VOL. IV.

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NO. 1.

Original Poetry.

LIFE!

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Life is, indeed, naught but a transient dream. A few short hours of mingled bliss or pain-A chain of days, where in its bustling stream We meet with men, and part and meet again.

And Memory, who walks by Beason's side, Carries the wand that brings our joy or grief; She speaks at morn, at noon, or eventide, Awakes regret, or gives our hearts relief.

When sorrow lays its hand on youth's full years, And o'er his dreams a cloud of sadness lowers, Memory, kind angel, through his blinding tears Brings back the past, still bright with opening flowers.

And in his day-dream of a happier time, He leaves awhile his sorrow and bls sighs; What has been yet may be-and more sublime He hopes the future for his sacrifice,

As youth looks back, so manhood turns to youth, And quits the cares and troubles of the hour, While Fancy, with no strict regard to truth, Leads him away, a subject to her power.

He lives anew, has all his soul desires-Soft eyes look lovingly into his own; His heart grows warmer with its hidden fires, And all is bliss, where bliss had sadly flown.

He prattles at highpother's knee, and looks Inquiringly, child-like, into her face; He plucks the flowers that hang above the brooks. And joins the gaudy butterfly in race.

He loves again, and 'neath his sweetheart's smile He spends the days and hours in fancied case. And softly sighs for some lone "ocean isle," Protected from the sun by vines and trees.

And this sweet picture lingers in the mind. Still brighter seeming, viewed through sorrow's tears, Which yield a strange, deep influence, undefined, To guide us through the gloom of other years,

And old age, sitting in the blaze of noon. The sanlight stealing through his silvered hair. Heeds not the perfume from the wealth of June, Nor Summer's glory, flooding all the air.

Life's Winter holds a sway within his breast, Death's footsteps who on its verge of snow; He sighs to quit the world, to be at rest-To realize what death alone can show.

He looks beyond the darkly-flowing stream Nor cares to sean, for joy, the by-gone year; He rightly reasons life is but a dream, And heaven alone is what it doth appear.

Full many throbs our inner natures feel, Which 'gainst our will have still been unexpressed: Then let men sean what time does not conceal. And keep all pure-for God will read the rest.

How rich, then, is the time in our poor lifeod with years through which And reaped of joy, to battle with its strife-When earth is love I a little less than heaven?

For the Banner of Light."

Translated from the German, by Cora Wilburn.

ALAMONTADE.

ву изспокке.

CHAPTER VII.

The utmost consternation reigned in the household; several of Bertallon's friends stood before me, and all questioned me eagerly. I could not easily shake off their importunity; but, succeeding at last, and as soon as I had somewhat collected myself, I threw on other clothes, and ordered a sedan, that I might be carried to the court-room.

The news of Bertallon's suicide had spread over the city; a mass of people surrounded the house;. but as soon as it was known that I was going to the court-house, I was followed by the inquisitive throng.

Madame Bertallon's sentence had been given in a private sitting of the judges. At the very moment. that she was conducted into the room to hear her. sentonce before the assembled people, I entered by

I requested permission to speak, as I had to comsion was given, and a silence pervaded that vast assembly, as if life had fled from every breast.

"Judges!" I said, "I stood here once as the ao cuser of the innocent; I come new to save her, to prepare for her the triumph that is justly her due. I was deceived by the might of appearances; deceived, misused by my friend, and accomplice of a great cruelty, although I knew it not. The unhappy woman, whose sentence you are knaiting to speak, is not guilty of the crime with which she is charged!"

I now clearly related the events of the past night. I gave the account of Bertallon's suicide, and of his attempt to take my life. Beside me stood the policeofficer I had summoned that morning, as witness; and lame Jacques, who remembered having seen his master the evening before he took the poison, coming out of his wife's room with a burning taper in his hand. .

Such a conclusion of the trial, in which I had gained so signal a victory over my skillful opponent and justice; you would be willingly unhappy, but Menard, was infleed unexpected by all. While I never ungrateful. I feel it the wife of another spoke, I saw astonishment and horror depicted upon the thousand faces around; but when I was slient, there arose a murmur, and the murmur changed to loud applause. The people called my name with enthusiastic joy, and the eyes of all present were filled with tears.

There was no order to be thought of; Madame whom chance or curiesity had brought to the hall-of even your pity, oh friend I can only augment my justice, descended from his elevated seat, and cor | pain.

dially embraced me. Monsieur Menard followed his example, accompanied by the loud, deafening cheers of the enthusiastic crowd. I allowed myself to be conducted to Madame Bertallon; but when I approached her, my strength failed me. I fell upon my knees before her, and pressed my tear-wet eyes to her hand.

"Can you forgive me?" I faltered.

With a look of pure and unspeakable love, with a heavenly smile, she looked down upon me.

"Alamontade!" was all she replied; tears pre vented her further utterance.

The court adjourned; the judges embraced me. endeavored in vain to reach Madame Bertallon; the crowd was too dense. I was led through the swaying mass, that cheered me, and loaded me with marks of respect as I passed down the steps of tho judicial palace.

Just as I was about stepping into the sedan, I was addressed by a young, well-dressed man.

"You cannot possibly," he said, "return with pleasant feelings to a house, sir, that contains the body of the suicide, where you will everywhere be reminded of the shocking occurrence. Grant me the honor. I entrent you, sir, of offering you the hospitality of my house."

This invitation, given with so much warmth of feeling, came to me totally unexpected. The young man's eyes glistened with tears; he plead so carnestly, that I could not refuse. When I accepted his friendly offer, he pressed my hand in joyful gratitude, gave his orders to the sedan bearers, and vanished. Still followed by the joyous cheers of the multitude,

I was carried slowly through the streets, until I reached the home of my unknown friend. I remarked that it was in the neighborhood of Bertallon's house, and on the street in which Clementina lived; confused and weak as I was, this was an agreeable discovery to be.

The sedan was lowered, and I saw the friendly unknown awaiting me at the entrance. I found myself before a large, splendid building; two attendants conducted me up a broad flight of marble stairs.

All that human life contains of terrible and beantiful, concentrated itself for me in the narrow confines of that day. The folding doors of the saloon were opened; several ladies advanced to meet me. The eldest among them addressed me:

"I am very grateful to my nephew for obtaining me the honor of welcoming the noble deliverer of the innocent to my dwelling!" Who can describe my astonishment! It was

Madame de Sonnes, and Clementina stood beside her mother. I endeavored to frame a reply, but I was devoid of strength; the painful emotions of the night, the loss of blood that morning, the varying and painful agitation I had undergone, had entirely prostrated me; and now Clementina's appearanceit was too much! I saw only her; I gazed speechlessly upon her, until forms and colors grew confused and melted into darkness.

For several weeks I was confined to my room and bed. The pain of my wound had caused a fever. The young Monsieur de Sonnes never left-me; he had ordered my few things to be brought over from Bertallon's house. The harp had been brought, but the wrenth was gone; they knew not what value I attachéd to it!

In the meantime, Madame Bertallon was acquitted. Monsieur de Sonnes told me that the lovely sufferer had immediately left Montpelier for a distant convent. He cave me a letter, which had arrived for me, directed to the care of Madame de Sonnes.

" Undoubtedly Madame Bertallon's thanks to her deliverer!" said the young man.

I took the letter with a trembling hand; as soon as I was alone, I read it. It has since accompanied me in all my weal and woe.

She wrote thus :-" ABBEY ST. G., AT B-

11th of May, 1702. Farewell, Alamontade! these lines, the first I have ver written to a man, will also be the last. I have forsaken the stormy life of the world; the solemn stillness of consecrated walls surround me. I have municate some important discoveries. The permiss separated without regret from all that I once level of the world, except the wounds it inflicted.

Oh, if I could have left these wounds, and my

memory outside! but they remain, to render more loving and welcome the last of my friends' death! In the bloom of life I wrap the black veil of widowhood around me; I reveal by it to the eyes of others a sorrow that I do not feel, and it concenls the grief that is secret and silent. Yes, Alamontade I blush not, even yet upon this holy spot to acknowledge what I would not conceal from you-that I loved you. You knew it and, oh! you could raise the dagger against the heart that upon earth only

beat for you. Oh, man! you have deceived me-you live never loved me! I have not sorrowed because my unhappy husband accused me of the foulest crime, but that Alamontade should think me guilty -that he should be my accuser-he, for whom could have died so willingly! That struck at the roots of life, and destroyed them !

But, no! not a reproach; dear and noble, and even beloved, you were guiltless. Deceived by ap-pearances, you sacrificed your feelings for friendship dared not love you, and my sinful affection was unworthy of thy pure heart.

In a moment of despair, I determined to choose a voluntary death, rather than incur the fear of dishonor. Then it was that I bought the poison; I had destined it for my own use; here, now, you have the confession, which womanly shame would have guarded, even under the torture. And you could question me before the judges i

Bertallon had fainted amid the congratulations of You have never leved me! my absence will not Bertallon had fainted amid the congratuations of those throughing around hor. The Vice-Governor of the bestowal of my affection. The world commiserthe province, a relative of the Marshal of Montroval, ates me, but its pity leaves me without consolation;

my short pilgrimage; the linden tree, before the more wretched than ever. grated window of my cell, casts its shade upon the spot which will be my grave. See, that is my con-

Alas! it is sad to stand alone in the world-and I am alone, for no one loves me! My friends have away, like the solitary flower upon the mountain, unknown and unseen-like it, giving and receiving no joy-leaving no traces of its life.

And you, whom alone I have loved, take these throbbing heart. lines-my parting words. A breaking heart dietated the words-a dying hand penned them; I have only fulfilled my last duty. Do not disturb my repose with a reply; I shall receive no letters, and I thee; with the thought of thee, teath shall lead me cheek, fell on my hand. to the better life. AMALIE BERTALLOS,"

I never saw the noble woman again. With a virtuous heart she submitted to a blighted life. Often have I wept, recalling her memory.

Madame de Sounes, and Clementina, visited me often during my illness. Not as a stranger, but as a son and brother they met and regarded me.

Madame de Sonnes was a very noble woman, of cultivated mind, refined manners, and benevolent named the word her lips ventured not to speak. heart; she seemed to live only for others-always occupied in giving joy to others, in serving her fellow-creatures. Her benevolence bore the impress of the spirit; and a realm of glory opened to our sight a delicate tact; it rendered her so happy to confer as the veil was uplifted from long silent, loving favors—she appeared so grateful in dispensing happiness. .

Clementina was worthy of such a mother-she was the pride of her house. Innocence and cheerfulness were her never-failing attendants, and none could approach her without tove. She was more beautiful than I had ever imagined. Her smile was an inspiration; her glances reached the soul; the grace of her movements was ide d. Sho was distinguished among the beauties of Montpelier for her luve-worthy gentleness, and of them all she was the humblest, unconscious of her superiority, and enthusiastically acknowledging the gifts of others, ready ever to award her praise; it would appear asif she had never beheld herself in a mirror. ..

Since I became an inmate of the house, she no longer played the harp; she was more reserved, too, than she had been in the distance; she came seldom to my room, and spoke but, light when she came, and yet she cared for my complex nore than all the rest; she waited upon my slightest wishes, and 1. In a few hours, 1 met Madame de Sonnes; 1 felt read a smiling friendliness in her eyes.

gained a reputation by the circumstances attending arms and kissed me. the trial of Madame Bertallon, so that the number of my clients increased daily; yet how long would I knew the secret geasons you had for leaving us." which I might venture to approach Clementina. I lable. saw her daily-in her apartment, in her garden, "Singular chough; and you think I could not alone, and in company. Oh, she must have known how deeply I loved her! My silence and my speech, one, Alamontade, and you always are, except this my coming and my going, all betrayed my heart.

each day; nothing remained but to absent myself, it a secret from me-the mother of your beloved that I might not become unspeakably wretched. 1 one?" resolved upon this plan: rented a house, and communicated my intention to Monsieur de Sonnes.

He strongly-opposed me-so did Madame de Sonnes; but in vain. I remained proof against their wishes and entresties. Clementina urged me not to stay, but she grew serious, and, I thought, sad.

"You are very cruel !" said Mad ime de Sonnes to me one day. "What have we done, that you will you -make her happy and I am happy, too." punish us so severely? You take the peace of our once happy house with you. We all love you; do and kissed her beneficent hand, without the ability a daughter had gone to be married; all his friends, not leave us, I entreat you!"

All the reasons I could give to justify my departure, were insufficient to Malame de Sonnes. The his mother. only true, and most important one, I dared not discover to her. Sho looked upon my refusal as the result of obstinate determination only.

"Well, then," said she at length, " we must submit to your wishes; we are more indifferent to you true, but without rights over my daughter's heart. than I expected. Why is not the power given to all Clementina has known you longer than I have; for persons, of restraining friendship from taking a your sake she refused many an offer. She waited deeper field upon the heart than there is necessity and hoped for you; to seek my daughter's happiness for, so that at any hour it can be uprooted without is my duty. Since I have known you better, I bless pain? Clementina will once feel very unhappy for her choice." this. I fear her health!"

and trembled. "Clementina?" I faltered.

"Come with me to my room," sald Madaine de

opened. She said to her daughter-

left me alone with Clementina. What a lovely and melancholy picture was presented to me view !- Never can it leave my memory. The terrors and Miseries that environed me in foreign

lands, could not despoil that recollection of its life alted above all mercenary calculations-she could and charm. She sat there in a simple robe, graceful not feel the weight of my resistance. as a child of Eden, and the fading blossoms of the blue alder drooped from amid the veil that floated around her shoulders from the golden gleam of her she is worthy of being loved for herself alone; your hair, as if they were the symbols of what her soul needed most-slumber, repose. As I approached her, she looked up, and her friend blush if she brings you a wealthy dowry. That

She was silent and smiled no longer.

Within these convent walls, I behold the term of mand, I will willingly ole y, though it render me she can be happy only through the mind, the noble-"Are you unliappy with us?" she responded, and

she looked at me inquiringly. "You cannot understand it! You desire only to already forgotten me—they are cheerful and happy you accustom me too early to a heaven. If I must —my tears disturb not their restivities. I faile sometime, sooner or later, lose all this -- your society, Clementing-and that time may come-how could I then live?" and I pressed her hand to my loudly-

"Do not leave us, and then you will not lose us," she replied.

"Would that I might never leave you until will never behold you again. I will pray to God for death:" I cried with fervor. She looked towards thy happiness-will dedicate my best thoughts to Heaven, sighed, and a warm tear-drop from her

"Do you doubt my friendship?" she said. "Have I a right to your friendship, Clementina? And your loving heart-say, will it not once heat

loudly for another? And then, Clementina, then?" "Never, Alamontade?" and she arose hastily and turned away, her face glowing with a roscate light. I followed her, and drewher gently towards me; the roses on her cheeks, the bright light of her eye,

Silently, heart to heart, we solemnized our berothal. Our vows were spoken by the inner voice of hearts.

What boundless happiness has the hand of the Eternally-loving Father, prepared for his children of earth! and how sweetly the spirit receives its fate, in being allied to dust!

When, awaking from the holy silence of our feelings, I whispered Clementina's name, and she softly replied, I felt that all around me was changed: fying spirit spoke from all things, even in all mainmate objects, from the ornaments around. The whispering of the leaves was significant -- in the theker ing shadows of the vine arbor dwelt a secret, loving charm.

"I romain!" I whispered foully. " And for ever !" she added.

CHAPTER VIII.

a secret fear. She approached me smilingly, and tablice : I must see you every day. My time of m As time passed on, I saw more clearly the thou- said: "What have you done with Clementina? she sand obstacles in my path, that threatened to de. is like one inspired; she speaks in poetry; she I thanked the Marshal for the honorable proofs of sessed of wings! And why, Alamontade, why do the confidence of all just persons. How little that you blush? I am grateful to you -but how shall I

"You are a good man!" she continued; "I well have to labor ere I could amass a fortune, with I was so confused, that I could not after a syl-

have guessed it? You will always be the knowing time. Do you believe, I had not observed that you I grew more and more oppressed and disquieted lovel Clementina? Wherefore did you wish to keep

> " Madame !" I stammered, still more confused and be wildered.

> "I think you would yet deny it, if you could!" she said right merrily. "I stood beside you both; but in the fullness of your happiness you forgot me and all the world, and I felt that my presence was not needed at your betrothal. My daughter lives for

> What a noble, glorious woman! I fell at her feet, of attering a word. "Not so ?" said she; "a son need not kneel before

> "-Madame!" I cried, "you give more than my most daring hopes ever -"

she-replied-بعد، I-give-nothing المعالية I-give-nothing المعادية give us the return of peace. I am a mother, it is

"It is too much -- too much !" I faltered. "It was Her words struck me painfully; I turned pale my purpose once, if I had amassed sufficient wealth -- I am poor--Madame --"

"What has wealth, to do with this matter?" was Sonnes, unsuspicious of the feelings that oppressed the reply of the generous lady. "You have an honorable profession, and Clementina, with a fortune of I followed her to the door of her room, which she her own, is my heiress. You cannot be troubled with pecuniary cares; and even if, through some "lle will not remain-try to persuade him," she unforescen calamity, you should lose all, you can limit yourselves accordingly; you possess knowledge, industry, and rectitude; you can never come to

I vainly strove to raise objections; she was ex.

"No," she auswered; "I am aware that you loved Clementina independent of her wealth. And, indeed, pride, my son, will receive no wounds. If you can desire and win Clementina's heart, you need not ly eyes smiled through their tears. I took her hand heart which you sway, is worth more than the mis--I knelt before her, and sighed, "Clementina " erable gold, from which you turn as from too much.' My daughter would be unhappy wedded to "Do you, too, desire that I remain? Only com- a million, if it bound her to an unloved husband; tenaclously, as to holy things. Weakened by past.

ness-the true love and care of the beloved one for

" And ?" -- said Clementina, who, innocent and happy, now entered the room, and, gracefully taking dispense happiness around you; but, Clementina, my hand, she looked trustfully up to her noble

"You have chosen well," said Madame de Sonnes, as she embraced us both; "you always strive for your mother's happiness more than your own."

Clementina was my betrothed; the entire family idolized me; I was looked upon in the l'alace de Sonnes as the beloved son of the house. The esteem of all was tendered to me. I had attained to the summit of my wishes, and it would be tedious if I attempted to portray the varied emotions of joy and gratitude that filled my soul.

At this time a letter was received from London, directed to my departed father, giving account of an inheritance left to him by a brother, who died in America. The letter was in the care of the Mar. shal de Montreval; as governor of the province, T received his command to appear in Nismes. I hastened to obey, and the Marshal a lmitting me to his presence, gave me the letter of the London banker, and a copy of the will, but he could give me no further information. The money had been paid over to the Paris banks, and from thence had been delivered to the government of Languedoc. I was the only heir, so this placed me in reception of an income of four thousand livres per year. Mithough 1 had heard my father speak of a brother, who in his early youth had gone to America, and who never had been heard from I could not believe that he had anigssed so large a fortune. There was a hay-tery about the London letters, that caused me to suspect the source of this sudden gift of wealth; I doubted that it could be a legacy, and yet it was too much for a gift. replied, I felt that all around me was changed; that the world wore a solemn aspect of beauty; that the lifeless room appeared a temple; that a beautifeing spirit space from all things even in all manifestations and the province in America where I had been tood my uncle had live i; but I never discovered aught more. I could not red movelf of the idea that it was Madame Bertallon, and no relative of mine, who had sent the gift.

The Marshal de Montreval seemed almost vexed "with my scruptes. "Enjoy your uncontested property, and have a dezen masses said for the soul of the uncle," said he; " and that you may not quite idly enjoy your wealth, come here to me, and take charge of the first place in the government chancery. But I make one condition you must live in my occupied, and your advice is very necessary to me."

stroy all hope of happiness with Clementina I was seems to float, rather than walk, as if she were postions bifitting so high an eace. The great man is in the eyes of the great world! I had, it is true, thank you?" As she said this she took me in her overwhelmed me with politon ss, and dismissed me with friendly admonity are of soon resolving myself to fulfill his wishes.

> Monsieur Etienne, my good old unele, was beside himself for joy, when he heard of the offer the Marshal had made to me. "When you came to me in your linen blouse and

> your wooden shoes," said he, " oh, Colas, and as you stool before mein your poverty, and tauched my heart, I felt they as if I heard the inner voice of the spirit, commanding pos. to take you as my own child; for you would once become the guardian angel of the oppressed and faithful believers. See, Colas, the Lord has worked wonders with you; you stand upon the same place in the humble miller's house, and you are an influential, honored, learned and wealthy man. Do not waver any longer in accepting the offer of his Excellency. It is not his will -no, it is the will of God. It is not his call-no, it is the call of heaven, that has gone forth for the consolation of the Evangelical church."

My uncle, and his loving family, from whose circle who were secret Protestants, ceased not to press urgently upon me the acceptance of the offered post. I was compelled to give them a half promise. I waited to know the opinion of Clementina and her wisothingreed, when I had made them acquainted

with the Marshal's gracious offer, that I ought not to let such an opportunity pass of enlarging my sphere of usefulness. "We will accompany you to Nismes," said Clementina. "You remember yet the amphitheatre and

the house hibertos? But live with the Marshal? no, that grace you will decline." I followed their advice-we travelled to Nismes. 1 took possession of my place, and in Clementina's

arms I rested from the fatigues of business. All the happiness that could fall to the lot of man ras mine; wealth, influence upon the affairs of the province, the public esteem, and the joys of love and friendship. In the picture of my life there was almost too much sunlight-too little of shadow; all glittered before me in bright, reseate hues of hope and blessedness.

The death of Clementina's grandfather caused a. family mourning, and our marriage was postponed for half a year. This did not sadden us-we saw. each other daily, and nothing in the world could. separate us.

The Marshal de Montreval treated me, in the first. months, with especial favor, but I could never bring, myself to meet him with confidence-to reply cordially to his gracious advances. Ilis friendlingss to me, was fearfully repelling; his smile seemed threatening; he was a man of cultivated mind and porceptions, but darkened with prejudices which he doubte. lessly owed to his education; his childhood had been passed in a cloister-to these prejudices he clung

excesses, he was sickly, troubled with gloomy fancies, suspicion, and with a great dread of death; his conscience smote him not for many acts of despotism. sovere evily unity cruelty; he sacrificed many a welfare to his prima - committed many a deed of injustice. But with all this he was strictly plous; the monks were his favorites, and swayed him without his own knowledge; he missed not mass, and passed for one of the most derout men. He seldom smiled, i People thought it was quite a step for the Atkins's highly as of old. was usually service and oold, and there was extreme haughtine-s in his manner.

My secret repuison graw stronger as I became better acquainted with the Marshal. Bertollon, with his irreligious views, living without a Gol, without a hope of immortality, without moral principles or sense of honor-noting only by the distates of worldly prudence—that could agotistically and smilingly behold the destruction of a world for its benefit-Bertallon was not more dangerous, more terrible, than this bag ted, worldly man. The atheist and the bigot, both asknowledging not the existence of eternal principles and moral rights, in the scales of justice have egent weight, an inre equally dangerous to society. Both, without the innate sense of worth, without feelers for numerinty, slyly cast their nets. among the allit as of society, and rob and kill with imparate. Neither fear God; for the one denies his exist in -the other bribes him with pravers and masses, and in the temple cleanses himself from the sins committed outside.

Even in t - first days of my stay in Nismes, 1 they feared I would oppose myself to their influence with the Marshal, but they soon discovered that I cared not to exert any influence, and they gradually ceased to make time. They pretended much friendliness, however- praised me to the Marshal, and only bewailed that I was unfortunately a man without religion.

The Protestants of Nismes looked upon me as their chieftain and protector; they demonstrated their affection and esteem so openly and extravagantly that it could not fal of arousing the suspicions of the Marshal, I mey grew bolder in their words and actions; more than once I succeeded in obtaining pardon for their improletiess, but in place of taking warning by these occurrences, their fanaticism augprotect, a. In vain largued with them upon the danger they were willfully preparing for themselves.

"No!" eried my uncle; " where find is there is no danger. O., say Colas! fear no one on earth, for the Lord is with a real and whosoever acknowledges him before man, hing will the world's Saviour neknowledge also. In brygge too, will the grain of mustard seed come forthers a did upon the rocks of Switzerland and in the forests of Germany. But we must have men tile Awards and Calvin and Luther-men that tremble additione the princes of this world. Alamontade, be los stoese men, and God is your shepherd !"

" You say not a Hugaenot, I hope?" said the Marshal to me one tay, bending on me a piercing look, as I agree and occasion to intercede for the offending Practicate. He refused my petition, and from that there a manner was marked with restraint

Theester were of the awkwardness of my position, under the existing circumstances, and that my presence in some count he of non-wall to the followers of Carray was trusted in my protection with exaggerate less this lence. I determine to demand my discharge, but Malame de Sonnes and Ciementina dissuaded me from it during the winter. The Marshal was to Nontpelier, and dithough his absence relieved me, it readered the Protestants more bold and daring.

FO FE CONCLUPANTS OF R NEXT.

"We say for the banner of light.

A SUMMER AT MAHANT.

ST SUPERIN M. CLOUTMAN.

"I will wan, Mr. Atkins, there's no use in talking: I must, and get go to the sea shore for the summer." This to mark was made by a rather stout and middie-age I woman, who, in a showy wrapper and lace cap with thousting rabbons, presided over the breakfast table, one call and drizzly morning in the latter

The person to whom such emphatic language was addressed, was none other than the husband of the lady just mentioned, and a man of some forty-five years, whose tail and gaunt appearance was in striking contrast to the plump and rounded form of his wife. As usual, Mr. Atkins was bustly engaged in devouring the centents of the morning paper-for Lemuel Atkins was by trade a grocer, (although a wholesale one; and consequently felt a peculiar interest in the rise and fall of sugar, molasses, and such like articles.

"Lem. Atkins, I suppose you don't hear what I say!" reiterated the somewhat unamiable Mrs. Atkins, in a botter tone than before. "I do wish you would devote a little more time to your meals and morinated-of-snatching-at-the-paper-the-very-moment it comes into the house, like a hungry cur."

It was evident that Mr. Atkins, heard this time, for he started, dropped the newly printed sheet which he held in his hand, and sipped away vigorously at the fast-cooling Mocha in his cup.

"What were you saying, Nancy, about the seashore, just now?" he at length inquired, perceiving his wife's indignant glance, and terribly injured air. "Only that I am determined to go to the sea shore, and Augelina thinks Nahant would be the best place, because the greater part of her young lady friends, such as the Greys, Lorings, and Millers are to be

"Friends, did you say; why their names are, for the most part, unfamiliar to me," replied Mr. At-

"Why, yes -that is to say, they 're not exactly intimate friends, but then they have all called upon her once, which shows their anxiety to commence an acquaintance with Angelina, who probably dresses as well as the best of them, if her father is a grocer."

Mr. Atkins's humble, though profitable business, was a perpetual source of annoyance to his ignorant, but would be aristocratic wife, whom the former had married when only a poor tailoress girl, devoid of parents and friends, and entirely dependent upon the use ofther needle for daily support. For the first ten or fifteen years of their married life, Lemnel Atkins and his thrifty spouse had lived pretty economically, Providence having bestowed upon themfive of those interesting articles of household furniture, known as "poor men's blessings," or more properly called children.

the man of sterling integrity and noble perseverance. minded and foolish mother. From the humble proprietor of a small tenement. By degrees who visits of Charles Sylvester to used for the double purpose of dwelling house and Angelina grew perceptibly less, until, at the time of store, for the retail of West India goods, Lemuel At the commencement of my story, they had ceased kirs gradually arose to the position of senior partner; altogether, with the exception of an occasional busiin one of our largest wholesale grocery establish | news, oall made upon Mr. Atkins himself, whose mente in Boston.

to take, from their five or six rooms over the grocery store, to an eleven thousand dollar house, located south part of the city. This sudden and unexpected finely established at their long coveted wateringmove, upon the part of Mr. Atkins, was made at the place-Nahant. The Greys and the Lorings were die rich, though not born, like some folks, with a wealth, had taken an elegant suite of rooms for her silver snoon in her mouth.

temporarily gratified, by her removal into a fashion | have answered their purpose quite as well. 'able neighborhood. It was the fear that Angelina Poor Mr. Atkins, however, was not permitted to dol, the history of her early life and sudden rise to summer resort. found may a fisher and some of my step in Nismes, I can, the matery of my tagy and Mr. Atkins lamented | Even the society of his younger children had been found may a fisher than the society of his younger children had been

> the former away from his family, to talk over mat- retreats, ters of special importance to both parties, leaving . Among the large number of her admirers, which breakfast in sullen silence.

mented, and they looked with silent assurance to my [gerl of eighteen years,) languistly entered the dining his great case of matther and broken accent, soon and load dark and wrinkled, resumed again its desired, among the American belies of Nahant; mearring the consure and displeasure of her less in declared himself an intimate friend of the patriot

> as she slowly took her sent at the breakfast table, chafed her proud neck, and appear to the civilized directly opposite to where her admiring mother still world once more in the light of her former glory? sat, leasting her eyes aften her daughter's personal. Thus Count Stefani raved over the sad fate of his

> point," resided Mrs. Atkins; "it really seems to me pathies in the cause of the unfortunate Italian exile. as if the man's brain was stored with nothing but The attentions which Count Stefani bestowed upon business. It is business! morning, noon and night, Miss Angelina Atkins, at once excited the jealousy without coseation. He even dreams about it in his land displeasure of those of her own sex, whom nasieep. It was only last night that I heard him mut- ture had endowed with less physical beauty. tering something about inevitable ruin, and dread Mrs. Atkins was delighted beyond all measure, at most part, were unusually anxious and perplexed." complished foreigner. "Are you sure that he was asleep when he gave | Amid the whirl of fashionable life, in which Au-

hightmare, such as granding Atkins often fells about. was now among the things that were, but are not, But in vain; he only grouned heavily under my! Singing, dancing, riding or fishing, the enamored without even giving him time to finish his break- wife.

Angelina blushed deeply at the mention of this er's decidedly succeing remark. Charles Sylvester besides being the possessor of a greater degree of energy and perseverance, than is commonly met with among the youth of the nineteenth century. When a mere boy of only sixteen years, he had taken his stand behind the counter of Mr. Atkins' For five years Charles Sylvester remained in the seronly the respect and lasting friendship of his emplover, but the kind regard and esteem of all who chanced to meet with him in daily life.

Charles Sylvester and always shown a decided preference for the daughter of his master. Angelina, soon learned to reciprocate the attachment of her youthful lover. Five years flew by, and Charles penses, met with no favorable response from the Sylvester, a handsome and manly youth of twenty- heart of the purse-proud and over-ambitious Mrs. advice, and close in the footsteps of his worthy predecessor, he began his new and uncertain career, with but a small capital, partly gathered from his own industry, and partly from a slight loan of money, which an interested relative granted him.

With Mr. Atkins's good fortune, howover, grew also his wife's ambition; a mean ambition, too, that had its origin in false prejudices and paltry distinctions. Perceiving that Charles Sylvester's affection for her idolized daughter also increased with his to the then innocent and undesigning Augelina, by

Their removal to the south part of the city had a tendency to diminish the number of visits of the A double blow was thereby jufficted upon the heart young man to the elegant residence of his faithful and pride of the fair Angelina, who beheld with sorfriend and former employer. When there, he felt row the transfer of her lover's suit to a distinguished himself but ill at case, for Mrs. Atkins, who had Southern belle, whose fiery glances had more than never shown him much favor, treated him now more once betokened judiousy towards her Northern sister. coldly than ever. Angeliua's manner towards him | The arrival of Mr. Atkins at Nahant, pale and exwarm-hearted girl, whose society he had so courted sad truth of his ruin. Mrs. Atkins mourned over and enjoyed but two years before. It was evident to her misfortunes, and inwardly oursed the hour that the clear sighted vision of Charles Sylvester, that had given her birth. It was at this time that the the fair and once unaffected girl, was fast becoming native virtues of Angelina shown forth with peculiar metamorphosed into what the world torms "a fash. lustre. The tiuseled mask of fashion had fallen lonable butterfly," and that, too, mainly through the from her face, and she now saw with regret the life

As time were on, however, fortune began to favor powerful influence and instrumentality of her weak-

friendship and counsel the young man still valued

The early part of July found Mrs. Atkins and her upon one of our most fashionable squares at the lovely, and now marriageable daughter, Angelina, instigation of his would be aristocratic wife, who there also, as anticipated, and Mrs. Atkins, fearing often declared that she always knew that she should lest she should be outdone by people of such reputed daughter and self at the Nahant House, for which silver spoon in her mouth.

Adaugnter and self at the Nahant House, for which
There was one thing that troubled Mrs. At ins an exhorbitant price was demanded, and when smallsorely, even after her newly-create pride had been er and less elaborately furnished apartments would

would be despised in society, and looked down upon become a sharer in the pleasures which he labored with contempt by the fastitions daughters of our to provide so lavishly for his family. All day long merchant princes, Lecause she was only a grocer's Lemuel Atkins toiled hard at the store, and at nightdaughter. This was a first thought of Mrs. Att full returned, tired and hungry, to the solitude of kins, and one which the train of a true la ly could his cheerless and deserted home—say rather gilded never have originated. Her practical and plain prison!--while his wife and daughter flourished spoken husband often laughed at her absord, or, as grandly, in costly silks and satins, among the devohe called them, high-strong notions, knowing, as he tees of wealth and fashion, peopling our celebrated

his wife's weakness on certain 1 sints, particularly denied him, for the expense being too great to take upon his children's account, who, from the very nathem to Nahant, they had all four been placed in a ture of their intimacy with one whom they affection- farmer's family, some fifty miles distant from Bosately termed mother, could not fail to imbibe in a ton, where they were boarded at a low rate, without greater or less degree, many of the native principles causing their pleasure-seeking mamma a moment's and traits of character belonging to the parent stem, care or uneasiness. The pretty face and reputed But to return to my story. The conversation at wealth of Angelina Atkins, (who was currently rethe breakfast table between Mr. Atkins and his wife, ported an heiress at Nahant,) did not fail to attract was rather abruptly broken off by the early and to her side many of the opposite sex, who, chamelon unexpected appearance of a business friend, who took like, feed upon the perfumed air of such fashionable

the stancahat grouty Mrs. Atkins to finish her Mrs. Atkins, rather than her daughter, prided herself upon, was an Italian count, by the name of An hour later, and Miss Angelina Atkins ta pretty Stefani. His dark style of beauty, together with one At sight of her, Mrs. Atkins's face, which gained for him the popularity which he so much wanted smoothness - for Angelina was her mother's twhose peculiar weakness is a strong love for everyespecial pet, and always mode it a point to retain the thing foreign. He professed to belong to one of the fay, r of her adoring mamma, even at the expense of most ancient and distinguished families in all Italy; Mazzini, and spoke quite hopefully of the day not What did papa say about our anticipated trip to being far distant, when Italy-glorious Italy!—should Nahant, this summer?" inspired the fair Angelina, throw off the Austrian yoke which had so long

beauteous native land, while infatuated daughters "His remarks, as usual, were far from being to the and admiring mammas, soon collisted all their sym-

failure! What he means by such language, I really the victory which her daughter was hourly achieving I'm't know, for the hard times of last winter did not over the rest of her female companions, in captivatseem to affect him in the least, when people, for the ling, as she believed, the heart of the noble and ac-

white your sure that he was asteep which he gold Annu the white missionable inc, in which Annutterance to such strange words?" interposed the geitha engaged at Yolight, the memory of Charles young girl.

Sylvester was quite agotten, and she rarely, if eves, now pronounced his hame. Mrs. Atkins very natuis frightened, I shook him violently, to wak in him, rally e-included, that whatever penchant her daughf passible, from what seemed to me to be a fit of the ter might have had in former years for her boy-lover,

rather rough treatment, and slept soundly on, until 'Count was constantly at the side of the no less bedaybreak. It was my intention to have spoken to wildered and delighted Angelina. Mr. Arkins, who him about the matter this morning, but I had hardly I spent only his Sabbaths at Nahant, had but little time to get in a word edgeways about Nahant, be-lidea of the new romance which was being so skillfire that here of a Gharles Sylvester rang at the fully wrought out in his absence, under the especial door, and took your father at once down the street, surveiliance and encouragement of his scheming

The highly affected and presumptuous air of the Count Stefani quite disgusted the naturally sensibles last name, although she made no reply to her moth- and practical Mr. Atkins, on the occasion of their first interview. He even cautioned his fair daughter was a young man of great morality of character, to be carefully on her guard against the intrigues and designs of a foreigner, of whose early career society could give no definite information.

Mrs. Atkins's will, however, was supreme in love matters, as also in all the affairs of domestic life which came within her powerful grasp. Business grocery store, for the retail of West India goods. and politics were the only two things in which Mrs. Atkins did not condescend to dabble. The time was vice of his master, discharging his duties with so once when Mrs. Atkins knew to a cent the income much alacrity and faithfulness, as to ensure him not received by her hard-working husband, as well as the exact sum of money expended by him for the yearly support of his family of seven. But now, since her rapid rise to good fortune, sho had made From the time of their carliest acquaintance, when it a point to banish such trivialities from her mind, both were, comparatively speaking, children together, as related particularly to the pecuniary interests of as related particularly to the pecuniary interests of her too indulgent partner. For the past year, Lemuel Atkins had been conscious of living beyond his naturally a -child of warm and generous impulses, means.—His frequent and earnest entreaties for his wife to retrench her personal and incidental exone, commenced business for himself. Following the Atkins. If she trembled a little for her husband's fate, during the particular season designated as "hard times," she now felt cutirely relieved when the winter months passed, and the name of Atkins & Co. had not been found among the long list of failures in the mercantile world of Boston.

The crisis came at last, however, when least expected. Mrs. Atkins was horror-stricken and overwhelmed with mortification. The news of Lemuel Atkins's failure was freely buzzed about in the years, and that he was encouraged in his attentions drawing-room of the Nahant House, where the fair Angelina had for the last few weeks held her undis-Mr. Atkins himself, she determined to break off an | puted sway as queen of fashion and beauty. The acquaintanceship between the two parties, which she engagement which had been contracted between the terribly feared would sooner or later ripen into love. Count Stefani and Miss Atkins, under the auspices of the mother of the latter, was now speedily severed.

had also changed. She was no longer the frank and cited, one Saturday night, told all too plainly the

of extravagance and folly into which she had been ful, radiant image often clasped Violet to her bosom. past two years.

from Nahant, now that her eyes had been clearly all carthly explanation, all need of wgrds. But on opened to the hollowness of worldly wealth, and the the and, pale face of her who, day after day reclined base deceit of man. A rense of duty supplanted in the cushioned chair, there rested only an exprespride, and raised her pure soul above the depths of sion of querulous suffering, that often broke in weak the abyes of despair, into which her spirit-crushed complainings from her lips, in moans that no faith mother had fallen. Mr. Atkins's removal to hum and fortitude repressed. Deeply pained and agitated. bler quarters was a dagger-thrust to the pride of his the child often strove by affectionate attentions and wife, who grieved and fretted her life away in a sweetly spozen consolations, to soothe and calm the twelve-month from the time of her husband's failure. sufferer. It was with tears, and a deep pain at the

seen fit to deprive of a counsellor and protector.

At first, Mr. Atkins seemed likely to break down silently obeyed, passing quietly the partal and hurry. under his double affliction, but Angelina's noble faith ing quickly down the broad, high steps then, fleeinspired him with fresh courage, and the ruined ing into the waving inviting wood, effected herself man again, hoped for brighter days. Help and good upon the cool, green carpet, and wept her sorrow to fortune were nearer at shand than anticipated, the listening trees, that melodiously and soothingly At this time appeared Charles Sylvester, who, with responded, while afar, the ocean hymned its eternal his old feeling of respect for his former master still refrain of solemn promise, and sunlight and shadow. ingering in his heart, now proved to both Angelina wind and water, flower and hill-side, whispered; and her father the truth of the old adage, "that a "l'eace-peace!" friend in need, is a friend indeed."

less luxuriantly and showily than when his wife's of encouragement and love. was alive. -

Angelina, proved to be not a real count, but a poor away. On her dead face rested a smile of peace, and Italian barber in disguise. Clad in fine clothes, he the features were levely and composed-no more dispresented himself at Nahant, where he played his turbed by the soul's inharmony, the body's suffering. cards skillfully and won what he most desired, a As Violet gazed upon her thus, a flood of tenderness fortune in the shape of a Southern heiress. A few months after his marriage with the New Orleans her eyes, and when her grief was spent, as days and belle, he decamped with her money for foreign parts, weeks and months passed on, she felt that the deleaving his beautiful bride to regret her own foliy, parted was nigh to her-that, nearer than in life. and the summer which she spent at Nahant.

Written for the Banner of Light. THERE'S NEED OF LIGHT.

BY DR. LYON.

There's need of light-there's need of light. To scatter the gloom of error's night-To cheer this darkened world of ours. Where creeds are many, and few the flowers: Since partisan oath and bigot zeal Would force belief by the aid of steel.

Since the banner of peace is velled in dust, And the cannons thunder for power and lust, And the ornhan's wail and the widow's sigh Are heeded not by the passer-by-Since right is crushed by the heel of might, Who cannot see that there 's Weed of light?

Since the rich as one all close their door And their heart, to the cry of the starving poor-Snice human beings are bought and sold, And churches built with the blood-stained gold. And the Bible is quoted to prove it right, The church, the priest, and the world needs light.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DREAM AND REALITY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

She was a strange, imaginative child, dreaming strange dreams in the broaddaylight-with eyes that sparkled with a mysterious joy as they rested upon the sunlighted ocean, the distant mountain peaks and smiling valleys surrounding her free and beautiful home. An only child, she grew up wild and untrammelled by the forms of society-a pure and truthful spirit, on which the holy attributes of Nature were impressed by angel hands. The majesty and grandeur of the encircling hills inspired her soul with prayer, with a lofty ambition, far reaching, glowing, pure and beautiful-a desire for goodness, holiness, perfection. The swaying trees, bending reverently beneath the exulting or the sorrowing winds-the music of the whispering foliage-the merry dash of living waters—the sudden gushes of melody issuing from the interlacing bowers-the unnamed lovely flowers, blooming beneath the deep, azure skies of that world-aparted solitude-all filled her earnest soul with longings, intense and vague, for some mighty realization of unbidden dreams, and hopes so beautiful.

dying imperceptibly, almost painlessly away—she passed from earth! was used to the sight of her strangely-brilliant eyes | From her calm and reflective childhood, Violet and hollow cheeks, and though she gazed upon the passed Imperceptibly on to maidenhood, unconscious wasted face and thin, transparent hands, with ten- of the loving, glorious spirit that beamed so radiantly derest pity and anguish, yet somehow, on her soul's victorious from her large, blue eyes-unconscious of vision gleamed a counterpart of the face and form the mighty intellect enthroned upon her massive before her, and that other face was radiant with joy brow; the power and the gentleness mingling in her and health-the form was lithe and dancing, the pensive smile; the willowy grace of her queenly brown hair waved abundantly around a serene, fair form; the elastic step, betokening life, and strength, brow-and the blue eyes were filled with the an and vigor. She knew not that abroad in the great swering tenderness of a mother's heart. This hope world, that face would win her fame and fortune

led, by her rash and indiscreet mother, during the and then she fell that her spirit had found an echothat her mother's soul responded to the demands of Angelina now applied herself: to the duties of her heart, that she retired from that mother's presence, father's family, and endeavored to supply the place repelled and chilled by her cold voice-by the imof mother to the four little ohildren whom God had patient movement that bado her "go away and leave me." With pale, and face and tear filled eyes, she

Thou beautiful gift of foreshadowed power-thou A new firm was soon established under the name holy knowledge that we call dream! what is the of "Sylvester & Atkins," whose business facilities ideal but the soul's glimpse into the coming, awaitincreasing yearly, soon enabled the persevering and ing Eden-the realization of hope, and love, and joy, honorable Mr. Atkins to pay off his old creditors in denied us here? From the coldly averted glances of a manner highly satisfactorily to all parties con her father, Violet turned with a sinking heart to cerned. The old affection, which, when a child, Ange the green, inviting, dreamy solitude-and there she lina Atkins had felt for her father's faithful apprentmet the Father of her longing soul, standing with tice. Charles Sylvester, now returned with redoubled outstretched arms of welcome, with beaming smiles, strength. A year from the period of her mother's and eyes of unutterable love. There she was clasped death. Angelina Atkins became the happy bride of to a bosom, beating with the might of affection. the now enterprising and wealthy Charles Sylvester. strong with aspiration, hope and faith. There she Mr. Atkins, now an old man, still lives prosperously communed with him, Her' soul's guide and teacher, and comfortably with his remaining children, though and listened with a reverential eastacy to his words

Thus amid loving dreams and chilling realities Count Stefaui, the professed admirer of the fair passed her childhood; and the pale mother passed filled her being, welled in sorrowing tribute from that mother now understood and loved her-and she deemed that her voice, now love-fraught, or sweetly prayerful, aided the burden of the breeze's music, intermingled with the calm wavelet's sighing, whispered from the rustling branches, called her from the sunset clouds.

> The stern and worldly father mourned for the departed, as the selfish and conventional mourn; then, when the appointed time for sorrow was past, he calmly laid aside his mourning badge, and from the neighboring city brought a bright eyed, starely lady to his mountain home. In Violet's untut red mind, there was no antagonism to this new mother; she had found her own. Wild, and free, and thoughtless, she feared not the stranger's influence; nay, she even dreamed of loving her-of meeting with affection, care and tenderness.

> She was a widow, with one son-a boy about Viclet's own age-so her father had told her, and the busy dreamer wove many a pleasant dream of the future; of love for the new mother, of fraternal friendship for the coming brother.

Alas, poor dreamer ! the vain and fashionable woman, with her artificial graces, was no companion. no guide for thee. With true intuition, and instinttive dread, she read the imperious tyranny stamped upon the boy's forehead; the mocking irony of his smile, and she turned away her eyes with a sigh of ienviest disappointment-with a gloom upon he spirits, and a sinking weight upon her heart.

As time sped on, their characters developed rapidly, and the 'free, proud spirit of Violet was often crushed beneath the despotic rule of strangers. Often she turned upon the coldly malicious woman, the taunting boy, with flashing eyes, and cheeks all crimson with her soul's rebellion. Then, with a bound like a wounded deer, she sped away through hall and chamber, never resting till she reached her mossy mountain scar, or her favorite spot beneath the fragrant pines, there to weep out her sorrow, and feel the healing touch of nature's varying influences-her magical treath, and low murmuring inllabys, soothing, cheering, reanimating the fainting heart. There, truly, angels ministered unto her, and the spirit of resignation bade her repeat the hely words: "Not my will, but Thine be done!" and, armed anew for the unequal contest, she issued forth, strong and undismayed, from her communings with love and holiness, to meet the stern realities of life.

Her father died, and as the shadows gathered upou his face, and the summoning angel whispered in his ear, his stern heart yielded to a momentary impulse of love. His fading lips murmured a bless-With timid solicitude Violet guarded her strange, ing on his watching child, and as, obeying his sigwild thoughts, nor even named them to her stern nal, she bent her head to listen, a kiss and a tear and worldly-minded father, nor to her fair and suffer- fell on her brow; signs of reconciliation and affecing mother, whose daily paling cheek lay languidly tion, that thrilled her heart with an outbreak of soragainst the crimson cushion of her carved oak chair. row, wild and deep. The father's eyes fixed upon And when from the neighboring mansions and cot her pleading countenance, were full of cutrenty and tages the children came to play with her, she told promise; Violet's full, deep, entire soul was in the them not the secret of her flowers, nor revealed to answering gaze. With his eyes still fixed upon her them the oracles of forest-tree and moss-crowned face, the death film settled on them, and the clinging rock. With intuitive wisdom she judged thus early pressure relaxed; the mysterious shadows deepened of the realities that opposed her dream-life, but she and settled, and the smile of victory illumined the sought in eye, and voice, and gesture, for the kindred still and pallid lips. A loud wail of grief arose from spirit that would meet her own upon the territories that chamber, and was echoed by the waiting atof the beautiful, with her to explore its secrets; and tendants without, but Violet was calm and still; float down the golden waters leading to the realms with one lingering, carnest look upon the departed, afar—the sanctuary upon the topmost height. | meekly folding her arms across her breast, she walked From the clouded face of her father, Violet turned slowly from the room, silently passed through the with a despairing sigh; he loved her as he loved his ranks of the wondering servants, to where the steep house and lands-his costly furniture-far less than path led to the mountain's solitude, and there, amid the the gold acquired by years of labor. He loved her surrounding stillness of the autumn eve, Violet felt with a worldly pride, for her beauty and unconscious that her father's love was gained—that her spirit was grace, her voice of melody; but her spirit was as a understood; the wild-birds sang there for her his rescaled book for him-her thoughts and feelings never quiem, and the tall trees bent in reverential salutafound a response in his breast. She felt the void, tion to her grief; and the remaining sober-tinted and it placed a restless longing in her soul, to which flowers, the waving grass, the gushing waterfall, the sky and ocean, not human sounds or glauces, gave distant ocean, all joined in nature's universal prayerthe fitting answer. The young, frail mother, fading, the solemn, joyful thanksgiving for the freed spirit

man, cov, mainly survugu surv from hor face, and she now saw with regret the life

amid those golden-brown tresses, and encircle with moody and discontented to her humble avocationscostlicat gems those rounded arms. Angel guarded, her life of mockery and labor-oh no! she returned she admitted not the forms of vanity and folly to her with renewed strength, and hope and energy, with bosom; filled with the worship of the beautiful, living more in an ideal realm than in an unloved home, true, so beautiful, so real. And when fortune smiled, she knew not of her own regal beauty, her latent powers and slumbering energies of soul.

The taunting manner of lidwin Lare had long since given place to courteous deference and respectful assiduity-for love had usurped the place of petty malice. The tyrant bent to a higher power; the proud spirit to a loftier mind, a purer influence. found a quiet resting place amid the wild beauties Timidly, fearfully, the aristocratic Edwin Lare loved of Nature, where, from afar, she still could hear the the mountain maiden, the world-unseen violet. But ocean's greeting-where fragrant pine woods send she loved him not; for her standard of excellence their deepening shadows, inviting to repose-where reached far beyond his noblest power, even beyond mortal pre-eminence; his worldly pride revolted her humble, trusting faith; his worship of the world's idols repelled her from his side; for he could not share her dreams, her aims and prayers; he wor- dreams of Heaven. shipped not-her God! His Deity was the world's opinion; had it enthroned Satanie power in lieu of a God of love and mercy, he would have worshipped with the throng, and offered up accepted prayers, that never found source or resting place in the heartthat receptacle of spontaneous adoration, of life bringing faith and joy.

Violet turned with undisguised contempt from her lover's pleadings-from his mother's threats. In her trust, she defied their, malico; and in her self-reliance she rested, unconscious of danger. Then, when humbly Suppliant, Edwin plead for her affection, she was often moved to tears, and reasoned with him as a sister might, hoping to gain a sister's influence over him; but when all the pride and bitterness of his fiercer nature was aroused, he turued to acouse her of cruelty and deception; when, forgetting courtesy and deference, he dared to threaten, then her lip curled with scorn, and her deep, blue eyes flashed fire, as she replied to his menaces: "The world is 'tyide!"

They told her it was her father's dying wish that she should wed him, but she smiled incredulously, and remained unshaken in her firm resolve. They persecuted her in many ways, to wring consent from her: but although her cheek lost its rose-tint, her step its springing lightness, she was true to her own soul, to the registered vow of her spirit.

One night she stood upon her favorite spot in the dense pine woods, and sent her soul aloft in voiceloss prayer. The stars of midnight glistened in the cloudless vault ahove, and the full moon showered its beautifying radiance over the dear, familiar scene, softening the rugged outlines of jutting rocks, and fantastic mountain peaks, playing over and amid the forest thickness with the light of a benediction-sinking deeply into the sorrowing heart of the solitary maiden, bidding a long farewell to home.

The moonbeams played upon her dusky robes, and rested on her uncovered head, that bent as if in reverence to that last, home-blessing; then shadows flitted swiftly across the retreating form-shadows formed of swaying boughs and intercepting hedgesand the stars beamed calmly on, and the ocean mingled its, solemn voice with the wailing nightwind's sound, as Violet fled away from home-fled to the wide, opening, unknown world. Henceforth how changed was the life of the dreamer-how overtoil and effort-how wearily passed the days-how cruel was the self imposed for of the stranger!

Many bent in admiration to her beauty, who would not for worldly pride have offered their names; yet awed by the power of purity pervading her face and could not perjure her soul, nor stain her lips with ter, Eleanor. falsehood. She toiled bravely on, boaring humiliait paled her cheek, and stole the lustre from her'eye. and bent her majestic figure as with a heavy burden mansion for a hundred years. sublime and the simply beautiful-could she, the unknown stranger, compete with high and glorious fluence over the millions—where could she find a place, amid the throng? So, from the realms of the ideal. barred and bolted fast by prejudice, she turned away with a shuddering sigh to the cold, stern duties bewhispered to her oft-rebellious spirit: "All will be the sufferings of its last heir. well-there is a land beyond! There, father, mother, beloved one of my spirit, we shall meet!"

always smiled upon her, and great, fierce watch-dogs and the poor-but of endeared friends. crouched at her feet and licked her hand submissively. Still, as in her childhood's days, the trees and ing to and fro of old Mr. Leroy, and hung upon his flowers greeted her with a language all their own; words as if life and death were involved in that short and sweet foreshadowings-dreams of delight and bulletin. reunion-visited her with joy. So years passed on, and her sweet heart-poems, timidly, wailingly uttered, found their place to the waiting hearts of thousands -to the humble homes, to the firesides of the laborer and the souls of the oppressed-to the bereaved and the wronged, bringing to them an angel's promise of consolation and redress. Years had matured thought, and she had overcome with patience and falth the world's prejudices; and it repaid her tenfold for the patient whiting, and showered its laurel-wreaths fectionate solicitude of his humble neighbors in his upon her bent and humble brow-its wealth to her own quaint way, never paraphrasing, yot porfectly timidly outstretched hands. The dream-land of the understood. beautiful was never barred to her longing sight-its Lowery portal never closed to her willing feet. Some- Squire of Rochdale faded gradually with the autumn times it was clouded by the mists of earthly suffer. leaves. One evening a stranger stopped at Leroy's ing-that veiled its sun lighted beauty-from the cottage, and requested permission to take a draught weeper's eyes. But even amid toil, penury and pri- from the well before the perch. vation, its angel-guarded gates unclosed to the accompaniment of soft and plaintlye music, and led stranger, much pleased with the outward appearance. the earth-weary one to the Elyslum of faith and hope; where her angel-mother awaited her with his travel-stained garments, and there was a dash of rapturous smile and outstretched arms of welcome habitual recklessness in his manner, that gave an her futher smiled as he had never done on earthand the kindred spirit, long and wearlly sought for. Old Leroy gave him a hearty welcome, and when unfound amid the sons of mortality, there stood with the hour arrived when it was his custom to visit the recognized brow and leve-lit eye to welcome her to | Hall, he exclaimed, "Back soon; get supper, Kate!" the spirit's resting place.

Even this hard life was not one of absolute suffer-

that princes would be proud to twine their coronets and elevated feeling, the dreamer returned not. reawakened soul, and trust in the Unseen, that is so her golden gifts had not the power to estrange that loving heart from its customary worship-to lead it to vain, worldly festivity—to render it oblivious of the life within and above.

Violet never returned to her mountain home-it remained in the possession of the stranger-but she wild flowers grow luxuriantly beautiful-where the dove-like spirit of prayer and peace, blends with the matin song of birds, with their vesper clime--where the sweet realities of home, blend with thoughts and

For the Banner of Light. HIDDEN EXISTENCES.

In vain we pierce the air, The day floods through the dawn, The star's soft light is gone-And yet the star is there.

The Winter blights the green, The brightest flowers are missed-And yet the germs exist things which are unseen

Stars, like souls forgiven, Grow lustrous with the change. .When Night's dark shadows rango Upon the fields of Heaven.

.So with our short life, and Then Death comes silently And sets our spirits free; And thus our souls expand.

And bright stars gem this sphere: 'In Death's dim light is lost The child we leved the most-And yet the child is near.

This change is but a screen-Our souls can never part, Heari beats for ayo to heart-

R. W. E. The unseen with the seen.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TWO WORDS.

BY MARTHA W. BENTON.

In a beautiful little yillage in the north of France, ived an unobtrusive and taciturn old gentleman named Leroy; but from the latter characteristic predominating, he had obtained the cognomen of " Tico Bords." He lived on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, as chary of speech as her master.

Every one who saw the old man, deemed from the remains of the gentleman, that he had seen better days, and though his means were straightened, his heart was large, and his countenance always expressive of benevolence.

Notwithstanding his brief mode of speech, the advice of Mr. Leroy was sought upon every subject whereon it was presumed advice could be profitable, whelming came the sad, stern, unbending realties of and the simple rustics of Rochdale valued his words the more because, devoid of pomposity and filled with decicion, they left an indelible impression, which long sermons failed to do.

Mr. Leroy had always lived upon lutimate terms with the family at the old Hall--an intimacy that form, dared not utter their unholy wishes. Others was cemented by early association; for Edgement, offered her their home and hearts, but Violet's the proprietor of the baronial domain, and Mr. Leroy, strange heart was closed to the r pleadings-the ideal had been school-fellows, and when the old Squire of her worship dwelt not among them. In vain the was attacked with the incurable disease which was world displayed its vast array of temptations-the destined to carry him to the still land, old Leroy was exerings of wealth and spleudor-the quietness of the confidential friend of the invalid father, and the home-the respite from toil and anxiety. Violet cousoler of the young, handsome and sensitive daugh-

Rochdale was of noble structure, and its interior tion, neglect and poverty, though her spirit pined | was adorned with both the antique and the modernfor the breath of her mountain home--for the voice for the Elgemonts were an old family, who traced of the ever-answering sea-with saintense a longing their descent from Conde, and the most illustrious names in France, and had inhabited the old baronial

of woe. Her wild, untutored mind, had stored itself | Its broad green lawns spread out along the Seine, with gems of poetic thought-her skillful fingers perfumed with roses and musical with birds, while possessed rare musical power-but in the world just beyond, the quiet hamlet of Rochdale rested like there were so many poets-so many imitators of the a sheep-fold just within the protection of the shepherds. But now, although the nightingales sang and the roses bloomed, there were serious faces looking names? Music, led by science, exercised its magin inpastimes, while the old conversed apart in whispers, glancing towards the old Itall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their solicitude. Edgemont's fortune was somewhat imfore her, and with brave heart took her station amid paired, and the rustic inhabitants who had so long the humblest toilers, and bent her slender frame to shared his benevolence and solicitude, felt huxiety as unused labors, and hardened her gentle hands, and well for the future of the hamler of Rochdald, as for

There was not a peasant in the hamlet who had not always sympathized most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk," and now that there ing. Among her humble companions, many looked was a certainty of losing them forever, it seemed not up to her with deference and delight-little children like the parting of tonants and landlords-of the rich

They sat at their doors, and watched for the pass-

- "Ilow is the Squire, to day?" asked one.
- "No better," would be the reply.
- Inquired. "Very patient," responded the old man, moving
- slowly on by the aid of his staff. "Patient! Master Leroy means a deal, when he says patient! Bless her young, sweet face!"
- So, without wasting words, Leroy satisfied the af-

The summer was waning into autumn, and the

"Most wolcomel" said Two Words, scanning the An air of gentle breeding could be discerned, despite additional charm to all he did and said.

and stepping out his door, turned ence more to the lifted look after look of his silver hair, and in a mo. to be, to feel. At the very mention of the word, a From these high communions, with lofty thought stranger, and said, "Don't go!"

ly; "I like my quarters too well; I'll wait till you who exclaimedcome back, governor; I.hope you wont be too long, for my mouth fairly waters for the supper you spoke

leroy smiled, and walked away more briskly thau usual, and, after sitting for some time with Edgemont, bade him "Good night," and said, "Bless the young stranger was awaiting him.

"Keen air," remarked the host." "Fine evening," replied the stranger, in a jocose manner.

"An artist?" inquired Leroy.

- "Rather an indifferent one," replied the youth, bursting into a loud laugh, unable to contain his mirth longer. "But are you always as economical of words, sir & Do n't you find it difficult sometimes tion. to carry on conversation in this strain ?"
- good humor.
- "Not I," cried the youth, "and I want to ask you half-dozen questions; will you answer me ""

"I'll try," replied Leroy,

with you, could not refrain from a quiet hour of conversation."

"Most-welcome!" said the old man, courteously. Ah! ha! if that's the way you pursue your discourse. I do n't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that Lanay get a wife who will follow your example-a woman of two words, in short! She'll be a rare specimen of her sex!"

"Ah! ha!" ejaculated Leroy! "Come, tell me, for time presses," said the young uncient race. stranger, "all about Rochdale, and the Squire; for The prophecy proved correct; and the pathway my friend, whom I left youder, is vastly interested

in the place and property." "The heir?" whispered the old man.

"Well, well! suppose we say he is; he is not a bad fellow; perhaps a little bit wild!" was the young call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully, below is engraven this in inscription, of two words: "I should be a happy dog, then!"

" And then?" said old Mr. Leroy, smiling. "Why, then I'd pull down the rickety old house, and build a palace fit for a king. I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me, and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country!" Here the young man paused to take breath.

" And then 'C said Two Words, gently. "Why, then, I'd bunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dauce, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full, feasting from year's end to year's end."

" And then ?" said the old gentleman, more slowly. "Why, then, I suppose in time I should grow oid, like other people, and cease to care for all these things."

" And then ?"

"Why, then, I suppose I should have to loave all the pleasures of this life, and, like all other people,

" And then?" persisted Two Words.

" Hang your 'and then's.' But the moon is up. so I'm off. Good night, and thank you!" And, without-further-parley, he started off on his walk over the hills, and left Mr. Leroy standing at his little gate, gazing after him.

In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley and on the hillside, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, " And they !"

Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there -- or, at least, they arranged themselves in a new significan e. His past life presented itself to him for the first time, as a otherent chain of events exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not receive any determined change, he still kept repeating anx iously the two strangely suggestive words, " And then !"

During all his after-life that young man never forgot the solitary night walk when he lost his way eneath a beautiful spangled summer sky, and the stars seemed to form, and the night breeze to whisper, the wonderful words-"and then."

He had gained no satisfactory intelligence respecting the inmates of Rochdale Hall, but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Old Leroy, and in return had received a reproof in two words. which had penetrated his heart, and set him thinking seriously. Mystic little words-" and then."

At length Mr. Edgemont died, and for nearly three years the Old Hall remained untenanted, save by the lomestic left in charge.

Miss Eleanor had found shelter with a distant relative, though her memory was still fresh, and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Leroy, if possible, was mental. more silent than ever, and still remained the village oracle, and more cherished than of yore; as the onlyrumored that Mr. Clare, the new proprietor, was of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him; and ill reports gained ground that this same new comer had been in former times wild, ex-"How's dear Miss Eleanor?" another anxiously travagant, careless of others, and profligate in the extreme.

Two Words had not contradicted such reports, and they were believed to be substantiated. With heavy hearts the inhabitants of Rochdale commenced on this planet, are to perform the labor of mind and their rural preparations for the reception of the new Squire and his bride. Green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading | Every age of enlightenment shows how nearly we brailches, beneath which the traveler's road lay. It approximate to the spiritual. We are having less Rochdale was in its glory, and never had the chorus forth to the world of thought and conception. The of the groves been more fulls than on that summer evening, when the old and young of the hamlet, race has less strength, because we carry not the arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet their ponderous frame or fleshy habilment, for the life now landlord and benefactor.

vere to line this picturesque approach.

ment more he found himself embraced by the fond something real and defined comes down in the chariot ward.

"No, that I wont," replied the young man, frank- arms of his pet and friend, Miss Eleanor Edgement,

"Our first greeting must be from you, dear-dear Mr. Loroy. I need not introduce Mr. Clare; he is known to you already !"

Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say-" Miss Nellie!" as he gazed you," to Eleanor, and again hastened home, where the young stranger who had departed so abruptly from one to another, recognizing in the gentleman over the moonlight hills more than three years before. Seizing the hand of the astonished old man, young Clare said with deep feeling:

> "It is to your instrumentality, venerable sir, that I owe my happiners!"

> "llow so?" was Mr. Leroy's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face which, on a former occasion, had won his confidence and admira-

"You do n't," replied the old man, in remarkably in me, which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect," returned Clare, "and without which Eleaner never would have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity. These two little words " and "I've not long to stay, and I diverged to Rochdale, then" convey a deep and mystical meaning to my as I was anxious to see the old Hall, and, falling in heart; and they are of such significant imports that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and better man."

> Eleanor gazed proudly and confidingly on her husband; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected, whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of numerous asides, purporting that Miss Eleanor never would have married a bad man, and that Mr. Clare must be a worthy successor of the

> strewn with summer roses, over which Eleanor trod on her bridal day, to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery pathewhich marked her future destiny.

The old Hall at Rochdale is still extant-a fine man's rejoinder. "But he has heard of the beauty specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancesof Miss Edgemont, and he feels great regret that so tral groves, still famed for slightering innumerable lovely a creature should be turned out of the old Hall, nightingales, when the Rockdale roses exhale their to make room for him. He is anxious to know what delicious fragrance. In the old churchyard on the will become of her when her father dies. It is a green hill-side, a white monument gleams in the sunpretty place, this Rochdale-a paradise, I should say, shine, whereon may be traced the name of Joshua I know what I'd do if I was ever lucky enough to Leroy, specifying the date of his happy death, while "AND THES,"

THE HOURS.

BY RAY, CHRISTOPHUR TEASE CHANCE,

The hours are viewless angels, That still go gliding by, And bear each minute's record up To hem who sits on high.

And we, who wask among them, As one by one departs, Bee not that they are hovering Lorever round our hearts.

Like summer-boos, that hover Are stel the idle flowers, They gather every act and thought-Those viewless angel-hours.

The potentiar the need ar The heart's deep flower range you. I. A sample still the Vication wife And leave to in the field, And some 4st by on pintons

Of Joyeen gold and blue, And total flag on with drouping wings Of sorrow a darker has But still they steal the record, And Tour it for away

Their musica-light by day or night

No manie power can stay, And as we spend out minute. That God to us bath given The deeds are known before his throne-

The tale is told in heaven. These beedlike hours we see not. Nor hear their noiseless wings: We only feel, too oft, when flown,

That they have left their sticks. En trach me, heavenly l'atter, . To meet each flying home. That as they go they may not show

My Wealt a poson-flower! So, when death brings its shadows, The hours that huger last Shall bear my hopes on angel-wings, Unfetter'd by the past.

Life Eternal.

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

[Through the Medium-hip of Mrs. J. S. Adams.]

PART FOURTEENTH.

This is truly the age of iron, and the life of electric speed. But with all the velocity of the world to-day, the powers of man are sluggish, slothful, and deadened, in comparison to what they may become. Yet the physical is fast becoming subordinate to the

We have had in ages past too great a regetable growth. I do not mean that it was not necessary at remaining memento of the Edgemonts-the old far the time. But now the mental is in the ascendant. miliar faces now seen no more. At length it was Generations are being born with less physical power, and higher mentality. Our age of iron is not of the soon expected to take possession of his property at material Samsonian strength; but it is the iron age the old Hall, and moreover, that he was on the point of thought. The strong and sinewy arm is powerless, beside the mighty mind. The day of man's labor is being made easy with grand achievements.

The political and social world are at present in volennio cruptions-throwing out the suppressed flames of past ages. The great star of life shineth through the night and through the noonday; and the generations of mentality that are being born now thought, that their fathers had once to do by the sinew and muscle.

was the season of nightingales and roses, when to do with the earthly tabermade, and are reaching Idea cannot for a moment be entertained that the principle has flown in the brain, and this age of man Old Mr. Leroy stood at his cottage door-which shall bring him unfoldings, brighter-far brighterwas just beyond the bridge, over which the heir to than the most etherial conceptions that the mind has the Hall was to be conducted through an avenue of power to picture. As a law of necessity, these degarlands, while a band of maldens, dressed in white, velopments could not exist if man had not the power of appreciation; so now let us see how far we have Just as the sun was setting, a carriage drove traversed into the inner life-and let us give the quickly up, and stopped at the humble dwelling of word a definition. The shadowy form of death has the old gentleman. "Two Words" stepped forward long since passed away, and now the curtain rises on seeing the lady alight, while the evening wind to man's impatient gaze. Life is to live, to exist,

of imagination, and ideality grasps it, in her fairy fingers, and quickly pictures the brain of man with glowing animation, with an eternal revolving lifeprinciple on the wheel of time; and that he is to live through Eternal ages. What lives? The thought -the mind. But is this thinking atom to float in some great etherial space, without a tangible object. wherewith to clothe its never dying thought? Would'st thou be transplanted to a heaven ethorial, where only sunbeams flutter around thy brow, with never a shadow to by beside it in leauteons relief? O, no! This deep, undying thought, with its strong attractions and repulsions, will find forever those eternal attributes. The spirit will be eternally accessory to grief and happiness; for sunshine and shadow are the two great poles of the battery of life. We must have negation. The picture is written so plainly upon your planet of day and night, that they are synonymous of the truths of the universe. The night and day of the eternal mind must come--alternate, successive, and eternal.

The life of eternity, as long as eternity exists, must be tangible, concise, and material. If the spirit, clothed in the immortal body, can exist on air and space alone, the same deduction may be made of the spirit disembodied. It is this etherial part that we tetd. It is the mind that devises the habiliments of the body. It is the mental that selects and dictates the figod which serves to keep the physical and spiritual in harmony, as well as to nourish the mortal body. Every particle of food that is taken in this body, hath its component parts of spiritual life, that go to the nourishment and harmony of the physical with the spiritual. It is this immortal mind that is encased in this tenementthis house of God-that thinks, that fashions, and plans-that moveth the tenement or body wheresoever it wills. . It is this that planneth the manufacture of the garments to be worn. Then why, for a moment, question the immortality of labor? The growing out of this very necessity for the mortal overing, are the rich diversities of man's degise in the mental range. The body would never call for a shield; 't is this unimated life that clothes it. There is in the positive no evil in the principle of the body's necessities and wants. It is only the result of man's eternal thinking powers, traceable unto that great universe of thought, where the united powers of the brains of myrials form a perfect whole, making up the Godhead.

Invention is the parent of art and science. Man's curiosity, and restlessness, to be grasping more of the world, is only a chariot, of thought that goes riding over the rough places of the panet. It is to be forever doing, forever acting and manking, that brings us jato the life that is etern il. 🦠

Death and annihilation are synonymous. Life and activity are the motive powers - the inherent qualities of these embodiments of soul. And, far on in the ages of eternity, we shall be found thinking, acting and inventing, with the same velocinence and vigor of life, as the brain doth now invent the rapid motion of travel, and the lightning specifof the telegraph. But even new man grows important, and waiteth for more accelerated speed. Within and around the planet are deposited elements for man's inventive faculties to be perfected. The elements of more rapid motion are yet in end yo, sumbering till the birth-hour, when the Great Physician of the spirit shall be called to bring at both to power and life. And these rapid motions will bring communications of this planet, as it were in one daynation can talk with nation, and enviration will fast unfold her banner over the land of barbarity. The great commercial trade of thought is not yet begun. Each spirit is a glorious harbor, that sendeth the freighted barge into the voyage of life and eternityner the mingling of the nations begun, the sooner the chain of sympathy will flow round in the spirit world.

In the early manifestations, spirits were confined to their own localities and home associations. But now as the commerce of thought is beginning, we find them coming from foreign lands - from all nations and all tribes-speaking and communing with you, with almost the familiarity of a friend of many years. The red man comes from his Great Hunting Ground, only to awaken sympathly within your bosoms for their tribes. Spirits of tach of the past, versed in ancient history and science, approach you only to teach the truth that heaven and earth are mingling, that the spiritual life is only a little circlet around the globe, and that every mind in the spiritual world is fastened to the muterial with an invisible cord of love.

Kings, queens, and princes of the past come, not to reign over, but to dwell with you-to teach you of a higher kingdom and sovereignty. These subjects acknowledge but one power above-the power of

So conclusive must be the evidence to man of the immortality of mind and matter, that incredulity must tax her utmost power to conceive of retrogation or annihilation. Self evident to all must the truth appear, that we live in the present world, and that all things tend to and flow into the spirit. The body has not of itself a sensation It, is the spiritual part that feels and recognizes a wound.

To the mind that sees not through the vein of philosophy, the elucidation of principles in the spirit-life are mere statements, without thought or analogy; but he that follows the natural reason of his own soul, will not be tardy to perceive that without this eternity of material things the spirit could never grow or progress. As nature abhors a vacuum, so the mind repulses the thought of existing on an airy space, without external surroundings, recognizable to the spirit.

These material things, of which we are in daily converse, are types of the spiritual kingdom, for every atom of inanimate, nature hath its spiritual growth. Every flower bath its spirit essence, which is unseen fragrance. So is thought invisible, but More eternal than the elements that surround

The life-germ in an undeveloped brain is to the passer-by constantly throwing off its aspiration. Some mind above it takes the thought, and it passes on through creation. Yet, not leaving him unblessed, for the ascendant thought that struggled for light, will, in its adoption by other minds, be put to usury, and he will receive it again in gentle teachings of love and wisdom. Thus all life, both animate and inquimate, is forever upward and spiral. The flame curls upward—the vapor rises from the earth—the blade of grass is assending-the soul of man is, mounting forever-his pinions are homeward pointed. The heavens above us, filled with constellations of celestial glory, are, seemingly, but magnets, drawing the eternal spirit and matter upward-forever en-

Banner of Light.

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IN THE NOW.

That word Now is harder to be properly comprehended, than the other word No is to be spoken. This present moment, which ever shoots like a ray of light ner so the dark gulf that valves between the future and the past swhich is but the crystal azation of all the experiences of typic gone by, and the embediment of all the hejes of the time that is to come - which comprises in its little self all the consciousness to which we can make any reference, all the sad or ... sweet experiences the fid struct or swell our change. ful hearts, and all tu see grand, oriental pircuits of the imagination, which arele the soul darly an chourty with new same, and stretch out before it new and limitless lands operathrs present, ever passing moment it is, we say, that constitutes at we know of life, and is comparised in the common lattle word --

Here six to low plandy enough that if we are to live at an we are to are in the New. The past is gone, and we are firster also with it. The fature we know and, most, and one of shall never know. To seek to lift the velocis to try to do violence to mature, and to projet our being into a field that nowhere as yet has an existence. Some men, espeeally they who this k themselves shrewd men, labor to foresee what is in story for them; but in the offer. they simply thy to read the natural operation of the " laws that in cover their heads, and sin no sense do they showed by telling their own forcumes. For no man's ferrales are a tribles parate from the law of being, which is nothing in remain less than the law of the mayors a and only when he pots himself into perfect and bounds coeffered to that law, can be hope to progression compliance of the natural results of

At postance people, and thoughtful people, and all pople, in fact, will take the fairs to catchilly review the accounts from which they derive what he quaintuned they have with the character of Christ. and indeed of his teachings, they may perhaps be not a little surprised to faid that he said nothing of the future, nothing, in fact, of the past; but that the whole scape of his extended ons was limited to the ever-present New : the loanten of his appeals was to a no waiting, an leffers to pladed promises for an Indefinite tutures; the kingd in of leaven has come among us now a there is no need of marshading sense of the convention. forces for some of a transfer plan, but what we do us; we knew of nothing better, or larger, or grander, than this present moment, and we never shall.

Of two men whe may be selected from the mass for the possession of appoint measures of successwe of course mean success in the higher sense, that of true growth and development- the one shall confess to your inquiries that he never put off till tomorrow's sun what could be done to-day; that he always made it a point to extract what he could from the present; that he never suffered himself to chafe and fret because the future was not yet come along to bring perfection to his plans and fruition to his gehomes; and that, looking neither forward nor back* ward, but putting the past behind his back, and taking no thought of any fature, he merely acted in the "the assemblage of various individuals, with a vast va-"living present."

with the marketing and God Archand !!

while, on the other hand, the man who has never yet and theories on the public mind. As for the convenfound the great and valuable secret which life has to (vention building up a platform, as political convenimpart to him, will tell you that he has been all his days either a morbid brooder over the past, or an endless dreamer over the future, the nutive energy idid no such thing at all. On the centrary, it bound of his spirit larving been destroyed by conseless repining at what was gone, or by endless calculations on what was to come, until he found at last that his strength was wasted, his opportunities were spent, and that he had not vigor sufficient remaining to recover from the apathy into which he had helplesslyand hopelessly fallen.

Any Yankee knows fall well the value of the passing hour, and moment; and this very knowledge it is upon which the whole philosophy of life is based. "Make hay while the sun shines," is an adage whose age proves that the true principle was apprehended longinga. "Strike while the fron is hot,"-" quick sales and small profits,"-"all ready,"-"now or never."-" quick, or you lose it,"- a score or more of such homely expressions as these, struck off, as it were, in the inspired heat and haste of the moment, help to impress upon the mind the truth and worth of this philosophy. Any one who has risen up, and, without a thought of it beforehand, gong upon an excursion, or a visit, or a new piece of business or pleasure, knows well enough how much more exquisite a satisfaction it afforded him, because it was performed without any previous preparation, which always implies so much calculation, and so much hope. It was the inspiration, or impulse, of the moment, that wrought the pleasure; and cautious and prudent preparation would have given an entirely new look to things:

ew look to things:

This doctrine of the Now is a very simple one—in fact, it may be from its very simplicity that it is not understood. The world is very apt to overlook its own good, because it lies exactly in the path before it, and not in far-off places, in which it resolves to hunt at some time in the future. The highest flights | wards the millentum, for whose dawn they are so change; but this is not a change of law but of men. of the imagination cannot take us beyond the limits

of the everlasting Now; nor can the plummet of philosophy sound deeper than to the profundities of the coming and going moment -the ever-present and coming and going moment—the ever-present and ever changing Now. Into this little space, this bright THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL. point of time, is all that we have or know of life! growded; in its steady, and yet evanescent illumination we read the significant writings that are writ all over the walls of our being

The word itself, epitome as it is of all things, conturns the volume of its own suggestions. He who un terstately his own being, will not be slow to necopt the hines it so freely throws out. It is idle, so for as development goes, to stretch forward and try to grash the future before it comes. It is equally vain to sit down and lament a reaching past, which, in truth has brought his no wisdom, if it has not tincht us truer views of life, and suggested to us Ligher objects of attainment. This is the fault with car ateratore, with our places, with our religion, with our manhool jiself; it has all gone a begging for what it does not want, and seeks to pry into seen is with which it has no concern.

And so we go, thinking all the while that we are going onward. We should get on faster, if we were hist satisfied to stand firmly where we are. Let us keep our feet, and the moment will carry us forward with itself into the unfathomed eternities. All this prying and peoping, it is base and mean; and no soul that has any adequate idea of its own worth, will consent to east its life into the abyss of the past or the future, when the bridge of the present spans the chasm for this same soul's eternal progression.

THE RUTLAND CONVENTION AGAIN. Mr. R. E. Blakely writes us as follows :---

Semsorn no. Mo., Sept. 8, 1858. Misses, Eartons, Jam something of a Spiritualist myself, and reside in a country where the seeds are thinly sown. And fogylism and dogmatism, it is true, are prevalent elgenomeristics here, but it is very cannot owing to the newness of the country. As to Souritualism, I have made a slight investigation, from principle and from houest conviction, indepen dent of what might be said or done in the premises but it the promount advocates and representatives of Spiratuan-mendor-c and ecoperate with certain resolutions that were adopted at a congention held Ant Research, Vt., on the tweltth day of August, 1858. e was have been dragged up in different localities and steeped in ignorance, as Mr. X, would have it, exernat comy into the ranks.

He also dictores a letter to the Missouri Republic can, dated at flutland, and asks us if, in our appre-Lensien, Spiritudists uphord any such doctrines as are contained in the letter aforesaid. The letter is the merest buriesque. The resolutions represented to have been passed by the author of the fictitious letter, are much too exaggerated and foolish in their character to rass for anything like what their writer would wish to have them.

For example, the letter in the Republican says :-" As to the negro, we merely, reasserted - what we have more than a thousand times - his equal rights has political and social rights, his right to vote, hi right to intermarry with the whites, his fascinating qualities, intellectual excellence, &c., &c .-- avowing tion of the Union at all hazards.

We reject and hold in detestation the Bible and its tenchings, believing it to be a base fabrication, a tissile of falselpoots, superstition, and fanaticism, and that its re-tilining influences are a flagrant viola tion of our individual rights, therefore we disregard it, and abhor it.

oThat woman has a right to love when she will. where she will, and how she will-that she has a right to bear chastren by whom she will; and that binding marriage keeps woman degraled in menta and moral slavery."

Our correspondent may not be aware of it, yet it Text Psalms, 25; vs. 21. Let integrity and uprigh the other than No is the a recept to me," and No is true, that no resolutions at all were passed by the these presence me; for I wait on these is the waay of salvation?" he tell's men everywhere. Tout, and convention, and, least of all, such resoluor to the marriage institution, were expressed as the

Mr. Tiffany; whose name is quoted as one who enmust be done now, we bout besitation, and without dorsed the entiments complained of by our friend, waiting - now, because this is all there is of life to in describing the elements of the convention in the August number of his Monthly, spoke thus:-

"Here came the Anti S'avery man-both Unionist and disunionist - to pour out his wrath upon the slaveholder and the government-to choke himself with rage, because the English language is not strong enough to become the vehicle of his denunciations. so as to give full relief to his soul. Here came the Spudnalot, as the stern be-noclast, determined to break up all forms, destroy all creeds, put an end to all organizations, and to commit the keeping and acting of this life to the promiseuous and uncertain teachings of the shadowy land. And thus we might continue to enumerate the many sects which poured in, file on file, and rank on rank, to make up an un-

The Rutland convention was no more nor less than friety of ideas and theories, who came together in this way the better to impress their peculiar ideas tions are wont to do, to hold the believers in Spirituntism to it, or to hold Anti Slavery people to it, it or theory, but left every one free to hold only such as their conscientious convictions allowed them.

Our correspondent in Missouri mistakes the high supposes that it is to raise up partizans for any purmerely seeks, through its own heavenly instrumentalities, to make men and women better acquainted with themselves. It tenches them a true sense of It opens heaven, and gives the surest and sweetest maximum of physical strength at forty and the pledges of immortality. It seeks to develop the individual nature of every man, so that he may the more clearly understand what, under all combinations of later than the physical strength. The moral faculty circumstances, he is to do, and then ask him to do it

from a willing and truly religious heart. On the reformatory movements of the times, it would no longer be Spiritualism, were it to take me so, and I thought that he was right; but this sides this way or that; its chief characteristic is was a mistake. Merchants make mistakes and fail; that it breaks down all sides, and appeals directly to Shakespeare was silly sometimes as a know nothing the individual, who is above party, above faction, and editor; Newton and other great men sometime above the spirit of dogmatism and uncharitableness missed the figure. in whatever form. It will instruct the slaveholder as to his duty in the peculiar circumstances in which he finds himself and all men to seek the best good of united moral consciousness the decision is more corall, and it none the less inspires the lover of freedom and equality for all with those high sentiments which form the very soul of liberty. And when its professors leave off thinking about parties and sects | Laws are "ready made," we cannot make a law any true lessons it brings so freely to the individual, they tion, or Lineus the order of the vegetable world. If will find they have taken a long step on the way to- you look to the outward man you will see conscious

Sabbath in Boston.

[Abstract Report for the Banner, by Dr. CRILD.]

Sunday Morning, Sept. 26th.

The spacious hall was comfortably full. A voluntary by the choir was followed by singing:

"Oh, then from whem all goodness flows,

Tlift my soul to thee: In all my sorrows, conflicts, wors, Good Lord, remember me? When on my aching, buildened heart, My slus he bearity.
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

When, in the solemn boar of death,

I wait the just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me. PRAYIE.

Oh, thou Infinite Perfection, who no man can fully describe, and who art everywhere present : we flee unto thee, and would feel and know thy presence. In the genial moments of prayer, we sow our seeds of hope, of joy, and learn to live, trusting in thee. We know thou needest not to be entreated; we know that thou rememberest us always in waking and in sleeping; that thy watchful care and providence is over us-is over the saint and the sinner, too. We thank thee for the handsome days thou pourest out. mating the earth with thy bounty, and gladening the tarmer's prospects for a rich harvest. We thank thee for the great world of matter, and the wonderhat forces that govern it -thy laws that act in harmonious duty. We thank thee for the power of thought and toil thou givest unto man, whereby he wins the victory over material things. We thank thee for the stars that keep time for us, telling the mariner, day by day, where he is: for the winds that bear our ships across the sea. We bless thee for the power whereby the thoughtful mind and laboring hand has made the lightning to become our errand bearer. We bless thee for the vast moral powers thou hast given us; that while thou bindest the material world, thou givest us some freedom. We thank thee for the consciousness whereby we learn the laws that govern us in our daily life; for right and justice we bless thee, and for the rules of conduct thou hast written in our nature, that orders ourfixes in integrity of soul; and we remember with shame how often we close our eyes of consciousness to right. We thank thee for what ourselves have ever suffered from our own wrong, the suffering shall be healthful to the soul; by sorrow we shall be made to see right, and our hands to do right. 'Oh, thou Infinite God, we thank thee for thy motive of perfect love; for thy purpose of universal welfare, and for all sufficient means thou aast provided in the natural to prepare us for that transcendant world-the good things of which the eye hath not seen, the car heard, and the heart of man hath hot conceived; and for thy Infinite presence pervading the whole, making all things work together for good. . May we use this world, and not abuse it-may we learn ever to do the abolition of slavery in all the States, or dissolu the right, and, in accordance with thy motive purpose and means, grow into universal harmony and love. Ending with the Lord's Prayer.

The choir then sang :-

"Supreme and universal Light! Fountain of to son! Judge of right, Parent of good! whose blessings flow On ad above, and all below.

Our moral freedom to maintain, Bid passion serve, and reason reign, self-passed and independent still, the this world starying good or ili."

Discourse.

Last Sunday I said something of faith in God; of his motive, his purpose and his adequate means to described, whether in relation to slavery, to the Bible, achieve his purpose; that if a man has faith in God he will seek to apply the natural means to perform the duties of life. To-day we will consider a single one of these means-the indispensable need of keeping God's laws. Everywhere in the natural world there is law and forces acting in obedience to that law. All atoms and bodies of the universe have modes of operation adapted to their variety. These we call physical laws. The law of gravitation will cause bodies to fall to the earth with a velocity greater or less according to their density and distance. There is a law of growth for all plants; they feed on air, earth, water and light. The sweet-scented geranium and the tall elm in their growth are subject to this same law.

There is a law of life for all animals. The most well educated horse at the Springfield horse-show knows nothing of the laws of the anatomy of his bones and muscles, the texture and form of which makes his fleetness. Man learns these laws by observation. These laws are nature's laws, and are always the same. In the natural world, there is no freedom of will, so there is no progress, no development. A million of years hence, the same body, acting under the same natural laws, will be no better kept than now. We may call a man a spiritual being. I don't pretend to know where matter ends and spirit begins. I often divide man's spiritno man or woman present to any particular doctrine and faculties into moral, intellectual and religious. To declare the moral law is the function of conscience. The moral man rules himself and deals honestly with others. We learn this law by moral office of Spiritualism altogether, if for a moment he consciousness. The senses are given to make us conscious of moral duties-but the senses may pose, whether in the name of reform, or on behalf of make mistakes. We were all born babies -babies all worldly power. It aims to do no such thing. It over, in senses, in intellect, in strength, and in our physical being. From babies, we grow to childhood, which is not perfect manhood, and in all things we are children. Our faculties do not come to perfect duty. It awakens them to the reality of their life. manhood until somewhat advanced in life—the maximum of morals at fifty, and often at sixty and seventy. The moral faculties come to perfection may make a mistake any time before its perfect development. I used to teach that the moral faculties would never make mistakes. Bishop Butler, taught

The most virtuous men of a neighborhood meet together to decide a difficult matter, and by their rect. The consciousness of one man sharpens that of his neighbor. By our own observation we are ifistructed, and the rest of mankind correct us. and our side and the opposite side-receiving the more than Newton could change the law of gravita-

objective right, and relative subjective right. What ing into our hearts. The human race is so constituted that it increases bid materialism. in virtue. Compare the cannibal of New Zealand with the enlightened philanthropist, and the odds in voice of the loved ones, who bid us listen to the inthe material man is small, but in the moral man is spired thoughts of angels, and the devils are banishlarge. With morality comes a progressive increase ed by the good angels, and the soul is filled with love in civilization.

When a man falls he falls forwardand upward. The want of morality in humanity is large in church and like you have been dependant upon other mesand state. No actual ever satisfies the prople—the sengers for happiness. You have murmured at God ideal ever haunts the mind. Morality consists not for the death of your loved ones; and yet you feel in professions of faith, going to church, reading that they are not lost, but will return to mingle in psalms, and making prayers. There is no lack of your joys, and shed tears at your sorrows. this, but there is a lack of morality in this religion and in-society. Hence comes the difference among munications which do not correspond with the great men, the rich and poor; the dangerous classes; the wisdom you could reach; and you question why uffering classes; the money classes. Common busi- they come. You often rejectlying spirits, while your less is not conducted on perfectly just principles. own condition has attracted them to you. Mr. Thrifty is going into business. I wonder if he would take Mr. Righteods into partnership! Decep spheres, where we are free from the discord and tions and cheating runs through all business. even inharmony of the earth-sphere. From this sphere mustard is adulterated; a ton of coal weighs less spirits do not overcome the false, but by impressing than two thousand pounds; pipe clay is in our you, they hope to stimulate you to conquer it. They flour; tobacco in beer, and Cuba coffee is raised in come to earth, attracted to those susceptible to their New Hampshire.

but as a whole you are pained at their untruthfulness, misrepresentation and abuse. A jourhal of his heart, is as nothing in the work of elevating one religious sect cannot be trusted. When honest, humanity. So, in coming into the plane of wisdom, unprejudiced, philanthropic men come together to discuss reform, where is the newspaper that dares wrong. As a whole, "whatever in it best," and report the truth? If there is such a one, it is a though evil and error seem at times to rule, we yet lespised journal of reform. There is not much talent in the editorial chair in the United States; it is weak, and the great fault is immorality. How few among professional men can be trusted. Politi- things shall be added unto it. cians cannot be trusted, even by their own party. Fraud is practiced upon the people by all parties, for want of morality. You hear a famous rhetorician at some cattle show, or other public place—he wants to be President-he wont tell the honest truth, only so far as to gain his ends. Lawyers, I am told, never ask their client if their case is right. Our governors and officers are not moral men. In one hundred of the most famous officials in America. how many among them can you trust as men of high morals? Humanity lacks morality more than all else besides. Our nation-every nation suffers from the immorality of leaders. No great wars that have lesolated the earth have been right on one or either is in your soul when love is blended with wisdom. side. The present operations of our government and the fire is lighted to the stubble of your soul, against the Mormons arise from immorality. A that the world may warm itself by the flames. little justice ten years ago would have set the Mormons right; but we had knaves in our government.

In the doctrines taught in so called Christian in the language of the world. churches, in the Catholic and Protestant churches, is very little regard for every-lay morality. Jesus made religion consist in two things, viz: piety to God and love to man. But the Christian religion is quite different now; reading the Bible, prayinggoing to church on Sunday, and professing, is religion of the church of Christ. Now picty to God and good debls to man, in every-day life, is no part of which had agitated the minds of religious men in religion. This Christianity lays little stress on guide-do as the priest says. The Protestant says learn. That was a great truth uttered by the old have faith in the Bible-that it is the only word of reformer, that "Unless a man be born again he can-God. These doctrines are a curse-they poison the not see the kingdom of Heaven."

weets of life and retard the progress of humanity. In a little town in Connecticut a young minister was taken through the factory, where satinct was made : one process in making the cloth was sifting in what was called "devil's dust." The young minister asked what that was for-if it did not injure the durability and strength of the cloth? He was an swered that it did, but by thus doing it could be made cheaper and was more readily sold for a higher who deem themselves doing God especial service, price. The young minister thought it over, and when they strive to put down everything new. prenched a sermon condemning the immorality of the act. This sermon caused his immediate discharge from the parish.

In our schools, academies and colleges, education is almost wholly intellectual; but small pains if any s taken to develope conscience. The function of the Sunday school is to impart some theologic belief. Some good old matron—some pious aunt—may sometime teach a child the golden rule. After all the it is from this class that we meet with the most doteachings of schools and churches the moral faculties termined opposition today. When we can find to are left uneducated. The day is now come when exist a belief which we deem superior to the beliefs their development and cultivation shall begin.

Look beneath you and see with what beauty and harmony the harvest springs from the ground-all is in keeping of the law. Look above—the planets wheel in space in regularity and harmony the sun! and stars move in order, in their places-they keep elected to salvation, that an everlasting hell was the natural law. Let self-directing man obey the gaping before you. It was well we did not hold voice of conscience and keep the natural law of the keys of hell, for our own mistaken zeal would right, and the stars will fight for you, and the eternal | have sent you there. perfection of God will be on your side.

SERVICES AT THE MELODEON. Thoughts of Angels." We give the substance of her one which is leading the mind netually to that idolemarks as follows:

Throughout the plane of mortal existence, we see ed against; for the mind always acts in obedience men divided into spheres; and yet it is impossible to the heart-throbs. for us to draw the line which separates one sphere from another; and so, as one man is controlled by sentiments, and is under conditions differing from we see those who have borne the epithet of infidelanother, it is likewise impossible for us to say that those who have been outcasts, and their children one is better than another. So in the spiritual shunned by the very good-when the great God made world, the spheres exist; but yet we recognize no them all! They could not contract their ideas to a aristocracry of spirituality-no high, low, rich, or church-religion, or limit God to a thing-could not poor.

tations have occurred, people have acknowledged the great thoughts which moved in their soul. thoughts of angels.

nearer to him in spiritual sympathy, we shall feel tality are before them. impatient. The moral law is perfect. The most general form the pulsations of his that soul, till we are bewill. Shall we see men asking for truth for themselves,

this law can be put, is, do right. There is absolute, dered with their beauty, power, and goodness, swell-

seems just to you and me I will seek to do, for I We may divide angel influences into three classes. have no means of knowing absolute right. If I do There are those governed by sympathy, by love, and what seems right I am not blameworthy. This rule by wisdom; and each of these is drawn to the reof right is the ideal of man's conduct. We learn the presentative minds of earth. We trace the agency laws of nature because they are living facts. We of sympathetic spirits in the time of Moses. Then learn moral laws and they may be only ideal, not the thoughts came down to men from spirits on having become facts. The material world has no their same sphere, and thoughts mingling, urged progress, no freedom; but man is partly free, is pro- men on to acts of selfishness, and even, at times, to gressing, is becoming more free; he is a mechanic, deeds of murder, rapine, and dark criminality. In not a machine. Nature knows not the laws whereby later times, the devils who have tempted men to it is constituted, while man knows them. Let us deeds of insanity, were spirits-sympathetic spirits call the knowing and doing what is right, victue. -whom men have drawn to them by their own mor-

But in the darkest hour of crime, we hear the of God and of humanity. These angels are living beings, drawn to you by the ties of consanguinity,

Sometimes spirits come to you, and give you com

From the plane of wisdom wego into the celestial influence, and guide them into paths of truer wis-Some honest journals are published in America, done than the world has known before. The great man and the scholar in worldly lore, without love in we could not say that mankind, as a whole, are believe that all is well. Though men suffer for awhile here, glory and happiness shall be theirs hereafter. If they seek for the kingdom of God, all

> Be religious, not because the world demands it, but because there is that in your soul which seeks such expression.

What are a few fleeting moments to an endless eternity? There cannot be true enjoyment in selfish gratification. Who would not prefer the soul-feelings of the man who divides his last crust with his needy neighbor, to those, of the rich man who has murdered his brother for his gold?

We would not have you shun error, but gird on the armor of truth, and overcome and conquer it There is no virtue in being goaded on to goodness and truth-in having it forced upon you. Religion

The golden age is coming-the age when angels shall walk with mortals hand in hand, and converse

"The Angels told me, so," was the burden of a beautiful song beautifully sung, at the commencement of the evening discourse.

Mrs. Henderson prefaced her remarks by a philosophical prayer, and announced her theme as "Reformation and Regeneration." She said it was a subject ages past; and like all other knowledge, the more they knew of it, the more they found they had got to

In all ages of the world men have come forth from the mass, armed to do battle to error, and overcome it with truth. In all ages men have bowed in humility, and asked for deliverance from the shackles which bound them. But always the mass have enosen the weapon of ridicule, and tried to stay their progress; but ridicule is the weapon of ignorance, and the brave man never need fear. There are those

And now many take the theory of the olden time, as the plenary inspired word of God, and deny the beliefs of to-day, because the progressive new is not gauged by the ignorance of the old.

Christ stepped out, as others had done before, and by virtue of his position, was persecuted even unto death. His greatest enemies were those who should have been the spiritual teachers of the mass; and of the past time, we find the hosts of religion ready to combat us.

We who speak to night through the medium, when in earth life, would fain dive held the keys of heaven in our hands, and taught you who are not

We now would fain come and undo the mischief of the past-to say to you that you all are elected to eternal life by the divinity within you, which can The lecturess announced her subject as "The Soul- rever die. We consider that doctrine of election as atry in earth-life, which of all things should be guard-

In the days that have passed, man has been persecuted, and has persecuted others in turn. Again believe there was a finality of anything. They In the present day, since these Spiritual manifes | knew there would be a time when they could live out-

this fact, and its foundations rest as firm as those of Scientific men have sprung up in the present day, old religion; and as men have recognized it as a and, being free from the church, will dare be more fact, they have softened their soul, and drawn them- truly scientific. Some may strive to reconcile churchselves nearer to God, and become receptacles of the ism and science, but they are scientific men only in a limited scope. We do not hold that it would, bo It is as much a fact with those who do not recog- better for all men to be infidels—for truth, one's nize the reality of these manifestations, for they are food, will intoxicate another; and all men have not working out their mission under angel impressions, the full-grown vigor of mind which will let them go and their labor will be for the good of humanity. alone in paths of virtue without leaning on the arm We behold the outer representation of God, in the of church. Men must learn that they live not only material orgations of his hands; but when we draw in the present hour, but the great realms of immor-

and yet deny to others what justice demands? Go home to England; and requested him on his return forth, sowing seed, instead of holding it selfishly in to take charge of him. All this within two or three your hands to rust and decay, and it shall bring you days was confirmed, by letters from England. forth an hundred fold in time. No longer say you are free to worship according to your own conscience and yet deny to others that right.

Not one thought goes up from humanity which is use of the old.

Questions were asked and answered; but 'most of publication. Many of them have been answered time after time at previous lectures though this medium; and they are better suited to the fluctuating audience of a lecture room, than to be placed again on record.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, Sept. 25, 1858.

Cold weather in New York-Wonderful Picture paint ing - Tests at New York Circles - Cornelius Winne again - Question at the Conference - Lectures and

MESSES. EDITORS-Cold and chill the equinoctial is upon us, whit illustration of the selfishness and conflict which characterize the moral and mental atmospheres of the last half of the nineteenth century. Will the great questions which perplex our time ever reach a settlement? They will, when men learn to be wise, and take justice, mercy and love, not only as their day companions, but as their bedfellows by

Meanwhile wonders are increasing upon us. had the pleasure a short time since of examining a large number of spiritual paintings, which, although in the habit of seeing very remarkable productions of this sort for several years, has added greatly to my stock of astonishment. These pictures are the work of a lady past fifty years of age, and in the higher ranks of life. In youth she made some attempts at drawing and coloring but by the advice of her friends gave it up, as a field in which she had no talent. Suddenly, however, since the advent of Spiritualism, the faculty has been developed; and she finds herself able in an astonishingly short time, to produce pictures, especially of flowers, birds and insects, of surpassing truth and beauty. Her productions number hundreds-almost thousandschoice specimons of art; but the greatest wonder titled "Obsession of Evil Spirits," seems to require connected with some of them, is only revealed by some notice from other persons. Were all your the microscope; which establishes the fact that by readers acquainted with the writer of that article no process known to artists could they be produced and his experience in life, no notice of it would be at all. Besides, in any in itation which might be needed; but as many are no doubt entirely ignorant attempted, it is evident that the labor of days would of the causes that called it from him, and the excuses be required to execute what this involuntary artist which he has for traducing a great and respectable produces in a single hour.

mon and some of rare flowers, simple mosses and hold up the other side of the picture, and a word bunches of forest leaves, with their autumnal dies; from me on that subject will seem appropriate, beand known and unknown birds, as the robin and the cause I have lectured on spirit-life and intercourse humming bird, and others of the richest oriental since 1845, and for nearly six years have given my plumage; and insects-all of them colored to the whole time devotedly to the subject. In that time I smallest point or speck, and to the most delicate tint, have traveled from New Orleans to Canada, and rebrush, without any previous outline or sign to indicate what the picture is to be, until its form is beauty, had been compressed and placed upon the to draw, were all there.

gave them a few hasty touches with her brush, fastrare workmanship and truth to nature, that'it is ural ones.

tains itself in a particular position in the air.

the use of these invisibles.

accompanied by one of our citizens, Mr. Foster being not seen since her marriage till the present month. the medium, had a name written on a piece of paper, I am informed by many families, where she has socompanion, at request, obtained the name of his and forbearance of an angel in her domestle relafather in blue. What is very remarkable, in this tions, so much so as to gain the esteem and admiracolored writing, which I have carefully examined, is, thon of nearly all who have entertained her and her that there is not the least impression made on the husband at their homes in her lecturing tours. paper by the process employed. Even the microscope These few names, taken for their public notoriety fails to reveal any sign of pressure.

is a man of some eminence, connected with an Eng- generally render the subject more sensitive, more arlish University, while sitting with Redman, was in- dent, more affectionate, more spiritual, and less senformed of a fact new to him, yiz that a brother of sual, and, usually, more refined, more ambitious, and his who dled several years ago in the East Indies, more truly religious, pure and devoted, is true, and and whose widow, married soon after an English that these conditions do often render less harmonious officer and remained abroad, left a son. The com- unions with persons of sensual, tyranuical, vulgar, municating intelligence purported to be the spirit of or animal conditions, is also true, and that such methis brother, who not only informed him of the ex. diumship renders the subject an unfit comparison for istence of this son, but also that he had been sent persons of opposite conditions; cannot be denied, and

· Last night, on my return from the Conference, at between ten and eleven, I requested Redman to sit up to the table a moment. As he had his coat off in preparation for bed, he at first objected, but finally not reciprocated in the spirit-world. It is often complied. Our old friend Cornelius Winne at once asked why spirits do not tell men something new announced himself, with loud raps and a consider-We answer, because man has not yet made the best able clatter. Suddenly there was a sound as of something striking the floor, and he at once declared -writing through Redman's hand-that he had to them were not of sufficient importance to merit livered another bone. There were two bright gasjets burning immediately over the table; and passing around to the opposite side, I picked up from the floor the long small bone of a man's leg, known, technically, as the fibuli.

This brought me facing an open window, at about sixteen or eighteen feet distauce, which opens onto an area in the back yard, surrounded by a high fence not easily scaled. Beside mysetf, there were only two persons in the room, Redman, who sat with his arms on the table squarely hefore me, and the office-boy, who was sitting on a sofa at my right, in front, and fully within my vision. At this juncture another bone was hurled through the room, in the direction from the window, passed the gas burners above the table, and very near my head, and fell on the floor, apparently by a curve quite too short for its momentum, for it fell almost at my feet. This bone proved to be the large bone of a human arm, and matches perfectly with the parts of the skeleton before received. Cornelius then announced that that was all for "to-night," but he had more under way.

At the Conference last night, the question, What is evidence that spirits communicate, was continued. An account of the pictures, as related in this letter, was given by Dr. Orton, which brought out several other interesting facts connected with spirit paint-

ing. The question is continued to next week. Our Sunday lectures are well attended. Miss Hardinge is still speaking at Dodworth's. Harris holds forth with increasing power, if possible, at University Chapel. To-morrow Mrs. Coles speaks at Lamartine Hall, and Mrs. French in Brooklyn. A week from to-morrow, the desk at Dodworth's is to be filled by the Rev. John Pierpont, and no doubt the house will be crowded, and the venerable poet will be greefed by an audience worthy of his name and fame.

B. F. HATCH AND THE MEDIUMS. DEAR BANNER-An article in the Banner, of Sep-

and would be acknowledged by any connoiseur as tember 25th, over the signature of B. F. Hatch, enclass of the mediums of our country-those in con-Among the pictures I examined were some of com- jugal and domestic life-it seems to be necessary to with the racest truth to nature. The effect of shad- peatedly from the Mississippi to the Penobscot : met ing, of blending color, and of contrast, I never real- with thousands of mediums, and lectured in more ized more fully than while looking at those pictures. places than any other speaker on the subject; visited There is scarcely an artist in the world who could hundreds of families in which are mediums, many equal them in this respect alone. But what will be of them husbands and wives, who live in domestic said of the drawing, when I allego that though in peace, quiet, and harmony-many of them superior this respect these pictures seem perfect, they are to their religious or skeptical neighbors in social nevertheless, made without any drawing at all; happiness -- and have the acquaintance and confidence simply by the rapid application of color by the of nearly all the public-speaking mediums of the country.

With this acquaintance and experience, I can say gradually thus developed? Still they do not look as with positive knowledge, and the fullest assurance though a brush had touched them-at least, in the of sustaining it, that mediumship does not disbest specimens there is no mark or indication of the qualify a person for domestic, or social, or conjutool; but the leaf, or bul, or flower, looks rather as gal life. Were it necessary to prove this by facts, though the thing itself in the full perfection of its I could refer to the author of Nature's Divine Revelations, and his happiest of lives with his happiest Bristol-board. Furthermore, the glass, in several of companions; to another of our earliest of mediums leaves I examined, showed that they would bear mag. in R. P. Ambler; to another in Isaac Post; another nifying like a photograph—the internal structure of in S. J. Finney; another in Hudson luttle, and scores the leaf, the fine network and fibers which no pencil of others of the husband mediums whom I could could successfully imitate and no hair is fine enough name, were it necessary; but these few, all authors. and well known as oarly among "the mediums, may This same lady artist one day, while convalescing suffice to direct attention to the fact that medium. from a period of illness, requested to be bolstered ship does not render men unqualified for husbands. up in bed and to be furnished with some tissue pa- Now, for wives, we have in the most happy and harper, scissors, etc. Her wish was complied with; monious domestic relations among my own acquaintwhen she proceeded to clip the paper with great ance bundreds, many of whom have been blessed rapidity into shreds. Then she gathered bunches of with such happiness by becoming mediums -- a few these shreds in her fingers, twisted them into form, references to domestic happiness in mediumship of long standing must suffice for instance and refer ened them with wire, and in a little while produced ence: Hattie A. Adams, whose life is the living something like a peck of artificial flowers, of such reality of her beautiful "Lily Wreath," because her companion is harmonized, and is neither a tyrant almost impossible to distinguish them from the nat- nor a sensualist, with either of which conditions neither she, nor any other highly refined, sensitive, As I find myself, though quite unexpectedly, so and delicate female, whether medium or not, could deeply engaged in the never-tiring field of facts, I live happily. Mrs. Townsend, long and favorably will relate one or two more. On Thursday evening known as a beautiful trance speaker of Vermont, at Redman's circle, by request, the table, with a whose daily domestic life is a sunshine of low and delicate vase and heavy bouquet of flowers in it gladness, because she has a good, pure and honest standing in the centre, was twice raised up without companion. Mrs. Mettler, whose value and excellent mortal contact, and held suspended for a brief period qualities as a wife and a mother have increased in the air, without disturbing the vase; though the during her long course of mediumship. Mrs. A. E. table, while thus suspended, kept up an oscillating Newton, who scatters flowers and sunshine over the motion, like the gentle flutter of a bird, as it sus | wearied brow of her companion-to soothe him in his toilsome struggles-to do good to his fellow On Tuesday evening, at Redman's, not only was beings. Mrs. Tuttle, well known both in the West writing performed under the table without human and East as one of our Best trance-speakers, has hands, but two of the sitters received notes from abundantly proved to all who know her her superior this source, duly signed by their spirit friends, with- qualities as a wife and a step mother and is now out either pencil or paper having been provided for proving them as a mother also and last, but not least, Cora L. V. Scott Hatch, with whose early me-At Munson's, the other day, an English gentleman, diamship I was well acquainted, but whom I had which was placed under the table, in red, while his journed in her travels, she has displayed the meekness

out of the multitude, must suffice for the female side ... The other day, this same English gentleman, who of my picture—that mediumship and spirit influence

that this unfitness has manifested itself in many mediums of both sexes, is also true, often as might | From a letter from Mrs. M. S. Townsend we exbe expected, calling out all manner of attacks and tract the following, dated Montpelier, Sept. 1, 1858 : excuses from the sensual, or tyrannical, or selfish "On Sunday last I spoke to a large and attentive and corrupt opponents to spirit influence, who could nudicate in the little town of Chelsen, and am to not control the higher and holier love of the spirit- speak in this place this evening. 'To-morrow I go on world, nor its expression through mediums, I ccause to Handwick, where I am to speak next Sabbath, they ought, in their own sphere, to seek companion- and I presume same evenings, before that time. I ship, and there they could find it. It is not strange find the cause as steadily marching on as ever, in all that persons on a lower plane should attribute to de- places I visit, and, I think, a more carnest desire in mons and obsession the want of love and companion- the hearts of the people generally, to receive its conship in those above them. It was long ago said, soling truths for their own individual benefit. My who looks through maudlin eyes sees everybody most carnest prayer is, God give them a knowledge drunk," and it may be not less true that who looks of the truth. I should be very happy to do anythrough sentual of devilish eyes, sees everybody sen- thing in my power to assist in the progress of your sual or devilish. I have known some cases where paper, which I consider to be a valuable sheet, and men have tried one, two, or three experiments at one which meets as much the uniccessal wants of the conjugal life and companionship, and failed to find mind as any within my knowledge." Dippiness in either trial, without mediumship on | Loring Moody is ready to answer calls to lecture either part; and when the wives had all retired in on Spiritualism, and kindred reforms, on Sundays misery to the grave, or to their friends, a still fur- and week-day evenings. Address Boston, office of ther attempt would be made to find affinity with a Spiritual Age. He will also take subscriptions for medium, which the very nature of mediumship ren- the Spiritual Age, and Banner of Light. ders less likely to succeed than others. I do not know that these unhappy geniuses are to blame. 1 feel rather to pity than to blame them. They must be ignorant of the true nature and mission of medi. in which he informs us that the philosophy of Spirumship, or they would never seek companionship itualism is gaining ground in the hearts of the pecthere, especially if they believed themselves pure, and ple there. They have two large halls which will good, and true, and devoted, and most mediums ob- seat from six to eight hundred persons, under the sessed, or liable to be so by evil spirits. I should control of the Spiritualists of that city, and they advise all who entertain the views of Mr. Hatch, as cordially invite traveling lecturers to pay them a expressed in the article referred to to free themselves visit, for there is enough for them to do. as soon as possible from all connection with mediums. and keep out of all "entangling alliances" with them, allowing them to support themselves by the aid of the ceil spirits from the other sphere, and go themselves and wash in the theological pools of Siloam and ever number of a new volume of the BANNLE, and of after keep good company and let evil spirits and me- course a capital time to subscribe for it. Those diums alone, and see how quick they will come to whose subscription terminated with volume three, naught! I know many cases where both husband will receive no more than this number, unless they and wife are mediums, and both happy. Probably, renew, or special arrangement is made with us to in these cases, both are obsessed and the others, the contrary. where only one is a medium and both are happy, it is because they are harmonious and on the same plane of developement. But I know some cases where neither husband or wife is a medium and some where neither is a Spiritualist, and yet misery and wickedness are in the family both day and night. Wonder what kind of obsession will account for this? In fact, I know only one competent remedy for all social and domestic troubles and inharmonies. and that is, for each person to obtain a condition of harmony, purity and love, in him and herself, and then all will be harmonized-there will be no more now residing in Kansaso left Salem on the 254 of obsession. Most mediums are much nearer this condition than others, and those are further from it who are always seeking and never finding affinities, and the same night near Cape Ann. The Captain, togeare ever in domestic and social troubles. The har ther with Mr. Cobb and another man, succeeded in monized man seldom fails to find and create harmony at home, and never, if his companion is a well before morning, so that the Captain was the only developed medium. The inharmonious man finds all due saved out of the ship's company, which consisted developed medium. The manner out of place, and everything wrong.

WARRIES CHASE.

Winstiad, Conn., Sept. 25, 1858.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak at Quincy, Sunday, Oct. 3d; Woburn, Wednesday, Nov. 10th. Miss Munson will speak at Haverhill, Friday, Oct. 3d; Quincy, Sunday, Oct. 10th, and Cambridgeport.

Oct. 17th. Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Woburn on Wednesday evenings, the 13th, 20th and 27th of

Mrs. A. M. Henderson will lecture in Portland the three first Sundays in October, and will answer calls field's, and at an interview with Mrs. Conant to speak in that vicinity week evenings during that time. Address, during September, at the Fountain

Sunday, Oct. 3d and 10th; New Belford, Mass., Oct. 17th; Willimantic, Conn., Oct. 21th and 31st. Those desiring lectures during the week may address him at either of the above places.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lectures in Hart ford the five Sundays of October, and will receive calls to lecture in that vicinity on week evenings of that month. Those wishing her services subsequently, can address Willard Burnes Felton, care of Rufus Read, Providence, R. I., until September 26th-after which, care of Asa H. Rogers, Hartford, Conn.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak as follows :- Oct. 3d, at Lawrence; Oct. 4th, at Dover, N. H.; Oct. 5th, at Great to write a few words. The influence then changed, Falls, N. II.; Oct. 6th, at Rochester, N. II.; Oct. 7th, at Exeter, N. H.; Oct. 10th, at Stoddard, N. H.; Oct. 17th, at Waltham, Mass.; Oct. 23d and 24th, at Fitchburg, Mass.; Oct. 31st, at Sutton, N. H.; November 21st and 25th, at Portland, Me. He will answer calls to lecture at any other time, as his school has, for the present term, passed into other hands. Address him at Lowell. He will receive subscriptions for the

MRS. HATCH.

The public are very much in the dark in reference to the immediate cause of the separation of Mrs Hatch and her husband. Yet this result of the mar riage of a girl but sixteen years of age, of pure, benevolent disposition, with a man nearly three-fold her years, of an avaricious, mercenary east of character, has been anticipated.

We, in common with Spiritualists in every portion of our land, have as much confidence in Mrs. Hatell, as ever, believing her to be what she has shown herself-a kind, pure, religious, open-hearted and benevolent woman.

Of her husband we desire to say nothing of a liarsh or derogatory nature. We could not add to his unpopularity, if we related all the stories we hear of his ungenerous conduct to Spiritualists and not more than a dream? others, in every place he has visited. He is disliked, for his sordid, money-grasping disposition, and we believe that not only will the public uphold Mrs. Hatch in the course she has taken, but will rejoice to see her free from the influence of her husband. which has been most assuredly injurious to her pop ularity and influence in this section. He has made great mistakes, to say the least, In his management with Mrs. H.

In the present state of the case, so little has transpired in reference to it, that it is impossible to give our readers any reliable information upon the subject. As we have published two letters for Dr. Hatch, which seems to have an indirect bearing on this case, we take the liberty of expressing, in as mild a manner as possible, our convictions, from a knowledge of both parties and their reputation among us New Englanders.

dissimulation.

PERSONAL.

MONMOUTH, ILL.

We have a letter from Bro. Snyder, from this place,

NO. 1.-VOLUME IV.

We have just enough room to call the attention of our friends to the fact that this issue is the first

gacts and Cests.

VERIFICATION OF MESSAGES.

Missis. Entrops-1 see in the last number of your paper, (No. 23, Vol. 3) a communication purpositing to be given through a Spiritual medium, by the spirit of Edward Cobb, formerly of this city.

Mr. Cobb, a young man about twenty years old. on of Captain Edward Cobb, (formerly of this place, June last, in the schooner Laura Francis, Captain Bullock, for Rockland. The schooner was cansized getting into the boat, but the two latter perished of four people. Yours truly,

CHARLES W. SNOW, BOCKLAND, Sept. 23, 1858.

(By referring to the message, our realers will find this one of the best which could be given.

hast week, a gentleman living about one has fred and fifty miles from Boston, came here to satisfy himself in regard to a message we printed in our paper of August 25th. The message was true in its statements, and being given through strangers, who knew nothing of the circumstances, to a person who a was miles away from the party to which it was sent, it was proof to him of spirit communion. The stigit who gave it for publication, met him at Mr. Mans-

the message from Samuel Locke, published by us, is another. A. B. Whiting will speak in Providence, R. L. correct. He also has the impression that the mess . Pure love is the sunshine which steals slowly and sage of William Wheeler is correct.

A CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

Messis, Entrois-A few days since Leafled on a medium to receive some tidings, if possible, from a dear little boy who left me about one year since, to dwell with the angels. The me lium being influenced to write, i received first, a communication from a spirit purporting to be the guardian of invehild. The few lines consisted mainly in some consoling words to me, and also alluded to the progress the child was making in spirit growth, and closed by saying that she thought the little boy would be able and the medium wrote, in a slow and chitdish man- i Tests," ner, a communication, of which the following is as perfect a copy as I can make :

MY MAMA I CAN JUST SAY A WORD FANY IS GOEN TO LERN ME TO RITE.

How clearly this little childish message proves to me that my child still exists, and was then present, none can know so well as a mother. But to me, along the mother of that child, is the proof doubly convincing.

This dear boy had not learned to write, but many hours has he spent in his playful, prattling manner, at my side, writing words, and sometimes senfences; just like the above little simple message. Yes, it is simple, and the ideas few, but it is the silver lining, clearly seen at last, to that cloud which has hovered over me in doubt and darkness for so many months.

Mrs. Mary M. Neal. Andover, N. H., Sept. 13, 1858.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

Under this caption is published the following case, which looks to us like the visit of the spirit mother to her children, after she had left the form. Is it

The following statement I have lately had from

the mouth of Mr. L, a clergyman of the Church

of England: "One evening, some two years since, my brother, an officer in the army, residing at Westminster, surprised me with a late visit at my house in Holloway, just as we were retiring to rest.
Brother!' exclaimed he, in an excited manner,
mother is dead!' When and how did you hear?' I replied; as she was living some considerable distance from town, and was, as far as we both knew, although aged, in good health. 'I have seen her pass me twice this evening, in my room, with her head bandaged up, and I could not rest till I saw you, was his answer. In consequence of his conviction and entreaties, it was determined to take the first train in the morning, to the locality where our mother resided; and, upon our arrival, sure enough we found, to my surprise, that our mother had died suddenly the previous evening, at the exact ligur my brother had witnessed the apparition." I send this without the knowledge of Mr. L-; I do not, therefore, feel myself at diberty to give, his name, but substitute my own as a voucher for the truth of Integrity, however rough, is better than smooth it. T. J. Aliman, Talbot Road, Tufnell Park .- Aoles

The Busy Morld.

CONTENTS OF THE NUMBER. First page-a poem by Squire, and a continuation of Alamontade, which will be completed next week. Second page-" Poor and Proud," a local sketch; a poem by Dr. Lyon; and a sketch by Cora Wilburn, headed "Violet Joyce." Third page-" Holden Existence," a line poem from a new contributor; "Two Words," an interesting story with a moral point; "The Hours," at selected poem of sterling merit; part fourteenth of Life Eternal." Fourth and tifth pages-Editorial, Reports of lectures, Correspondence, Busy World, Obitunries, etc., our usual variety. sixth page-Five columns of Spirit messages. Seventh page - a beautiful poem by John S. Adams. Letters from Willard B. Felton, Dr. A. B. Newcomb, Warren Chase, G. E. Rockwood, Louisiann, A. C. Robinson, E. V. Wilson, Bay State, S. T. L., etc. Eighth page-Pearls, Correspondence, advertisements, etc.

Pund Tros. -The following lines are from an "Essay on the Stage," which appeared in the Boston Courier several years ago, and were attributed to Rev. John Peirpont : -The Knowless out that bounds along your streets,

And wags his fail at every child he meets, Let in the pears ie, let stress and stones assaul (And let "Mad Dog" behand him food the gale— And levery on the levels this book in the week all every better better the yell. And levery all every better the yell. The west go mad, that was not to before,

BOSTON MUSICIANS GOING ADROAD. Hall's Boston Brass Band are to be in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 23d, 24th and 25th days of November, to fornish music for the anniversary parade of the Cleveland City Grays. The Band are also engaged to give a concert in Cleveland. Let our readers in that vicinity go and hear them. We opine they will be amply repaid in betruony for their preamery outlay.

Miss Susie C. Cluer will recite poetry next Sunday evening, at No. 28 Elliot street. Her recitations are very extraordinary for a child of her age; by excellent judges they have been pronounced faultlessabove criticism. It must be admitted, although she is always in a perfect normal condition, that spirits are the cause of her precious development. Spiritualists are invited to hear her.

Examplement and Using services. A gentlemen named Mr. Alel Matthews, advertised that he would, on necessive evenings, at St. Martin's Hall, recite the whole twelve books of Wilton's "Paradise Lost." from memory. He recited on l'acs lay evening, the first and second books, the task occupying two hours and twenty minutes.

The London Christian Times says: The following notice was lately fixed to a charensdoor in Heriordhire, and read in the church; "This is to give notice, that no person is to be baried in this churchyard but those aving in the parish; and those who went to be burned are desired to apply to the parish

A cute Yankee in kansas, sells liquor in a gunbarrel instead of a giass, that he may avoid the law, and make it appear beyond dispute that he is selling inquor by the barrel. Or course, the "cute Yankee's" customers are hable to go off haif cocked.

A portion of the inscription upon the tomb of that strange mertal Lorenzo Dow -- is as follows: "A correction is the highest style of man,"

HI. 18
A share to me off, where the energy of a feet and, but some three mentions of to me in the tend "

Never speak of the "time that tried men's souls," o one of the Tory ance-try; nor of the battle of New brleans to one who thinks the army of England in-

In proportion as our mind is enlarged, we discover a greater number of men of originality. Common-B. J. Sperry, of Claremont, N. D. writes us that place people see no difference between one man and

silently up the morning hill of life, and stays to

bless us with its presence through ad its weary way. A Nebraska paper gets off the following: Why is Nobraska shinplaster like an impenitent sinner?

Because it does not know that its re-leamer liveth. A fat candidate for other in Alabama, who is said to weigh 375 pounds, asked the people of his district

We are happy to notify our readers that Rev. John Peirpont will speak at the Melodeon next Sun-

A letter from W. B. Felton is in hand, and will appear next week under the heal of "Facts and

There's some difference between your bark and nine, as the tree said to the dog.

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

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

J. H. acks, "Why it is that so many mediums are persons of weak minds and attle energy of character?" Such minds being fogative are easily controlled by positive minds, both in the body and out of the body. The more negative, or one it to receive influence a mind is the better medium is the person, racy ment it is capable of judging truthfully of the character-of-the matter communicated, and posttive enough to obey the right in all things. But a medium easily influenced by other minds not possessing judgment, nor will enough to do what he knows to be right is

not to be relied upon. W. L., PARSINGTON, IOWA-We will endeavor to find the lock of hair you sent us, and have it examined by some one, we know. Our impression is that it is safe with Mrs. C., who has not been able to examine it as yet. We send you the BANNER as your last letter suggests. Southroup-S. Burr, of Southford, will please give us the name of his state; he gave us the town only,

----OBITUARY.

Gono to the spirit-hand! Mrs. Mary L. Willis departed, or the happy spirit-home, on the 9th of September, leaving a bushand and five children to remain yet a little while longer in the earth-life, and mourn that a mother and wife s no longer to be recognized by the outer eye, but torrejoico hat they have an angel to watch and guard them, whose iffection remains bright and strong. She left the earth form

in Plymouth, Vt.

May the tender watchfoliness of an angel mother rest 'upon and over the little ones whose feet cannot yet support the little forms entrusted to an older sister's care.

Yours for truth and right. M. S. Towssend.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON,- Rev. John Pierpont will speak at the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday text, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Admission ten cents. MEETINGS AT Sp. 14 BROMFIELD STREET .-- A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c , is held every Sunday morning, at 101-2 o'clock; also at 3 o'clock, P. M. D. F. Goddard, regular peaker. Admission 5 cents.

Mrietings in Chelsea, on Sundays, morning and evening-th Ovild Hall, Winnishmet street. D. F. Goddard, reg-plar speaker. Seats free.

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

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

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the Barria we claim, was given by the sidrit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COSANI, Trance Medium who allows her medium powers to the nest a link for the side of a Theorem when the transport of literary, merit, but as

tests of spirit communition to those friends to whom they are ublicered.
We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of

We hope to show that spirits earry the characteristics of their earth life by that bey such and do away with the errore our idea that they are more than rising beings.

We teap we the public should see the spirit would us it reschoold bear in that there is evil as well as good in it, and set expect that put by alone ghalf flow from spirits to modified wheals there is no to receive no decretic pair faith to spirits, by those or mins, that does not compart with his reason. Lache and speak of his own couldness with the received wheels expected on the value of the country with the received wheels. gives opin, distance by relative to this genetical strategical

Visitors Admitted. In welca to read to the path that that Figure 1 and 1 and

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The contouries of each by the foreign experience, will be published in regardence of the West copy Spatished, who takes one from a corticle will be given with as whether true of faise? The content was a first condition to the case of States are a large to the true published.

The experience of the few Williams and the case of States are a large to the true of the same and the experience of the same of the experience of the experien

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So the Was Condend of Without Association of the Was Condend of the Was London Kara, John Without a doseph Tytig. A makeute stone. Matthe Soft 24 off of Matthe Soft I. Novier dishua Holden, July Rodrison, Mary Foster, Lainaver E. S.

John Woodbridge.

A class of spirits dwelling in mortal temples, have seen fit to call upon me to answer certain questions. Now I must tell those lear friends that I am wholir unacquainted with the law that governs this great Philosophy. It has never been my privilege to commune before through any organism aside from my own; but as I have been called up on, I will endeaver to meet their demands as best I can.

One question they have given me to answer is this -e Who and where is tiod?" The Biblic use I to tell me that God was a spirit, and that he took up his abole among the sons and daughters of earth God is indeed a spirit; he does indeed dwell upon earth; but I am not prepared to say that that spirit hath a party dar form. I am not prepared to confine that sport top resolutive. I see my Gol as he existeth in all things biest with life, but I find to form representing a test probe from man. In the Bude y a reset meen of Gol. Many, by reading, believe that had dwelleth senewhere beyond this material wirl t - that he hath a form like unto the form of man, and that at some time he will cail together all the sons and daughters of earth in judgment, and that a port in shall be destined to happiness, and a part to massize everlesting. I will not proteinly obliny that I believed this monstrons tale when on earth, but I would tell my friends I cannot for a moment, in my new life, trust such a tought -such an openion -within me, tool is a principle, is many have fell the inhabitants of earth of ore in . This is to tell my hearers, when on earth, that God was omnigresent. I taught them to there are that took was a personality. But, if I and been besselv with superior spectual judgment, I should have a seemed a great error in that teach Now, if did some a personality, he certainly e mid tog be in two places at one time; therefore he most be a principle; and I am inclined to believe that provide is well developed among the human race. Wis long both taken up its abode within these human forms-wislom guides them and controls there. What is that wisdom if it be not God? We theretainly it must be God. When the souls that are now compassed around by prison walls of flesh, shall have burst asunder those walls, and progressed beyond this sphere, then shall wis long shane as she is. Now you see only a hight, pearly hidden by maternal things. Now we find the spirit of evil pre-

it be seen in its gary, and be known as God. Then we say to d is a principle, not a person-the grand fountain of wisdom that moves and controls all min I and matter. Among the higher and holier class of minds that have come forth from this dark sphere, we find power, strrength, and glory. What is this power, this strength, this glory? It is God. These, individually, are the branches of the great tree of wisiom, and it could not exist without these

de mating in man-it has more names than we

ears to enumerate, and we find it rising above that

principle we call tied. Wherefore is this ! Because Labors in this state of life, is surrounced

by all that is grees sthat tends to crush the prin

cipe of truth. But shall it be crushed? Not fer

when it is free from these gross elements, then shall

branches All evil has, its birth-place on earth, and it must expend its own force here, either before or after it has left the sphere of earth, and the freed spirit shall no longer be subject to mortality. And shall he be a Go1? Verily, he shall be.

Another question we have to answer: Tell us who was the Christ that came among men eighteen hundred years ago? The account you have respecting Christ, as laid down in the Bible, is nearly all totally false. My friends call upon me to speak the truth, and however hard that truth may seem to be, nevertheless it is truth. I say again, the account you have of Jesus of Nazareth, as in the Bible, is mostly false; only here and there we find something we shall call truth. My friends may ask where I have received authority for this opinion. I have received it from a higher and grander state, that I can command-from a holier existence, whence cometh all truths. Christ was born of the Virgin Maryso the Bible says. Was it so? We will not pretend to deny it. Christ was said to be the son of that spirit whom most people call God, the creator of all hings. Was he any more so than any one present? No; certainly not. God could not trespass upon the laws of nature any more than one of you could The grand laws of nature are everlasting, and none can trespass with impunity. He came, and lived and moved on earth as you have done. He was noted for his humanity and goodness? and we may say the spirit of wisdom was more perfectly manifested in him than in any before his time. He had a combination of virtues, grand and lofty. Many have a part of those virtues, but the combination has been broken into. The grand whole hath not been seen since his time. Thus we shall say that Jesus was a perfect man-the son of God no more than is every man of this and every other gene ration.

1 43

When men will be governed by the law which wisdom bath given them, then they will see that I have spoken truth; then they will see that these marvel ous stories about God and Jesus are all evil, and will pass away with the evil which gave them birth

I have already overrun the time allotted to me; and now, asking a blessing for those beyond me, and leaving a blessing for my friends, I will give you

my name, and bid you adieu. My friends will know me as John Woodbridge. I was born in the northern part of the State of New York, and shall be understood by the communication July 23. I have given you.

David Walker.

This is the greatest place I was ever in. Why don't you talk to'n fellow?

.Wou't you please to put your questions one at a time? You mix them all up—name, place of residence, how old, and all these things. One at a time,

My name-don't know whether its best to tell you or not. 'Spose it is best-so its David Walker. I was born in Boston, dled in Huvre. No, sir; not Nova Scotia—but France. Died with fever—don't know what kind—the doctors have so many names

was thirty-eight years old. What else do you want? Nothing? Then I'll give you my story:

and my father married again, and I took it into my not whether my friends believe it or not, I shall feel head not to like it, and I cleared out. I never had better for it. any Stuantion after that time. I had nobody to see I die I drunk - might have been soler long enough to die, you know.

me, so I used to make myself known and went to the house, and if they didn't introduce me, I intidated myself. Never stayed all night, but just long enough to kick up a row. After a while, the was a stronger to all, and they took as much interafter, though I suppose they always dreaded my control very well here, it is well enough to suit my return. They have heard I'm dead, and I am. God purpose, knows what I'm here for. If my friends have They us called me out of curiosity, it will be worse for them, perhaps. If they have a jubilee over my news, I'll Leanard.

Horgot to say, suppose my father is living, in Beston; he's pretty old. His name is same as my before I dod - then the old man was alive and kick. off a piece of his tail? They used to tell me that he ing. He kept a few folks boarding. His old woman

about anything, only I don't know what is to become self seen or heard.

Oh, I can't talk to you as any body that has had an education, but I talk myself. I saw my mother once, but I guess she didn't like the looks of me. and cleared out.

I go to heaven? You don't know me, exactly. I don't see any chance. You might as well drive a

Well, good bye; I've got done with you. July 23.

Mary Curtis.

The fill wing was given by the dumb alphabet:-July 23. that power while on earth.

Capt. Wm. Brown.

I hope I don't intrude. Your first visitor made 'se. I doubt as I can say that, but I feel very near it. If anytody should have told me ten years ago, have erred. that I should be here at this time, after death talk. They who guide your circles tell me to persevere, ing to you, I should be likely to have told him he and, in time, I shall be rewarded. They tell me to an, as much Capt. William Brown as I ever was. I believe that every thought is treasured up in 1 Good day. I'll wait awhile until I am crowned hereven -or somewhere in some mind.

I was a particular friend of a spirit who, I am old, often comes to you. He himself told me, something like a year and a half ago, he had been I have power to commune through this mortal orhas come frequently; and if he has come so suc-it, that my soul longs to solve, cessfally, why cannot 1? I refer to Elias Smith.

Some one or more who live where I once lived.

or to benefit anybody. I came to benefit myself, but else? Have I not been endowed with a power superif I can benefit any other person I shall be happy to rior to my race. But they tell me thousands are in do so. I do not feel satisfied with what I did on the habit of returning to earth, and communing with earth. I was called a good moral man, but I am the friends of have no near friends that I can with dissatisfied with myself, and I suppose I have a safety approach. They who have called upon me are right to express my own opinion of self.

earth I shall be happy to do so; and I suppose it is to answer the request indeed I cannot do it. Not letter for me to come best and let people know that that I am not in possession of facts in the case, not I am empowered to do so. As regards identifying that my senses have been benumbed, not that I have myself, I shall try to do that as I go along. I am forgotten -no, but I cannot infleed give them what eve it is myself.

This new doctrine, that I suppose I shall have to udge. It is best for every one to look within and feel it to be my duty.

be their own judge. I am not at all auxious to open I feel a mixture of sadness and pleasure in coming be pleased to have any one call upon me who wishes past. Pleased, because I am happy to be remem-to talk with me. I lived and died in Boston. If I bered. It is not love which calls me here—it may have not given enough to satisfy my friends that it be curiosity, but I hope not. I am puzzled—there s me, I will return and give them more, if they will may be something hidden deep in the soul, that they July 21. call upon me.

Jake Leanard.

Takes time to come here. I was thinking there vas two ways to raise the wind-one was to keep still, the other to keep moving. You see I've been dend most three years, and I don't know as you take time when I shall feel at liberty to answer their what dead folks say as bona fide truth. If you do,

say so, and if you do n't, just tell us so.
I've been keeping still, hoping somebody would raise a wind for me, by asking me to come. Found it did n't rise at all, so I'm going to try the other way; may be I shall do something. You see I've got some friends that might be glad to hear from me, on the other side of the world. I suppose the best was born in the city of Providence, in 1818, and died way for me to bring myself into communication with in Bristol, nine years ago. I was a clock-maker. I them, is to tell something by which they may recog- suppose I have as good a right to speak as anybody. hize me, and then see if they wont call for me.

there. After I was married, I left home, and went a sister, and brother. The sister and brother are cruising, and when I got back I found things warnt still living, to whom I have a great deal to say; but so satisfactory as I could wish. I den't know as I I do not want to do it here. I suppose they are in

was drowned. There is much connected with my why I can't come as well as any. history that had better be left where it is, in silence. I shall bring enough to identify myself, and let the was crazy during my sickness. There is a person rest lay still, where it is. I have a wife and child living on earth, that I want care taken of. My in Liverpool. I am not satisfied with the way that friends did not know about this, and I can't give you child is being brought up. If there is a way to benefit more particulars here. My sickness was fever.

after; my sister is married, and my brothers are thing, it might not be unwise for me to tell. I had

years after I left Boston, was totally false. I never earth, in nine years, that I could tell all I wish to know what kind—the doctors have so many names was imprisoned for anything. I never committed a without scandal.

for it. I might tell you I died with black fever, and forgery in my life—never had a real good muss with Now I want a certain person taken care of, and I

another might say it's a lie-he had the yellow anybody on earth. So if my friends are still believfever. I vonited, and they called it black vomit. I ing what they heard about me, they are in the dark, died in 1856. I went to Havre, because duty called me there. Went to son, and sickness took me off; was, no doubt, imprisoned for forgery, and for things and I'm glad of it, for I never wanted to see Boston | that were not right. I investigated the case, because ngain. They, perhaps, won't like to hear from me; it was thrown on me. I was lost in a storm at sea, but, no matter; I'm going to talk, and it strikes me while going up the Mediterranean, so the report that I may say something sensible before I get through. I died in prison was erroneous. Everybody likes to have justice done them. I know it belongs to the body, but I feel towards that as you would to an old When I was about ten years old my mother died, triend on earth. I must free my mind-it matters

I am one of that kind that do n't trouble themto me or care for me, and I went in for having a selves very much about that which is past; shall pover good time generally. I got drunk before I was thir, be made extremely unhappy by it, but it is well teen years old, and I hept drunk, by spells, till I when one has a chance, to set things right. My wife stepped out. That's no reason why they should say do n't care to hear from me, but I do n't like the way I die I drunk might have been soler long enough to my boy is being brought up, and If I have power to turn him, I shall do so: if not, I shall not fret about Well, after a while, my father got too big to know it. If he has head enough to stand up amid such

temptations, I shall be pleased-if not, he must fall. I don't know much above talking through mediold man told me if I'd go to sea, he'd give me an jest in me as in any stranger. However, I learned outfit, and I went, and never troubled them much show to control by going there, and although I do n't

> They used to call me Jake. Sometimes they used to pronounced Leonard, but I used to call myself Jake

If my wife is fortunate enough to get what I say, she will say I have made a league with the Prince of Evil, and am still on her track. Well, if we can get own. The last time I was in Boston-three years the old-chap to help in doing good, why wont it out had a cloven foot, and a long tail, and if you looked had some money. I heard—tried to find out how sharp under his disguises, you would be have never seen this chap here, though perhaps he have never seen this chap here, though perhaps he much, but couldn't.

I'm comfortably off-don't have to trouble myself is waiting for a convenient opportunity to meet me. If my wife sees this, and sees fit to alter her course only I've lost the old body. Have no desire to get it back, not if it's got to be taken away again. I'm right here—on earth—but I can't was a state only I've lost the old body. There is a shall use all the power I have, and if I fail, shall conclude It is not a work for me to do, and give it up.

I have said quite enough to be understood by the properties of the properties. of me. I haven't made up my mind what I shall with the boy, I shall not trouble myself-but if not, I further particulars, I will return and do so. There remains much to be said about myself and wife. Now, with a right good blessing on you for your kindness, I'll leave. July 24.

Mary Ann Mardon.

I am so very anxious to commune with my friends. sheep through a needle. But I tell you what, I'm Why is it that I, who have sought so had sheep through a needle. But I tell you what, I'm Who is it that I, who have sought so had when I was I told earl I was stafraid when I came here. Folks call it a dark to you still I cannot reach them. I told you I was place; but how do they know?

Look my mother up? Oh, the devil—she "I have years ago. I told you I left a husband and two to look me up—she's got better eyes than Llave, children. Oh, why is it I cannot reach them? I Well, go at how ? I've our door with the same transfer and the same transfer and the same transfer and two parts and the same transfer and two parts are same transfer as the same transfer as cannot find them-I know they are here, for everything tells me so. There is a strange something that divides us, but I cannot tell you what it is.

My name was Mary Ann Marsign. I died in Boston of fever. Oh, why is it I cannot reach my Say that I. Mary Curtis, who lived and died in friends. My husband was what people on earth New York, was with you this day. Say that she has would call a rigger—his name was William Marden, not power to speak, having never been blessed with, Oh, if I could commune with him, I should be happy.

They tell me that all belies that are removed from their resting place, have their names crossed outonly these are not crased who still remain there. I know I was taken afterwards to Mount Auburn, but remark which struck me very forcibly. It seems why is it I cannot see my friends? Fourteen years k could secreely realize he was himself and nobody ago I was deposited where I tell you, in Park street church. I am not mistaken-no one need tell me I

hel--even if he had been my father. But here I come again, and again, and again, until I am re-

+warded. with success.

Charles Cunningham.

I can scarcely credit what I realize; though I know here once, and since that time I have been told be ganism, yet I feel there is a mystery connected with

I feel like one who has been from hong a long have carnestly negged me to come here and give a time and returned to find nearly all his friends lead; communication, stouching my earth-life and death, what remained behind have forgotten him. It may I say again, I can scarcely credit what my senses Le, I have been so much occupied since I left these, realize. When I found myself in full possession of parts that they have possed partially from my memory your medium, I was lead to ask, an I indeed the ry, and I think, therefore, I have passed from them. I came to-day, not because I have been called for, form? Have I not been transformed into something ight to express my own opinion of self.

In the express my own opinion of self.

If I can open communication with any one on now thank for calling upon me. I feel my inability ware people of earth cannot see me, so I must up, they wish me to. They ask too much. I care not for peal to their other senses, in order to make them be myself, but there are others who might suffer still more deeply than they have heretofore suffered.

It would be folly for me to rehearse the whole or be an advocate of, is making rapid inroads into part of my history—they who have called for me Christianity. I see it, and it is astonishing to see know well what that history was, and the only ask how rapid it flies. I am inclined to believe that all that I may give some information in regard to my reeds will have to give in to this new light. I be death. Let them be satisfied to know that I am conieve man was created to be free-that he should be tent with my present situation. I would not exallowed to receive knowledge from everything that change it for all the happiness found on earth. But is capable of giving him wisdom. Why should not I would here earnestly beseech those friends to be king receive knowledge from a beggar? But nine charity be their guide, and however harshly they enths of the people of earth are not content to may think of those around them, let a sense of duty earn from anything that is not superior in all re- compel them to silence. Yes, tell them I refuse to spects to themselves. It may be, in time to come, grant their request. There may be a time when I that people will be pontent to learn from anything, shall deem it well to return and retract this refusal, It may be they sin in ignorance. I am not the and give what they require, but at this time I do not

communication with anybody on earth, but should there. Sad, because it brings to me in vivid light the

require my coming.

Now, in all kindness, I will leave, that some one else may come and give something which will better please the public ear. My name was Charles Cun-July 24 request.

John Dow. SPIRIT-LAND, July 24.

I do come, but cannot speak.

It's very hard to get to earth, any way. Perhaps I am a native of Boston. I left Boston about nino I shall not get a chance again, and suppose I years ago, and I went to Liverpool, and got married might as well say all I have to say. I left a mother, am obliged to tell what made me dissatisfied; am 1? Bristol, but do not know, for I have never been able Very well, I was n't satisfied with what I saw and to get near mough to earth to reach them. There heard at home, and I took another cruise, and cruised seems to be a good deal going on here, back and about till I came to death by water. I suppose I forth, between spirits and mortais, and I don't see

I left a good deal of business unsettled, because I

it, I am going to; if not, I am going to keep still.

When I left Boston, I left a mother, a sister, and two brothers. My mother died about three years and was sick some time in consequence. Then another and the my left. somewhere on earth. Perhaps one of them can be some money left me three years before I died. I of service to be, and I may be of some to them.

The account that was reported of me about four of scandal, but things have not altered so much on a some that the left of the way of scandal, but things have not altered so much on the service of the service

Henry.

get there I cannot see or hear-therefore I can't tell whether he is there or not.

Now I want him to go to a good, strange medium, was so,"-"always thought there was something wrong there," and make a thousand such remarks. Se I will leave you now, as I have given enough to call my brother's attention to this. July 26.

.... Michael Colgan.

Faith, I think I've got in the wrong place. Gad, I see none of my own here at all - not one. Faith, I think if I'd eyes as large as the moon I'd see no one here I know. Faith, I did expect to meet them here. Bedad, what would I come to speak to the likes of

What the divel shall I talk, when I have no one to

talk to 1 know?

I was born in Ireland. I die in Boston. My I did every thing I could get to do. Sometimes I sawed wood, sometimes carried bricks, and did any thing. I got folks that live in Washington square, and they told me to come here, and nobody is here to day to say "how do ye do, Michael?"

lt's only a year agone since I die. Faith, I know what time it is. I've no lost my senses. I was sick only a short time. It was hot, and I drank considerable water. I was sick only two or three hours. What am I here for, talking to the likes of you? My folks are Catholic. Faith I am in Purgatory. I got gone into his own soul to see if he could not there no hell-no heaven-its what I expected, so I am all right. I robbed no man, murdered no man. I lid the best I can. I'll get out when the time comes. feel it's all right. I expected just what I got. It's

purgatory any way you can fix it. I'll stay till get out this, then go where God sees fit to send me. don't know where this will be.

This is a queer place here; puts me in mind of strangers to me. I think I know none of them, no more nor you. I've got a wife, and childer too, and nobody is here to meet me.

Faith I was at home, and they were talking about me, and wanted me to come here, and I expected they would meet me here. I remember all, and 1 know all, and I tells all; but I'm turned round myself. I go to her to see the childer and my wife, but I can't make any thing so she knows me. Faith, you develop that which belongs to God, but always that do not look like an Irishman; I can tell an Irishman a long way, dead or alive. You might put on the brogans, and all the rest of the things, and I could tell you after I got four childer; three boys and one girl. I got cousins a lot of them. Faith, I'm not a hamed of my name,—I came from a da-

cent family, and was a dacent man all my days. July 26. Rev. Dr. Judson.

Thou infinite Spirit of wisdom, we thank thee for all thou hast given us. We thank thee for sin, blessed Father, for we well know that sin is but the buil of knowledge. Man sins, and receives punish- ashamed of when you pass from earth-life to immorment for the same, and the result will be for thy tality. glory at all times, and under all conditions. We as it ever will be. We thank thee, oh God, for the darkness of the past-for that which is now crumbing into dust-for out of darkness, oh God, we see thy marvellous light. We thank thee, oh God, for the light of to-day—that light by which thousands deception, imposition and falsehood—nay, he invites are fleeing into the brightness of everlasting peace. We thank thee Father of blessings, for all thou art daily bestowing upon us who are devoid of mortality, and upon those who are in bonds of mortality.

In our extremes, we fly unto thee, oh God, knowng that thou hast created us in wisdom-knowing that thou wilt fulfill in wisdom; oh God, we offer our potitions unto thee, knowing that thou wilt furnish us with all we have need of-knowing that

suffering in behalf of the afflicted one; for we know, comes and tells you something your reason tells you oh God, that fine gold is to be brought forth by the is wrong, reject it at once. the fragrance thereof.

We thank thee that thou art aiding us in the de. and if it meets an approval, use what you receivewe thank thee that thou art hiding us in the development of the human race. We thank thee because they have given us power to return to earth.

We praise thee, oh God, for that we have, and that

Much might be said upon this subject, but our We praise thee, oh God, for that we have, and that we have had. Oh, our God, we will return at thy pleasure, we will strive to silence the murmuring of the multitude because it is thy will. We will teach mankind that thou art God, for thou hast told us has been told you, he was one of the foolish of earth. to. We will teach mankind to walk in wisdom's way, for thou hast given wisdom.

Wherever our duty leads us, we will strive well to perform it, that we may not draw ourselves in the particularly. Good day. light of folly.

We, oh fountain of everlasting joy, expect to enjoy hy presence more fully hereafter, because thou hast

anght us to expect it.

We walk forth in thy steps, forgetting not to sound thy praises at the North, the South, the East, the West-wherever thy power permits us to go. We, oh God, would bless this little company in thy name, for thou hast taught-us to bless in thy name, to love in thy name; therefore, oh God, we obey thee. May peace everlasting, wisdom without end, joy from the fountain of everlasting joy, be and abide

with thy children here and every where.

In the name of my master I do close you circle. July 26. REV. Dr. Judson.

To a Circle at Washington.

A question hath been issued from the city of Wash-

like this: About one year and a half ago a female telligence in this wise unto the female we have not wish to do it. spoken of. Thus the spirit, or spirits, told her that I have sons, but they are not what I want them a certain dear friend, who was then absent from her, to be, by a good deal; but I did not come to talk to had ceased to exist on earth, and was one of their them to-day, only to beg of that man to change number in spirit life. The intelligence drove the his course; if the change be never so slight, I shall medium to insauity; yes, reason fell from her throne, believe it. od to us is this: What would a Solomon have deereed to the medi-

um who should be the cause of so dire a calamity? not to class Solomon as one of the wise ones. Alwisest of his time, was it so? Let us reason upon man, a vicious man—one in whom we find an animan organization—one in which all the propensities
of the animal thrived and grew strong. What class
of people, dwelling upon the earth, would tolerate
such a man as Solomon at this day, now, in the
such a man as Solomon at this day, now, in the
such a man as Solomon at this day, now, in the
such a man as Solomon at this day, now, in the
such a man as Solomon at this day, now, in the
such a man as Solomon at this day, now, in the
such a man as Solomon at this day, now, in the
such a man as Solomon at this day, now, in the
such a man as Solomon at this day, now, in the
such a man as Solomon at this day, now, in the stamp, do not put one upon the same plane as wis- today, but suppose I shall have to come again. dom. Now, a wise man will be a good man. Where

brother could be made to believe that he can talk a good man? No! far from it. We find, no one with me, he will do what I ask of him. His name is quality to build here a good man? seeking to aggrandize himself, and he carell not by Bless your soul! I can go to Bristol, but when I what means he did it. He was continually going forth in the land to seek beauty, and to obtain it to gratify the lowest improprieties of man. In a word, he spent his life in pandering to the lowest order of and I will tell him what I want. I could tell you things. No true wisdom was found in the man all, but everybody may not be as good as you, or as Bolomon. Therefore, we say, when our friends hold worthy of being trusted with secrets-folks down before us a wise name, let them take a good man, there nint, I warrant. They would say "I knew it Why not like the man Jesus? There goodness reigns supremo.

Now, Solomon might have looked upon this thing as we shall not. If he could have seen anything therein, by passing judgment upon that act which tended to aggrandize himself, he might have passed harsh judgment upon this medium and the cause.

We will look at the other side of the questionwill look-as the wise man would-above, beneath, around and at the interior. Then the decree may be said to have been given with love and with justice. The people of the present age are very much dis-

posed to look at any new doctrine that is presented to them, through their own peculiar eyes, spiritually, morally and politically. If, say they, by embracing this new doctrine I shall find myself better off, why name's Michael Colgan, all the world over. Dead or may I not embrace it? Do May say spiritually betalive, I'll have that name as long as I live. Faith, ter off? Oh, no! One says, if I can put myself on a plane, of material wealth-if I can make more dollars-I will do it. If, says another, I can lead mankind-gratify my ambition-1 will do so.

We conceive it to be the duty of every man to weigh every new doctrine given to teach him of things present and things in the future.

Now the wise man would not only look at the condition that governs this philosophy in this sphere, but would have gone board this veil, to the interior world, to see the grosness. Aye, he would have find cause for this. No man is fit to be a judge unless he is a good man, willing to lay down his life for another.

It will be better for our friends to lay down the past and take progress for their guide. The beggar that walks your streets to day may be better than

Solomon — wiser and more holy.

We sometimes feel aggrieved when we return to the time I come to Ameriky. I see a good many earth and find spirits who existed in olden times—here, and more than I wanted to see. They're all spirits who have darkness written upon their brow held up as patterns of wisdom. Oh, would to God you could see Solomou as he sees himself to-daynot as a wise man, but hideous as a monster of hell

-cruel, crafty-caten up by self-aggrandizement. If our wise Creator has been disposed to form such a hell as your Bible speaks of, we think he would have fashioned it for Solomon, for sure none deserved it better than he, for he was never seen seeking to which belongs to the lower order of things.

Oh, that man would be good-wise in the true sense-then our friends would not be visited by darkness. Light begets light, darkness begets darkness; and shall not one who asks for light receive it? If you are dark, shall not darkness seek to manifest to you?

Oh, then, live holy, all ye who are holding daily communion with disembodied spirits. It is your duty. You owe it not only to your own day and generation, but to all coming time. Oh, see to it, that you lay a foundation that you shall not be

Many professed Spiritualists are too often in thank thee, oh God, for nature as it was, as it is, and the habit of laying down their reason, and taking the word of some spirit, or class of spirits. Man is an individual God, and as such he should at once recognize himself as such. The moment he lays down his individual reason, he lays himself open to them and must pay the penalty.

We find that two of the number who formed that circle, are in the habit of placing implicit confidence in all they receive, and if we had told them to walk across yonder river, they would not have doubted. but proceed to try the experiment; then we say, use your own reason in all things. If the good friend had not thrown down her reason, but had used her judgement, she would not have fallen into at thy call the winds blow, the waves run high, and the state she did. She gave full ercolonce to what the souls of men exist. We bless thee for all, we love thee for all, we spirit-instead of testing the truth of his statement.

praise thee for all, we murmur at nothing. In thy wisdom thou sufferest us to stand by the side of the suffering form. We thank thee, oh God, for the

fire. The bud drops from the parent stem and man's | Ask for all you wish with an honest heart, exfoot crushes it; we thank thee, oh God, for we istale pecting to be dealt honestly with. When you get an answer, weigh it in the scale of your own reason,

> time is limited, and we have been obliged to pass it over briefly. Now we will leave, and ask our friends to be good and wise-not as Solomon was, for, as I do not care to leave my name. I am one of a class of spirits who have been appealed to, to answer this question. I speak for all, not, for myself

Hiram Locke.

I believe I'm doomed to a cross-bearing life. I supposed when a man had done with earth, he had got rid of all the troubles that seemed to cling 80 hard to him. On the contrary, I find I was never more thoroughly wedged in; and I find if I would get out, I must fight out.

I came to you two years ago, but I suppose you don't remember me. I'll tell you what my name is, and then perhaps you'll remember me. It was Hiram Locke. I want to communicate to Trulla good man in a good many respects—too good to continue in the business he is in. I must get him out, or stay in hell I don't know how long. It seems hard to be obliged to lift somebody from the mire before you can rise-that's not the way-you got to hoist somebody else out of the mire before you can ington, and it hath reached a certain class of spirits get out yourself. If there is anybody to curse who purpose to answer it. We learn from those rum, its me, God knows. I suppose I've been in hell who have seen fit to send us this question, a story for the last ten years, and it's time I got out. I want old Trull to get out of that business, or he form was living and moving among a certain class will go to hell; if he gets out as soon as possible, of people dwelling in the city of Washington. By he'll be a deal better off than if he continues there, some means this female became a convert to Spiritualism. We are told that the facts of the case are and every evil connected with it I know. I don't these. A medium came to dwell in the family. Va- expect a man is going to break off sinning of a sudrious communications were given through that mediden; but he can modify it somewhat. He must do um to members of the skeptical family. Among it. I shall not rest day or night, until he does it; these communications we find one which we may and if he will not make a beginning, by my coming well call evil. Soon this embodied spirit gave in here, I shall go direct to him. I have power, but do

and she became for a time a maniao; and she, we' Why, I see effects every day, of which he is the are told is not at the present time in the full poss-first great cause, and it makes my soul shudder. He ession of her faculties. Now the question propound- cannot see it. My God! I wish he could. Why cannot I have power to overthrow that establishment, and end these curses?

I want you to write just as I talk-not leave A Solomon, they say; we presume they mean a out a word. If I say I'm in hell, you say so; and wise man, but we would beg of them, at the outset, I say he will go to hell unless he does different. There is a good deal in that man's case that might though we know he was said to have been one of the be told, but no matter about it. If I can make him do near right, I shall be happier. He has just the this point and see if it was so. Solomen was not smartest band of spirits, who would like to come possessed of wisdom; he was a schemer, a cunning nearer him, but cannot. I came because I am on

civilized pertion thereof? They would denounce him Oh, if it had not been for ruin, my wife and children and brand him with the lowest of mankind. Cun-might have been, made happier; instead of that, ning and deception, and a thousand evils of the like they were made miserable. I have no more to may

July 27.

1

From Dwight's Journal of Music. COTTAGE SONG.

BY JOHN 6. ADAMS.

We've, a cottage clothed with roses, Near a wood Where the singing birds of summer There in early spring the daisies

tiem the eod, Looking up to heaven above them, And to God.

There in holy caim we worship One abovo, Through his works that all around us

Speak his love; Read we there his will in every Rock and tree. While his blessings fall upon us

Rich and free. Beautiful the morning sunlight Cometh there.

Crowning Nature at her early Morning prayer; And at evening, when the twilight Closeth round. Still, devoutly at her worship,

We are not alone, for angels Come and go, Walking often through our cottage To and fro: Promising to guide and guard us With their love,

Till we go to live among them,

Is she found.

Up above. Simple life is ours, we follow Nature's way, Learning of her truthful lessons Day by day; Striving to fulfil our mission,-Doing good: Living happy in our cottage

Near the wood.

Correspondence.

MRS. FELTON IN RHODE ISLAND. Messas, Editors-The friends of Spiritualism in Northampton have, the past month, received much strength in their faith. Prof. Brittan gave them four of his most beautiful and highly instructive lectures, which were followed by six lectures through the mediumship of Mrs. Felton-the spirits allowing the audiences to choose their own subjects and ask questions, which created much interest.

The elerical brothren became alarmed, convened in holy council, and sent abroad their decision, anointed with divine grace, whereby all who seek for light outside of their synogogues, are by them pronounced infidels-thus, through fear, striving to close the windows of the soul against the light of the rapidly-rising spiritual sun. But, leaving them, and their decree, to do their work, I will give you, as perfectly as possible, a series of tests given through Mrs. Felton to an entire stranger. On Sunday, August 29th, Col. Harwood and Mr. Read came from Whately to hear Mrs. F. lecture. After the afternoon becture, they were invited to tea. While at the teatable, Mrs. Felton was controlled by Violet art.or Nature, and never visit it, while others come -a little spirit-girl-who communicated to Mr. Read | what his spirit friends told her-the following, of which is the substance. Violet says: -" While Blue trouble. A fine, shore road runs from Fall River to Bell was lecturing, I saw around you a little girl, and we commenced playing together. She is between four and five years old, and says she has an Aunt Mary. I took her down to see a colt and kit-the main land, and from thence passes on to Newten papa has. She was very much pleased with them, and said she used to have a colt and kitten, nose. She says she loves her papa, and used to be with you when you were riding nights; and when ramble, and lying down on the ruins of an old ramto sooth your head. She used to like to play with those little red, white and green things you used to keep in the little trunk. She says she was with you when you had that smash-up-one car bobbed up higher than the rest.

Here comes a Pat. He says he used to dig gravel. He is not very tall, but has square shoulders and deep wrinkles across the forehead. He says something about spilling oil; says you will recognize him by that. Your little girl has got a man by the hand. He is tall and straight, with grey hair, which he used to push back from his forehead. He was a man of strong feelings, but he seldom expressed them, except when some one died or went away. I 🕦 see him in a large room, with a row of children, teaching them the catechism; the room is longer thun it is broad; the fireplace is as large as one half of one side of the room. There is something in it which swings out, and on one side the bricks are worn smooth by sharpening knives. A beam runs through the centre of the room."

These tests were rattled off at the ten-table by Violet, in a manner that convinced Mr. Read that, although among strangers, some power or intelligence was there, which was thoroughly familiar with his past life and associations.

The confirmations given by Mr. Read, which were as follows, were not given till after the facts were told by Violet.

4. Mr. Read said the horse ho had with him was a colt when his little girl died. The kiften described is now a cat, and the description is a perfect one. He said: "I was conductor on a railroad out West. and used to ride nights; the last eighteen miles, used to put my feet up on the seat and try to sleep. The things in the trunk were checks. Have had several smash-ups; have had but one where one car was higher than the rest, and that one run over the brink of a precipice so far that it balanced, and there it did bob up and down. We were obliged to use great caution to keep it from going over. Pat, I did not recognize till he spoke of the oil, 'Ho was first on a gravel-train, then brakeman on a passenger-train. In lighting the lamps in the car, he once spilled some oil, which run down on some one. The man described was was my father; the characteristics given, were marked points in his character and kitchen -- the description of which is perfect as it hand writing. I have given Mr. Bowker some twen-

was thirty years ago." Many of the above things Mr. Read had forgotten, until incidents were narrated by Violet, which brought them back to his memory. He had nover several of the most remarkable cases which have before received any very satisfactory personal tests, come under my observation; but my object is not to but after receiving such, as he said, to use a Western show what Mr. Bowker can do, but to find out how phrase, "heaps" of tests, he could not but believe he does it. He denies the agency of spirits, (though that his father and little girl had been conversing himself a Spiritualist) and professes little faith in with him through the spiritual air-line telegraph phrenology—leaving us in the darkas to the modus which is in full operation between the two world.

complexion, blue eyes, and golden hair, who was losophy? Can this new power be explained? very fond of singing; her name was Violet. He NATION, Sept. 18, 1858.

recognized her as a sister of that name, who answered perfectly to the description given.

They came to tea, expecting nought but nourishment for the body; they received that higher food which nourishes the soul and bids it turn its wings have gone before. Strengthened and buoyed up with their love and care, it returns to perform earth duties with greater love and cheerfulness towards all.

ward to you.
Yours, in the cause of truth,
W. I

W. B. FELTON. P. S.—Violet is a little Southern girl. She says her father do n't believe she comes back, and she

wants some father to love, so she calls me "father." and Mrs. Felton "Blue Bell." My father, in Northampton, has a colt and kitten, to which she refers. W. B. F.

Provinence, September 6, 1858.

LETTER FROM DR. NEWCOMB.

My DEAR BANNER-In this little town, situated about five miles from Fall River, on the road to Newport, I have been passing a fortnight very pleasantly. Wearied as I was with almost incessant labor in other directions, I could not give myself entirely to leisure, as had been my intention, for the people here are auxiously inquiring for the right and the good, and desiring to know if these things, about which the whole world is in a blaze, be really so. During my stay four lectures have been given, through my organism, upon the general principles of the harmonial philosophy—the ultimate destiny of mau-the miracles of the New Testament-and, lastly, the Creation. It was with much reluctance that the people released me even then, as these are the first and only lectures that have been given there on spiritual subjects. The audiences were small at first, but gradually increased to the endwhich speaks well for the interest felt in the cause.

The Bannen is taken here by a few persons, and from them it is borrowed and loaned all over the neighborhood; for many have not yet got strong enough to sustain spiritual papers, with the "sinews of commerce," but find them capital things to get hold of and read in a corner. I hardly expected to find one copy of it even, in this rather out-of theway place, but like the Harmonial Philosophy itself, it is being manifested everywhere. In addition to lectures 1 have given free sittings almost every evening, and can but believe the cause has received an impetus which it will long continue to feel.

Tiverton is one of the pleasantest and most romantic spots in all New England, and if there are any localities designed by Nature to give the inhabitants spiritual tendencies, surely this must be one of them. But the people plod on, unmindful of its beauties, just as some people live, all their lives, within seeing distance of some beautiful work of thousands of miles to look at the same formations, and feel themselves well repaid for their time and the village, within a few rods of the surf and foam of the ocean, the entire distance, and from the lower side of the town stretches across the stone bridge. port. Lofty hills in some places slope gradually up, and in others rise precipitously from the sea, and when she lived down here. The kitten was black from their summits may be obtained a most enchant-" Have drank the soft, sweet beauty of the scene around,

And held commune with angel-voices there." I shall be in Boston in a day or two, preparatory to a tour to the Western country. Very truly, Tiverton, R. 1. A. B. Newcomb.

NEW GRAEFENBURG WATER CURE.

HERKEMER COUNTY, N. Y., Sept 14, 1958. DEAR BANNER-In a snug little glen among the hills that surround Utica, and about five miles from the city, is situated this delightful home and retreat for the patients, who, worn out by the chafings of business, or cares, or vexations, or dissipations of social or commercial life, can find the conditions, care and nursing, that will restore to normal and healty action such systems as have recuperative energies, with proper aid and surroundings sufficient to restore

This establishment was founded by Dr. R. Holland, about eleven years ago, and was one of the first in the country. Certainly it has one of the pleasantest localities and situations for its object and purposes, that could be selected. The buildings are large, commodious, and very conveniently arrainged to accommodate a large number of persons. The water is abundant, and of the purest and best quality. The hills, covered with berries in their respective seasons; the groves of evergreen and summer green shades; the food and treatment, with the magnetic and medical aid of Dr. Holland and Dr. William Thomas-all unite to nid-the-mind of the patient, to restore the body to health and harmony.

Of all the establishments I have yet visited, this combines more advantages, at less cost, than any one and I can certainly recommend it both for its advantages, and the kind and gentlemanly treatment of its proprietors-to all our friends who, in sickness or health, need the rest, and treatment, and fare of a well regulated water cure establishment in the country, and is easily accessible by railroad.

WARREN CHASE.

A QUESTION ASKED. MESSES. EDITORS-I see in your columns an advertisement, headed, "The Book of Life opened," in which Mr. H. L. Bowker proposes, by a new method, to delineate the character, and tell the principal appearance; he was Orthodox, and had a class of events of the life of any one who calls upon him, or children to whom he taught the catechism in the sends him either a daguerrectype or specimen of ty-five or thirty tests of different kinds, and have become convinced, beyond a shadow of doubt, that he can do all that he advertises to do. I might give operandi by which he accomplishes such wonderful Violet described to Col. Harwood a spirit-light results. But how does he do it? What is the phi-G. E. Rockwood.

THE UTICA CONVENTION.

DEAR BANNER-This convention, searching after the cause and oure of evil, opened its session on Friday, Sept. 10, at 10 o'clook, A. M., with about four fu hundred in attendance, when the objects and in ignorance, when joined to arrogance and self conceit, heaven ward, and soar among the dearly beloved who . | quiries of the convention were stated by A. J. Davis is happily set off in the following paragraph in a the whole movement, both in its inception, birth and development-and closed Sunday, Sept. 12, at 10, Mediums visiting Northampton, will find a good P. M., with a story told by H. C. Wright-who could It is to be honored, and I honor it. It adds to the field for labor. A good test medium is much needed tell it better, than any one else-which contained happiness of mankind, and to the improvement of Mrs. Felton is lecturing in Providence, this month. the answer to the great inquiry of "How shall we the age in which we live, and is well worthy of all Any tests coming under my observation, which 1 overcome evil with good?" The story was of a little look at what has been done in the scientific world. think will interest and benefit the public, I will for- girl who gave her angry brother a kiss for a blow. In London, previous to our leaving, the savans asand that overcamo his auger and brought him to sembled at a yearly meeting gave to a member who penitence and tears. But I doubt whether this rend a paper-the best that had ever been rend bepolicy would answer for the orthodox God, as it would soon depopulate hell; and might even send the demonstration of the utter impossibility and impracdevil back to heaven; yet, it may do in this world, tienbility of ever laying the telegraph cable down. and, for one, I should like to see it extensively triedand if it works well, we might suggest it to our Christian brethren, and through them to the heavenly

> it was augmented to near afteen hundred, some of it trumpet tongued throughout the universe-to an whom were rather noisy, turbulent, excitable and almighty and overraling power., (Cheers.) We had impatient persons, who seemed to be so much under evidences in and around us while we were at the the exciting stimulants of liquor, tobacco and coffee, say on all occasions that 'Unto Him, and not unto as to require more sound and nonsense than philits, be all the praise.'" losophy or good sense. But these were not a great (in any sense) portion of the audience, and were mostly from Utiea and Rome, and as we learned. were sent there by the false character, motives, and objects attributed to the convention by the pulpit and press of those two places-for it is certain that both entirely misstated the character, motives, objeet and teachings of the reformers who went there and by these falsehoods they made many of the hardest cases in the city believe it their duty to come and drive it out, and thereby protect the morals of the city, (not their own, for they had none). But the civil authorities of both country and city laying the cable down," are of course bound to prove were ready in case of need to protect the convention, and prevent the vicious from disturbing the steady, sober-minded and carnest persons who assembled there to compare notes and proclaim thoughts. A little hissing like serpents, and stamping like horses, spitting tobacco, and swearing in whispers, were all the evil we saw in the actions of those assembled There can be no doubt of the ability of the "belu to be overcome with good, and I believe a kiss for a blow would have cured even this.

> Two or three speakers were offended at the re porters for their mistakes or blunders, but I thought the reporters did as well as could be expected when it was required of them to make the convention applogic with which the committee will, of course, suspear from their roports, to be what the pulpit and press had declared it would be. This they failed to their London brothers, as a means of demonstrating do, whether they tried or not, and loften feared the apparent success of the absurd scheme of estab they would be censured by their employers, and the lishing instantaneous communication between the religious patrons, for not saying more hard words for old and the new world, is attributable to like halfuus. if we did not utter them.

The language and essays of the speakers were, with two or three exceptions and those on the side of the pulpit and the Bible-of the most chaste, that some of them exhibit a degree of generance radia charitable, philosophical, moral and truly religious character, and although no great new truth was brought to light, or general plan of future action say, that while we have simply done our duty, we agreed upon, yet in the comparison of ideas, the decowe our success in laying this cable can't I wish I and general latitude and longitude of different re-verse-to an almighty and overraling power." I formers, gained by the convention were great ad- would ask the worthy Captain whether such a mmortance.

easily and readily dispatched, but not, perhaps, in tion of those who know everything else, and would the very best manner, owing to contracts and pro have known that also, had it been true? Why, the mises made before the assembling, for, by these, sev- Captain might have gone a step further, without eral persons whose ideas were not "crystalized" rendering his ignorance more glaring, and admitted into resolutions or essays, had no chance to speak that the Almighty may have established a law, by there, because most of the time was taken up in the aid of which the spirits of the departed are reading the beautiful and philosophical essays which enabled to commune with their brethren still in the were prepared with great care, and best in the style, mortal form. Such an assumption would not have and with many of the best and most important prin been more unscentific than that which I have criticiples, to be put in the report, and published in the cized. Besides, the speaker on the occasion referred papers. These might have been-even if not read to, should have been otherwise more guarded in his to the convention (except as speeches often are in remarks; for example, instead of "our success in Congress) made the basis, and had their influence laying this cable," he should have said, our appaand full force and value to the country; while many rent, or our alleged success, &c. valuable thoughts, which might have been uttered through inspired mediums and extemporaneous This was not, however, an intentional mistake, for the whole of the design and proceedings were certainly conducted with the strictest integrity and im- not to say abominable—theory. partiality, so far as I could discover, although several persons, as is usual in such cases, felt agrieved at what themselves could not have made better.

The essay and speech of Mr. Davis are fraught with important historical and philosophical truths, beautifully arranged and expressed. The essay of Mrs. Davis was an embodiment in a most graceful discourse from one who is known to entertain views amony its, and buts, and supposings, that it is difficult Mr. Plumb was made up of such truths and come generally.

1 attended, this morning, the services held in the ments as every true reformer can accept, and every I attended, this morning, the services held in the other person ought to read till he or she can. The Unitarian Church, on Second street. The speaker nent, and metaphysical reasoning. The essay of we also are compassed about with so great a cloud phy, so often, so earnestly, and so truthfully set forth sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run on both true and false premises, as flowers grow on ling unto Jesus, the author and fluisher of our faith." fine, delicate, moss-covered stems, and on thistles, He thought be entertained different views concerning and thorny bodies. Mrs. Branch told in her brief the text from most present; it was plain, to his essay, or speech, some truths it is painful but im- mind, that the preceding chapter gave a clue to the Mr. Hitchcock, of Oncida, presided with success the author and finisher of our faith.

and general satisfaction, and most of the visitors and many citizens of Utica were pleased and bene-WARREN CHASE. fitted-so I believe.

SCIENCE AT FAULT.

The dogmatism or doggedness which professional men oftentimes use to give force to their dica, equally to the wonder and admiration of the pronum vulgus, who are always disposed to reverence -the author of the call and the leading genius of post prandial speech delivered by that intelligent, ble-hearted, and unobtrusive gentleman, Captain Hudson, of the steamship Niagara: "Gentlemen - We talk a great deal here of science.

fore them-a gold medal. Do you imagine now what the contents of that paper were? It was a (Cheers and derisive laughter.) Scientific men are too apt, in their investigations and discoveries to forget Him who is the great architect of the universe, and ciaim for themselves what is due to Him. world.

The audiences continued to increase till Sunday— (A)-plause.) I would take occasion here to say, that while we have simply dage our duty, we owe our and on Sunday, when many laborers were released, success in laying this cable—and I wish I could send work, that we had God with us, and I hope we will

The Captain's closing words were taken up, in anticipation, by persons near him, and rang through the building as he resumed his seat. Loud and protacted cheering followed.

I ellipped the above from one of the most dignified and high toned journals in the Union; the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin, in order to suggest to the Solans of Harvard that they have a fine opportunity to aid their scientific brethren in London, by making that long expected "Report" upon a certain "Stupendous delusion." The latter savans having awarded a medal to one of their number, for demonstrating scientifically the accuracy of that demonstration, since many deluded persons, on both sides of the Atlantic, are unscientific enough to imagine that such an impossibility has actually been achieved? Does it not require an infinite amount of credulity to convince one's self that such credulty as that is possible? sion " " Committee " to sustain the first developed by their protracted and thorough investigation of the aileged "spiritual phenomena," viz.: that they are produced partially by mental hailucination, and partially by "jugglery." The sound and unanswerable tain this position, will doubtless be very valuable to cination and "jugglery."

Captain Hudson's above quoted remarks were evidently dictated by praiseworthy motives, but I regret unbecoming an officer in the service of the United States. He says: "I would take occasion here to arations of sentiments, the personal acquaintances could send it trumpet-tongued throughout the univantages, and will, in the future, befelt to be of great sweeping assumption as this can be securifically proved? If it cannot, I would respectfully inquire The business arrangements of the convention were whether it is not wholly unworthy of the considera-

1, however, disclaim, most emphatically, any other than the kindest feelings for the noble Captain, and speakers, were shut out, and lost to both the audi- would warmly congratulate him, that in this calightence and the readers of the proceedings, and reports. ened age ignorance is not deemed criminal, as it was some centuries since, when one Galanko was cruelly tortured for promulgating a grossly unscientific-New Orleans, Sept. 14, 1558.

TRUTH CREEPING INTO A UNITARIAN CHURCH.

DEAR BANNER-It is something of a sight to see gathered in a church a congregation to listen to a style—of some of the greatest and most important directly opposite to those cherished by them. It tets and principles of the great reforms of our time, seems to indicate a spirit of tolerance, which is a and it should be read by everybody. The essay of rare thing to behold in these times, in the churches

essay of Dr. Hallock was freighted with philosophi was no less a person than B. Davis, of l'oughkeepsie, cal truths and logical deductions, such as I am sorry N. Y., an avowed Spiritualist. He announced for to say only a few people can appreciate and under this text the first and a part of the second verse of tand, for want of rational and intellectual develop- the twelfth chapter of Hebrews: "Wherefore, seeing Mr. Newton ran in the same channel as his philoso- of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the n his paper, and was full of moral beauties, based with patience the race that is set before us, bookportant to hear, and pictured some miseries and their meaning of the cloud of witnesses. It has long been causes, with a calmness, carnestness and honesty I thought that mankind, in the race before them, only should like to see used in our pulpits. No person, struggled with a devil as a power outside of themhowever fastidious, could have detected in her speech selves, but he thought that the experience of the any defence of that sensual and odious phase of free past did not warrant this belief, or the text enforce ove, that she has been accused of by a merciless it. He thought the weight and the sin referred to, pulpit and licentious press. It is almost a sure were those lasts and sensual appetites which we guaranty of her honesty and virtue, to find every sought to gratify and nourish. He hoped that all reckless and abandoned scamp in the land use her would look unto the bright example of Jesus, in comname with a sneer, a hiss, or an oath-for Satan is pany with that bright throng who were hovering not more divided against himself in our time, than around us. Not only, said he, are Moses, Abraham, in the days of Jesus. H. C. Wright, Parker Pills. Jacob and Isaac, and all the ancient prophets, watchbury, S. S. Foster, Mr. Walker, and several others, ing humanity, but there were nearer to us than we talked in good style and strong language, of evil and were aware our fathers, mothers, brothers and sisits remedies; but I cannot stop to comment on them, ters who have entered upon their spirit-life. Let us or the resolutions, as most of your readers will see all heed, then, the truths which this innumerable other and more extensive accounts, if not the originals. company are presenting to us-looking unto Jesus.

Yours, for the cause of truth, A. U. Robinson. FALL RIVER, September 12, 1858.

THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE. To the Ehtors of the Banner of Light:

I wish you to give the following communication a place in your columns. It is in reference to the change of ownership and management of the Fountain House. I also wish to let the public know where I stand in reference to all of the great moral reform questions of the day and age-assuming my. position without reference to others, or platforms occupied by others.

1st. I am a temperance man, and have been for many years the uncompromising enemy of the liquor traffic in all and every of its varying features; and fully believe that if there is any diabelism manifested in anything under heaven, it is in the trade and traffic of ardent spirits.

2d. 1 am a faithful, honest, practical Spiritualist, and an imperfect medium. The Bable is my text book-the truth in all things opiritual, aiming at the greatest amount of happiness in this life, preparatory to entering into spirit-life.

3d. I am the uncompromising enemy of free lusts, as associated with free-love; also of crime in all its phases-from the thief that would steal a pin, to him or her who would force into the world an unwelcome child.

4th. And last - for I consider it the least of all these great truths. I am, in political matters, a 🞜 Republican, and the enemy, to the death, of slavery, in any form whatever - from that principle in our Northern homes, which makes wives the chattels of husbands -- men or brutes -- as the case may be, to that other in our Southern States, which gives the body and soul of a man's sable brother or sister for so many dollars.

With these principles, Messrs, Elitors, as a basis for the future, I come before the public as the manaager of the Fountain House for the proprietors. Our table shall be furnished with the best that the market affords, and our patrons will always find our rooms, beds, and bedding clean and tidy, our servants attentive, respectable and honest, and your humble servant ever ready to attend to the wants of those who may stop at the Fountain House.

> Fraternally yours, E. V. Wilson.

SPIRITUALISM STILL LIVES!

DEAR BANNER: - Notwithstanding the late tremendous effort of the Rey, E. Burnham to "break its back," " kill it out," " disclose the damnable delusion; "-and also of a later attempt of Prof. Grimes to show how all me liams are made, and that the " whole thing is a perfect pace of deception and imposition upon the public," &c. Spiritualism estill lives" here in Lawrence, and there never was a more earnest inquiry into its great truths than at the tresent time. Many of the lending minds in the city are becoming deepty interested in its phenomena and teachings. Private circles are held in various parts of the city, at many of which may be found such as I have named "recretly investigat-

Our sunday meetings are well attended. Yesterlay (Sun tay 10) we had the pleasure of listening to three discourses by Dr. E. L. Lyen, of Ohio. Our hall was well filled during the day, and in the evening many went away, unable to find scats, or even a comfortable standing place.

Two, Lyon is a powerful and eloquent speaker, and a sound reasoner seedly to tack up with ample testimony any and every stamment which he makes. We would recommend all spiritual associations to secure his services, at least for one course of leg-

Speaking of Prof. Grimes, I should not neglect to ay that the gentleman and uneed himself to give n series of lectures against 8) initualism in this city, a few weeks since. He engaged a hall, circulated poeters, etc.; but as his hist and only audience conno go," so he turned of gas, a shat up shop," and the last we saw of him was, in company with one of our "prominent Spiritualists," making rapid headway towards the railroad depot. It is due to the Prof. to state, that among his audience were included some six or seven dead-heads."

We understand our "pr minent Spiritualist" is in secret correspondence with the Professor, and has promised to post his birls and engage a hall for him. if he will but return. Whether the Prof. will acceed to the proposition or not I can better state Truly yours,

Lawm Sen, Massil Sept. 20, 1858.

OUR NEW CORRESPONDENT.

Massas, Engrous -1, am very glad that you have opened your columns to so valiant a defender of old theology as Professor Small professes to be. There is one good feature in his writings; he talks right" out without evasion or equivocation of any kind. Our ministers usually cover themselves up with so to know what they say, much less what they mean. But your new correspondent is not ashamed of his ereed, and has no delicate scruples about saying "hell," "damnation," "eternal burnings," and similar euphonious phrases, with which the clergy of a quarter of a century ago interlarded their discourses, but which the clergy of today, with the same creed as a basis of doctrine and reproof, very adroitly

1 think Professor Snaill must belong to the old school theologians most decidedly. He's got the true Puritan pluck and gumption in his style, and we may expect to hear great things from him in the way of his profession.

Spiritualism is rapidly diffusing its genial influences throughout this section of the country, and -: one after another of the strongholds of bigotry, superstition, and intolerance, falls to rise no more. Wo have many mediums, in whose presence the most astonishing and convincing proofs of spirit power are given, and, at the same time, the most pleasant tokens of a loving recognition between those who have passed on and those who remain are interchanged. The beautiful words of Gerald Massey can, in view of these events, be repeated with strong emphasis :---

""T is coming up the steep of time, And this old world is growing brighter."

Your paper is received here with much favor, and rend with great interest and profit. Wishing you that abundant success which your labors so justly deserve, l remain Truly yours, S. T. L. CINCINNATI, Sept. 3, 1858.

A ourlous freak of nature has been discovered at Hightetown, N. J., in the shape of a log, containing three different kinds of wood-white onk, maple and hickory-all grown together in the most periout mau-

Palet, at length, the sweet such setting, Ship to prove the twinish theeze, at the body of the weathing Substanta then just as to a dispersion is

Thomas is a very season to wears. Weighted beheath a mortal sire; And their othe grew strangely eventy.

but they were not-but they cleaned a t Near this year and never as a distribution of state and state they reco-

· Wandered to the rest top out

Stooped and the or free and the of-So I know that he was a s

Progression in religion the many south and probable, as an any other an away stem. However, prosess in treaching the paths of fitty years as wood lives the part in the glorious present, may expect to the period there who are continually seeing some thing resulting to be, from the light that has

In one a kindle begint gleam -- " the torrest substancities to me-From minero es ten a chesido mol-The track of they by tentes we are My to pris redepart, not at thus seeming I beyon near the-as, in dreathing, on, cats that are not so in to be: The other wests a thy form

That ritting from two fond sonls, Who se rays, Charged by the abolished warm, And smick with life 1. As now I gaze, Soft kilvery threads these eves ale fill no-Our spirit bands-my senter thribing. As when the sweet A dian plays!

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wreng, which is but saving, in other words, that he is wreet to-day than he was vesterday.

Then gently sear your brither mak; Still getither - +1 woman : Though they may gard a kenning wrang, To real a stead to the in -in axe.

of all things, colour at the colour of the arrows beaut Blood can't find transposity within Contown books, it will to the nation to seek the waters.

Correspondence.

"WHENCE THE INTELLIGENCE" -New Larland Receive

Missus. Encross "It is at last becoming apparent that the votaries of conservatism, and of skepticism, in respect to the spiritual conclusion, are finding a page in their set of behefs, for the fact, that Spiritunlism is the great prominent in ral procedure of this epoch; and with them the inquiry is raised to which the above heading gives expression.

In accordance? with your usual practice, I trust you will allow me, bere, to enter as tricily as possible into the logic of this question.

The simple and most succinct exploration of the term, winterlig-nee," necessarily furnishes the answer. For, that, what is that which intelligence tthe terms stands for? Certainly not for an objective, tangible, fact, entity or force, but obviously for a subjective procedure.

An act for facts of intelligence, considered aloof from external objects, is a state of apprehension or knowing, necessarily involving a subject apprehendtelligence considered a of from the object appres [stool thus; from whom is this intelligibility?

Can any thing be imagined more simple and cerany case necessarily supposes an intelligencer. They are inseparable, the judction between them being a necessary one.

Intelligence is certainly not profleable of tangible nature, as a property, apart from person, but of person, by whom is produced some procedure, which otherwise than by person does not exist, in mere impersonal forces. Intelligence designates absolutely nothing else than the character of a state of a subjective or personal act.

Now these two namely, person or impersonal forces, exhaust all sources whence we can look for intelligence. Now, no one with the average sense of a gosling would long entertain the supposition, that from the latter alone proceeds intelligence, since we know that all exhibitions of these reveal nothing but themselves,-i. e., no knowing or intelligence of themselves or each other,-while an intelligence affirms something beyond this, namely, a thing or things the objects, and an intelligence a subject, and without these two necessarily gained, an act of intelligence never could take place.

But let us not content ourselves merely with this dictate of logic. The experience of every candid and philosophic inquirer into the grounds of Spiritualism furnishes negative proof, that in all instances in which attempts have been made to explain the so called spiritual phenomena, the seeker could not helprageribing the manifestations to first either theknowing medium or other person, as a procedure from their personal powers, or second, to some pervading power of life or being equivalent in effect and fact to an actor or intelligencer; though this admitting the ideh, or equivalent, of person has been, together with the copscious endeavor to deny it, thus adducing the heresy, or its equivalent they would deny. But let us recursfor a moment. Matter and its

11.1

forces may co-operate in the production of person. but in all their exhibitions or manifestations these never evince any procedure constituting intelligence proper. The most inveterate naturalist, votary, or worshiper of mere nature, would not assume her forces, knowing what themselves and each other were. He might indeed urge that nature alone produced person, and that person kne in virtue of the organs of consciousness and volition constituting them; but, here, while asserting person to be an organic result of mere natural forces and their physleal laws, he would be also affirming that the procedure of knowing was, only possible as a result of the operation of the organs of consciousness and motion in person; he would be asserting that the not of knowing was only possible within and, of person.\.

We need never therefore look for the equivalent of person, except in person; and to attribute certain manifestations to flie equivalent of person, while we that equivalent of person to be person, is a simple perversion of reason and sense. To affirm the equivalent of person, is to affirm person.

It is only then on the supposition that person-or equivalent in endowment, respecting knowledge -

produces them, that any theory of spiritual manifestations, bearing any consistent relation to them can be frame l.

out the proposition, that person, or its equivalent, is Baptist minister. He has been in the spirit-land producing these manifestations-nothing whatever many years. The sentiments expressed are so much but the manifestations themselves, considered as in unison with the views of Spiritualists of the mere facts, apprehended without any means of cause present day, that I thought them worthy of notice. er relations, can ever be conceived.

The conception of person is in-local in-separable you see proper. . With respect, from the explanation of the facts; immediate with its admission the solution at once occurs; and this Is only a different statement of the fact that between the phenomena and person there is a necessary dependence or connection.

equivalent in endowments, the whole inquiry is the general tone of conversation on death is more therefore, necessarily stepped precipitately short, heathen than Christian. In that world all are asso We preclude the possibility of our ever attaining of their minds. In other words, we shall be united the desired solution. Without this conception of to such societies as are suited to the qualities and person in the mind we can go no farther than the states of our minds. The loving spirit will meet mere facts severally, as sense apprehensions. In with other loving spirits, and delight in promoting fact, the vast majority of the votaries of Spiritualism were compelled to admit the personal conclusion as

the only means of explanation. and constrained in its operation, a priori hypothetic gine. There is a spiritual body-a substance as objection, they could not help perceiving that it was real and true as is the natural body. Here we are only by admitting the idea of person that any explanations of the facts could have been attained to, with spiritual things. Every one who has this hope They, we suppose were not Spiritualists by design or assichoice; but they were led to perceive that the supposition of person was necessary to the attainment of conclusions upon this point. Certainly, then, the votaries of old style and dead letter doctrines, conceiving the sequel to physical death, who will not forever. Amen. Yours faithfully,
11. T. Junson. entertain the conception of person as necessary to the solution of their difficulty, have left but two modes of treating the entire question; one is to be moral, verbally, and the other is to be funny.

But the way for the candid and carnest student who may not yet have attained to firm and serene convictions on this point, is to postulate the conception of person in the search for the producing cause of these phenomena; not as final, but like any un-(scientific hypothesis provided by the mind in the course of its search, to be tested by experience, and only adepted or rejected when the mind shall have perceived (or provided) the origin of the phenomena nomena he is in quest of. The furnishing of this is of course the only induction needed in the question constituting the discovery of the cause of the phenomena. If by experience or observation of the phenomena, they should be found to authenticate or, verify it; these latter observations being the proof, or disproof, of the at first assumed or conjectured cause !-- if the hypothesis of person is not supported be disearded. The only difficulty consequently in the following persons are authorized to receive subscriptions of its the personality; if it be not the medium, then it must be some other person.

In all instances in which this intelligence is manifest it is therein explicitly denied identity with the medium. If the medium in such state really has a bi-personality or bi-hood, and the intelligence were also be his, it could not but unfold the i lea of two

In all in-tances the intelligibility in question simply affirms its own I hood as distinct from that of the medium, as one personality is from any other. In respect to all the modes by which personality can be tested and whether we accept the truth of its harrations, we cannot rationally reject the fact of ing an act for facts of intelligence, necessarily in- their existence, involving that of its narrator. But volves predication of an actor, factor or intelligence; (it appears to me that the above question would have or in re-simply, an act of interfigence, is an act of in- exhibited a clearer conception of the inquiry had it

A consecutive analysis of these phenomena is not possible in your restrictions of space-but it would r year one luminous and significant fact to the scientific discoverer, namely, that if the phenomena were attributable to an impersonal force of natures they would necessarily occur in the uniform sequence which invariably characterizes all natural changes or phenomena--whereas they occur in a variety of ways and conditions, differing in this respect from purely natural events like all individual events, as listinguished from classes of events.

In the lave of truth and wisdom.

A VOICE FROM NORTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Missas. Entrois-Noticing, acothers do, undoubtdly, that our quiet village is never heard from through your columns, perhaps a " stick full " would not be amiss, provided, however, I succeed in collecting a few stray thoughts into a readable form.

Within the past few weeks we have had lectures by Miss Rosa T. Amedy and Mrs. J. W. Currier Both had large audiences of anxious hearers. Several persons received unmistakable tests through Mrs. C. during her sojourn here. Suffice to say that we need " more of the same sort."

There are private circles here twice weekly-inerspersed with singing, trance-speaking, and general discussion on spirit and spirit-power.

There seems to be a few creed-bound souls in this community, who persist in a personal devil, literal hell, and eternal damnation, for all who are not recognized by their church-including, of course, the poor deluded Spiritualists. But I am willing all such should cling to their superstitions if they enjoy them - if such is their choice. Truly, yours, LACONIA, N. H., Sept. 21.

THE VALUE OF PRAYER .- Prayer is a haven to the shipwreeked man, an unchor to those who are slakng in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor; a healer of diseases, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. Oh, blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conquerer of human woes, the firm foundation of human happiness, the source of ever-enduring joy, the mother of philosophy. The man who can pray truly, though languishing in extremest indigence, is richer than all besides; whilst the wretch who never bowed the knee, though proudly scated as monarch of all nations, is of all men the most destitute.—Chrysostom.

CHATTERTON'S LAST LINES .- The following lines were found in Chatterton's pocket-book after his death. They bear the date of August 21, 1770, and

are signed "T. C." ... Parewell, Bristolia's dingy piles of brick,
Lovers of Manimun, worshipers of Trick!
Ye spurned the boy who gave you antique lays,
And paid for learning with your cinpty praise.
Farewell, ye guzzling, aldermanic fools,
By nature fitted for Corruption's tools! go to where celestial anthems swell: But you, when you depart, will sink to holl.
Farewell, my mother !—cease, my anguished soul,
Nor led distraction's billows o'er me roll!
Havo meroy, heaven! when hore I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive. THIRTEEN YEARS AGO. . .

MESSES. Entrops-1 send inclosed, an extract from a letter, received nearly thirteen years since, from h I shall go further and state positively, that with dear and respected friend, who was at that time a They are at your disposal -- make use of them if

Yours fraternally,

NEW YORK, Nov. 21, 1845. To pass from this world of care, sickness, and change, into the spiritual world of bliss, juy, and evertasting beatitude, is the privilege of all true believers. I sometimes wonder that professing Christians should By ignoring this conception of person, or its seem so unwilling to depart, and be with Jesus. happiness, increasing wisdom, and love to the Lord of all-all the blessed forming one grand heaven. Jesus will be king over all, and we shall behold his glory, and be like him. It is a substantial state-In cases where the mind was not pre-occupied not a misty, visionary one, as some dreamily imain a natural body, and see natural substances-there we shall be in a spiritual body, and be conversant parifieth himself. Let us be pure, and we shall see God. Remember-we carry ourselves, our characters, affections, and loves, with us. Let us love God and our neighbor, and, being freed from evil loves, we shall dwell with angels, glorified spirits, and with Jesus; the great mediator, to whom be glory

New Brenswick, N. J., Sept., 1858.

I never see an Italian image-merchant with his Graces, Venuses, and Apollos, at sixpence a head but I do not spiritually touch my hat to him. It is he who has carried refinement into the poor man's house; it is he who has accustomed the multitude to harmonious forms of beauty.-Jerroid.

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CONSUMPTION CURED. The following letter from a gentleman who had been applicated by the last stages of consumption, will be read with interest by all who are suffering with that Insidious Massus, B. O. & G. C. Wilson, Botanic Druggists, No. 20

Massis, B. O. & G. C. Wilson, Botanic Druggists, No. 20 Central street, Boston:—
Gentlemen—In 1843 4 took a violent cold, which soon resulted in chronic broughtits; with the continuance of the disease, my constitution was failing and in the winter of 1853 I was confined to my room. I had recoorse to every remedy within my roach, and 145ced myself under the care of a physician. In February, 1854, I was much etmeisted, took my lead, had night sweats, bette fever, coplous bleeding from the image, we are there mys physicians checked, but could not cure, and expressed strong fours of a fatal Issue. At this juncture, I received a supply of your medicines. I had been so often disappointed, I doubted their officacy, and hesi-tated to use them: I tried, however, the Cherry Balsum, and. other using one hat he I expectorated a TRUE CHALKY TUBER

after using one bottle, I expected at the F. CALKY THERE-call, and from that time, gradiently recovered, and the cough and bleeding became less and less.

For the benefit of time in the same afflicted and almost helplers condition. I will state the effect of your remedies in my case. The Cherry Batsam produced free and casy expec-toration: the Neuropathic Drops removiéd spasmodic stric-ture in the threat, and allayed trittability and tendency to cough: the Cherry Bitters added digestion, and this horroard the expendence for the system. The efficiency the Saramarilla the strength of the system. The effects of the Sarsaparilla were novel in the extreme; before I had used the first bottle, were noted in the extreme; tender I mut used the has bother my body was a dagmerreotype of dob-boils from sole to crown —FITTY-THEE, at once; these passed off and, with them, all vision coughing. It is now February, 1855, and my health is more robust than it has been for the last seven years. To the use of your remedies I mainly attribute my restoration.
That others may read, believe, and try, is the object of this testimonial.

WARREN A. REED. Quincy, Feb. 19, '55. 3m ..

THE BOOK OF LIFE OPENED.-By the use of a new THE BOOK OF LIFE OPENED.—By the use of a new-power of the mind, I am able to give, from the hand-writing of a person, their doguerreotype, or the persons themselves, a description of their looks, character, state of the system, condition of life, parentage, and features of their past life, together with the best pursuits for success in life. To those contemplating marriage, their true conjugal rela-tions will be defined. The 4nthuences which bear uncon-sciously upon persons can be given, revealing friend and enemy, their matiyes and intentions. Exerctions which renemy, their motives and intentions. Everything which relates to the social welfare of man, is clearly defined by this

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II. L. BOWKER. will receive prompt attention.
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HEALTH TO THE SICK.—Mn. Lewuel Edminster, having fully tested his powers as a healing medium, would be happy to meet his friends at his residence in Bow street, South Mahlon, near Mahlon bridge, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Terms, \$1.00 an hour. He will visit patients at their own homes, if desired. Mrs. Lemael Edminster, as clairvoyant, speaking and writing medium, may be seen on the same days, and at the same place. Terms, 60 cents an hour—poor considered.

Sm. aug 14

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1917

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LETTERS ASSENCE. thin in the exercise of these statutal Powers, with which he feels himself endowed.

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of a business muture. On receipt of Thirks pollars, a full nativity of the person writing 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 lecture. tf-2i • TAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING AND DEVELOPING

Medium.—Rooms, No. 15 Tremont Street, Up Stalrs,)
opposite the Boston Museum.) Office hours from 9 A. M., to 5
P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their homes. A good Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium can be found at the above rooms, whom I can recommend to the public wishing for Tests.

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june 19

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MR. C. H. FOSTER, of Salem, Mass., has been employed by the undersigned, and will give scannes day and evening. Other mediums, will be constantly in attendance. On Taceday and Thurstay evenings, in place of the large circles held heretofor, it has been deemed advisable to limit the number to eight persons, at \$1.00 each, for the evening. Circles will commence at 7 1-2 o'clock, and close at 10 precisely.

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a GYARANTE, will receive an answer to their letter of their money will be returned in thirty days from its reception. Fee to be sent in this case, \$3.00.

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16 Feb. 6.

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may 22

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