men. Some men, when in good society, are good, perhaps alive to religious impressions, but when in bad society, they are vicious; consequently, they get the name of hypocrites, or deceitful men. But they are not justly such. The explanation of this is, that different influences are brought to bear in the different circumstances, and they yield accordingly. Every experience is, for the time, a real one. Although there are principles which will carry a man safely through such contagious influences, they are not the principles which are usually found in unripe young men.

Our views of truth and duty, of honor and usefulness, depend very much upon the character of the minds which are daily acting upon ourselves, not merely in books, but much more out of books, in common life. If we are among men of power, who employ that power to destroy first principles, to undermine noble truths, to crumble all moral distinctions,

and pulverize them into dust, even against our judgment, we shall find our minds losing the hold of true and deep convictions. The effect of a powerful nature upon an amiable and weaker one, is like that of the tide of the bay, which does not come in perpendicular at full depth, but steals up without a sound; running up the sand, at first, with playful ripple, it kisses the feet of the rocks it means to cover, and silently penetrates into each nook, and fills up every crevice, until the shores begin to change, and familiar objects disappear, and at length a wide sheet of water fills the bay, and has sunk, one by one, each stone and rock, and every landmark.

The loss of faith in truth, and loss of virtue are not the worst things that can befall a man. There are worse men than gamblers, drunkards, or sensuous men; the holding of truth and honor with such a low and ignoble spirit as makes them the menial servants of man's daily life, is worse than to be an immoral man.

To hold your moral principles, technically, but not to be governed by them in the exigencies of life, to explain and fritter them away perpetually, to make them bend and bow to expediency, to hold them, that you may take them to be the apologists for all the base compliances which you make in your daily affairs, that is, to be weaker and worse than to hold principles, and against your own moral convictions, go down into the temptations of vice. (Loud applause.) A man debauched at the bottom of his head, is bad enough; but a man debauched at the top of his head is oftentimes a devil. There are thousands of men who would be shocked at the idea of giving up their principles, which they would be more shocked ever to obey. They oblige their better nature to serve their worse.

Their truth, their honor, their religion is never allowed to lead them, because it would be so fanatical at times; it would carry them out of such good society at times; it would make them like a voice crying in the wilderness; at times.

In every exigency where something must give way, it is not selfishness nor sordid interest, that is found to do it. When they speak of moderation, you will always notice that they mean moderation in the moral elements, never in the passionate or selfish. Let your moderation be known to all men. Oh, how that miserable text has been rendered! Not moderation in gluttonous appetites, not moderation in drink, not moderation in money-making, not moderation in ambition, that flames like Vesuvius, not moderation in ten thousand basket-woven tergiversations of principles—what is it in moderation? You must not pray too much, must not be too good, must not be Puritanic, must not stand too high, and be impracticable. You must be moderate in whatever is good, and take your revenge in whatever is mean and wicked. (Loud applause.)

A man's principles are made to conform to the lean and beggarly expediencies of the hour. They are like Hector dragged behind the chariot of Achilles, wounded, soiled, insulted, dead, thrice dead, and rolled in the dust.

There are bad men of no principle, and there are good men of firm principle; and there is an immense army of men, with principles of truth and justice, and humanity and right, which they hold in such vulgar and ignominious way, that I had rather be the man's dog, and follow his heels, than be his conscience, and follow his train in life! (Loud laughter and applause.) It is the influence of such large-brained, wicked men, that is the most dangerous to young men; it is the influence of these men, who use principles as an armor to veil the wickedness that is within them, rather than to defend the wickedness that is without them, that needs most to be guarded against.

Mr. Beecher then referred to the treatment of young people by their parents and teachers. He said he was sure there were no mysteries in theology like the mysteries of fact in daily life. It was lamentable to think how many millions are born to an inheritance of woe, solely from the unfitness of their parents. Between the unfitness of their parents, to the parents, and the varied evils that cluster round their childhood, it is difficult to cipher out God's intention, unless it be that in the grand course of ages humanity shall finally be one grand harmony, attained by slow progression; and no matter how many die, or how many drop by the wayside, the great scheme is slowly moving on. Children must be born, and they are not allowed to choose; they must take what they can get. (Laughter and applause.) Fortunately the child that is born to a harmonious home; and happy the parents who keep in mind the great point of their influence—and those teachers who do the most to cultivate in the pupil a pleasant and happy nature is the best—for that is preferable to all the dry details of arithmetic or the sciences.

Some people seem never to know which way to turn. They can never get over the perpetual surprise that their children are childish. Job, I am surprised that you eat so much! Job, I am surprised that you stop to play by the way! And the next day they are surprised by the same traits. They are full of surprise that Job is restless, loses his temper, scratches the furniture, and tells fibs; and Job is such master of his work, that life is a chequered scene of surprises—surprise Jobs! (Laughter.) There is a Job in every household; but while so much was said about the provocations endured by parents, it ought to be considered how many provocations children have! Wisely it is written—"Fathers! provoke not your children to wrath!" "Fathers!" you will take notice of the gender. (Loud laughter and applause.) The same principle applies to those having charge of domestics. Some people are never well served, but are always in a quarrel with their domestics, and not from a purpose to do so, but because they do not realize that to be well served requires sunshine in the one to be served. The voice has much to do with this matter; not that it is an index of the vice or virtue of a person, but it is of the feelings—for an angry voice never denotes a friendly mind. The face also becomes, in middle or mature life, an index of character; a man's head becomes a record book, his body a journal. An inner life grows up within us; even the skin changes its texture, and men might be classed by it. In a proper sense, our prejudices are our salvation. We must form quick estimates; the eye, the ear—even the whole mind, prejudices. Men do not mistake those who are substantially of their own nature. Men make their mistakes in judging of those who are higher or lower, morally, than themselves. A good man will be taken in by a bad man, because he cannot judge well of him; a thoroughly bad man is always making blunders with respect to men who do not live in the same stories of their heads that he does. They cannot understand each other, and cannot be made to understand each other. An honest man, who can be sly if he chooses, is a better judge of a bad man than if he were thoroughly

honest. A slight spice of worldly evil make us worldly wise. But we purchase convenient gifts by losing something of higher wisdom. I think it is better to be ignorant of some things, than to have knowledge at the sacrifice of purity and manliness. We sell gold for copper, then.

In copulation, the lecturer alluded to the influence of the principles he had laid down on love and friendship. People, said he, come together with the most amiable intentions. Admiration and kindness call forth the same feelings, and love calls and echoes bravely through all the happy days of courtship. Marriage, which should be to courtship what the ripe cluster is to the grape blossom, more sweet, though different, becomes, too often, a barren vine, with neither blossom nor cluster. We fail to call out love, and yet expect the echo; or we call, and, searching for the echo, find only the cold side of the cliff—a voiceless stone. Many a man has married an angel, and lived with a fiend or fool; and many a woman married a hero or a god, and lived with a brute or a monster.

Persons strongly inclined to friendship generally inspire friendship; those who are cold in their affections, rarely find themselves troubled with other people's love. Some people are so happily endowed that they never fail to have troops of friends, while others have none; as one man will thread a brook all day and not catch a single trout, while another will pull one out beside every stone or clump in the stream. Some men catch something everywhere, and some men catch nothing anywhere. (Laughter.)

Concealments may exist; a man may hide his good nature; like wheat, he may be of good quality, but surrounded with chaff. Doubtless the first man who saw a chestnut-bur disliked the rough exterior, but when he got inside to the sweet meat, he altered his opinion. Some people put their warm affections in the front door, and thus invite people to enter; others hide theirs like their jewelry, in bureaus and closets, looked up out of sight. A gross man wants the menial service of love, a proud man its homage, &c.; to these, love is a slave. Many persons never keep, and many never lose, a friend. True friendship is strengthened by time. The two minds interchange an unconscious influence, and they become like the two sides of the loom, the affections play between them like shuttles, and life comes forth at length like figured silks, glowing with mingled colors, and carrying vines and leaves in graceful sweep all over the surface.

An illustration of the union of two minds in loving harmony, Mr. Beecher said it happened to him once, in the Church of the Madeleine, at Paris, to be surprised by the sportiveness of two great organs—a major and a minor one. The larger one—the masculine—took up the theme, and uttered it in a noble prelude, and growing silent, the other—the feminine, as it were—took up the strain, and with yet more witching grace, followed out the theme, which was echoed by the other, until by and by, by mutual emulation, it seemed as though they glanced into every part of the massive structure, never coming into harsh conflict, but provoking and stimulating each other, until the very air rained drops of celestial sound. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

HUME, THE MEDIUM, AND RUFUS ELMER.

To the Editor of the Republican—As you have alluded to my connection with Hume, it occurred to me that the particulars of my first interview with him might interest some of your readers. Some five or six years ago, Mrs. Langley, mother of Sheriff Langley, of Belokertown, called at my house to inquire for a medium. My wife, who was then bitterly opposed to "the abominable thing," out of courtesy to a lady stranger, consented to accompany her and myself to the rooms of Henry Gordon. His room was full, and nothing occurring satisfactory, some rather rude young men soon left, and Gordon with them. Learning that there was a medium present from Connecticut, and being anxious to gratify, if possible, Mrs. L., I selected Mr. George W. Wilson (printer) and Mr. Horace K. Cooley, of this city, and proposed to "try the new medium." Six of us, including Hume, were soon seated around a common table. Within a few moments the tables seemed very uneasy, and to disregard the "wholesome law" of gravitation, and seemed disposed to remain a portion of the time in mid-air. Hume put one of the lights under the table, and invited part of us to look under the table, to see that no deception was practiced. I sat next to him, and observed that he did not move a muscle during the movements of the table. It was perfectly evident that it was under the control of some intelligence. Soon loud raps spelled the name of a friend of Mr. Wilson who was drowned. The circumstances of his death were correctly described. Then the name of a comrade of Mr. Cooley who was shot in the Mexican war, and the manner of his death, were announced in the same manner.

Then Hume's eyes appeared to be set, and assumed a glossy appearance, as though he was "gazing up into heaven," an unearthly smile playing over his features, his hands becoming cold as death, when he pointed to Mrs. Langley who sat opposite to him, to whom he had not even been introduced, and said: "Your son Roswell is here—he is sane now." Mrs. L. explained that he died in the insane retreat. Hume instantly described the cause of his death. Then he told her that "Sylvia," her daughter, and her recently deceased husband, were present, and said that his physician was mistaken, and his own opinion was correct respecting his disease. Mrs. L. confirmed the fact of this difference of opinion. Hume then gave Mrs. L. a most beautiful and consoling address, assuring that it was dictated by her husband and children, referring to facts in their past history known only to Mrs. L. Then turning to my wife, who neither had been introduced, he told her that our daughter was present, called her by name, referred to the halo of indescribable light which filled the room when she died, and attributed it to the presence of departed human spirits or angels who received her "into everlasting habitations." And as though this was insufficient, he gave us the name of an old lady, the nurse of my wife in her infancy, whom we had not thought of for years, and gave a perfect description of her.

Should the least doubt exist as to the perfect accuracy of the foregoing facts, I refer to the very respectable individuals named in this article. I could fill volumes with more wonderful facts, which, as you, Messrs. Editors, have already intimated, were witnessed at my house by the leading citizens of this city, while Hume was a member of my family; but I forbear. Is it any wonder that these phenomena have attracted the attention of the crowned heads of Europe? Who believes that a mere boy of Hume's capacity and courage would dare to submit his pretensions to the scrutiny of Napoleon, his court, and his generals; as well as to other monarchs, and thousands of the most sagacious and illustrious people of the earth, if they were not deception?

Your readers have seen with what apparent sincerity Hume became a Catholic. He honestly, no doubt, solemnly promised his confessor, under the prohibition of the Pope—with whom he became personally acquainted, while in Italy, and whom he assured me he loved—to have no more to do with the subject. But, notwithstanding all this, within precisely one year, according to the promise of the power that controlled him, he found himself again under its influence! Very likely he may have sin-

Sabbath in Boston.

MRS. F. O. HYZER AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon, Nov. 28.

Prof. J. B. Packard, a well-known musical composer, preceded Mrs. Hyzer's address with the song, "My own heart's home," with the melodeon accompaniment.

Mrs. Hyzer's subject was "Music in God's Universe." The music of the heavenly spheres is breathed to us by the will of God, who holds the curtains back by cords of gold to let us look beyond the present; and that music must blend with our souls in a harmony of thanks and praise to Him. As we draw our limbs from the chains which have bound them and reject the *ipse dixit* of others, we find ourselves asking:—"How far shall I go, before I shall wander from the right path?" But when the intuitive eye is opened, the freed mind will find itself unawed, and the immortal soul will find God in itself; and whether in the world around us, or in the Heaven above us, we can only measure God by our own immortality. But the greatest truth that ever dawned can only be appreciated by us according to our capacity. Then how can we sit in judgment of man or God, except to say, "so it seems to me?"

When we see our own weakness—how dependent we are upon the circumstances and laws around us—we say, "Oh, God, do as thou wilt with me; I am thine!" We lose all sight of ourselves in the infinitude of God; and we look upon the history of they who have erred, as a page in the volume of God's revelations to man.

We have been taught not to trust our emotions, for they were the flowers the Evil One has sprinkled in our way to beguile us into destruction—that we must not recognize joy, friendship, or melody, for they were the seeds of damnation, and we dare not trust the melody of God, wafted to us by angel-fingers, for the sweet strains may lead us into the power of demons.

When the mind shrinks from the God-lyre of the soul, there is a cause for it; and that cause is often that the chains of cold externality have so cramped the soul, that it dare not know its God. We are so clothed with this externality, that we have actually come to fear and tremble at a word. There are millions of souls eager to grasp the beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy; but the word *Infidelity* is sure to be the result of every effort to learn the now. But ask what does this word mean? Every martyr to progress; every philosopher and teacher in that which was better than the world had known before, was an infidel. Jesus of Nazareth was the most uncompromising infidel who ever shuffled off the bonds of ecclesiasticism, and his infidelity brought him into the position he now holds in relation with the Christian religion.

We have been told by one who lived in the past, that "the truth shall make us free;" but we dare not grasp the truth, because we have not learned to trust the music of the soul. The religion of the past has required something to lean upon, and has not grasped the power within itself. Within every soul are all the instruments necessary to guide us over the sea of life; and why should we surrender our own individual responsibility, in giving up the helm to another?

Every soul is more susceptible to affection and love than to the intellect and reason. It is not intellectual calculation or scholarship which influences the mother's care for her offspring. It is only the fact that she is a mother, and possesses a mother's love. Yet we do not ask for less of intellect, but for more of love.

Yes, the truth shall make us free. The fact in which it is wrapped will not, but the truth buried within it. Truth slumbers in the artist's brain, but the creation becomes the fact. As we learn the truth, we extend our love the more; but the growth of either, at the other's loss, would be disastrous.

We do not know the power of our own natures. Only action can bring it out. Music is a prophecy; the emotions it produces are a prophecy of what our life will be, when brought into harmony with ourselves, and with the worlds of soul and substance around us.

An inspired song through the medium, was the finale of the afternoon exercises.

Sunday Evening.

The evening exercises commenced with singing, by a select choir, from John S. Adams' "Psalms of Life"—which book has lately been introduced into the services at the Melodeon to general satisfaction.

The medium said that every divine impression has a vital current running through it, however small it may be. The mountain stream seems valueless in its insignificance, but it increases as it runs, and is made to turn the mill-wheel, and aid in the developments of civilization. Man should make the best use of it, and subdue it to his will.

The same is true with the Scriptures of the past. God said:—"Let there be light," and light was—has been, is, and ever will be. Yet a superstition has wrapped us all about, which denies us the right to make the best use of those ancient revelations, and compels us to place a finality to every passage of Scripture. We are allowed to progress in other things, but cannot in this.

In every invention of art, or every discovery of science, the scholar said, "Let there be light," and it burst forth in glory and splendor, and the world caught up its beauty, and thanked God for it. But yet it was taught that religion was too sacred to be trusted with the carnal reason, though this same carnal reason is, in everything else, man's noblest gift.

We have been taught to love Christ outside of ourselves. We have prayed for blessings "for Christ's sake," instead of the sake of the good which will follow them. Like the Pagan, the Christian does deeds of charity and kindness more to appease his God, than for the good to be accomplished. While we talk of socialism, let us take heed to pluck it from Spiritualism, and not thank God that we are removed from the bigotry and selfishness which wraps the rest of the world. Rather let us do good, hoping for no reward, but for its own sweet sake; see to the selfishness in our own souls, nor seek to know the errors of others before our own.

The revelations of the past can only be of service to us when we allow them to ripple on, down the future, spreading, and shaping themselves to the bed of the stream in which they flow. When we put a finality to them we obstruct the stream.

No hard words—no "I am holier than thou," will ever bring the prodigal home. Let us show the divinity of our birthright, by leading with tender-

ness and love the wanderer back to the home of his innocent childhood, regardless of the chaff of old theology which may shroud the golden grain beneath.

New York Correspondence.

Rev. Mr. Pierpont's last Lecture—F. B. Randolph's Definition of Spiritualism—Rev. Antoinette L. Brown in Newark—Professor Brittan in Ohio.

New York, Nov. 28, 1858.

Messrs. Editors—Mr. Pierpont closed his interesting series of lectures at Dodworth's, last Sunday. During his labors, which have extended to many weeks, he has aimed to develop the moral and Christian aspect of Spiritualism, and can hardly have failed to have benefited the crowds of spiritual and non-spiritual listeners, who have flocked to hear him, and to have elevated the standard of Spiritualism itself in the eyes of the galling Pharisees and scoffers of this metropolis. Always, by all parties, he has been listened to with respectful attention, and the press, I believe, has uniformly treated him with politeness, if not with favor.

At the same hour, when Mr. Pierpont was delivering his farewell discourse at Dodworth's, scarcely a quarter of a mile away, Dr. P. B. Randolph, whom the Tribune blazes as the converted medium—as though a Spiritualist could not be a Christian—was addressing another body of Spiritualists at Clinton Hall. The audiences were also good. In the morning he defined his position with respect to Spiritualism, and the Tribune of Thursday contains a report of the lecture, to the extent of about three of its solid columns. The audience also requested a copy for publication, and it is to be issued in pamphlet form. The evening's discourse was on the existence of a God; and the Telegraph, which a few days ago was so severe on Mr. R., says, "he treated the subject rationally, logically, and by the strictest rules of analogy; and it was considered by the audience an able discourse."

In his morning lecture, in which he gave his reasons for ceasing to act as a medium, and for giving up the Harmonical Philosophy, Mr. R. was a little rambling, and needlessly sweeping; but he said many things very much to the point, which needed to be said, need still to be reiterated, and to receive at the hands of Spiritualists a calm and careful consideration. He had been a medium about eight years, had traveled over many countries, and made about three thousand speeches; had been in trance about two thousand five hundred times, of which one hundred and fifty were involuntary, and the balance self-induced, spiritual in their nature and results, but not, as he formerly supposed, the work of spirits. For seven years he held daily intercourse with what purported to be the spirit of his mother, but which he was now convinced was nothing more nor less than an infernal demon. For eight years he was a mere automaton, not having the control of himself more than one-twentieth part of the time; occasionally coming to himself, and asserting his independence in words, but immediately falling a prey again to the seductive influence which had beset him. During a part of this time he wandered up and down the capitals of Europe and Asia, in fulfillment of his "mission," intent on "converting Ferdinand, Louis Napoleon, the King of Delhi, Nasir-oo-deen, and the Grand Turk, for he believed he was heaven-sent to save humanity in general, and crowned heads in particular." Thus having deserted his family, and squandered his substance, disease laid hold of him, and in his insanity and despair he attempted suicide—"severed the blood vessels of both arms in four places"—and was only saved from death by the exertions of a friend, who discovered him as the lamp of life was about to expire. Led into destitution, misery and crime, by spirits, he called on spirits to help him; but no help came. He then called on God, gave up his anti-Bible, anti-God creed, and found peace of mind and sanity again.

Truly this is a terrible picture, but from what I have known of Dr. Randolph, I do not think it is over-wrought, or well could be. In giving up mediumship, however, he by no means denies the facts of Spiritualism, though he thinks there is a very great deal of deception practised by mediums, and that many mistake the nature of the influences which operate on them. Nor does he believe that all spirits who come to us are bad, but that the vast majority are. "There is only once offence in billions," he asserted, "that the unseen power may mean your final good."

This language may be excused, in the mouth of one who has suffered so much from the folly of sinking his own individuality, and giving himself up to the direction and control of spirits. But on the other point here implied, he is right. There is no safety in meddling with Spiritualism—in handling spiritual serpents—except we are moving in the sphere of God. There is no safety—there can be none—for any medium or investigator, who has in his own mind, dissolved the Deity into "thin air," and placed himself in a positive relation to Him. He is no longer a scholar, but a teacher; admiring, to be sure, some Great Creative Principle of Nature; but looking down on it from his own intellectual heights, as he would on a steam-engine or a volcano. He is related to it only through Nature, and asks no favors of it farther than he can coerce it through its multifarious laws, to do his will. He has placed himself in the attitude of a God toward the One Almighty and Eternal; and has driven back his effluxes of love and wisdom and health, as a mirror throws back the rays of the sun upon their source.

"This scientific Spiritualism," said Dr. R., "has done many good and charitable acts. It has healed the sick, comforted the mourner, converted a few. It has educated the ignorant; it is a royal road to knowledge. We read in Scripture of demoniac possession, as well as normal spiritual action. Both facts exist probably to-day; he was certain the former did; and believed that Christian and God-fearing spirits were also among us. A. J. Davis and others deny that there are evil spirits. They were mistaken. Five of his friends had destroyed themselves, and he had attempted it, under direct spiritual influence. Every crime in the calendar has been committed by their counsel and direction—adultery, fornication, suicides, desertions, unjust divorces, prostitution, abortion, insanity. It has broken up families, squandered fortunes, tempted and destroyed the weak, and shattered the intellects of thousands. It is a masked monster, all brain and no body. It gives us a philosophy—unsound, speculative, cold, and selfish, which gradually fastens itself about the soul, devours the affections, and makes a man a locomotive encyclopaedia without a heart." It denies immortality to untold thousands. Davis professes to have found in the city of Buffalo alone, seven hundred human beings devoid of immortal souls. By this ratio there are

ninety thousand non-immortals in the State of New York, more than two million in the United States, and between eighty and ninety million in the world. Still it is a bewitching thing. The neophyte rejoices in his new-found freedom, and, intoxicated with joy, revels for a while in rainbow-tinted dreams. He is led on, step by step, deeper and deeper, into a many labyrinth of unintelligible and profitless mysteries, and emerges only to embark his soul's fortunes in an exploring expedition to the Land of Shadow, to be wrecked on the rocks of doubt; and not until the fogs of mysticism have frozen his very spirit, does he awake to find himself adrift on a chaotic and shoreless sea. He rests on a single plank, the black waves of infidelity roaring around him. Above is a lurid sky, but no God to save. But by and by the reaction begins. Repentance does her work. Religion steps in, and he may hear her if he will. She offers to take him by the hand and lead him to the shore of Truth. If he consents, she sets his foot on the eternal rock of ages, binds up his wounds, feeds him with the bread of life, warms him in the sunshine of righteousness, breathes into him the breath of a divine existence, and numbers him with the sons of God. The will of man is his great prerogative; and he would therefore say to all mediums, exert it—and to all, will aright and live."

The celebrated Antoinette L. Brown, spoke to the Spiritualists of Newark last Sabbath. The hall was crowded. This Rev. lady does not profess to be a Spiritualist, but an independent thinker and actor, though a Congregationalist divine. The engagement extends to four Sundays. In the course of her remarks last Sabbath, she avowed the wholesome doctrine that there is no escaping the consequences of our acts. She made a distinction between pardon and forgiveness, making the former apply to cases where a debt or injury, with all its consequences, are blotted out. But it is not so with man in his relations with the Deity. Through Christ he has forgiveness and aids innumerable, but his recovery from the consequences of his transgressions, and advance in a divine life, must rest upon himself.

Prof. S. B. Brittan speaks at Sandusky City, Ohio, to-morrow, and proceeds thence on his Western and Southern tour; which is expected to extend as far as New Orleans, and possibly to Texas, in the one direction, and to Georgia and the southern Atlantic States, in the other, as he returns.

The question which occupied the Conference at its last session, related to the causes of unreliable spiritual communications. The interest hinged vainly on the point of the existence of deceiving spirits, of which, the majority of the speakers seemed to have no doubt.

BANKING AND CURRENCY.

Sooner or later there must be devised a system of banking, more simple and satisfactory than any which has ever existed; and the present seems a favorable time to agitate the question, as the public mind, in this vicinity, is sufficiently excited by the recent action of the Suffolk Bank, to call pretty general attention to the subject, and enable us to get a hearing, which, in quiet times, we could not secure.

We propose now to offer a plan for the consideration of our bankers, business men, and members of the legislature, which has never yet been made public, though it has been much discussed in private, and met with very great acceptance among those whose interests would not be damaged by its adoption. It is, to repeat all restrictive laws in relation to borrowing or lending capital, (the bank tax included,) and leave parties, whether individual or collective, to make their own terms.

This they do now, substantially, in spite of all our laws, and it is what they should and will do. We say, then, repeal all such laws. The tax on bank capital is, of all others, under existing circumstances, the most objectionable. It is so, because the circumstances existing when the tax was imposed, have entirely changed. Then the circulation and capital of the banks, whether city or country, was much in the same proportion. Now it is quite otherwise, and, therefore, what was justice then, is grossly unjust now. We say, then, emphatically, repeal the tax. This, of course, the legislature would not consent to do, as too much revenue comes from that source to be abandoned so readily. Neither would it be just that notes, or individuals, should have the power to issue notes on which the public should lose the interest, while in circulation, without some equivalent.

We propose, then, further, that all the bills now in circulation should be withdrawn, and that the State should, through a proper officer, (say one of the Bank Commissioners,) prepare bills of uniform and handsome appearance for each bank which should furnish satisfactory security for the prompt redemption of all such bills, at some agency to be agreed upon, in the city of Boston. The security taken should be ample, but not necessarily of any particular kind or description. Let each director give his bond, and lodge a sufficient amount of productive property to make it certain that the bank will lend, not only the bills furnished by the State, but its own capital to such men, and on such paper, that it can always respond to the calls for redemption, just as is done under the present system, and nothing more.

It is all we ask, and we shall never be content with less. The time will never come when our business men will consent to anything less than prompt redemption in the city of Boston for all the bills issued in the country, which employ Boston as its business agent. And we shall ask nothing more. We do not wish for securities to sell. It is simple nonsense to compel a banker to invest his money, which he wishes to lend on commercial paper, in government or any other stock. It only serves to cripple and weaken, instead of strengthening him.

Take the most undoubted guarantees for good management, and never even suppose the possibility that your agent, the banker, will forfeit his property in your hands, by failing to protect your paper, entrusted to his care. Punish him if he does, but not in anticipation.

We now come to the very point upon which our plan depends; and that is, a tax on the circulation. Although last named, that is of the first importance, because, when we have said, tax the circulation, we have said that which involves all the rest. Now, nothing can be more just than that a portion of the profit which results from the interest on bills in circulation should revert to the people who lose that interest by using the bills as a currency. It might be divided equally between the bank and the treasury, or in any other proportion deemed equitable. But, without question, some portion of six per cent. on all the amount furnished to the bank by the State, should be returned to the State treasury as a tax. There should be no tax on capital or deposits, but only upon the circulation, and that should be so large

as to make it for the interest of the banker to have no more of the bills than could be kept out without forcing. We should then have a currency on which we could rely, and a system which should, in time, be as wide as the world. When it will be, we do not ask, or care. That it will be, some time, we know.

The Busy World.

CONTENTS OF THE BANNER.—First page—Poetry, "Winter," by Squire; Rocky Nook, the fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of Mrs. Porter's story. Second page—Poetry, "Joys that we've tasted," (solicited,) and a Thanksgiving Story, by Clara Wilburn. Third page—Poetry, "To Katie," "Darkness," a sketch; the Seventh Fraternity Lecture, delivered last week by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; a letter from Rufus Elmer to the Springfield Republican. The fourth and fifth pages contain their usual choice variety of miscellaneous matter. The sixth page contains five columns of Messages—some marked and characteristic ones. The seventh page articles are interesting: an essay on Scripture reliability, and one on Miracles, are followed by a letter from Dr. Sunderland, and one from Brother Chase—the Lone One, the narration of whose sad, yet victorious Life Line has touched so many hearts. Eighth page—Pearls, Book Notices, Spiritualism "Good to Dio By," Movements of Mediums, Flashes of Fun, etc.

"An Hour with Mrs. Gardner, at the House of Correction, Plymouth," by our correspondent, A. B. C., prepared for this week's BANNER, is unavoidably postponed. It will appear in our next.

UNIQUE BOOK MARK.—A new, and to readers, a very indispensable article, has recently been introduced by William B. French, of this city, for the purpose of being used as a book mark. It is made of metal, has the shape of a hand within a heart, and is placed on the side of the book, a finger of the hand pointing directly to the passage at which the reader stopped. It retains its position admirably, and being made of durable material, will last a life-time. It is sold at a very low price, and may be obtained of all booksellers, stationers, and fancy goods dealers.

MESSAGE VERIFIED.—Lucetta Dickner's message was verified to us on Saturday last, by Mrs. Felch, formerly of Dedham.

Rev. John Pierpont will lecture on Spiritualism, at Burlington, Vt., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th.

A letter from "Professor Snail, on Location and Conditions," addressed to his friend Jacob Jinks, Esq., will appear in our next issue.

We notice with pleasure the many high encomiums pronounced by our Canada friends upon the ability and perfection of Hall's celebrated Boston Brass Band. They justly merit all which has been said of them, for you may go far and wide, and seek in vain for a better set of performers than make up this company. Our friend Hall is, and has always been, a little too unassuming, we think, taking into consideration the talent he has at his command. We hope the experience of this last tour will make him properly estimate his possessions, and take publicly the position which has long been accorded to his talented Band. It is the gem of Boston.

Those of our subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly, will please notify us of the fact immediately. We have had several complaints of this kind lately, and are inclined to think that the post offices are at fault.

The Spiritualists will hold a Festival in Watertown, N. Y., on the 8th of January, says the Clarion.

Our friends must not forget that the next levee given by the Harmonical Band comes off at Union Hall next Wednesday, Dec. 1st. Light feet and happy hearts can beat time to good music, and radiate the hall with smiles of enjoyment. A feast is often had where food is not. Go and feast.

Counterfeit tens on the New England Bank of Boston, altered from the fraudulent Bank of Fairmount, Me., are in circulation in New York.

The cold in climate are cold in blood. The love can scarce desire the name: But mine was like the dove's foot. That loveliness in Elin's breast of flame.—BYRON.

Information has reached Washington in such a form as to place the fact beyond question that a large number of Mexicans residing in Sonora have entered into a league to revolutionize that State, with a view to its annexation to the United States; and that the Juarez government in Mexico is to be recognized.

FROM EUROPE.—The steamer North Briton, with Liverpool dates to the 17th of November, arrived at Portland on Sunday morning last. The Galway steamer Indian Empire, from New York Oct. 23, had not arrived. The Europa, from Boston, being short of coal, was obliged to put into an Irish port to replenish. She had on board the picked-up crew of the Hamburg schooner Bertha. The English coast had been swept by heavy gales, and much injury was done to the shipping.—The trial of Montalembert had been postponed in Paris. At Seville, on the 11th, several houses were damaged by an earthquake. A Spanish despatch reports that Gen. Concha has been nominated President of the Senate. The Riff pirates have made their submission to the commandant of the Spanish possessions on the coast of Africa. Much property had been injured in Portugal in consequence of earthquakes in different parts of the country. According to the later advice from India, Lord Clyde had entered upon a general campaign against the scattered bands of rebels.

ERROR IN MESSAGE.—A message published under the name of John Hopkinson, contains an error. It was from Judge Hopkinson, and in correcting it we read the word John for Judge. We well knew his name was Thomas. Although this carelessness on our part does not invalidate the message so far as the individual to whom it was directed is concerned, it would to others. He has given us communications before, so that his name was known to us.

CALIFORNIA.—The steamship Illinois arrived at New York evening of 28th ult., with the California mails of November 6, and \$1,816,532 in treasure. She reports that the Boston ship Tellus was sunk at Aspinwall during a gale; cargo, coal. News unimportant.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Valparaiso dates are of October 15th, Callao 20th. A revolution is talked of at Valparaiso. Several arrests of sergeants of regiments of the line had been made, but nothing of importance had transpired. A new contract had been made by the Chilean government with the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., for five years, for carrying mails.

PERU.—The Ecuadorian Minister has demanded and received his passports, and retired from Peru. Castilla had been declared President, and Congress had passed a law authorizing him to raise 15,000 men; to supply funds for the war; to organize the National Guards, and declare war against Ecuador.

Gen. Echagüe is thought to be the author of the disturbances, his object being to direct attention to the North, whilst he will invade the South, assisted by Bolivia. The Ecuadorian Government had received a quantity of American rifles, and are rapidly preparing for war. The latest news from Callao is that Gen. San Roman had come down from Lima to despatch the Peruvian fleet to blockade the Ecuadorian ports, and that war was definitely declared.

ISTHUS.—There had been heavy freshets on the Chagres River, and the railroad was impassable for three miles; the water had subsided, however, without doing material damage, and the Illinois passengers crossed safely. The John L. Stephens sailed on the evening of the 17th for San Francisco, with 1160 passengers.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL NOTICES.

We regret to state that Mr. Hackett has not drawn such large audiences at the Boston Theatre, during his engagement of the past week, as so meritorious an actor deserves. However, genius is genius, wherever it is found, and sooner or later must meet with its just acknowledgment and due appreciation. Some three years since, the above gentleman's impersonation of Falstaff, drew together the greatest audience that the Boston Theatre has ever been known to contain within its walls, since the time of its first opening.—Mr. H. is engaged for this week at this house, which we hope to see better filled.

Mr. Kimball knows how to cater for the little folks, as well as the old 'uns, and has, accordingly, brought out "Sinbad the Sailor," one of the Arabian Nights' Tales, in splendid style at his theatre. Three performances of the same were given on Thanksgiving Day.

Ordway Hall has become an established institution of this city, and those persons who are afflicted with melancholy, can find no better way of shaking it off than by going regularly once a week, during the winter season, to hear Ordway's Solists.

Stephen Massett, the popular author and musical composer, has been giving his "Song and Chit Chat of Travel in many Lands," for the last few evenings, in our city. His choice wit, fine reading and rich baritone voice, have made him a favorite, not only in New York but in Boston.

Mrs. Carlton gave a reading in Mercantile Hall last Monday evening. Her programme embraced some of the choicest things in our language, and she deserved a larger audience than the rainy evening gave her.

Nixon's & Kemp's Circus opened at the Howard Athenaeum on Monday last, with a large and talented company of performers, including Mr. Melville the bare-back rider, and little Alice—one of the most graceful riders and gymnasts in the ring. This little child's performances are the marvel of all beholders, and she holds them spell-bound with her daring feats.

THOMAS GALES FORSTER, AT THE MELODEON.

At the earnest solicitation of his many friends, Mr. Forster will speak at the Melodeon on Thursday evening, Dec. 2d, at 7 1-2 o'clock P. M. Admittance fee as usual at the Melodeon meeting.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

"ALPHA," Toledo, O.—We are pleased to learn that the cause is progressing so well in your section of country. The beautiful lines by Mrs. Hyzer, which you refer to, were printed in the Banner several months ago. They must have escaped your notice.

H. T. Mues DELL, Va.—We have no recollection of having received more than one article from you, which, as you say, was published. Cannot think the second reached us. The two by this mail will be published. In the main we like them.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Mr. Israel Fearing Nye, of San Francisco, Cal., died on the 20th of September last. His death was calm and peaceful: he was willing and ready to go, for he heard the voice of a beloved sister who had long before, speak to him, and call him; and his last and dying words were in answer to this call—"I come." During his long and painful illness, he was conscious of the watchful care and guardianship of spirits with and around him. A belief in Spiritualism smoothed his sufferings, made him resigned in sickness, and happy in death. D. N.Y.

WENHAM, Nov. 3, 1858.

ANOTHER ANGEL CHILD.—Emma Spencer, aged 13 years, who resided with a widowed aunt in Marlboro', Mass., left the mortal form to meet her dear father and mother, who went before to the angel home. She departed on the 15th of November, and on the 17th, in company with Mr. Alger, the Unitarian minister, attended the funeral. Mr. A. escorted her to his desk, as though it was one of his father's children, and opened the services by reading from the Bible, remarking upon the life of the child and her friends, and then offered a soul-felt prayer. He then left the church to be occupied by the invisible through your humble friend, who chose a passage of Scripture he had read, to speak from: "It was sown a natural body—it is raised a spiritual body." I have never met a minister who has proved himself so well worthy the name of Christian, in my life, and I am sure that he is, seeing the beauty of his example, go and do likewise, is the prayer of M. S. TOWNSEND.

In Adrian, Mich., November 1st, the spirit of Adin C. Hunt, eldest child of W. C. and Martha H. Hunt, left the earthly form, aged 5 years and 6 months. This tender plant, so fondly cherished by affectionate hearts, has been transplanted to more congenial climes, where, as a bud of eternity, he will unfold his divine faculties through unending time. Mrs. Jane Fowler, in the true state, gave the funeral discourse, which brought words of comfort and consolation to the mourning heart, and proved the words of Jesus true, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

In Brighton, Nov. 25th, the spirit of Dea. Amos Wright left the earthly form, aged 75 years 3 months.

Special Notice.

HARMONICAL COLONY ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

There will be a Convention held at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., Dec. 20th, 1858, for the purpose of giving every friend of this movement an opportunity of hearing and understanding more fully its object and design, and for each one to present ideas—which will be of interest to the great movement—to harmonize and bring mankind together on the true principle of love and wisdom. It is hoped that there will be a great gathering of the friends of humanity at this Convention, not only to give countenance to this system of elevating the race, but to sign the compact, and become living members of Nature's grand institution for harmonizing the race. Come, mediums, and let spirits and angels speak their approval of this great work. Come, all ye brothers and sisters, who desire to live a life of harmony, purity and progress—come, for all things are now ready for action.

For order of the directory of the Harmonical Colony Association, D. C. GATES, Recorder.

Worcester, Nov. 13, 1858.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.—Mrs. E. P. Fairfield, trance speaker, will lecture in the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Admittance, ten cents.

A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admittance 5 cents.

METINGS IN CHURCH.—On Sundays, morning and evening, at GUARD HALL, Whittemore street, D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall, speaking, by mediums and others.

NEWTON.—Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Essex Hall, State street, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best of trance speakers engaged.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim was given by the spirit, whose name is before the name of the author. We are not published on account of literary merit, but as 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 idea that they are more than *simple beings*. We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits. In these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. In order to prove to the public that these messages are received as we claim, our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend, on application to us. They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at half-past two, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirit governing the manifestation usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will every Spiritualist, who reads one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? By so doing, they will do as much to advance the cause of Spiritualism, as we can do by their publication.

Oct. 23—Andrew Ludwig, Lissa Ballou.
Oct. 24—Lawrence Hollins, James L. Clark, Wm. Collins.
Oct. 27—James Henry Willsborough, Charles A. Vinton, Margaret Fuller, Betsey Davis, Richard D. Wines.
Oct. 28—Zephaniah Caldwell, John Giddens, Eng., Solomon Hill, Patrick Murphy, Rev. John Moore.
Oct. 29—William H. Miller, Benj. Adams, Charles Wilson, Ann Paul, Nancy Seaward, Moody Dodge.
Nov. 13—Emma Barr, Joseph Perham, Capt. James Marston, Mary Charles, Rev. Dr. Burnap.
Nov. 20—Joseph Young, William Shapley, Deacon David Oakes, Mary Ripley, Alexander Clark, Elizabeth to Henry Woodward, Benedict Baker.
Nov. 22—William H. Miller, Benj. Adams, Charles Wilson, Ann Paul, Nancy Seaward, Moody Dodge.
Nov. 23—Emma Barr, Joseph Perham, Capt. James Marston, Mary Charles, Rev. Dr. Burnap.
Nov. 24—Charles W. Matthews, William Hill, Hugh Maloney, Louis Pazzolotto, Samuel Woods, Caroline Mason.
Nov. 28—Samuel Clark, Harriet Falls, Henry Harwick, Rev. John Moore, Abner Kneeland, Chas. Hutcheson, Joseph Grace.

William L. Calhoun. I should not persist in striving to gain control of your medium under existing conditions, had I not promised to do so. I will be as brief as possible, and will hold her under control no longer than is necessary.

This is my first attempt, but I pray God it may not be my last. I had recently entered the spirit world. I have vainly striven to throw off all thoughts of sickness and death; spite of all, the thought would come, and with it pain of my last illness.

About two years and a half prior to my death, a communication, purporting to come from my father, then in spirit life, was handed me. I read it carefully, but could not see in it anything to convince me that my father was the author of it. As a natural consequence, I called it humbug, and cast the document into the fire. A short time after, I was in company with a party of gentlemen, members of the Senate, who were conversing on the subject of Spiritualism. Some one of the party proposed to procure the services of some good medium, that we might witness some spirit manifestation. Suffice it to say, the medium was obtained, and manifestations were made, and after we supposed we were to receive no more, the hand of the medium was influenced, and he wrote what to us seemed to be illegible. However, I stood some three or four yards from him, and after the influence ceased to play upon the arm, the medium read the communication which gave my name, and said it was evidently for me. I approached and received it from his hand; I read it carefully, and I must say, I could see nothing that would lead me to doubt. I at once recognized the handwriting to be that of my father; and to prove that it really was a fac simile of my father's handwriting, I drew from my pocket a letter written by my father prior to his death, and the writing was exactly the same. The affair produced quite a sensation, and led me to think seriously of the subject of Spiritualism.

But a thousand events seemed to stand in the way of my progress. Whenever I attempted to investigate, I was sure to receive something false. I did not wish to give up the one solid truth I had received, neither did I wish to hug that which seemed evil to my bosom. But I said I will let the matter rest; whatever appeals to my reason, I will carefully scan, and perhaps believe. I remained in this position up to my death, not knowing whether to place confidence in the manifestations of modern Spiritualism. But when I was sick, I made a promise to some of my friends, that if there was an open door through which I could return from the tomb, I would surely come, and come as early after death as I could. I have striven to come to-day with all the energy I am master of, and my father has prompted me to this, for we have friends whom we wish to reach, and he says, Oh enlighten those dear friends, that they may see this glorious sunrise of the truth.

I have many dear friends on earth, and I should love to have a personal interview with them. But I do not deem it a proper place for me to deal much in personalities here.

I simply give you these few facts to prove myself—to show those I return to, that I am indeed the person I purport to be, and to satisfy them that I shall embrace every opportunity to aid in the new work which I feel will soon drive away all darkness, and cause theologians to teach the people of the one true God, who is a God of everlasting mercy and love.

My name is William L. Calhoun. I died in Abbeville, South Carolina. Oct. 19.

Anonymous.

Almighty Source of Right and Might, we would offer thanks unto thee for the blessings thou hast bestowed upon us. We have been taught to call thee God—to recognize thee in the wind, in the waves, and in all humanity. In our earthly time we were taught to offer desires unto thee—to ask that thou wouldst bless us, that thou wouldst save us, that thou wouldst send holy ones to guide us; but now, oh God, we have learned that thy power, thy love is unchangeable, ever enduring, and not subject to fault. We offer praise and thanksgiving unto thee, because thou art a God to be loved—because thou art with us—because thou art our Father, and, as such, our superior. We thank thee, oh God, for the light of to-day—for the star that has arisen upon the dark horizon of the past, showing the children of to-day the path leading to thy person; and we thank thee, also, oh Superior Power, for the darkness of the past, for in our spirit-homes we have been taught that out of darkness cometh light, and the light begetteth fullness of joy. Now light is on the face of humanity to-day, like a new-blown flower.

We bless thee, oh God, for the poverty that calls forth wailing from the souls of thy children, for out of the wailing cometh the thanksgiving in spirit-life. We thank thee, oh God, for the rank weeds and for the beautiful flowers. We thank thee, oh God, for the gold, fine linen and the purple scattered abroad in the natural life, for by it we learn wisdom. We learn, oh Father, that all that is subject to decay is naught to thee, and in time will be so to thy children. We thank thee, oh God, for sorrow, sickness and death, knowing that all these dark nights of sorrow will burst into the glorious morning of joy. Though they be graves to-day, to-morrow they become temples of the living God. Though they be covered in sackcloth at this hour, on the morrow they love, thy wisdom, the power of thy glory, shall bring them out of darkness, and clothe them in light and beauty. We ask thee for nothing, oh Father, knowing that thou wilt furnish all we need. We invoke no blessings for thy children; because thou heedest them all. We hear thee in the tempest, oh God, and we thank thee for the same. We hear thee in the halls of dis-

sipation and revelry, and we thank thee for that also. We hear thee in every sound that arises from every atom in the universe. We thank thee for all, and know thee as our Father, our kind benefactor, who liveth, who moveth to bless the subject, the child.

We find ourselves, oh Holy Father, encompassed about by a crowd of witnesses invisible to the material eye, and we thank thee for the company there, knowing, oh Father, that this is sure proof that thy work is increasing—knowing that thy love is gone forth, not only in material life, but far, far beyond. We thank thee for all we have. The multitudes on earth are calling upon thee for blessings, as though thou wert a God of change—looking upon thee as one who will be influenced by the voice of the multitude, like a feather blown about on the ocean of humanity, which knoweth not its own wants.

We thank thee for the future, knowing that this future is freighted with thy power to carry thy children from this dark veil of life—where sorrow enters, where death reigns—even as the bud is brought forth from which the blossom is sure to come.

Again we praise thee for the children of earth. They see thee not as we see thee. Their desires they send up to thee, while we offer our praises unto thee; and yet we look into the distance, and we see thanksgiving and praise coming from their temples, where now only desire arises.

Oh God, we bless thee for all—for life as it was, for life as it is, and ever will be. We know thou wilt bless all—will cure for all—therefore we invoke nothing for ourselves, nor for those we come unto. Oct. 22.

Jepson Clark.

And so my friend tells me he should believe in Spiritualism, if the disembodied ones would come back, and give positive proofs of their coming; and again, if they would regard the Bible as true.

Now with all my friend's learning he fails to understand some things. Perhaps it may be my duty to tell that friend that 7300 years before Christ, man was wont to travel about as the beasts of the field, that he was not blessed with intelligence, could not reason from the senses—had no conception of a God, or a future life. The Bible tells you of a time that the world was made in six days, and that the builder rested on the seventh. Ah, nature teaches you such was not the case, and if I were to tell you such a monstrosity you would laugh at me for the conceit.

I say that at that period intelligence was not known; but man was an animal, moving about by instinct, supporting the body by the same power. We are taught to believe this, for we have our intelligence from a source not to be questioned. My friend must not ask us to come back and tell him the Bible is true. It is not true; it is a mere fable from beginning to end. I suppose that friend will cry out "blasphemy!" it matters little to me who accepts or rejects the truths I bring. You have many stories in that book, and theologians of the present day have them dealt to the people as pure gems. Oh, what nonsense! I am surprised that my friend does not look into this thing, before he undertakes to reason upon this subject. I should like to have that friend ascertain whether I have spoken the truth or not—he has a way by which he can ascertain.

Yes, these bodies which now move erect, and bear above the image of the Father, once used to move as some leas now move. But at a certain period after that time, we find that nature makes a grand, a mighty effort in behalf of man, and stamps intelligence upon him, and he becomes a God—to act for himself—to make his own heaven or hell.

All spirits who passed from earth at the time of which we speak were not accountable for anything, and they are now very far beneath you in point of intelligence. Strange doctrine, but true. My friend may ask, "Why have we not heard of this before?" You have enough for to-day—truth comes as fast as you need it; you should pray for it, and expect that God will send you all you need.

I do not know as the friend I address will understand me, but I presume he will.

My name was Jepson Clark. I was born in England, but removed thence when I was about seven years of age. I have no knowledge of my birthplace, for I retain it not in my memory, and I have not cared about ascertaining it, since I came to the spirit life. I lived in Albany for a few years after my parents died there; I then removed to the East, to a place called Bangor. I lived there until I was fourteen or fifteen years of age. Then I traveled about the country, after I became old enough to care for myself, and thus I have no abiding place. I was one of the kind of people who traveled about, and gained a livelihood by the charity of the public, speaking where I went. Oct. 22.

Samuel Tobias Wayland.

Here, who writes here, do you? Well, I did not know—I want to find out.

In the first place, to be sure I'm right, let me know the day of the month, week and year. That makes me out dead two years. Now I want to know if there is any possible chance of reaching my friends? They live in Vermont, some of them; some in Massachusetts, some in the Eastern part of New York. They are all around me, but I can't see them. Now I suppose I must tell what I died with. Well, I was shot. I suppose my folks know something about me. Well, they suppose I'm dead, but I do not know whether they know I'm dead or not. I was shot in Mexico. I got into a fuss with one of the natives, and what makes it worse, I learned him to use firearms, and I was the first bird he brought down, I guess. The first thing, he stole from me, and then I stole some articles belonging to him. He charged me with taking them, and I denied it, one word brought on another, and he stepped aside and let me know his smartness by shooting me. The first thing I knew I was a spirit, and my body was in an unpleasant position. The old fellow stood over me, and said some of his slang, and prayed to his God for me.

I was born in Canada, in the town of Broome; my father was born there before me; my mother was born in Massachusetts. My father is dead, my mother is dead, but I have brothers and sisters, and a goodly quantity of relatives. I suppose I want to come, and who knows but what I shall make a figure in the world.

My name was Samuel Tobias Wayland. Tobias was from my father's brother, Samuel from my father. I was named for the two.

Now if any friends of mine receive my communication, I want them to answer it, so I'll know it. I want them to answer it, so I will hear it first time. Is that all? Good bye, then; I do not want to stay here any longer than I can help—do not like the rig well enough. Other folks may, but I don't. Oct. 22.

Charles Clark.

I want you to tell my father to tell Mr. Allen somebody wants to talk to him. My father's name is Clark. My father works in Boston. They can't talk to him, because they can't get him anywhere where they can. My father knows who Mr. Allen is; you do not know. My name was Charles. I've been here a long time. My father sells trunks and things—he has a store. I go there sometimes and see him write.

I wish my mother would let me talk to her; do not you suppose she will? Willie helps me to-day. I can't talk alone; my father knows who Willie is; he was bigger than I; he was most fifteen years old, and I wasn't; I guess I was seven. Will you go to see my father? Yes, he keeps in Boston—he keeps—why, he keeps where he sells trunks—on Elm street. It's a new place now; he used to keep in an old place.

My mother do not go to circles, my mother do not. My grandfather is here—he comes sometimes—to my father, but he can't talk now. My cousin Carrie is a medium—did not you know that? Well, she do not know it, so they say here. My father, laughs, sometimes, when I talk with him; do you know what makes him laugh? Sometimes he ain't happy. Will I go now? I do not want to. Sometimes my

father goes where there are a good many people—they ain't spirits; and he laughs all the time, and I laugh, too. Yes, it's the theatre. Do you think I'm dead? I ain't dead; I can talk, but not much—Willie helps me. I can rap. Good bye; I'm going where my father is—right away; he do not feel very well to-day. Good bye. Oct. 22.

A visitor at our circle had the curiosity to find Mr. Allen, if it could be done, to satisfy himself of the truth of this message. Next day he brought Mr. Allen to our session. No one present knew of this circumstance, but the boy had manifested to us about a year prior to this, and had mentioned some of the particulars here given.

William Long.

Waiting, are you?—the world is all waiting—they do not know for what. Waiting! I've been waiting these long five years to come, and after all this labor have just succeeded in controlling this medium.

Oh, what a vast amount of labor it takes to come back again. I had rather die a thousand times over than to come back once. I'm very much troubled by money I left on earth. Money is my hell. You see, the fact is, I should have left all my money to my niece, a poor girl; but you see she married a man I despised, and I left it to strangers. Now I am miserably unhappy, and this money is the cause of it.

I was most eighty years of age, but I had as good a memory as when I died, and all my faculties were as good as when I was twenty-five years old.

I hope I can induce some of the parties I have made well off, as far as this world's goods go, to do something for my niece. She has three children, and is very poor, and wishes to come home. She has lost one child within a few weeks. She married a sea-captain, devil as he was, and I knew he was—and he deserted her about two years since. She thinks he is dead, but he is not; he is living in California—I know it—she does not. That girl was self-willed after all, and would do as she pleased. That man was a sea-captain; he sailed out of N. Orleans; I lived in N. Orleans. She was given to me; her mother was my sister. Now, if Briggs only knows of this, perhaps he'll go back to live with her. She is in New Orleans; her name is Amelia Briggs. My name was Long, and when she came to live with me, I gave her the name of Long. Her father's name was Marshall; he married my only sister. He was dead—died in St. Domingo, I think, when Amelia was a child, and the mother gave her to me, and she knew no father or mother but one; and she was a good child, too.

I do one thing I always regretted—it was to the convent in Mobile I sent her to be educated. I was no Catholic, but a friend told me she would get a superior education by going there; and she became a Catholic, and her mother grieves over some of her ideas; and if it were possible for an angel to blame, I should expect her to blame me.

As I said before, I willed all my property away, when I should have willed it to her—it rightly belongs to her. I was worth in the vicinity of \$75,000, and had no near relative, except my niece, and I willed it to strangers, that never did anything for me, and never would.

First place, if that devil of a husband will come back and live with her, I'll do all I can for him. I must talk here as I used to—I am not any better. The child, I suppose, loved him, the foolish thing. The child she lost was her oldest, about nine years old; she has three left now, and is obliged to work to support herself and three children. The devil was in me when I gave my money away.

I want her to know I came back, and am sorry for what I did, and that I am going to try to do something for her—for my niece Amelia Briggs. I want you to be very particular and get the name all right, for she is a very exacting body, and will not believe it, if you get down what I say wrong. For five years I have been trying as hard as I could to come here, and I have just got here.

You suppose she will get it, do not you? I wish that devil of a Briggs would get it—he is a devil—I always knew he was, and I have not changed my opinion of him in the least.

I suppose you keep up the custom of saying good day or good bye, do not you? Well then, good bye. Oct. 22.

Benjamin Chadwick.

I've got children on earth. I've come to talk to them. My name used to be Benjamin Chadwick. I was born in Randolph, Vermont, and died there.

I cannot say I am happy. I know no reason why I should not be as happy as those I see about me, except it be on account of my children. One child in particular—one in particular. Could she know how much of hell she throws about me, I'm sure she would hear me and heed me. Poor child! she is terribly deluded.

I am not accustomed to talking. I never came before. I don't intend to tell you what is false, but if I should talk strangely you must overlook it, for I am unaccustomed to this thing. Anxiety on the part of a parent will overcome almost everything. One of my children is in Boston; the other is about twenty-five miles from Boston. I wish particularly to call the attention of my daughter to these things. She was left without a guide at an early age, and she has wandered far from the path of right—very far; the minister says too far to retrace her steps—too far! There is no sin too great to be atoned for. Soon my child comes to me; I know it—I see it. I must tell her of it; she must soon come to me. I see she has something in her pathway she cannot pass, and I want her to come to me with a pure heart. For my part, I am very glad she is coming to me, for then there will be no more temptation, no more going astray. And her mother—she, too, is glad her daughter is soon to leave earth.

I suppose you will think it strange I should come here to tell my child she is going to die; but I will know that nothing but a knowledge of this truth will change her.

Oh, there are many sorrowful souls in the spirit world, made so by friends on earth. I have been in spirit-life many, many years, and I know of no cause for my unhappiness, except my children's errors.

My son lives in the city; he is as correct as the most of men. I wish he knew of these things; but I do not come to him now. My attention must go out to-day towards my daughter; she suffers much; the world is against her, and who should shield her if her father does not?

She is a medium—but she does not know it. I can manifest through her if she will let me. Oh, my Anne—my child! why will you rush headlong into danger? Repent now, and coolly survey the past, and be happy.

They used to tell me there was a great gulf between heaven and earth; but I find no such thing. They seem to be two worlds united—separated only by deficiency in mortal vision. Oh, my child, hear me! I don't—oh, don't let me come in vain. Remember I have sought hard to meet you; and when you have heard of my coming, go sit quietly down, and suffer those influences which you feel to exert their power over you—they will do you no harm.

The old doctrine that I thought so much of, cannot sustain me now; it is dead—dead! I want my child to know she is watched over; there is not an act of her life which is not known to me—not one. Oct. 23.

To Dr. Tewksbury.

I've got a strange request to make. Before I make it, I want to know if you will grant it. I was told before I came here, I must tell my name. I do not wish to give it at present. Now, considering all these things—that I am not going to give you my name—are you willing to publish what I shall give you?

Do you know Dr. Tewksbury, who lived in Lawrence, Mass.? Do not? Well, I do, and I want to communicate to him. He has got some very particular friends here in the spirit-world, who wish to communicate with him; and they know of no other way in God's Heaven to do it, except to make a bold push, and ask him to go to a medium.

I stand between them and him. I do not want to speak with him, but I am asked to come here, and I want to do all the good I can. I did not do much good on earth, and it's time I did it now. I was over sixty years of age when I died.

One of these friends has lately come to spirit-life; the others have been here a good deal longer than I. What they have to communicate is not known to me, and I have nothing to do with it.

Tell him the spirit who interceded here, he attended in Lawrence, Mass., four years ago last July. I was sick only a few hours. He was very kind to me. I was sick with an old affection of the side; he called it simple pleurisy. I had no friends there—none but the physician—and I wish to be a friend to him. Now if he has curiosity to know my name, he can ask his friends, when he goes to a medium. My name may be of no consequence to him, and he can probably recollect me by what I have given.

Oct. 23.

William Robinson.

It's a mighty long day that has no end—don't you think so? Seems I've got into a place that is not divided off into day and night; all day here. Somebody wants to know who Bill Robinson is, and why Bill cut his throat? That's nobody's business—I did it up in good shape, and he's not particularly the affair of the one who had called for me. Why did they not throw out the soft words before I died. Poor fellow, they say! Don't want any of my pity. What matters it to them whether I'm in heaven or hell? Pretty fellow, you will say, to come here and talk so. Well, I talk so, because I want to. I cut my throat, because I wanted to—it was my own body, and I wanted to get rid of it; what business is it to them whether I'm in hell or heaven. If I'm in hell, no body has got to suffer but me. Fact is, I was tired of earth, and thought I'd get a better place—whether I have or not, is my business. Would I recommend anybody to cut their throat—why, yes, to be sure, if they want to. I approve of everybody's doing as they want to. If you want to know whether it's right or not, try the experiment—that's the only way you can find out certain. No, I would not advise you to do it. You know it's not right, and you've no business to do wrong.

Look here, tell Sam from me that I'm in a place now where I don't have any bills to pay—he'll understand it. Sam means a good deal, and I don't believe any other Sam will take it up, except the right one.

Oh, it's a hard road to travel over Jordan—did you ever think of it? Well, I'm bound to be happy. What if I did cut my own throat; I'm bound to stand up for my own rights, and be happy. My profession; that's a secret—ask Sam—he knows what it was. I tell you what, I should like to find a place to sleep. That's a thing that don't happen here with me. I got to a place where I only saw two ways—one was to stay here and fight like the deuce, and the other was to step out. I was not afraid of death, and so I preferred to shake hands with him. The devil is anything that troubles you. See him in a glass of rum.

Well, give my kind regards, and say I'll be round again soon. All day. Oct. 23.

James Finlayter.

My dear sir, I'm sorry to trouble you again, but my friends at home have received my communication, yet they do not know what to do with it. My own family have not got it—only my friends. I wish them to get it to my family. I am James Finlayter.

Will you please forward a copy of the paper that my message is found in, to the editor of the London Journal. I'm very anxious. It would seem that my family might have received it, but they have not. I wish them to carry it to my family, and also to write to you in reference to it.

With many thanks, I'll go, now, as I have nothing more to say. Oct. 23.

Elizabeth Spinney.

They say I can send a letter to my daughter—they say I can. Why, I want to talk with her. I am dead, I know; I have been dead most seven years, but I've never talked. Others have; I was most seventy-two years old when I died. My daughter's name was Elizabeth Murphy. When she's at home, she lives in Argyle, Nova Scotia. Most of her folks live in Yarmouth, but she lives there, when she's at home. I do not care to talk to you; I'd rather talk to her. Bless you, I could not think of telling you what I want to say to her. I could not think of it.

I had the rheumatism, and a good many things ailed me when I died. My name was Elizabeth Spinney. Yes, my husband is living, but not on earth. The children used to say I wanted to see what everything was, and I believe I did before I died. I seen that, and I wanted to see what it was. Oct. 23.

The spirit took from the table a piece of metal which lay upon it, which gave her a shock that nearly out short her control, and confused her very much. It is this she alludes to in the last sentence. It is said a spirit, in taking possession of a medium, charges the body with a proper amount of electrical force—just sufficient to use the organs. Metals worn by the medium, or placed on her person before the spirit operates, render it necessary for him to apply less electrical force, the metal furnishing a part; but place in the possession of the medium, after the spirit has thrown on all the electrical force he wishes, it surcharges the organs, and will, in certain cases, cause apoplexy, unless the spirit is forewarned of the intention to do it, and understands how to counteract the excess of electricity.

Louis Eckhardt.

I come to earth to speak to my brother. Now you stranger, you will please tell me what I shall do to be understood. I can give you all you like.

My name you first want? My name Louis Eckhardt. I was born Gottenburg, Germany. I live in my own country fourteen years. My father have an establishment where he manufacture cloth. My older brother be with him most of the time. You mind, I leave my own country when I was fourteen years of age, I go then with mine uncle to London, England. I stay there seven years and better—most eight. Then my father, my brother come to London—they lose their money, and they no like to stay where they once have plenty and then have none, so they save enough and come to London at the request of mine uncle. Shortly after, mine uncle died, and leave mine father with what he have. Mine father hear large stories about America, so he sell all and come to America with two sons—myself and brother. My brother now think about going back to Gottenburg. I like to tell him not to go. Friends be dead—it be no place for him to go.

Ten year ago, I, with my brother keep store in New York. I sell clothes—I buy old ones and sell 'em. When my father get too old to do much, myself and mine brother take care of him then; since then he die. I been dead one year. Six year ago, that be soon after my father die, I go to California, and there I make some money. I make \$3000—then I was burnt out, when city was burnt out, and lost most all I had. My brother when I was burnt out he stopped in Central America—this side California. He keeps there a place where he has things to eat, drink, and to wear—small place where traveler stop—little small place—one room before and one behind where he sells—no live there as you live here. He make much money, he lose much, and he feel discontent, and think he will go home and take up the old trade. He feels lonely now, father and I have gone, and think he find friends in old country. He find things worse, very much worse, if he go there. I have tried might for six months to speak. My brother hear about spirit coming, and you publish this and he believe—he no more doubt, because he know better.

Now you publish soon you can—I feel very much obliged, and I help you sometimes—do something for you. I get the straight answer—because my brother know who I am—no make any mistake about that—he feel much glad. Get him away to the old country I cannot speak to him—now I help him out, and he be much better where he is. I go back now—you got no more to say to me? My age you want? I cannot tell you whether I was forty-five or forty-six, that's not certain with me. I told you I was fourteen year old when I left. My father say I was fourteen; my brother say I was fifteen—he knew by the record. I believe my father; my brother say I was one year older, so I leave 'em—let him say whether I be so old, or a little older. My father time correct I be forty-five—my brother time be correct I be forty-six; I have no mind about it. I tell him when I care no more about it. I tell him when I care no more about it.

I see my brother James; I be very happy. My brother's name was Shapley; he got a middle name—perhaps you like to have it. It was James Hallwin, an American gentleman—captain of a ship; he is dead. My brother signs himself James H. I was called for mine uncle, who is dead. Oct. 25.

Thomas Harris.

My name was Thomas Harris. I lived and died in Boston, seven years ago, of fever. I have a wife and son and daughter in Boston. Can I commune with them? I was a laborer. My wife is a medium, but she knows nothing about these things, and I very much dislike to commune directly through her, for she is very nervous, and might think she would go insane; so I approach her first through you. I am a stranger—was never here before.

Now I think I might be of assistance to my family—for I consider them my family as much as ever. My son works in a dry goods store; my daughter works on some fancy articles—something ladies wear. I am not familiar enough with ladies' work to know the name of her occupation.

Now all my wife has to do is to take the children, sit down to the table, and I think I shall be of great service to her, after a while. You know people on earth, sometimes, do not know which way to move; and at this time one who sees clearly can be of great service to them. I can, I think, if they will hear to me. I am changed—am not as I used to be—am not subject to the temptations of earth, as I used to be.

I mean to give enough for my wife to identify me, though she will see I am changed some. I might give more here, but I think it is not as well to give people things second and third handed, so I prefer to wait until I can give what I want through my wife. Well, sir, I have nothing more to give now, so I will leave. Oct. 25.

Mary Robinson.

This is strange, and yet it is not strange. I have been seeking an opportunity to return to earth, and speak, for the last six years, and have never been able to do so until to-day. I have a mother on earth, two sisters, and one brother. I was confined to my bed near four months. My disease they called consumption of the liver. When I was a child, I made a profession of religion, and said I believed. I thought I did; but as I grew into years of understanding, I found professing Christians were not what they should be, and the God whom they understood to be God, was one I could not love; and then I laid down the armor of the Christian, and took up the sword of Infidelity. I struggled on for some years, and though I was opposed by nearly all my friends, yet there was a certain something told me I was right—to move on steadily, slowly, and I should be as well off at the end of mortal time, as I could have been, had I remained in favor of the church and Christianity as it is to-day, and was years ago. Many times during my last sickness, I was visited by friends—some of them had been dead many years, and others had recently passed to spirit-life. Then my eyes were opened, and I saw. Oh, there is reality beyond the grave, there is a future existence. Then came Spiritualism, like a bright star of love and truth. It came in this way. As I lay musing between pain and quiet, two months previous to my death, my sister came to me. She said, "Mary, I will send a medium to you; you must receive the medium, if you receive your sister."

"Who is she," said I.

"A stranger," she replied; "one whom you do not know."

In time the medium came, and my sister came too, and I was after that in the habit of receiving communications daily. I said little about it, for they would, I knew, have thought me crazy. When I was about to die, my mother brought a minister, and she begged of me to confess, and be happy. I told him I had repented, and was ready to die. Said he, "Do you think you will go at once into the presence of God?" I replied, "I do not know

The Public Press.

[This page is opened to the public for a free expression of opinion on the phenomena of Spiritualism.]

BIBLICAL ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION: ITS ANTAGONISM WITH THE REVELATIONS OF SCIENCE.

Nothing can be so detrimental to the advancement of knowledge, as confining investigation to book and creed, and enalving the mind by standards supposed to be infallible. The Bible has been set up as such a standard, and the minds of Christendom compelled to bow to its iron dictation. Written in a rude and barbarous age, and by ignorant men, it departs so widely from the developments of science, that at every step the investigator finds that his discoveries are in antagonism with its teachings. He thus has a double task, not only to develop his researches, but harmonize them with the Bible; the latter of which he finds a difficult task, as those who entrench themselves behind its infallibility make an obstinate defence, and they take not the least scientific learning, but a rapid play of words, to defend themselves.

Especially is the antagonism between the facts of science and Scriptural records seen in the account of the Creation given by the latter. Since the advent of geology much controversy has grown out of these astounding discrepancies, and, only by special pleading, and distorting the text, is any degree of harmony established.

In the account contained in Genesis, God is represented, by special act, on the first day of Creation, as dividing the light from the darkness; on the second day he created the firmament, and divided the waters which were beneath, from those which were above the firmament; on the third day he created vegetation; on the fourth, he created the sun, moon, and stars; on the fifth, fishes, fowls, and whales; on the sixth, beasts and man; on the seventh day he rested.

Can a more straightforward account be given? It means just what it says, or else it means nothing. Those who regard the Bible as infallible, must receive it word for word, or else acknowledge that it fails in the object for which they claim a revelation is required. It is claimed that reason is carnal, and liable to err at any step, and cannot interpret Nature without a revelation from God. We are his children, and he, with fatherly affection, has given us this revelation to guide our erring feet. If so, would he not have told us the truth? Would he have written what it is impossible for us to understand? If he wrote for the benevolent object of enlightening us, would he have written a fable? Yet geology pronounces emphatically that, instead of six days, the earth must have been as many hundred millions of years in forming. Its evidence is firm and incontrovertible, and has been admitted to be so by learned divines, and their theology has given way before it, and bent into an accommodating posture.

What was considered infallible truth fifty years ago, is now considered allegorical. One hundred and fifty years ago theology prepared the dungeon for those who said the earth was round, and not stationary. The Bible teaches that the earth is flat, that it stands still, and the sun and stars move around it. Science has proved the impossibility of these assertions, and with many a cry of infidel, theology has admitted them.

Fifty years ago it would have been extremely infidel to suppose that the earth was not created in six literal days, as recorded in Genesis. Ever since that book was written, men have read it and believed its statements; and they would do so yet, had not venturous investigators delved in the rocky strata of earth, and read its history by its organic remains. The Bible, then, if it has made a correct, but allegorical statement, has failed in the object for which, as a revelation, it was designed. Say you that it was written for the unlearned and barbarous Hebrew, and accommodated itself to his ideas? then it is not binding on the present, and is worthless. If designed to teach the Hebrew what he could not otherwise learn, it fails—for it but embodies the mythology of the East, known to the Hebrew before the time of Moses. A revelation from God must be for all time. If true for one race, it must be for all; if adapted to one nation, equally true must it be for all. The great God does not work in a special manner. He does not take a few tribes under his protection, and leave all the rest of his children to suffer. It is sacrilege to suppose Divinity so circumscribed.

If written expressly for the Hebrew, it cannot be taken as an allegory; and if an allegory, God is guilty of deluding his children, instead of teaching them. We hold that it is not a revelation, as it fails in infallibility and truthfulness; teaching the grossest and most palpable errors; that it is simply a narrative written by Moses, embodying the mythology of his time.

The ablest and most orthodox divines do not pretend to hold that the biblical account of the Creation is literally true; but they attempt to prove it an allegory, or but partially applicable. If the latter position be successfully defeated, then the preceding explanation must be received. "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is." It would be difficult to refer a sentence as strong as this to allegory. It is a positive and unqualified assertion, and as such admits of no interpretation. The word day is used in its literal sense, and was so understood until geology forced an explanation of these antagonisms on the theologian. The explanation must be made, the infallibility of the Bible supported, or else it falls: One class suppose, however, that the term day means a vast interval of time—several hundred thousand years—and thus have a seeming concordance with geological facts; but it is only apparently, for that science shows that animal and vegetable life began at nearly the same time, and there is no division into six periods more than into twelve. There is no analogy between the epochs of the earth and the six days.

It is useless to discuss this subject further, as Dr. Pye Smith, the most learned writer on the subject, abandoned the idea of the account being an outline of geological development, and as he is obliged to receive either one or the other, takes the account literally. He abandons the idea, that it has any allusion to the original creation, and in common with others, thinks there was an immense interval between the first act of creation and the first day. But he does not violate the facts of science, by supposing that the whole earth was reduced to chaos, just previous to the advent of man. Differing widely from the other popular theories, he supposes that the passage, "The earth was without form, and void," refers not

to the whole earth, but a small area lying around the Caspian sea, in Asia, which God had designed for the reception of man. This region was first rendered chaotic by earthquakes and volcanic convulsions. On the first day of restoring this region to order, the atmosphere began to be purified, and admit the light; on the next, land began to be upheaved; on the next, vegetation appeared; on the fourth, the atmosphere became so clear, that the heavenly bodies were discernable; on the next, animals were created, and on the sixth man came into existence. If we admit that the Bible is infallible, and then take such liberties as this with its teachings, so far from being our guide, it becomes impossible to understand it, and of what use is a revelation in an unknown tongue?

While one class of theologians admit that it is impossible to call this account an allegory, and strive to harmonize it with science, by special pleading and baseless hypotheses, the other class abandon all idea of its literal interpretation, and seek to patch over its inconsistencies, as an allegorical account given the rude Hebrew, and designed only for him. Of course they destroy each other, and, to quote their own words, would be the most effectual method of vanquishing their arguments. Both cannot be right; and, as they prove each other false, neither can be right.

From the account of man's fall, divines of the last century, notwithstanding the physiological necessity of death, advocated that "there was no death on the earth until Adam and Eve ate of the forbidden fruit. From this unwarrantable position the facts of geology expelled them. Death is a physical consequence of life. Life necessitates death, and on this ground, and this alone, the unphilosophical idea, that death could be rendered universal, where it never before existed, by a man eating the fruit of a tree, can be overthrown. With God, all things are possible; but even from this supposition they were forced by the fact, that all that vast thickness of strata, nearly ten miles of crust, stretching from the Cambrian to the Alluvial age, is strewn with the wrecks of organisms, once flourishing in the vigor of life. Myriads of ages before man came, before the garden of Eden, or the eating the forbidden fruit, death swept off its countless victims, and the grand compensation of organization and decay proceeded as now, and there is, no perceptible time when any change in this compensation took place.

It is also taught that God created all beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes and creeping things, in pairs. There were two tigers, two lions, two kids, two antelopes, etc. Now the tigers, lions, and other beasts of prey, could not exist, but for a very short period, unless supplied with flesh. They could not live on grass or vegetables; blood is their diet, and they must have it, or perish. Before the herbivorous animals could multiply, they would starve, and their disposition is such, that as soon as they felt the pangs of hunger, they would seize on the herbivora, and before the latter could multiply, the carnivora would utterly destroy every vestige of them, and then starve themselves. The keen mind of Agassiz saw the absurdity of this position, and took the more scientific ground, that God created men and animals in tribes and nations.

Everything is possible with God, and he might sustain the beings he had created by a direct and continuous miracle; but such an hypothesis speaks not well of a system of theology requiring such suppositions, and such stretches of fancy.

Again, God created all animate beings in or near the garden of Eden, supposed to be in Asia. Admit this proposition, and what follows? How came the white bear to go to the poles? and how came the whale to cross the equator? It is now admitted that the whale never crosses the torrid zone—that the northern is a distinct species from the southern whale—and that the torrid sea is a sea of fire, which they never do, or can pass. How did each variety of being find its proper home in torrid, temperate or frigid zones? and how did they support themselves in crossing immense deserts and oceans? How could the wren and the robin cross three thousand miles of ocean with their weak wings? How could beetles and butterflies perform the same journey, which even the eagle, the strongest bird of flight, could not accomplish? And how were these defenceless insects protected from the birds, for whom they were created for food? Such questions may be thought but cavil, but they are not. They have a deep import, and can be answered only by supposing a direct and continuous miracle—a suspension of the established and immutable laws of nature; a supposition—for it is only a supposition—directly conflicting with every fact of nature; and, at best, a wretched attempt at special pleading.

A revelation is given to supply the place of reason and observation of nature, and yet only the comprehension of a God can unravel its mysteries, and understand its allegories!

We have Reason as well as the Bible, and we can only receive the latter when sanctioned by the former. Facts are stronger than words, and the revelations of God, through nature, to-day, are as superior to the records of the past, as man is superior to the savagism of four thousand years ago.

HUDSON TOTTLE.

DO NOT YOUR ALMS BEFORE MEN.

Are we not all God's creatures? Do we not breathe the same common air? Of Heaven? Has he not made this beautiful world for enjoyment? Though all are not equally endowed by nature, yet all men are brothers, for we have one Father, even God.

Turn not that poor, wretched child from your door—close not your ears to the appeals of want—it may be deserved, and it may not—who made thee a judge of thy fellow-creatures' wants? Thy offerings are filled to overflowing, and hourly a kind Providence is showering blessings around you! Thy store-houses are filled, and thy children fare sumptuously every day. So did the rich man in the parable—see that no Lazarus is turned from thy gate needy; but from thy bounty administer to the wants of others. Give not to those that need not thy gifts, that thy name may be heralded over the land, that you may gain the applause of men—it will avail thee naught. In a few years thy name will be consigned to the shades of oblivion. Thy noble deeds, that won thee a name among the great of earth, will have also perished; but the cup of cold water, given in the name of him who spake as never man spake, will win for thee a never-fading wreath of glory. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," is the sacred command of our Father—inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

LOUISE SMITH.

Deceit is its own excuse for being.

MIRACLES.

In the number of the Banner for the 13th inst., I notice an article concerning Miracles; and, as the gentleman's ideas on the subject differ somewhat from mine, I take the liberty to question his conclusions. He advises us to read Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," which he considers incontrovertible. This book I do not happen to possess, and yet, perhaps with the presumption of ignorance, I venture to deny that Paley, or any one else, can substantiate the miracles recorded in Scripture.

I am under the impression that no historical matter is entirely reliable, even though happening within the memory of living persons. External evidence comes through the medium of the very unreliable senses of man, always produces an impression consonant with the peculiar nature and condition of his mind, and is often warped out of all fair proportions to suit his interest or belief. If a fact were noted by several intelligent men at the very time of its occurrence, and one account carefully collated from the whole, I should be loath, even then, to put faith in its perfect reliability, so powerful an influence has the imagination over the opinions of man. Where the writings of no two intelligent and disinterested men give us precisely the same idea concerning an occurrence, how can we rely on those of men both ignorant and interested? But to ask us to rely on accounts collated by ignorant men—in an age of great superstition, when miracles were thought to be the common course of nature—not written down at the moment of occurrence, but first brooded over and magnified for many years in their memories—they mean while being leaders in a new religious sect, which it was both their interest and their sole desire to advance, themselves feeling a firm belief in its truth, till the fanaticism which over arises in the long and sole pursuit of a single object prepared them to believe and remember whatever they wished to believe and remember; the simple original events meanwhile being magnified in the minds of their believers, by the mirage of distance, till they had lost all the just proportions of truth, and the writers being required, if they wished to gain any credit, to minister to the beliefs of the sect—to ask us to rely on such a historical account as this, is to ask us to dispense with the faculty of common sense.

But this is far from all. Where is the reliable evidence that these books were really written by the men whose names they bear? They have been buried for a thousand years in the hands of monks, men affected by a thousand passions and interests, and desirous to impress their own doctrine of miracles on the public mind—what security have we that they have passed unaltered through their hands? Where is the contemporary evidence of a disinterested character? Josephus, and it may be one or two Roman authors, have made a bare mention of the existence of Christ; but these accounts are strongly suspected of being interpolated by monks. If any reliable historical evidence of one fact mentioned in the Gospel can be drawn from the misty past, it will sufficiently substantiate the possibility of miracles by being itself a miracle.

No ancient event can be believed that does not appeal to what is called internal evidence—that is, to the action of human judgment. Internal evidence is based on the probability of the event, taking into consideration all circumstances of time, place, and manner—of the physical, moral, and intellectual state of the people. These it would take a volume to notice. Suffice it to say, that in regard to the probability of some of these miracles, considered in relation to all time, they present rather an utter absurdity. Setting aside the exploded idea of men being infected by devils, the ridiculous story of these devils being forced to enter a number of swine, who were thence induced to cast themselves into a lake, can only receive credence from great credulity. These accounts of familiar spirits, judged from the standpoint of man's present nature, with a proper allowance for ignorance of natural and moral laws at that day, lead us to the single conclusion that these were cases of insanity. Again, the internal evidence of the nature and doctrines of Christ forbids us to believe that he here so changed his character of a saviour as to become a destroyer. A miracle performed by such a being as Christ, would be both probable and useful. Neither of these tests apply to many of the miracles recorded of him. Doubtless, Christ had great powers of healing; but making allowance for the magnifying properties of the imagination, these powers are equalled by those of the healing mediums of the present day. Certainly we have no reliable evidence of the truth of these scriptural records, and can only receive them as the opinions of ignorant and superstitious men.

Every religious, and most of the secular writers of those ancient times, relate continuous and wonderful miracles, and they are brought down to the very threshold of the present. Only at the exact present has the world become clear of miracles. This was a strange circumstance, had we not, in the nature of man, sufficient proof of their nature and origin. Many old women, who, though ignorant, have more real knowledge than the learned of old, will relate to you marvelous occurrences, which only your knowledge of their superstitious characters, and often of the real facts, permit you to deny. But we must advert to a state of the world where every mind entertained this superstitious belief—where miracles were considered the proper course of nature, and made one of the principal means of governing and influencing the mass; with this consideration we cannot wonder at the marvelous narrations they have sent down to us.

The gentleman remarks that the fact of Christianity being of divine origin rests on the same evidence as these miracles; then heaven help the fact! He considers the doctrine that God knew what he was doing when he created the universe, as a mere theory—and that a very shallow one! Really, I should name that which appeals to our knowledge and reason, the evident fact, and that which defies all our experience, the shallow theory. To declare that God was forced to continual and trivial interferences with his own creation, to make it operate as it should, is therefore wanting the elements of perpetuity and compensation in itself, is certainly a very shallow theory, however ancient it may be, when compared with the fact which all nature presents to our eyes, as opened to the new light of scientific discovery, namely: that God did his work perfectly when he first did it. All who believe that the machinery of creation is perfect, and who have any idea of the operation of extremely delicate machines, must know the consequences of interference with the action of such machines. If nature is perfect, then cannot its action be in any degree changed without destroying that perfection; if it be not perfect, then are God's infinite capabilities denied.

To substantiate the miracles of Scripture, he turns to the miracles implied in Geology; denying the truth of the development process, which, however, has such claims to consideration as to have produced a ferment in the Christian world, and these claims are based upon Geologic testimony. A science then, which is so much in its infancy, and of which so little is really known, as to have found intelligent and learned adherents to two precisely different theories, is certainly very unreliable. But setting aside the development theory, we are as far as ever from having reliable evidence of miraculous interposition. On what basis can we deny that primary forces were implanted in matter, which would inevitably result in particular forms as soon as nature had advanced to the proper conditions? If no form of matter appeared until nature had reached the proper conditions for the support of this form, how can we deny that the form appeared in consequence of these prepared conditions allowing it? that the internal forces of matter caused it then to assume this form, whose earlier appearance was prevented by the unprepared state of nature? Certainly this idea appeals as much to reason as the other, and certainly Geologic investigation has not and cannot substantiate a miracle.

The gentleman considers Spiritual manifestations miraculous, merely because the spirit is capable of producing effects in nature, which would not be produced by the unintelligent action of nature herself. If these are what he terms miracles, then it is not necessary to seek them in the spirit-world. The spirit within us produces effects which the unintelligent action of nature would not produce, and therefore, in this view, miraculous. It raises ponderable bodies. It decomposes the elements of nature, and re-composes them into new substances. It does the same actions as spirits, and often by as invisible means, that is, by employing the unseen energies of nature. Spirits affect ponderous bodies, and they profess to do so by employing nature's electrical energies. These energies we employ to as wonderful results. They decompose and recombine matter. This we can do, though they, from their greater knowledge of nature's internal laws and actions, can surpass us. They infuse their own thoughts into human minds; and this we can do, in spite of the strong connection of mind and body. They render themselves visible to our senses, either by combining certain elements into a visible form, or by making false impressions on the nerves of sensation, both of which effects we can produce. The only difference is, that their actions are quicker than ours, both from their greater knowledge, and their greater freedom to act. But if the causing actions in nature which would not be produced by her own unintelligent action, constitutes a miracle, then not only spirits, but we, and all lower animals, constantly perform miracles. But if, man and spirits being but atoms and energies of nature, a miracle is some effect produced by a being without and independent of nature, such as God, then I venture to deny that there was ever a miracle performed, and challenge any one to give reliable evidence of a single miracle, out of the myriads failed to have been performed.

C. M.

"HUMAN EFFORT."

Messrs. EDITORS.—In reporting a case of alleged healing by spirits, your correspondent "A. B. C." says, (Banner, Nov. 20):

"It was an extraordinary manifestation of an unseen power—a power which transcends the power of human effort, skill and science."

Let us see.

1. While living in New York, in 1841, Mr. William Green, one of the proprietors of the Broadway Tabernacle, invited me to see a lady who was lame in one foot. She was unable to bring her foot down upon the floor, and had suffered from it twenty years. In less than five minutes I cured her, so that she leaped, walked, and clapping her hands, she shouted: "Glory to God! you have worked a greater miracle on me than the Mormons did, for they tried to cure me, but did not!" This lady was permanently cured.

2. Here is another case. The report of which I quote from the paper in which it was published at the time:

"While Mr. Sunderland was giving lectures last February, in the Tremont Temple, in this city, he was applied to by Captain H. H. Watson (Charles town, Mass.) to Pothouse his daughter, for the purpose of rendering her inanimate while a tumor should be cut from her left breast. The lady was about twenty-three years of age, and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. The tumor had been examined some eighteen months before, by a number of our first physicians, who all agreed that it should be taken out with the knife. One of them pronounced it fibrous, and another cancerous. It caused her much pain, and about three months before she came to Mr. S., her attending physician (the late Dr. J. B. Walker) put a plaster upon it, but took it off again in twenty-four hours, as he said it 'only made it worse.' In about seventeen days, Mr. Sunderland succeeded in securing the spell upon her system; so that she was utterly unconscious. Feb. 22, at 10 A. M., was the hour fixed upon for the surgical operation to be performed.

The night previous was spent almost without sleep by the anxious husband and parents. The patient herself had not been made acquainted with the design, and at the appointed moment she was spell-bound, in a state of utter unconsciousness, with her left arm stretched over her head in a state of rigidity resembling death. The operating surgeon came precisely at ten, accompanied by three other surgeons; and, after arranging his instruments, waxing his thread, &c., he, with the attending surgeon, examined the breast for the space of half an hour, and finally decided that there was no tumor there! During the time she had been Pothoused, the pain and the tumor had disappeared as by magic. That there had been a tumor there, bigger than a hen's egg, all were agreed; but what had removed it, the medical gentlemen did not pretend to say. Since that time there have been no symptoms of its return. She believes, as does her husband, father, mother, and friends, that it was desisted by Pothouse alone; and her ecstasy in being thus able to escape the bloody work of the knife was excessive, as may well be supposed.—Boston Chronicle, June 5, 1846."

3. And here is another case which I also quote from the newspaper in which it first appeared:—

Mr. Sunderland's tenth and last lecture on the Human Soul, was delivered, according to previous notice, in Morris Place, to a crowded and highly intelligent audience, on Saturday evening last. Long before the appointed hour, the house was filled and "expectation stood tip-toe," to witness the extraordinary phenomena promised for the evening. Among those taken upon the platform under the power of the charm, was Dr. H. J. Paine, Mr. Ketchum, and a young man by the name of Althier. The other three were ladies. After causing Mr. A. to dance, and a few other results, Mr. S. proceeded to prepare one of the ladies for a surgical operation, and invited the medical faculty, the clergy, and gentlemen of the press present, to the platform, for the purpose of having them inspect the tooth to be drawn, and notice the manner in which it was done. He then took hold of Dr. Paine, (who was still under the influence of the spell), and led him up to the lady seated in the chair. And now occurred a sight upon which,

probably, mortal eyes never gazed before. It was to see the somnambulo doctor in the process of extracting a tooth, while both he and the patient were in a state of trance, and neither of them able to open their eyes or move a muscle, without the consent of the lecturer. The tooth was very firmly set, and it required an extraordinary outlay of strength to extract it. The lady sat during the operation, without the slightest manifestation of consciousness, though she is well known to be one of the most fearful and timid in her natural state—so much so, that she has been thrown into spasms, it is said, when attempts have been made to draw her teeth while she was awake. In a few minutes after, the Doctor himself was seated in the front chair—the spell still upon him—and another physician present, (Dr. Lyman,) proceeded to perform a similar operation upon him! This experiment was intensely interesting, and highly satisfactory to the audience, as we suppose it is the first and only one of the kind ever performed, since old Adam was put into the "deep sleep," for the purpose of having the rib taken from his side.—Troy Budget, Sept. 23, 1846.

I do not deny the Spiritual theory, nor that spirits do, sometimes, assist mortals in performing cures, although in this case narrated by my friend A. B. C., it is difficult, if not impossible, to prove that there was any power existing, except human. But, suppose there was something beyond human influence in his case, I do not perceive how it could be called "extraordinary," nor, indeed, that it is equal to those cases of my own.

And I have had many other cases like these. In the Tremont Temple, I entranced Dr. A. L. Hoyt, and made him perform a surgical operation on an entranced lady, and with his eyes blindfolded! And in 1847 I entranced Dr. J. Thiers, and caused him to perform a surgical operation on another entranced person, in Coliseum Hall, New York. Now, can my friend A. B. C. report any case where departed spirits have ever performed a surgical operation with the knife and the forceps? If so, let us have it. But, in yielding willing credit to the spirits, let us not overlook what is due to mortals, and to those laws and functions of the nervous system which are now too well known to be ignored when speaking of disease, or any method for its cure.

L. A. ROY SUNDERLAND.

Boston, Nov. 19, 1858.

LETTER FROM NEWPORT.

Comfortably, pleasantly situated, and surrounded at the substantial old homestead of my children's maternal ancestors, where three generations have worn away life, with at least an average amount of enjoyment, on the granite-walled farm, with the pet of the parlor—a little three years old girl of the fourth generation of occupants—playing around me, I am seated, this bleak November day, turning back the pages of others' memories, and inquiring after those who have disappeared from the mountain home. Without the chill of winter is visible and tangible—the clouds look sombre; the air sparkles with frost; the hills are browned, and bare, and spotted with white, and marked with mighty rocks; the pines "moan" piteously, as Boreas contracts and stiffens their slender fingers; the maples are hardened down for winter, and already going through the process of sweetening water for the sugar time; the old orchard still holds up its frozen and scattered specimens of last summer's work; the farmer has packed his barn, his wood house, and his cellar; the colts are stalled, the cattle are stalled, the sheep are coted, and the swine are fattened; the fowls are waiting for next week with its Thanksgiving day, when their summer will be over—all but the few which are selected for another round of seasons.

A few weeks more, and the deep snow-drifts will be piled around the dwellings; the birds and the squirrels will be heard no more, till spring comes to roll away the snow-drifts, and loose the playful brooks from their icy chains. Then will come again the times of joy and song—of labor, and growth, and gladness. Here, at the home where the companion of my life's journey spent the days of her childhood, I meet the warmest welcome from those whose religion does not agree with mine, but whose hearts are warm and broad; and here I sit and chat with those who were the companions of her girlhood—whose arms clasped her in childhood, and whose feet rocked her cradle—the mother that nursed, and the sister that dressed her. Then I turn to my own cold, cheerless, parentless, sisterless, friendless childhood, and the heart sickens at the contrast, till the mind comes back to the present, where the sunshine of summer-time sheds over me its joy and gladness every hour, and the smiles of an angel mother are ever present, with a soul gladdened, and purified by many years residence in the spirit-home—where hundreds of earthly friends near and dear as any kindred can be, look anxiously for my return to their and my home.

Now I am blessed, as none but a Spiritualist can be—none but those who can know and feel the presence, and warmth, and goodness, and gladness of both spheres, with a happy family, happy homes, and true friends in both worlds, and both joined and bound with the silken cords of the heart's voluntary and happy bondage of affection. Now I feel that

"I live for those who love me—Whose hearts are kind and true; For the heaven that enfolds above me, And awaits my spirit too."

WARREN CHASE.

NEWPORT, N. H., Nov. 18, 1858.

MISS GIBSON, THE MEDIUM.

Messrs. EDITORS.—We have had the pleasure of listening to several lectures by Miss Gibson, a Spiritualist, whom few can hear without believing in Divine Inspiration. She is a fine looking person, between thirty-five and forty years of age, of very good natural endowments, (we should judge), but, when speaking in public, under spirit-influence, we have seldom heard such sound reasoning, clear explanations, or so good philosophy. She has been for several years lecturing in Maine, Massachusetts and other places; but has lately returned to Rindge, her native town, to be with her parents in their last days. She bears a spotless reputation, as the inhabitants of Rindge will testify. For several years she was a member of the Methodist Church, until her sickness, at which time she experienced an entire change in her religious views, being spiritually impressed and cured by the influence, after being apparently near death. While remaining in this vicinity, thinking she might be instrumental in doing good, she gave lectures in the towns of Rindge, Jaffrey and Fitzwilliam. Her subjects were mostly Bible themes, viz.: "If a man die, shall he live again?" "The Resurrection," "God is love," &c. She is a good improvisatrice, displaying talent worthy of time and thought. She has had opponents, as who has not that advocates any new cause? It takes strength of character, and firmness of principle, and faith in a Father's sustaining care, to go forth alone to combat with an unfeeling world; but Truth must prevail, and Skepticism vanish. A friend, E. FITZWILLIAM, Nov. 11, 1858.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels the words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all Time,
Sparkle forever."

Though angels long have left this earth,
Their shadows still remain;
Where all that's pure and good have birth,
They seem to live again.
In homes and hearts they play their parts,
Where love and concord dwell;
While o'er life's dreams they cast their beams,
And weave a magic spell.
Yes—earth has angels of her own,
And not a few, I ween,
Though angels' visits, man is told,
Are few and far between.

In every land, where'er we stray,
'Tis theirs to give us grace to give;
When least we think, perhaps we may
With some bright angel meet.
For while full well the eyes can tell
When beauty passes by,
Yet angels may pursue their way,
Unheeded by the eye.
Oh, yes, a veil may oft conceal
An angel bright and fair,
Whose virtues would adorn a crown,
And shed a lustre there.

JOHN EDWARD CHALMERS.

How small a portion of our lives is that we truly enjoy.
In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come;
In old age we look backward to things that are past.

Look yonder, love!

What solemn image through the trunks is straying?
And how doth not move, yet never turns
On us the visage of "tryst vacancy"
It is "Ghoulion." In his hand—though naught
Knows he of this—a dusty purple flower
Droops over its tall stem. Again, ah see!
He wanders into mist, and now is lost.
Within his brain what lovely realms of death
Are pictured, and what knowledge through the doors
Of his forgetfulness of all the earth,
A path may gain! Then turn thee, love, to me:
Was I not worth thy winning and thy love,
Oh, earth-born son of Ocean? Melt to me.

R. H. HONNE.

A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humor in those who come within its influence.—ADDISON.

Judge not a man by the cost of his clothing.
Unheeding the life-path that he may pursue,
Or oft "I" admit a heart that needs leading,
And fail to give honor where honor is due.
The palm may be hard and the fingers stiffened,
The coat may be tattered, the cheek worn with tears,
But greater than kings are Labor's agonized—
You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.

Stated hours of deep religious meditation are the cool and shaded fountains, where the traveler to eternity finds rest and refreshment, lest he grow weary in the way, or forget to press onward in the great moral pilgrimage.

All forms that perish other forms supply—
By turns we catch the vital spark and die—
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break and to that sea return.

Pope.

Nothing is beautiful but what is true.

Book Notices.

SHAHMAH IN PURSUIT OF FREEDOM; OR, THE BRANDED HAND.

This book, by an American author, to the public not known, published by Thatcher & Hutchinson, New York, stands out so far above the common and numerous stories and novels of our time, as to be worthy a careful perusal by all who wish in reading a book to discipline the mind, or give access to the proper modes of mental growth in the acquisition of knowledge. It can hardly be called, under strict criticism, a novel, as the object of the writer was evidently to write a commentary, rather than a story, and to give a practical view of "America and American institutions, as they must appear to an honest and earnest, but ignorant inquirer. The ground-work and plan of the book is briefly, judiciously, and interestingly laid in the history and travels of a wandering son of Northern Africa. His letters on the ocean, on his voyage to New Orleans, are so written, as to give us the true character of an earnest and elevated soul, with great powers and capacities, entirely ignorant of our nation and its institutions, save what it could learn from a consul. As you read each letter, the mind eagerly reaches after and demands the next. It is highly interesting to observe, from an outside stand-point, how our institutions, and application of principles to practical life, strike an honest and ignorant stranger; in this the book is remarkably life-like. The apocalyptic vision in chapter three is not very pleasantly drawn, nor very agreeable to the taste of most readers; but is no doubt as true to its object as the vision of St. John on Patmos, and, like that, inapplicable, until we find some occurrence that it fits and seems to portray. The description of New Orleans is rather imperfect, except of the dining guests at St. Charles, which is equally appropriate to those of St. Nicholas, and other first class hotels; but "I think the citizens of New Orleans" will be somewhat surprised to find another deep cellar in their midst, as the only one they ever saw in the city before, was the one imported by Mrs. Stowe, under Uncle Tom's Cabin. The author says what is true of the visitors at most of the great hotels of our large cities. "They are mostly young men, who are seeking fortunes in this great emporium, or married men who, having left their wives behind, enjoy for a time the freedom of bachelors." The love-stories of a novel I seldom read, as I find enough of these, both tragic and comic, in real life; but in this they are told with an originality and simplicity, that allure me through the whole. I had, however, a criticism on this and some other parts of the book, in the too oft repeated descriptions of persons, places, or things, and also in the often closely allied childlike simplicity of ignorance with the most profound philosophy, soboleto lore, and scientific nomenclature, mixing propriety like flies among the honey-bees, clover in the garden, or mosses round the fruits. The criticisms on democracy and slavery are most severely outting, and not inferior in brilliancy to those of Mrs. Stowe. The pictures of northern men in southern life are true in fact and history, and pitifully true in reality. Those of southern women in bondage, are equally true of northern women in a bondage and slavery that would be horrible, were there no other bondage at hand, still worse, to compare it with. Several chapters in the middle of the book are rather tedious, but, like the sands of California rivers, mixed with precious gems, if perseveringly washed, which will enrich the reader. The story of Theodora—her sale, purchase, escape, imprisonment, and final marriage, are all well written, and highly interesting. The book, with the snake

stories, shipwrecks, and slave hunts, left out, would rank with number one among American novels; as it is, it is rather surfeit, like a dinner with too many courses and rich dishes, and we feel the satiety before we reach the end.

WARREN CHASE.

VICTORIES OF THE SPIRIT HISTORY OF MAX. BY S. DUNDAP. Appleton & Co., New York.

In a comprehensive sense, the spirit history of man is co-extensive with existence, and all its modes on this planet; it is his entire history—for man is a spirit, so, and no otherwise than God, and every volition of man, mental or muscular, is a spiritual effort. But the writer of this volume has not essayed this entire history. His work may be properly entitled a history of the conceptions, earliest and latest, of the potential and actual course of the origin and destiny of individual life in the human and other types.

It is a volume without a thesis or an argument, bringing together an account of all the known phases of the ideas of divine energy and worship—of force, believed either as an entity distinct from nature, or an exhibition of its potential power, determining every movement of human procedure. Whatever the creative secretion may be imagined to have originally started from—whatever the dissection from the potential to the actual, may imply, that all nations, all men, from the very dawn of the faculty of thought, have struggled to picture and note.

This volume is a very complete repository of all the known phases and forms of this attempt; now, the "Great Spirit," "Nature's God," "identical with Nature, and subjected to it," and now "a being supreme above Nature," now, "a personification of the powers of Nature, and controlled by inevitable fate, or destiny," ("the decrees of which cannot be changed"); and, then, with the Chaldeans, "The Father who rests, or remains the first cause of all things—the one principle that is never named, but passed over in silence, by the Babylonians and Orientals. Again, "Doa," "the life giving power in Nature, proceeding from the sun, which, with the Chaldeans, was both the physical power of production, and also the intellectual light and life principle," called in Phoenicia "the light conceivable only by the intellect," "the physical and spiritual—principle of all things," out of which the souls emanate; and again, with the Chinese, the Taiki, (the first principle) "made up of mind and matter"—the "divine and the corporeal," which can no more be separated than "fire from the burning substance." With them, also, the Tao, the Supreme Reason, the intelligent working power in Nature (the intelligent heaven), which is everywhere.

The Absolute (Taiki, "the highest point," the Primal Power), was before any being had separated itself from it; from it proceeded the Resting and the Impulse-giving Principle.

With the Pythagoreans, "before the heavens were made, there existed Idea and Matter, and God, the Creator, (Demiurgus), of the better."

Of such innumerable forms under which man has ever endeavored to represent to himself the force of life and being—of volumes and volitions, this book is an encyclopaedia. Whoever peruses it with unbiased intent, will learn the common base and the common import of man's theosophic ideas and conceptions.

We hope to recur to it in future numbers of our paper.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANAC FOR 1859.

Messrs. Williams & Co., No. 100 Washington street, have received a supply of the above work, which we can truly say is a most beautiful specimen of art, beside being a useful book. It contains six plates—illustrating articles on "Birds of the Season"—which for specimens of printing in oil colors, we have never seen excelled. The articles are replete with ornithological science—at the same time they avoid all technical names, which are so dry and unprofitable to the general reader. There are numerous wood engravings, which are excellent, the letter-press is fine, and the matter interesting. Uncle Jonathan has never soared so high, in the matter of Almanacs, as has John Bull, but we really believe an equally well-executed work would repay a publisher on this side the water.

ROLLO IN ROMÉ. By Jacob Abbott.

Brown, Taggard & Chase, 25 and 29 Cornhill, Boston, have sent us this book—one of the series—"Rollo's Tour in Europe," written by Mr. Abbott, being a new series of his Rollo Books, which have elicited such universal commendation from the press and people. The author is one of the most attractive writers of juvenile books in this country, having the power of conveying a large amount of useful and solid information in an attractive style. The mechanical execution of the book is excellent, and illustrations effective. Price, 50 cents.

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER, 1858.

We have just received this valuable and interesting magazine, which we cheerfully recommend to the Spiritualists, and to those looking for light in spiritual matters. It is of the religious cast, which is needed at this time, and its articles are more solid than it would do to place before the newspaper reader at present. Published by Joel Tiffany, No. 6 Fourth Avenue, New York. One dollar per year.

SPIRITUALISM "GOOD TO DIE BY."

It has ever been considered a sure test of the efficacy of any form of religious faith; if it has been found an un-failing support in the hour of death. Then, more than at any time, does the soul, as if by intuitive perception, distinguish between the true and the false, and renounce fancies for substantial truths. Modern Spiritualism, with all its present crudities and imperfections, does not seem to be wanting, even in this particular.

Miss Emily J. Fuller, of Kingston, Mass., passed from death unto life, Nov. 18th, aged seventeen years and ten months. Although brought up and educated according to the Baptist faith, yet when disease, in its most insidious form, laid its hand upon her, she accepted a belief in modern Spiritualism with a full heart. Through the whole of her long and wearisome illness she seemed to draw inexhaustible consolation from this source; and the nearer she drew to the eternal world, the deeper seemed the peace which descended upon her soul. It is not usual that one so young and so much beloved, should willingly renounce the certainties of earth for the unseen joys of the future; but she seemed to look forward with an unspeakable yearning to the bright transition, and at length, with an unwavering confidence in the angel arms which sustained her, she passed forth, without a murmur or a sigh, to the mysterious realities of a higher existence. If modern Spiritualism can do nothing more for humanity than to rob death of its terrors, and impart lasting consolation to the bereaved and sorrowing, it is enough. That fact alone

should recommend it to the consideration of every sincere and earnest heart:

We thank thee Father, Lord of heaven and earth,
For every perfect gift which thou hast given,
But most of all, for that immortal birth,
Which seals thy children as the heirs of heaven.
They part as angels from our mortal eyes,
And leave us "gazing upward" to the skies!
PLYMOUTH, Nov. 23d, 1858. E. D.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations, at Saugus Centre, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2d and 3d; Salem, Sunday, Dec. 5; North Hanson, Sunday, Dec. 12th; South Hanson, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 14th and 15th; Pembroke, Thursday, Dec. 19th; North Marshfield, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 20th and 21st; Duxbury, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22d, 23d and 24th; West Duxbury, Sunday, Dec. 26th; Kingston, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 27th and 28th; Plympton, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29th and 30th; Middleboro, Sunday, Jan. 2d. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

Warren Chase will lecture, Dec. 1st, 2d and 3d, in Dover, N. H.; 5th and 12th, in Portland, Me.; 7th and 8th, in Kennebunk, Me.; 14th, 16th and 16th, in Portsmouth, N. H.; 19th, in Newburyport, Mass.; Dec. 21st, 22d and 23d, in Salem, Mass.; Dec. 26th, in Worcester, Mass.; Dec. 29th and 30th, in Boston; Jan. 2d and 3d, in Providence, R. I.; Jan. 12th and 13th, in Windsor, Ct.; Jan. 16th in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 23d and 30th, in New York; Feb. 6th and 13th, Philadelphia; Feb. 20th and 27th, in Baltimore; March and April, in Ohio; May, in Michigan. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Miss Emma Harding will lecture at Columbus, Ohio, on Sunday, Dec. 5th; St. Louis, and the adjacent cities, during December and January; in February at Boston; in March at Philadelphia; in April at New York; in May and June at Worcester, Providence, Portland and Troy—together with such adjacent places on week-day evenings as her time and strength will allow. Those who do not know how to address her at the offices she visits, should send letters to her residence, 194 Grand street, New York, from whence they will be punctually forwarded.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak as follows: At Lawrence, Dec. 5th; Waltham, Dec. 12th; Cambridgeport, Dec. 14th, 15th and 19th; Newburyport, Dec. 26th; Sutton, N. H., Jan. 2d; Fitchburg, Mass., Jan. 9th; Nashua, N. H., Jan. 16th. He will answer calls to speak at other places during the week. His addresses are mainly in the trance-state, and upon the subject of Education. He will act as agent for the Banner, and receive subscriptions either for this paper or for the New England Union University. Address, Lowell, Mass.

H. B. Storer, inspirational medium, will fill the following engagements: In Burlington, Vt., Dec. 5th and 12th. He will visit other places, lecturing four evenings in the week, besides Sundays, if the friends will make early arrangements with him to that effect. Address him at Burlington, Vt., care of S. B. Nichols.

J. H. Currier will speak, Wednesday, Dec. 1st, in Orange, Mass.; 2d, in North Dana; 3d, in North Orange; 4th, in Orange; on Sunday, 5th, in Erving and Orange. Friends in that vicinity who may desire lectures from the 5th to the 10th insts., can make arrangements with Dr. H. A. Meacham, Orange, Mass.

Public meetings will be held at Concert Hall, Burlington, every Sabbath. H. B. Storer will speak on Sundays, Dec. 5th and 12th; Rev. John Pierpont, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, December 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th, at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Norwich, Conn., Dec. 5th and 12th. Those wishing week evening lectures at that vicinity can address Willard Barnes Felton, at that place.

H. F. Miller will answer calls for lectures to be given by Mrs. Miller, trance speaker, in New York, Pennsylvania and the Western States. Address, Dan-kirk, N. Y.

Miss Sarah A. Magoon will answer calls to lecture in trance-state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address care of George L. Cade, Cambridgeport, Mass.

A. B. Whiting will speak in Providence, R. I., Dec. 5th and 12th. Those desiring lectures during the week may address him at that place.

Lectures will be delivered in Taunton, Dec. 5th and 12th, by Mrs. H. F. Huntley; Dec. 19th, by Geo. Atkins; Dec. 26th, by H. P. Fairfield.

Mrs. H. F. Huntley, the public trance-speaking medium, may be addressed, for the present, at Paper-Mill Village, N. H.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Works, public trance-speaking medium, may be addressed at No. 19 Green street, Boston.

Miss M. Munson will lecture in Worcester, Dec. 12th; in Quincy, Dec. 19th; New Bedford, Dec. 26th.

Miss Rosa T. Amey will speak in Maraposa Hall, in Quincy, Sunday, Dec. 5th, morning and afternoon.

Miss Susan M. Johnson will receive calls to speak on Sundays. Address, Medford, Mass.

L. Judd Pardee will speak at Waltham, 5th and 12th insts.

Dr. E. L. Lyon may be addressed at Lowell, Mass.

Flashes of Fun.

Digby, meeting a broker on "Change on the day the banks resumed specie payments, was asked by him the news. "Oh, nothing," replied Digby; "I was only thinking how apparent it is that change is 'stamped' upon everything in this locality: just now."

MOVING ELOQUENCE.—A prisoner in the dock "once upon a time" burst into tears.

"Why do you weep?" inquired the judge.

"Ah, your honor, it was not till I heard my counsel's defence I knew how innocent I was."

A HEALING CASE.

When any new-born soul greets the world,
Or deep philosophy is brooded to man,
The moment that its origin is unfurled,
The hollow-hearted follow in its van.

The simple-hearted, too, are won to think,
That through its law, they, too, may save their souls,
And wrest the world from fleshly sorrow's brink,
And launch their fragile bark upon its seas.

These feeble ones forget the household charms,
And these dear children which home should first command;
Forgetting self in giving others aid—
And why they lose they will not understand.

Might all be answered as the cobbler was,
Who left his household suffering for food,
A fabled agent through the higher laws,
Through which all worldly ills might be subdued.

"You are a healer," said the unseen throng;
"I know," said he, "I did not 'wrongly choose';"
"Do not mistake, nor take our meaning wrong,
You're very good at mending boots and shoes."

This has a moral, which two eyes may see,
That if the brain is not an added one,
That every man should think twice twice charity,
Most laudable which first begins at home.

The young man who cast his eyes on a young lady coming out of church, had had them replaced, and now sees as well as ever.

What is the difference between the Pope's barber and an insane circus-rider? One is a shaving Roman, and the other is a raving showman.

The man who is too poor to pay for a paper, has bought a slab-sided dog, an old shot-gun, and a twenty-shilling watch. He educates his children in

the street, and boards his shanghais on his neighbors."

Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his gut is broken and his locks are few?

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS.

Our friends will confer a favor of us by purchasing the BANNER at the News Depot in the towns where they reside, if one is kept there, thereby encouraging the Paper Dealer to keep the BANNER on hand for his country. They may be had at the following places, wholesale and retail: NEW YORK—Ross & Towner, 121 Nassau street; S. T. Munson, 5 Great Jones street.

PHILADELPHIA—F. A. DROVINS, 107 South Third street; BARRY & HUNCK, 830 Race street.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—T. B. HAWKES.

CINCINNATI, O.—S. W. PEARL & CO., 28 West 6th street.

MICHIGAN—ADRIAN—JOEL HANDY; JONAS—S. L. WELCH.

COLDWATER—N. T. WATERMAN.

ILLINOIS—CHICAGO—HIGGINS & BROTHERS; ROCKFORD—H. H. WALDO; PEORIA—STRICKLER & BROTHERS.

INDIANA—RICHMOND—S. ELDER.

MISSOURI—ST. LOUIS—E. P. GRAY.

LOUISIANA—NEW ORLEANS—A. DAREFROST.

TENNESSEE—MEMPHIS.

WISCONSIN—MILWAUKEE—W. ELLIS.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS:

Lecturers and Mediums resident in towns and cities, will confer a favor on us by acting as our agents for obtaining subscribers.

THOMAS L. K. COONEY, Trance Speaker; A. H. STACY, Healing Medium and Practitioner of Medicine; B. S. MURPHY; H. P. FAIRFIELD, Trance-Speaking Medium; H. A. TUCKER, Speaking Medium.

Massachusetts—CHARLES H. CROWELL, Cambridgeport; R. K. THORP, Weymouth; H. G. ASSEY, Bridgewater; G. H. K. THORP, South Dedham; J. A. GREENE, Trance-speaker, Haverhill; JOHN H. CUNBERT, 87 Jackson street, Lawrence.

Maine—MR. ANOS DRAKE, Union; H. F. RIPLEY, Canton Mills; H. A. MURPHY, Norway; DR. N. P. BEAK, Southport; WM. K. RIPLEY, Paris, for that part of the country; H. A. TUCKER, Haverhill; H. A. TUCKER, South Lawrence; J. N. HODGES, Trance-Speaking and Healing Medium, of Monroe.

New Hampshire—A. LINDSAY, M. D., Laconia.

Vermont—H. N. BALLARD, Burlington; N. H. CHURCHILL, Brandon; SAMUEL BARTLEY, for the Northern part of the State; HON. J. W. CHURCHILL.

Connecticut—H. B. STORER, Trance-Speaker, New Haven; H. H. HASTINGS, New Haven; WM. KEITH, Tolland; CALVIN HALL, Healing Medium.

New York—GEORGE W. TAYLOR, North Collins; S. B. DENNIS, Dundee; H. G. ASSEY, White Plains; J. A. GREENE, Poughkeepsie; J. A. GREENE, Western part of the State; LUTHER CUMMINS, of Springfield, Erie Co., speaking and sympathetic medium, for delinquent diseases and for healing by manipulations.

Pennsylvania—WM. R. JOELLY, Trance-Medium and Impassioned Philanthropist; L. M. MILLER, Easton.

Louisiana—J. C. GORDON, South Bend Post Office, Concordia Parish.

Michigan—JOEL HANDY, Adrian; J. L. HACKETT, White Pigeon.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOSTON THEATRE.—THOMAS BARRY, Lessee and Manager; J. P. PRICE, Assistant Manager. Parquet, Balcony, and First Tier of Boxes, 50 cents; Family Circle 25 cents; Amphitheatre, 15 cents. Doors open at 6 1/2; performances commence at 7 o'clock.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Museum open day and evening. Exhibition Room open at 9 o'clock; performance commences at 7. Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances at 3 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

HOWARD ATHENEUM.—Nixon & Co.'s Celestine Circus Troupe, the most magnificent and perfectly equipped Equestrian Company on this continent, having leased this house for a brief period, will perform every evening, commencing at 7 1/2—concluding at 10 1/2. Extra entertainments given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, commencing at 2 1/2—concluding at 4 1/2. Also on Saturday evening.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—JAMES PLEININ, Solo Lessee and Manager. Admission—Boxes, 25 cents; Reserved Seats, 50 cts.; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cts.; Pit, 15 cts.; Gallery, 10 cts.; Private Boxes \$4; Single Seat to Private Boxes, 75 cts.; Family Circle, 25 cts. Doors open at 7 o'clock—performance to commence at 7 1/2.

ORDWAY HALL.—Washington Street, nearly opposite Old South. Ninth season. Manager, J. P. ORDWAY. Open every evening. Tickets 25 cents—children 15 cents. Doors open at 6 1/2; commence at 7 1/2 o'clock.

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NATURAL ASTROLOGY.—PROF. HUSE may be found at his residence, No. 12 Osborn Place, leading from Pileas street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston. Ladies and gentlemen will be favored by him with such indications as they may desire, and for a low fee may give him in the exercise of these Natural Powers, with which he feels himself endowed.

LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party enclosing ONE DOLLAR, Professor Huse will answer questions of a business nature. On receipt of THREE DOLLARS, a full natural history of the subject will be returned. He only requires name and place of residence.

Hours of consultation from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents each letter. Aug. 21.

OPATVINY KOLETOLE DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY, No. 354 Washington street, Boston. Spiritual, Clairvoyant, and Mesmeric Prescriptions accurately prepared. Dec. 19, 1857.

THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL; BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, with suggestions for more noble institutions and philosophical systems of education. Price 30 cents; bound in cloth, 50 cents. Sent to order, postage free, by BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield st., N.Y. 20

HALLS' QUADRILLE, DRASS AND CONCERT BAND. Music from one to thirty pieces furnished for Balls, Weddings, Private Parties, Amusements, Concerts, &c., on application to D. C. HALL, No. 4 Winter Place, Rhodolph Hall, No. 3 Gove street, Boston, or S. K. CONANT, No. 1 Russell Place, or at White Brothers' Music Store, opposite Tremont House, Boston.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY, No. 62 Sudbury street (up stairs), Boston. Boarding Houses, and Private Families supplied with reliable help at short notice. L. F. LINCOLN.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.—A HOME FOR SPIRITUALISTS, TEMPERANCE MEN AND WOMEN, and for all others who wish for quiet order and comfort. This house is now under the management of the subscribers, who will always be at his post, ready to attend to the wants of those who may favor him with a call—at the corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach street. E. V. WILSON.

B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, No. 15 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. may 1.

MEDIUMS.

ALEXIS J. DANDRIDGE, HEALING MEDIUM AND MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN, No. 13 La Grange Place, Boston. A. J. D. has discovered a new method of applying magnetism for the cure of diseases, which is much more effective than any means heretofore used. The medium employs the retain their original curative properties, and also directs directly to the diseased organs the power with which they are charged. The effect of his now process has been tried with great success upon the medicines prepared by Miss Munson, and the improvement tested beyond a doubt.

BY THE AID OF A NEW PERCEPTIVE POWER, I persons. First, their general appearance, parents, the condition of their birth, and a general review of their past life. Second, their present condition, both mental and physical, with directions for living. Third, their character and qualifications, with directions for proper pursuits and locations. Fourth, Miscellaneous matters relating to business, friends, marriage, losses, and all matters not clear to outside perception.

Terms, for a full reading in all points, \$3; for a reading on each separate point and matters in general, \$1; postage prepaid. Letters should be addressed to H. L. BOWKER, Natik, Mass.

These wishing to consult me personally, may do so on Saturday of each week, at Dr. Charles Main's, 7 Davis street, Boston.

Persons sending written matter must avoid quotations and the dictation of other minds, to secure a correct reading. Natick, Mass., Nov. 13th. H. L. BOWKER.

MRS. C. L. NEWTON, HEALING MEDIUM, will sit for the cure of diseases of a Chronic nature, by the laying on of hands. Chronic Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Chronic Spinal diseases, pains in the side, Diseases of the Liver, Nervous Disorders, Headache, &c. &c. Sit in her family, if required. Office, No. 28 West Dedham street, two doors from Washington street, Boston. Terms for each sitting, \$1.00.

MISS M. MUNSON, 18 LAGRANGE PLACE, will devote her whole time to examinations and treatment of diseases. She will visit patients at their homes, if desired. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons examinations for the poor will be made free of charge. Terms—Examinations, \$1; by letter, \$1.50; by mail, requiring written diagnosis, \$3. Oct. 2.

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