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liarity."

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NO. 3

Original Poetry.

AGNES.

BY CORA WILDURN.

Pale and gentle flow ret standing 'Mid the ruder band. Like a soul-lit vision gleaming From the spirit-land-

With thy brown eyes speaking wonder, With the pensive grace Mingling with the fervent promise Of thy tender face-With a spiritual glory

Crowned that golden hair; With a cloud of early sorrow On thine aspect fair-

With deep thoughtfulness reposing On that childish brow; With sweet, strange, and thronging fancles Uttered soft and low-

I beheld thee, lone and silent, Pining for thy home; Voicelessly for love-tones calling,

Invocations in thyspleading-Mute, vet eloquent: Answering angels of affection, From high heaven are cent.

Praying love to come!

Still I feel the lingering pressure, Of thy little hand; Pale and gentle flow'ret standing 'Mid the ruder band.

Angel-child! sweet, trusting spirit! Wait and pray for me; With thy true eyes' starry lustre, Quide me o'er the sea.

Wilt thou dwell apart and lonely, Trusting one with me? Where the forest depths are ringing With the wild-birds' glee?

Where the sunshine's benediction Gilds the humble cot; Where the radiance of affection Cheers the orphan's lot.

Wilt thou come, pale flow'ret standing 'Mid the ruder throng? To the levely haunts of Nature, Waiting for thee long?

Written for the Banner of Light.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

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

· CHAPTER I.

When I was married-(and that seems a great while ago, to my nephews and nieces, who look sadly at the silver thread in what was once my bonny brown hair, but to my memory it is only a very short time, and to-day it seems shorter than it ever events of that time, and they come up before me as vividly as if some artist were sketching them rapidly and going out of Boston harbor. before my eyes.)

As I was eaying, when we were married. John. (that was my husband's name,) and myself thought it would be a fine thing to board awhile, but my father said, " No. it is time, my daughter, that you should understand that life has its duties and cares. and be willing to take them upon you. A boardinghouse life is an inclolent, easy way of passing time. and will unfit you for the cares which will come upon you in the future. Go directly to housekeep- could see distinctly the village street, the little white ing, and see how neat and cheerful a home you can make for your husband."

I did not relish this advice very well, but I loved my father and knew that he desired my happiness, so I reluctantly consented to give up the pleasantrooms which we had thought of taking and turn was a narrow lane leading to a small, red house with housekeeper at once. The next question was, where should it bo? We could not afford to buy a house. and we were, perhaps, a little too critical in our desire for a pleasant home. John had lately gone into partnership with Mr. Scott, a trader in the village of M., in the eastern part of Massachusetts.

Mr. Scott was between fifty and sixty years of age, a very agreeable, Rind hearted old gentleman, and much attached to my husband, who had been in his store as a clerk for many years. When Mr. your home, if you could have a view of Aunt Reed's Scott learned that we were looking for a house, he came at once to John and said-" You may have half of mine, and I shall be glad to find such a ten- have passed there! Do you see that large rook near ant. Charles has gone West, and will probably the house? There, in one of the hollows, was my settle there; Mary and her husband are living in first baby-house. It was carpeted with moss, and Boston; Edward is in college, and will be at home | had a neat little fire-place, and was furnished with but seldom. We are left alone with our little Lucy, all the appliances of housekeeping. I was never and the large house will seem all the pleasanter for tired of playing there, when I came to see Aunt the presence of a young married couple. There is Reed, and the only thing that would win me into the plenty of room, if you are not too ambitious. You house, when the wind blew or the sun beat fiercely, can have one of the large front rooms for a parlor, was auntie's great wax doll, which her husband and a snug little kitchen back of it, with a dining- brought from Liverpool. It could open and shut its room opening upon the porch; then there are two pleasant chambers above. We shall have as much more left, besides Edward's room."

nicely, with a few alterations. Before you go in I I know it was her who put that nice loaf of cake in will ask Mr. Scott to bring the water into the kitchen, my cupboard, and that copy of Joremy Taylor's and make a stairway into the cellar which he has 'Holy Living and Dying' in my bed-room. It is appropriated to your use. We will make you par-just like her." ticularly distinct, so that there will be no need of passing through each other's rooms."

Mrs. Scott and Anna would quarrel.

it," was the reply. "If you would keep frieuuspip,

with neighbor, avoid borrowing, and too much fami-

I found this good advice, and attribute my lifelong friendship with Mrs. Scott to my obedience in following the prescription. Mr. Scott's house had been built many years, and like many other houses of that period, had four large square rooms on the ground with a broad entry running between them. The room back of our parlor had been made into two-a little kitchen and diningeroom. Mr. Scott added a wood-shed and wash-room, and acceded to my father's request about the water and cellar. Moreover he divided his garden, which was large and full of fruit, giving us one row of currant bushes, two or three apple trees and one fine pear tree, beside room for garden vegetables. My father gave me plain, substantial furniture for my rooms, and came over on purpose to see that the cooking-stove was rightly set up and that I had all the kitchen utensils

"Nothing adds more to the happiness of a housekeeper," he said, "than to have plenty of pails and dippers and kettles, and all things handy in the pantry," and he busied himself one whole day putting a hook here and a shelf there, and then he hired a man to whitewash the cellar, and put up low shelves for our barrels of vegetables to stand upon, and the last thing he did was to put up a box with a wheel to draw in the clothes-line.

When everything was ready John took me over in the chaise. I remember we arrived just at tea-time, and Mrs. Scott had set the table in our little diningroom and left the tea-kettle streaming upon the stove. "I thought you would prefer," she said, "to be by yourselves a little, in your new home, but tomorrow I expect you to dine with me."

This was very considerate, for I was tired, and it was so pleasant to say " This is our home," and then how happy and womanly I felt to sit down by tho server with my new cups and saucers before me, and John opposite. I waited a little, a very little; I did n't know; I was afraid, and yet I hoped that John would ask a blessing. And he did, though his roise trembled a little, and the wall's come into my eyes. I do n't know why the tears should come. for I was very happy, and thought of what father said-My ohild, no household is truly happy where God is not honored."

Early the next morning I went out after breakfast with John to look round a little before he went to the store. We entered the garden first; it was a ripening on the trees, and under the early apple tree we found enough to make pies and sauce. There were a few currants left, which we picked for the tea table. Then we walked on to the back part of the garden, which was rising ground, and a little path led up to a ridge of rocky land. Indeed, there were rocks on the north and east of the house, rocks full of little cavities and mossy knolls, and basius where the water yet remained. These rocks looked as if washed by the sea, and, indeed, where we stood, we has before. Perhaps because I have been recalling | could see the sea, which was only a mile distant. and with a glass we could watch vessels coming in

Mr. Scott's house and garden, with one smooth cornfield adjoining, lay in a little hollow almost surrounded by the rocks, and so it had received the name of "Rocky Nook." Though the house and grounds were lower than the ridge ou which we stood, yet they were on high ground, compared to the village itself, and it was considered one of the most eligible spots in town. From where we stood we could not only look upon the ocean on the east, but church with its tall spire, the school-house, the town hall, and the one store—a long, yet low building with the sign, "Scott and Hooper," in large gilt letters. This was a new sign, and I thought John was a little proud of it. Directly from the main street white trimmings. I am sorry it was not painted more in accordance with a true artist's taste, but red it was, and as that color is said to be very durable, resisting the east winds and sea breezes better than white, it was sometimes adopted. There was an orchard and a garden near the house, and on the whole it was a very quiet, cozy place.

"Ah! I see what you are looking at," said John, and I thought it would add to the attractions of every day."

"Yes, indeed, John; how many happy days I eyes, and that was ever an unsolved mystery to me, for I was never allowed to handle it-only to stand by and look on when aunt opened the bureau drawer When we told my father, he said, "That will do in which it was kept. I shall look for aunt to-lay.

"Is that her?" said John, handing the glass to me. I looked a minute. "Yos, that is her own precious John smiled, and asked my father if he thought self, on that high rock, looking through her spy-glass out to sea. Uncle Reed is expected daily, and she is "I do not intend they shall have any occasion for trying to get the first sight of his vessel. I hope,

wind, John ?"

"Due west: he'll hardly get in to-day. Annathe first time I ever saw you, you were standing on that very rock, dressed in with a large spy glass in your hand, not looking through it, but holding it at your side, as if hilf leaning upon it, reminding me of the picture if 'liope' which I had somewhere seen engraved.

"Your fancy converted the spy-glass into an anohor, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I had a strong juriosity to examine the picture nearer."

"I am afraid you will prer view me in such a ploturesque attitude again. Come, I must go down, now, and wash the dishest | shall not make a very interesting tableau then."

You need not be in such haste to 'perform your duties.' as your father woull say. See, I have half an hour yot before I must be at the store. Sit down here and enjoy the soene; to shall not have many such delightful mornings at this. Do you see that room, while I changed my dress for dinner. She old, moss-covered cidor-mill tonder?"

"Yes; I was thinking it corresponded well with the gray rocks around. Is a't it used now?"

"Not much; but I remember the time when IIr Scott made five hundred barrels of cider in a section, and more than half of it would be turned into siderbrandy, and stored in the cellar of the store. There were apple-trees all over this ridge-many of them have been out down, now-but I have heard Mr. Scott say that he had made more money from the sale of oider, brandy, and other liquors, it one year, than from all the rest of his goods for ive years together. I know, now, of three farns that were owned by intemperate men, on which Scott held a mortgage, that have come into his pessession by the poor fellows drinking their lard up

"But you do n't sell spirits now!"

"Oh, no; Mr. Scott gave it ur when he became a Christian, When I asked your father's permission to visit you, he said: 'John have you sold any liquor since you became Scot's partner?' 'No, sir. John, have you made eyy money since you have heen in busicess?' '()n. // fout two thousand dollars, sir. John, will you let me advise you how to invest it?' 'I have no ojection, sir.' . Very well. I know, John, you mean to be houest and faithful. You may have my daughter, if you oan win her."

"That sounds just like him. He is peculiarquite abrupt, sometimes-but he means well. John, is Mr. Scott a rich man?

"Yes, he owns the most property of any man in know of no man who would be so much missed in the hall. our village, if he should b taken away."

"How kind he was to gre me that parlor carpet! Do you know, John, I thank we are very fortunate the said, as that lady opened the door of her parlor to in our home? I already tigin to love 'Rocky Nock,' admit us. and am so glad we did notboard."

"If you do not have toomuch to do, Anna, I shall be very happy in my hom."

"Can I do anything befre I go to the store?"

"Yes, you may carry in those pie-apples, and you are to dine with Mr. Scottwou know."

I remember very well hat I watched John that around the latter, she said morning till he was out f sight, and then Lyent in and busied myself in the kitchen. I washed the dishes, made two apple pis, and then went into the down upon the sofa a mirate, and all at once burst shall be old folks when this bears fruit!" into tears ! For the life d'me I could not have told why; but if any young rife, who reads this, never did the like during the fist week of her marriage, then she may call me ver! " weak and silly."

CHAWER II.

While I sat there, a gatle hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I felt a kis pressed upon my forehead. I knew who it was at one.

"Oh, aunt, I am ashaped of myself." I am sure I do n't know what these pars mean."

"I do, my child; anl you need not be at all ashamed of them. Let me see. You are happyyour heart just now is full of gratitude and love, and you feel unworth; of these blessings, while mingled with these emitions is a fear lest sorrow may come."

I laid my head upon ler shoulder.

"Why, auntic, how da you know all this?" "My ohild, I was maried when I was just your

age, and I wouldn't charge Mark Read, not even for your John. Do you know he is telegraphed in Bosso tell you, and beg of you not to come over to Baris so gloomy without him, and I wish your first visit ton, saw Mary, and won her from us. there to be very pleasant. How delightful it is here at Rocky Nook this moning! You will enjoy housekeeping hero. Have you all that you need-every this morning, for you father told me he had forgotten that important irticle."

"I believe I have al that I need, Aunt Martha, and if you will only gve me advice, now and then, I shall get along nicely But are you going ?"L

"Yes, for the captain will be here to morrow, and I always spend the da: before he comes in praying for his safety, and pretaring everything for his comfort. As soon as he arrives, I will put a signal on over."

for her sake, he will arrive in safety. How is the twenty years, and her greatest trial seemed to be lest sho should love her husband more than her Maker. They had no children, and were consequently dependent upon each other for happiness; and no home was more agreeable than their cottage when the captain, a bluff, hale and hearty old sailor, was in port.

> Aunt Martha had scarcely left, before there was a tap at my kitchen door, and, on opening it, I found little Luoy Scott with a bowl of yeast, new and foaming.

"Please, Mrs .- Mrs. John, mother sont some yeast for you to begin with, and says we dine at twelve." "Thank you, Luoy; come in, I want to see you." She stopped-hesitated. "I did n't do my errand quite right. I meant

something beside Mrs. John, but we always oall him John, and I could n't think of the other name." "It is just as well as it is, Lucy. 'Mrs. John'-

I like that very much, and let it remain so." She came in and sat down in a lew chair in my was a delicate, fair child, about ten years of age,

with large dark eyes, and soft, brown hair. I knew she was the youngest, and a great pet. John had frequently said to me that they would spoil Lucy, and that it was almost a pity, under the circumstances, that she had so pretty a face. I could not agree with him as I looked at her now, and thought what a precious gift beauty was to woman. How it wins your heart at once!

"I am glad you are here, Mrs. John. We heard you singing this morning, and mother said it seemed as if Mary had come back; and then she sighed and looked very sad, and said what a foolish girl Mary was to marry Sydney Blake, instead of John; but I am not sorry, for I mean to love you as much as I do Mary."

I turned quickly round; my face was flushed, I knew, for I felt the hot blood pouring into every

"And so Mary Scott had refused to marry Johnmy John-and he, he had loved Mary Scott!" I was about to say this, but a second and better thought restrained me-she is but a child-how foolish I am " Lucy, where is Mary now?"

"Why, don't you know she lives in Bolton, in a great, mor nouse; and, on: she has week beautiful dresses, and such a plenty of jewelry. When I am a little older, I am going to stay a whole year with her."

I was ready for dinner, and looking out of the window, I saw John coming at his usual quick pace. N-; but he is libers, and public spirited. I I did not go to meet him, but awaited his coming in

> "Ah, Anna, all ready? You are always prompt." "Mrs. Scott. I believe we are your guests to day,"

She was a pleasant, motherly woman, and a good housekeeper. Her roast meat and vegetables were, no doubt, very nice, but I was not inclined to do iustice to them, and John eyed me a little anxiously, while I well knew there was a cloud on my brow. must remember to be verypuuctual to dinner. Wo We had fruit from the garden for dessert, early pears, plums and peaches. As Mrs. Scott passed

"These are from the tree you and Mary planted, John: do you remember it?"

"Yes, very well; Mary was just ten years old that parlor to look at my caret and furniture. I sat day, and I remember her saying: 'Oh, John, we

"She is twenty, now," said Mrs. Scott, "and the tree has beene fruit for three years."

I declined tasting the peaches; I thought they

would certainly choke me. "I am not sorry if you are," said Lucy to her mother, that Mary didn't marry John, because I

will have one sister more, and I mean to love Mrs. John as much as I do Marv." There was an awkward silence, my own heart was full, and I pushed back my chair, and was about to

leave the room, when John who, by a glance, understood the whole, now said: " Wait a minute, Anne. Lucy, what have you been saying to 'Mrs. John.' as you call her?"

"Oh, I was only telling her that pa wanted Mary to marry you, but I was n't a bit sorry she didn't." Good old Mr. Scott came at once to the rescue.

"Ay! ay! you little piece of mischief," said he, turning to Lucy, "what will you do next, I wonder? The truth is, Mrs. Hooper, that John and Mary were brought up here, children together, and used to call each other husband and wife, and I must acknowledge that it was my hope that the play was a proton Harbor? I run over this morning on purpose phecy of a future reality. But while Mary was a mere child-only afteen-and when marriage was berry Bane till your untle comes home. The house in the distant future to John, Mr. Blake, from Bos-

She leads rather a gay life now; and sometimes wife and I used to say, what a pity John and Mary could n't have settled down, and have been a comfort little thing in the kitchen? I sent over some soap to us here in our old age. But, as for John, he has no confessions to make, for I venture to say he had never thought of Mary as a wife, and was as much surprised as myself when Mr. Blake asked for her. Betsy, dear, pass those peaches. Take another. Mrs. llooper-they are very fine."

L did take one, and as I looked slyly at John. I saw that there was a roguish look in his eyes, and just the faintest ripple of a smile around his mouth. There was a side board in the room, and decanters Prospect Rock,' and you and John must come right and glasses glittered upon it; but I neticed they were empty. Mr. Scott turned towards it as if from the She went as suddenly as she came, and I, who power of habit, but recalling himself, said: "Five knew her habits so well, would not have detained years ago, John, I should have thought it strange to her a minute. Aum Martha had been married have a bride and bridegroom in the house, and not Mr. Scott consented to so early and so hasty a mar-

offer them a glass of my best wine-but I suppose you will consider it no compliment."

" She will not wish any, I am sure," said John; "she has too much respect for her father."

"And too much principle herself." I added. .

"It seems strange to me now," said Mr. Scott, that I should not have seen the evils of rum-selling before. Why, my dear madam, for forty years I sold three thousand dollars' worth of liquor in a venr. and never once dreamed that I was doing wrong."

"I wish there were none as blind now, Mr. Scott." "They are willfully blind now, madam, for there has been too much light upon the subject for any to be ignorant. By the way, John, we must fix up the old cider mill, and make a few barrels for vinegar. What a story the old mill could tell if it had the

power to speak." We sat so long talking at the table, that John had to go back to the store without my seeing him a moment to make any explanation. As he was going out he said, "It is a very busy day at the store, Anna, and I shall not be at home till eight o'clockdo not wait tea for me."

I sat an hour or two with Mrs. Scott, and then went to my own rooms, but the afternoon wore away very slowly, and, as I had no idea of taking ten by myself. I let the usual hour pass without any preparation. As twilight came on I was very lonely, and, after arranging the tea table, I determined to go down to the store and walk home with John. It was a mild September evening, and the walk down the hill was very pleasant-though I could not help thinking how glad I was that we lived on high land, as I descended to the village, which seemed to lie in shadow, and afforded no glimpse of the gorgeous sunset which a few minutes ago I had gazed upon with so much pleasure.

The store stood in the centre of the village, next to the tavern, and did not look very inviting to me: it had a long, low porch in front, which was partly filled with flour barrels, potatoes, one or two ploughs, a hoghshead of sugar, which had just been rolled from a loaded team, and various other etecteras of country trade. On one window-shutter was printed -" Mackerel, Salmon, Halibut;" on the other, "Extra Superfine Flour," "Cash paid for Rags." As I entered, there was a smell, compounded of tobacco smoke and help not at all merchalde. aged to keep muslins and silks in such a place. One old man, with a very ancient hat, was smoking a pipe at the door, and a woman, who I thought be his wife, was trading with the clerk, exchanging few eggs for a pound of snuff. At the farther end of the store John stood at a high desk writing. I made my way towards him, and he laid down his pen, and said he had just been wishing that I were there to walk home with him

"How glad I am, John, that we have such a pleasant home as Rocky Nook for you to come to at night! Do you not get very tired here?'

"Oh, no; I like my business very much. I was a clerk on Washington street, in Boston, one year, and I was not as happy as I am here. There is so much variety in our trade, and such un opportunity to study human nature. And what is better still, this is a good place to make money-not a great fortune in a few months, or even years-but a good country trade, that is steadily increasing. Then just see what a museum you are in. I had often thought of the variety collected in a village store, but never saw it so well expressed as in something which I met this very day. All parts of the world have contributed to fill this place. There are muslins from India looms, silks from sunny France, linens from despotic Russia; here is tea, raised in the shadew of the great wall of China, taken to market through the Grand, Canal, older than anv European monarchy, shipped in sight of grotesquo temples-raised in honor of a religion older than Christianity, and at length brought over many thousand miles of ocean. Here, in these little compartments, are cloves, and cinnamon, and allspice, from hot Sumatra, fragrant Ceylon, and exclusive Java. Near by is Mocha coffee, and gums from Araby the blessed; dates, gathered by wandering Arabs from the cases of the desert; figs from the land of the Moslem, raisins from Smyrna, currents from Zanto. Here are nails and glass from Pittsburg, a woodou comb from Connecticut, and obcese from Holland. There is a rind of cheese upon the floor; the red anatto with which it is colored has been gathered by Indian girls, in the deep shades of tropical forests, far up the Madeira, or perhaps at the springs of the Amazon, and under the walls of ancient Cuzco."

"You have a brilliant fancy this ovening, John." "I was quoting, though the writer has only clothed my own thoughts in words. There is in every employment some bright tints for the eye of fanoy. to dwell upon. But I am very willing to leave my museum for our home. Here is some sage cheese from one of our best farmers' wives-let me take some home."

He walked slowly up the hill, and I was rather silent, expecting every moment that John would speak of Mary Scott, but he said nothing, and we were almost at the top of the hill when I asked him if he did not think Lucy Scott a very pretty child.

"Yes, she bids fair to be almost as handsome as Mary."

"Was she very beautiful?" I asked, my heart

"Yes, one of the most-I think I may say, the. most beautiful girl I ever saw. Blake's fascination, was no marvel to me, though I was surprised that •

saw.' " My words were hastily spoken, and 1 regretted them as soon as uttered. John looked grave, and for a moment made no reply. When he spoke, every word seemed to have been weighed and measured.

only choice, and the 'most beautiful girl you ever

"What might have been, Anna, it is useless to speculate about; but when a man has selected from all others the object of his choice, and she has returned his love, it seems to me that a true woman's heart will repose with confidence upon that mutual affection, and allow no foolish fancies to disturb her peace."

We were just entering the door as he completed the sentence. It was the nearest to a reproof that I ever received from him, and my heart, for a moment, leaped to my throat, but I made no reply.

"Come, wife, how inviting the ten table looks! 1 am hungry as a Pilar bear. How long will it take the ten to steep?

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, as soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden, and up the little path to the rocks. Sure enough, there was the signal flying! Uncle Reed had come-probably by the mail stage in the night, from Boston. I hastened back.

"John, uncle has come. He is safe at home, and I know what Aunt Martha has said a good many times this morning."

" Did she telegraph her words?"

" No, but can't you see her, clasping her hands together, while a pleasant smile lights up her face? · Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name? And then I know just the hymn they will sing at family prayer."

" You seem to be clairvoyant this morning."

" No, but Aunt Martha always selects this one when uncle has been to Calcutta or the West Indies. I can see her now, with her hands clasped in her lap, and one of her test caps on, (she always wears her best caps when uncle is at home; and looking so placid and happy, as uncle, scated in his great chair, with the Bible before him, and spectacles pushed back to the top of his head, while he singst Just hear them--he, with his strong, bluff voice, and she, very softly, for her voice is weak. The tune is · Devizes ':--

> "How are thy servants blessell on Lord, However to as their defence? Eternal western as their guide, Their help, Countpotence.

In foreign to July, and lands remote, Steppers (by thy cate) his other rangelines they pass unburt, And his other translational

When he the dreadful tempest borne, H. Peon the broken wave, Look 25 to the mark not slow to hear, Not my ten to save,

11 the winds retire

On describers win i The southern so of thy command, AM Deposit out its still.

In a district Lineaus, forus and death, The 2 can be well added. We then are the tenths mercies pass, and therefore here for more.

Our bie, whose these preserves that life,

The structure sin H bay.

An i deat _ vi _ n leath shall be our let, _ Shally eas our stals to thee?

"There, I have repeated every word for Aunt ble to her dear husban L"

" Are you in great haste, Anna, for I see your feet and han is move as fast as your tongue?" Yes, in lead I am going to 'Barberry Lane,'

soon as I can gog ready." "Let me help you, and I will walk with you when

I go to the store, if you can leave at that time."

"That depends up a how gold my help proves." At that, John went to work, and the neatness and

celerity with which he hid the table, while I made the coffee and trast, proved his efficiency, "Here y u are?" said Uncle Mark, as I opened

the door, while he gave me almost a bear's hug. "I was afraid, now that you had secured John the beloved, you would forget all the other apostles, and poor Uncle Mark would have to march to the forecastle. Your aunt made me hoist signals at two bells this morning, but 1 told her it was no sort of use, now you were married. I felt, child, almost as if you were lost overboard, but here you are, just your own little self, and John, too!"

"Ay ! you rogoe, what business had you to board my vessel, and carry off this prize in my absence?" "It was no capture, only a voluntary surrender; Capt. Mark and she struck colors and sailed into port as gracefully as ever your brig 'Silver Arrow'

shot into Boston harbor." " Why, John Plooper!" I exclaimed, a little poutingly, " now I am going to take off my things and stay here all day, and perhaps ever so much longer."

"That 's it, Aima," said Captain Mark, "we 'il have it all done over again, and if you say so, I'il send_dohn.as_supercurgo_to_Calcutta_in_the_ship-Memuon, which sails next week. It will be a grand berth for him, and he'll make a great deal more money than he will selling tape and molasses in the

store youder." "Why, Mark," said Aunt Martha, who took the matter very seriously, "do n't think of such a thing. I would not have the poor child suffer such sleepless nights and anxious days for the world. John is doing very well here."

"Why, wife, to day I think the pleasure of coming home repays for all this anxlety. I have visited many cities since I have been gone-Calcutta, with its pagedas and gilded temples, the spicy island of Ceylon, Paris and Havre, but Barberry Lane" is pleasanter than all. Aye, aye, children, there's no safer port for the young than Matrimony. Serious. ly, I am glad that you are married, and let me give you an old sailor's advice. You'll have a good voyage, if you'll remember always to 'luff when the wind blows,"

I did not understand this exactly, but I saw that John did, and I thought I would ask him about it at home. He had to leave to attend to his business; he promised to come to the red cottage to dinner.

. In the meantime aunt and myself had business enough in looking over uncle's trunks, while he gave himself to a cigar and the newspapers. The tables were soon strewed with jars of choice preserves, curious shells, and specimens of Indian Ingenuity and labor. One box was labeled "for Anna," and in that we found a small India cabinet of inhaid work, most beautifully wrought, and a pocket hand-

ak ki kaliki. Pari dili bigi da baki bangan Afrika di kanin kanin baki ban baga di kan panjan sa kanilan di b

head, and darkened the room a little.

by crowds of devotes. I never look at all the rare eyes were intently fixed upon a small miniature and beautiful things which your uncle brings from which she held in he hand. India, but I pray for those poor natives, and for My abrupt entrance seemed to surprise her, for eign Missions."

. TO BE-CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. REJOICE ALWAYS. BY ELISHA THAYER.

Gaudete in Domino semper, iterumque inquam, gaudete

Rejoich when the sun, the bright fountain of light, Dispels the dark shadows and gloom of the night, Rejoice when the noon-tide of day blazes high, Rejoice when the night-stars bespangle the sky. Gaudete Indomino semper.

Rejoice with the forest, when winter is gone, And the bads and the foliage appear one by one-Rejoice with the summer, as clad in her green, Her blossoms and fruit in their beauty are seen. Gaudefe la Domino semper.

Rejoice with the autumn, the crown of the year, Replete with a harvest, enough for our cheer-Rejoice with the winter, whose life-chilling blast Now seals up the fountains, when autumn is past, Gaudete in Domino semper.

Refolce as years roll through the ocean of time, And bear us all on to a happier clime; With all that is living, in one choral voice, Rejoice in the Lord, forever rejoice !

Gaudete in Domino semper, Iterumque inquain, gaudete

Written for the Banner of Light.

HERMIT OF NIAGARA FALLS.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

Through the shadowy past, Like a tombescatcher memory ran. Litting each shipfid that time had east Ger buried hopes.—Moore.

marriage with Henry Herbert. The latter had gone an infant son, to liment his absence. to the city of New York on business of importance, For years my nother continued to support herself earliest remembrance.

As we sat together in the deep shadows of our With a shong heart that affliction could not cosy little parlor, I noticed that my mother seemed entirely prostrate and bow down, the wife of Wilunusually sad and thoughtful. I could not wonder liam Hinton resconce again to netion. Duty's call at it, however, since the following night was to see | was loud and permytory, and she hastened to obey me the young and loving bride of Henry Herbert, a its summons. promising lawyer of twenty-five, whose practice in Years passed on turing which time a noble wosive, and who was the only son of one of the most light illumining her spiter, pathway—the hope of a opulent merchants of that place.

thankfully accepted, promising, at the same lime, to Peace was declared, and among the returned was

a brief period) with one who had been thus far the like Mary's. passionate nature-every look, word and act of L.s. Lative roundness and raceful symmetry. showed that he reciprocated my deep and attoing. One thing only sadened the heart of the soldier

Henry-Herbert-was-but-a-brief-one----lil-bealth-had-affection-for-him; had insisted-on-eafling-Willie, compelled him to seek a slight respite from his pro- after his dear father. fessional labor. Coming North he had, by the advice of his physician, fixed his residence with a friend, (a near neighbor of ours.) in one of the nu- eyes heavenward, ferveitly thanked God for having merous cottages studding the green banks of the still left him in possesson of so great a blessing as beautiful and pioturesque Hudson.

Chance had thrown us together. Our eyes met, to be. and the language which their first glauce expressed, more eloquent than words could have spoken, was-Love! My mother had reluctantly consented to my union with Herbert, not from any selfish motive, but because her own experience had been a bitter one; and with a mother's natural forebolings, she inwardly shrunk from the dread thought of her only child's incurring a similar fate.

. It was about nine o'clock in the evening of which way of my hitherto bright existence, which changed I write, that I sought my chamber, my mother have the whole current of my after life, and transformed ing lingered below a few minutes, for the purpose of communicating some slight orders to Betsey, our sive and thoughtful girl. faithful servant, in reference to her duties upon the morrow. As I entered my little room, in which I had passed so many happy hours, and there slept for eighteen years the sweet and untroubled sleep the midst of their holiday sports, to take a farewell traveling trunks, carefully packed and strapped for was already set, to hear him repeat once again the the morrow's use. I went to my wardrobe, and little prayer he had so calefully taught me, as soon there hung my bridal dress, with its delicate lace as my infant tongue had learned to lisp his name and shining folds of satin, waiting patiently to en- and frame a sentence. case the slight form of her who was so soon to ex change her maiden robes for those of a wife.

self upon the couch. I was weary with my day's ful event. Yet such is therese. The fond, yearning

over his face, asleep, so I just kissed his brown fore. my eyolids in slumber, without the impress of her pure and hallowed kiss upon my brow. A half "Only think," said Aunt Martha, as she arranged hour passed, and still she came not. Resolving to the articles on a large table in the parlor, "these end all further suspense, I arose, and hastily envelpeople, so ingenious, so patient of labor, so skillful oping myself in a wrapper, descended quietly to the with the needle and brush, are heathen-poor, ignor- parlor. I pushed /ojen the door, and beheld my ant heathen! Just see that gilded piece of marble, mother pacing the poom with a rapidity of motion that keeps the door open. That is an idol, brought that quite astonished me. Her countenance bore from one of their temples, and has been worshiped marks of extremo afitation, while her large blue

every article bought I lay aside a little sum for For she suddenly stopped and thrusting the picture into her bosom before I duld obtain a view of the features painted upon he polished ivory, said, with a degree of forced calamess, " Ada, my child, I thought you sleeping, long sice; pray what has driven you from your bed? An you ill?"

"No, dear mother, I replied, as advancing towards her, I laid my head won her shoulder, which shook with the excess of her deep emotion, "I am quite well, but growing newous at your long delay. I began to fear that something had happened to you, and accordingly started thind you."

My mother made | reply to my remark, but, with averted face, seemed struggling to quell the wild tuntult raging within, I stood regarding her in absolute silence for several minutes, until I perceived the tears a wly trickling down her pale cheek. I could best it no longer, and clasping my arms tightly about her neck, I exclaimed, in a voice already husky with motion, " Do not grieve for me, dear mother; or, if jou must, let me be a sharer in your sorrows!"

Drawing me genty to a seat upon a sofa, my mother bade me dry by tears, (for out of very sympathy I had also wep) and listen to the story of her early life, which she and several times been on the point of disclosing to me, but had never yet succeeded in mastering fer own feelings sufficiently to enable her to do so with ease.

I thanked my only parent for the confidence she was pleased to repose in her child, and nestling my head closely against ler heart, I awaited the recital of "My Mother's Seoly," which ran as follows:

"I was the only daughter of a respectable trades-| man, of London-by hame, William Hinton. In the year 1789, upon the breaking out of the French revolution, which not only convulsed all Europe, but also threatened the overthrow of all established govternments upon the continent-my father, then a lyoung man, and fired with the natural spirit of the age, at once took up arms in his country's cause, It was the eve previous to that of my intended leaving my mother (but a twelvemonth wife,) with

which would detain him till early morn, and we and thild very comfortably, by her labors in the were alone-my mother and 1-in the solitude of our little 4hop of her husband. At an unexpected mocottage home, with the exception of an aged female ment, however, the hand of sickness was laid upon servant, who had accompanied my mother to this the little William. A few days severe illness, and country, and who had performed the double office of Mary Hinon sat desolate and alone by her fireside, nurse and general house maid, since the days of my having given her first-born child to God's sacred keeping in Baven

his native city-New Orleans-was already extending toiled cheerfully on, with only a single ray of reunion with he atsent one. That day came at It was true that mother and child were not doomed last, after twenty five yers faithful watching. The to a families sopression, its in transplanting his British had gained a log list of splendid victories northern flower to a southern clime, Henry Herbert under Nelson and Welligton. The battle of Waterhad not omitted to extend a warm and pressing in- loo, which sealed the fite of Bonaparte, and made vitation to his future mother in-law to become a the Duke of Wellington from that time forth, the harer in our domestic happiness, which she had jdol of the English pulli, also terminated the war.

join us at New Orleans as soon as she should have William Hinton. By the side of Blucher and Welsettled up her business affairs at the north-for my lington he had fought bravely. He was no longer mother was still in possession of a handsome propthe young and vigorus man, that a quarter of a erty in her own right, which would have enabled her century before had ld the blushing Mary Walesto live comfortaby, if not luxuriously, during the resthen a beautiful girl of eighteen years-to the hyagainder of her days, even had she not seen fit to mencal altar, yet tothe fond heart of the nobite avail herself of my husband's generous offer. and constant wife, Wiliam Hinton was as truly wel-Though flushed and radiant at the thought of the come, with his bruisecand scarred countenance, and happiness which was so soon to be mine, and upon the loss of a leg as ifhe had returned to her with whose inexperienced brow the seal of a fausband's the glow of health'tinging his cherk, and the happy love-the crown of manhood - was about to be possessor of sound and elastic limbs. He had still placed, I could not help feeling a secret pany of sor- both arms left, with which to embrace her as of old, row, as the time drew near for the to part (even for which was enough o satisfy an affectiouate heart

guiding star of my short life. I was about to exchange the pure and hallowed love of a mother s son of the gentle wie, although, the touch of his heart, for the new and untried affection of one whem pencil, had left but slight furrows upon the still I had known but a few short months. This thought smooth brow. Threds of silver were, however, momentarily oppressed me, but did not share my thickly mingled with he once golden hair, but the from my resolution. I had pledged my faith to Her light of the clear ble eye was still unquenched, berr, whom I loved with all the strength of my while her naturally fill form had lost none of its

affection-what more, then, could I possibly tak to on the occasion of his irst interview with the partcomplete the sum-total of my earthly happiness? ner of his bosom, from whom he had been so long separated; it was the emembrance of a fair-haired As I have before said, my acquaintance with babe, whom his loving wife, in her pure and deep

> Cheeking the uprising tear, William Hinton drew his wife unconsciously o his breast, and lifting his the gentle and devoted Mary had thus far proved

The following year I sas born. Many a time my dear mother has fold mewhat infinite joy the knowledge of my birth awakned in both their hearts. I was the child of their old age, and looked upon by them as an especial git from God, to be the light and comfort of their dedining days.

Five years of childhool in busy, bustling London, flitted by, and then came a shadow across the pathme from a joyous and folicsome child, into a pen-

My father was dying I and I, who had been greeted with so many smiles and blessings upon my advent into the world, had left my gay companions in

You, may think strang, Ada, that one so young in years should remember, with such painful dis-With a strange feeling at my heart, I threw my tinctness, every incident connected with that mournkerchief very richly embroidered—my own name in flabors, but I could not sleep. Nervous and restless flowers. I was surprised and delighted; and ran to flawaited my mother's coming. For years we had thank uncle, but I found him with the newspaper shared one bed, and I now found it difficult to close knelt at his bedside, a mopent before the frightight

typed upon my mind, as if Lhad seen it but yester palace. Suitable tutors were now employed by my

mother. The cup of happiness, which she had but Charles Lester, I soon made rapid progress. just raised to her lips, seemed suddenly dashed to the ground. Another heart than hers would have thought influenced my parent in all her future

A few months after my beloved father's decease, we removed to Hertford, the native place of my comfortably, but frugally.

The cottage which my mother rented, was belong. ing mind. ing to the estate of Sir Charles Lester, a proud and than a modern structure, reared during the reign of Mary.'

once or twice pass by our cottage door, and now gan to weep with very joy. ful looking youth, with dark, mournful eyes, that | Charles Lester's, pronounced the name of Mary! only companion was some favorite author, he stop- long-absent brother of my benefactor, the pale and

my father was once a great soldier, he laid his hand Francis Lester! caressingly upon my head, with its wealth of golden feet would take me, and, looking up into my mother's denouement. face with an eager, questioning took, repeated to her, as nearly as I remembered, the unintelligible words explanation of them.

a simple-minded, yet learned old man, who, becoming influence with me in his favor. our cottage, and conversing with great earnestness entertained a strong penchant. upon some important matter to my mother.

Chancing to hear my own name mentioned, I soon perceived that I was the subject of their remarks. our company. Francis was my ideal of all that was Timid and abashed at the though of one so proud noble and exalted in mankind, and child as I was, and great as Sir Charles Lester, interesting himself | with my womanly instincts and judgment, I soon in my studies, I would have shrunk away, to avoid learned to love him with my entire soul. Our tastes observation; but his quick eye had caught sight of assimilated-he loved the same books, the same my floating curls and swinging hat, and the next pursuits as myself. He had traveled extensively moment I was standing prisoner at his side, with a over all Europe, and regaled my listening ear with degree of gravity and case of manner that would vivid and glowing descriptions of places and persons have done credit to one of maturer years.

nanor house of the proud and distinguished land through life, aye, even to eternity! holder. Every minute that I could conscientiously Our love, however, was a secret, which neither dwelling of my patron and friend.

him who now lay cold and motionless in his wind-

Charles, came down from London, where he had marriage. been spending the winter season, to give orders concerning his proper interment. His manner was always cold and repulsive to me, and I always with grief at the thought of parting with die who dreaded the severe glance of his piercing black eye, was dearer to me than even life itself. I tremblingly which seemed to read the human mind through at a spoke my consent to become obedient to her wishes,

anxlous to pay our last respects to the dead, whom we had so honored while living. I know not what it was that so strangely impressed the proud heir grave of one who had proved himself so kind a friend to the fatherless girl.

current of my existence seemed suddenly changed family. For two years not a wish of mine remained ungratiforth under his especial supervision; for Charles preparations for our wedding were progressing rap-Lester was an accomplished scholar, as his father idly. happy, with its humble surroundings, as if we had while the wrenth of orange blossoms that gracefully

death-rattle rang in our ears, is as plainly daguerore. been enshrined within the gorgeous depths of a munificent patron, to instruct me in music and This blow was a terrible one to the heart of my drawing, in which sciences, to the great delight of

The attention which I constantly received from tht wealthy proprietor of Hertford House, soon made sunk to earth, beneath the chastening rod of God. me the envy of the entire village, while sage matrons My mother had still something to live for. I was, and babbling old maids, shook their heads prophetileft to her, to love, cherish, and protect. This cally, declaring that no good could possibly ever arise from such an unnatural friendship as Sir actions, and made her the brave, self-sperificing Charles professed to feel for the humble daughter of woman, that she was through the remaining years of one of his tenants. Such remarks stung my mother to the heart; but, knowing the sensitive nature of her child, she bore her own pride-wounds in silence.

Whenever I chanced to speak to Charles Lester mother, where a few of her relatives still survived. | concerning his absent and younger brother, Francis, In consideration of my father's services during the I noticed with surprise that a troubled look swept. late war, his widow received from the hands of gov- across his brow, and a cold shudder perceptibly perernment a small pension, which, together with her vaded his frame. I spoke to my mother upon the labors in the skillful art of embroidery-in which subject, but she advoitly turned the conversation my mother was quite a proficient-enabled us to live upon some other theme, and left me to solve the intricate problem in the depths of my own wonder-

It was the anniversary of my thirteenth birth-day. haughty man, who, with his two sons, Charles and Upon repairing to the castle for the purpose of Francis, lived a quiet and secluded life, amid the taking my customary lesson upon the harp, I found precincts of a large and gloomy looking old manor that new and elegant instrument had supplanted house, which, with its thick forest surroundings, the place of the old one, on which was engraven looked more like some feudal castle of ancient times, the inscription: 'A birth-day gift, from Charles to

Dazzled at the beauty of so rare a gift, I stood Soon after taking upper residence in Hertford, the youngest son of Sir Charles Lester, music room suddenly opened, and thinking the in-(then a boy of fifteen years,) was sent to Germany, truder none other than the generous lionor of the for the purpose of completing his education at one harp, in the excess of my gratitude I threw myself of her most celebrated universities. I had seen him upon the neck of Sir Charles, as I believed, and be-

remember him at that time, as a pale and thought A stern voice, which I recognized as that of seemed in striking contrast to the general pallor of and lifting my head quickly from the shoulder of his countenance, and a broad, smooth brow, over my companion, I found myself in the arms of a which hair of a rich chestnut hue fell in thick and stranger! A second glance convinced me that he, heavy masses. Once, while pursuing his walk, whose from whose embrace I so suddenly recoiled, was the ped, and, in a gentle tone, inquired of me my name. thoughtful boy, whom I had years before met in the To my childish reply, that it was Mary, and that vicinity of my mother's cottage, and recognized as

My mortification at being caught in so strange a curls, and said, it is a sweet name, and one which, dilemma, may be more easily imagined, my dear together with the beautiful face of its possessor, Ada, than spoken. Charles Lester was perplexed will ever live in my memory.' I did not then, at and wounded, while I, myself, was so thoroughly that early age, fully comprehend the language of mystified at the strange coincidence, that it was my boy admirer, and after I had watched his slight with extreme difficulty that I could stammer out an and graceful figure until it passed quite out of apology to the new-comer, who, strange to say, sight, I ran into the house as quickly as my little seemed the least horrified of all, at so terrible a

Francis Lester had arrived, unexpectedly to his brother, the night previous, bringing with him his of Master Francis, and stood patiently awaiting an beautiful cousin, Blanche Mountford, a brilliant girl of eighteen, who had resided for the past five years But my mother still continued her embroidery, in France, and was thoroughly imbued with Parisian over which she bent, and, without pausing to kiss arts and graces. Her dark and voluptuous style of the small red lips which were so temptingly upturned beauty was in strange contrast to the blonde and to hers, said in a careless way, 'Never mind now, spiritual expression of my face, which neither rechild; when Mary is older, mamma will explain sembled my mother's or deceased father's. That many things to her, which she is now far too young | she was a woman of artifice, I soon divined, and that to understand.' With this rebuff I started off to my she was determined to win the heart of her cousin, sports, and soon forgot both Master Francis and his Francis, for her own, was plainly evident from the remark. As I grew up, my great-love for reading great pleasure which she took in his society. I became almost a passion with me. Dy the time I Often wandered at her partiality for Francis, thinkwas eight years of age, I had fully exhausted the ing Charles Lester a much more suitable mate for contents of my mother's small library, besides faith- her, little knowing then, as I afterwards learned, fully pursuing my studies under the parish rector, that my patron had bribed her largely to use her

interested in me, on account of my constant attend- To accomplish her designs, she professed to enterance at the little village church, had kindly offered | tain a strong attachment for me, which I, for a time, to take me under his especial care and tutorage. believed sincere. When in my presence she was llaving spoken to Sir Charles Lester of my preco- always prating of the great wealth and charms of ciousness in learning, and of my extreme love for her cousin, Sir Charles, and underrating, upon the reading, I was surprised one day on returning home other hand, the merits of the modest and unassumfrom the rectory, to find Sir Charles quietly seated in ing Francis, for whom, it seems, that she herself

Francis and I often met, although both keenly felt the restraint of Charles Lester's presence when in he had seen while abroad. In short, he loved me; From that time I became a frequent visitor at the not with the idle passion of a passing hour, but

snatch from study and home duties, was spent by dared to trust to another's ear. Charles Lester was me in poring over the valuable and musty books of even more assiduous than ever in his attentions tothe old library, which filled a large space in the wards me, which I accepted with the same feeling of gratitude that had always inspired my breast. My When I was ten years of age, Sir Charles suddenly mother's health, which had been gradually on the sickened and died. How the sight of that mournful decline, at last give way. Two weeks confinement pageant brought back to my mind the bitter remem. brought her, like my poor lost father, to death's brance of my own father's death. During my brief door. She died in the presence of him, whom she acquaintance with one whom the world called proud regarded as the best of earthly friends, Charles Lesand overbearing, I had learned to love and respect ter and her child. Her dying request was, that I would consent to become the bride of Charles Lester, A day or two before the funeral, his eldest son, licep lage for me, and had asked of her my hand in who had told her, a few months previous of his

How could I refuse her the last request which her feeble lips would ever utter, crushed down as I was and was carried faint and senseless from the room. My mother and I were present at the funeral, by Francis, who had arrived just in time to hear my answer.

Those words, Ada, scaled both our dooms. My extreme sorrow made me an easy instrument in the of Hertford House in my favor, unless it was the hands of those who were seeking to destroy my observance of the deep grief, which a sensitive heart heart's happiness and future peace of mind. I was like mine could not refrain from exhibiting, at the passive, even subservient to their slightest will. After my mother's death, I was removed to Hertford House. There, Charles had fitted me up a splendid From the time of Charles Lester's succession to bondoir, to which I closely confined myself, shunning, the estate and proporty of his deceased father, the aye, even refusing, all company but that of the

of innocence, my eye fell first upon two heavy kiss from lips upon which the cold seal of death fied. Charles Lester, a man many years my super allegiate my mental sufferings, and soldding me hope rior in point of years and knowledge, became the for future happiness and joy. I did not repulse his companion of a child of twelve, the humble daugh- proffered kindness and sympathy, although his words ter of a deceased soldler. At his request, my studies of tenderness and comfort awoke no echo in my at the rectory were suspended, to be continued hence- heart. Under the auspices of the artiful Blanche,

> had been before him. He even desired my mother It came at last—that dread and eventful night? to allow me to take up my residence at Hertford More like a statue than a living being, I suffered House, but to this the latter would not consent, and myself to be dressed in a satin-robe, whose snowy so we lived on in our little cottage, as contented and folds were not whiter than the color of my face.

encircled my head, seemed like a crown of thorns piereing my aching brow.

All things at last were ready, when of a sudden the cry was raised that Francis, who was to perform the part of greensman, was missing! A look of anxiety and distress overspread the face of the waiting bridesmaid, Blanche Mountford, who began to fear the ill-success of her artful scheme; but I, in the very depths of my bleeding heart, thanked God that, I should at least be spared the congratulations of one, whom I might never more meet on earth, except as the loved, but unloving wife of another !

An unsuccessful search having been instituted for the absent Francis, the marriage ceremony at once proceeded. A few short minutes, and I was the wife-would to God I might say happy wife!-of Charles Lester!

For weeks following that sad event. I was confined to my bed with a violent fever. At length I slowly began to recover, and my husband, in his extremo love for me, proposed taking a sea-voyage, for the more perfect restoration of my health.

To this I consented, and embarking in a steamer bound for America, we landed in New York the first day of May. Blanche, who had also accompanied us, by invitation of my husband, was exceedingly anxious to behold the ohief beauties and wonders of the Western Continent. In the early part of the month of June our little trio started for Niagara Falls. My husband was entirely devoted to his little child wife, as he fondly termed mo, and beheld with feelings of intense delight, the glow of health returning once more to my cheeks.

After visiting numerous places of interest at the Falls, such as Iris and Moss Isle, it was proposed by Charles that we should visit the hut of the Hermit of that fair Italian village that bloomed amid its of Niagara Falls, which still stands, about thirty rods from the main fall, on the bank of the river. Arriving there, we found the cottage quite deserted. a vestige of its once picturesque habitations remains, A faithful dog guarded the door, while a profusion of music-books, together with a flute, violin and site when the dread events took place which we are guitar, lay scattered around the single room within, in glorious confusion. We looked in vain for his name, (which we had been told was Francis Abbott,) nignly, and the mild Saviour stretches forth his hand upon the fly-leaves of the several books there collected, but they were perfectly blank.

On-our return to the hotel; the greatest excitement prevailed. A crowd of people were tollected about some object on the piazza. Leaning on the arm of nuptial feast of Ugolino, the enthusiastic musician, my husband, I pressed through the dense throng, auxious to catch a glimpse of the object of so much curiosity. At length my eye caught sight of a mass of dark drapery. I advanced nearer; the body which lay there wet and motionless upon the rough floor, was that of Francis Lester! A wild and unearthly shrick escaping from my lips, as I fell forward upon the dead body, announced to Charles and Blanche that the searching eye of love had recognized the familiar face of one they had failed to discover.

All, my dear Ada," said my mother, rising from our chamber above, " are familiar with the death of with tears; the rosy blush upon her cheek gave floating in the river, where he was accustomed to tering ringlets with an impatient gesture, and softly resort for the purpose of bathing. It is the opinion spoke his name. of many that he came to his death by accidental drowning; but it was my firm belief, as well as that of my husband, that finding me about to become the bride of another, he had fled to America, where, be-

That he knew of our arrival, is more than probaand myself during our frequent walks upon the called him forth from the sweet realities of life and bank of the river, and impelled by the sudden impulse of the moment, determined upon ending his woes by consigning himself to a watery grave. That he was too expert a swimmer to come to his death through any carelessness upon his own part, is an dances. She took his unresisting hand, and said : idea which such of the inhabitants at the Falls, who knew him best, could never possibly entertain even engrosses thee, that thou canst not behold thy poor for a single moment."

her wishes, Charles Lester had taken up his future upon the hand she held. Slowly her husband apresidence in America. The city of New York had peared to arouse from his stupor; her loved and fabeen fixed upon as their home, where my mother miliar voice struck pleadingly upon the chords of remained until after my father's death, when she purchased a cottage upon the banks of the Hudson, our present home, which was so soon destined to pass into the hands of strangers upon the occasion of my marriage, and the removal of our small family to the South.

I had never known what it was to possess a father's love, being only two years of age at the period of the former's death. But I had been blessed with a mother's love, which I may safely say that I all over my frame! Come away! let us rejoin the cherished and appreciated to the fullest extent.

I was married, dear render, as I had anticipated, and, with my husband, started for Ningara Falls the following morning, previous to embarking for New

I now knew the reason of my mother's refusing to accompany us upon our bridal tour. It was because hymn of victory. Hear you not yet?" he cried, with we were to visit Niagara Falls, the scene of a sad and never to be forgotten event in the history of her her, and held her, trembling and pale with undefined early life. I respected her feelings, and did not urge apprehension, to his breast. her further upon the subject. While viewing those wonderful Falls, in all their grand sublimity, I related to my dear husband the story of "The Hermit mother, who did not hesitate to sacrifice her own heart's happiness upon the shrine of filial affection.

FORBEARANCE TO "OLD NICK."-Roy. J. Johnson, late of Newberg, New York, somewhat noted for his fun loving propensities, while walking one day out back of his house, where a new street was opening, saw an Irishman at work with his crowbar, striving to dislodge a huge stone from the ground, where it was held fast by the roots of a tree. His patienco was fairly exhausted by the vain struggles he made, and at last he exclaimed, in a passion :-"The divil take it! The divil take it!"

The old pastor approached him, and quietly remarked that he eaght not to make such free use of the name of the Evil One, and certainly not wish to throw such a big stone at him as that. The Irish. humble cottage, and remained with her until conman was quiet in a minute, and striking the crowbur into the ground, and leisurely leaning on it, he quest of the strange bridegroom. They sought for turned up his face at the Doctor and the sunlight. while over it reguishly played those indescribable found him not; and at dawn they returned sorforerunners of genuine Irish wit, he replied:

"Och, thin, and yorself that's findin' fault with me for sayin' the same, when it's yees and the like of yees that's PAID BY THE YEAR for abusin' the old gintleman all the time!"

. hotter it grows.

Written for the Banner of Light. MY DYING CHILD.

BY J. M. PLETCHER.

I am going, going, mother, From your soft and warm ombrace, From the scones of earthly sorrow To a brighter dwelling-place; I am going from the sadness And the scenes of earthly woes, To the higher joy and gladness Which the angel-life bestows.

- I am passing, passing, mother, And my mortal vision dies, But a brighter is unfolding To my spiritual oyes, And I see the angels waiting; Mother, dear, they 're bringing flowers, And I know I shall be welcome In their never-fading bowers.

I am passing, passing mother, , To the purer, better land; Fold me softly on thy bosom; Hold me gently by the hand. Call this dying? no! 'tis rapture! See! the crown is on my brow, And I'm clad in snow-white ralment-Mother, I'm an angel now.

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

The Fatal Compact. A MUSICAL LEGEND.

It was the marriage-day of Ugolino, the famed musician, and the lovely Gioia, the fairest maiden vintage fields, skirted by deep forests, and encircled by a chain of hills. Its name has been lost, and not for the legend tells that all fled from its unhallowed about to narrate. Now a denso forest path leads to a woodland shrine, where the Holy Mother smiles bewith infantile grace toward the votary kneeling there-where once the demon held his seat of power. and lured unwary souls to swift destruction.

But the skies smiled serenely beautiful upon the the secretly loved one of many girlish hearts-for in form and feature his was the perfection of manly beauty and grace; his step was that of one born to command; his eye flashed with the fires of genius; his black hair swept back from a brow that bore the unmistakable impress of power; and on this day, arranged in his new wedding suit, with the smile of quiet happiness illumining his face, all gazed upon him in admiration, tenderness and reverence.

The beautiful Gioia, with love-illumined eyes, and blissful smile, regarded him most affectionately; but, her seat and moving towards the door which led to as she gazed, her large, dark eyes were shadowed the Hermit of Ningara Falls. His body was found place to a sudden paleness; she threw back her clus-

He heard her not; his eyes, rapt and distended, were fixed upon vacancy; with upraised hand, as if invoking silence and attention, he seemed listening and whispered of love, of peace, and happiness. to sounds unheard by all that assembled company; coming infatuated with the scenery of Niagara Falls, his countenance was overspread with the flush of an he had determined to close his days in quiet and cestatic joy; his being seemed curapt in some strange trance. Again the south Civia spoke; but he heard her not. She arose, and placed her hand upon his ble, as it was his daily custom to watch the list of shoulder; he remained immovable, in the same attinew arrivals each day at the hotels. I have some tude of fixed contemplation, his hand upraised, his times felt that he must have caught sight of Charles | body inclined, listening intently to the mystery that

> Gioin cast a timid, searching glance around; no watchful eye was upon them; they were all busied with their sports, with merry songs and enlivening "Dear Ugolino, what ails thee? What is it so

Gioia?" and her love-laden voice trembled with its My mether's story was now ended. Agreeably to burden of affection and regrot; two large tears fell reawakening memory. He drew a deep sigh, and firmly clasped her little hand; but his eye remained fixed in the direction of the forest.

"What is it, Ugolino, dearest? Tell your Gioia!" plend the young bride.

"Hush! hist! hear you not those divino melodies?" he whispered.

"No," she replied, tremblingly. "I hear them not; oh, come away, beloved! I feel cold shudderings company—it is not good for us to be here."

"Hark! that is an angel's singing; none but a spirit of melody could give forth such heavenly strains! Listen, Gioia, love! listen to that prayerful invocation! Now it is a love-song, pensive and entreatingly passionate; now changed to a triumphant still wilder enthusiasm, as he passed his arm around

Then Gioia, too, heard those marvelously thrilling strains, those varied harmonies, so changeful and alluring; and while she listened, spell-bound, breathof Niagara," as it fell from the truthful lips of my less and intent, a voice, low, clear and silvery, a warning, sorrowing voice, spoke amid the loudest tones of the invisible band, and oried: "Beware!

"Oh, come with me, Ugolino; let us fly this spot!" she cried, clinging to bim in terror. "Oh, do not leave me-for the Holy Mother's sake remain! Go not! follow not those demons, my Ugolino; leave me not!"

But he forcibly unwound the tender arms striving to detain him; he put back her pleading hands; with joy-illumined face, with wildly outstretched arms, and quickly flying feet, he rushed from the scene of innocent festivity, to the dark waving forest; while Gioia fell senseless to the earth.

Her young companions gathered around in astonishment and dismay, and carried her to Ugilino's sclousness returned, while the young men went in him the whole length and breadth of the forest, but rowing and discouraged to the mourning bride, who sat upon the floor of her modest dwelling; as one without hope.

All the next day Giola wept and waited hopelessly; but, when the shadows of night had fallen over the quiet village, and one companion only remained with I passed the threshold.

self into his arms. He kissed her tenderly; goutly with triumph, pride and wonder. the delight of again reaching home.

lured by the mysterious harmony, he had followed his soul in forfeit! until they led him through the thickest forest passes, into the distant, hills; how he had torn his hands until the musician grew frantic in his supplications, penetrable thickets, to find himself lost and bewil. Master, one glimpse of his magic instrument. dered in an unknown region, far away from home. Again the lurid flames played over the summit from his loved Gioin's smiles. And, loving and con- of the highest hill, and flashed adown its sides. fiding, she believed all he told her, and forgot her; Then, distinct to the shrinking gaze of the impious fears in his increased tenderness, in his promises invoker, there appeared a monstrous form-comfor the future.

his unrivaled playing of flute or violin; the kind- robe of changing colors, loosely cast around him, and upon the pious and gentle Gioia.

her brow and lip; that her merry laugh was hushed, and the songs she sang were mournful ballads and sorrowful romances. Ugolino often absented him- down his cheeks. self from home; at his return, he would caress his wife with redoubled affection, but she shrank from him with undisguised terror; a dreadful secret, at

The face of the musician has grown haggard and wore a wild, startled expression, his bair hung matted | cation. and neglected upon his brow; his body had shrunk fearfully-t his long, white hands assumed the look from the cottage door.

When it was known that Gioia had given birth to a child, the pitying matrons, and the warm hearted maidens once more crossed the darkened threshold of the musician, and spoke soft words of blessing and comfort to the pale young mother, who replied bosom, wept and prayed fervently over him. Ugo- final. lino was from home; but when he returned, and beheld the levely boy, he, too, knelt by Gioia, and wept over and blessed his child.

It grew apace, and its fond smiles and intelligent as if in prayer, the-light of paternal affection in his eye; and the innocent young mother, won to confidence and pity, leaned her head upon his shoulder,

But the restless spirit returned; again he left home for the forest solitude, and his absence became more and more protracted. Then, when he returned, he would push the anxiously impairing Gloin rudely from him, gaze upon his son with a blending of harror and affection, and, refusing food, retire to his couch, where he would toss all night, as if possessed of a bideous nightmare, and utter words so strange and fearful, that his wife's heart quaked with dread, and she hurried her infant from the room, to pray and read elsewhere.

But few now crossed Ugolina's threshold; the neighbors shunned him as a thing accursed; the pale face of the suffering wife met with much pity, as silently and pensively she wended her way to the market place, but they pointed to the strangely altered musician, and shook their heads, whispered ominously, and crossed themselves.

Thus passed three years, and the tender, drooping nother had taught her son to say, whenever Ugolino caressed and gazed on him so strangely: "Father, do not hurt your little child!" which the little lisper repeated so prettily.

More and more restless grew the unhappy Ugolino; his white face grew corpse-like in its pallor; his dark eyes glowed like a consuming lire; long threads of silver mingled with his jetty, unkempt locks; he became still more earoless in his attire, still more abstracted, wild and vehement in his utterances. Gioia quailed before him; little Annetto fled crying to his mother, when the tall shadow of the unloved father darkened the threshold.

One night he field from the cottage with a loud-cry of mingled rage and ecstacy, saying to the affrighted wife: "They call me; those delicious sounds! This night I must be the victor!" and he sped with the flectness of insanity toward the dark, mysterious

While Gioia rocked her child to sleep on her bosom, and implored the Virgin Mother's intercession, Ugoline was fast pursuing the invisible harmonics, and frantically imploring the demons to stay; but on they led him through by-paths and marshes, far, far into the deep recesses of the wood, until he was many miles from home. Then the mysterious music ceased, and he beheld before him steep, mossy-covered rocks, peering like gigantic phantoms from the surrounding thickness of the forest trees; a dark pool was at his feet, on which a few glimmering stars of the leaves. Faint with his rapid course, oppressed knelt upon the dew-wet grass, and grasping his forehead with both hands, cried imploringly:

"Oh, let me hear them again, those delicious, heavenly melodies; let me took once more upon the Gioja, and Ugollno the attentive, dovout, and Chris-

again. 'I will swear allegiance !"

With a loud cry of joy, Giola aroso, and cast her- with an answering inspiration, his cheek flushing

soothed her fears, and spoke in his calm, usual man. As the last rich notes died away, the swaying ner. The loving wife anw that his face was pale, boughs retained their posture of listening-humility; and his hands and clothes were torn, as if in some but no breeze swept o'er the listless, dreoping leaves; violent conflict; but his eye wore its expression of the tremulous stars reflected their uncertain light in tenderness and solicitude; his voice betrayed no in the black, lifeless water, and the darkening sky o'erward excitement; his looks only bespoke weariness- head, the silence of nature, all presaged the coming storm .- Still Ugolino, the fated and the spell-bound, When the young girl who had watched and prayed knelt, murmuring inaudibly, calling upon the Masterwith Gioia had left them alone, Ugolino told how, all fiend to give to him the power of like music; to take

Wild, ringing, unearthly laughter alone replied, and his garments, passing through the almost im- until he pitcously implored for one more look at the

bining in gigantic outline the mingled semblance of They lived awhile happy and contented with their man and beast, the hideous conjunction of the lowest humble lot-Ugolino gaining money and praise for humanity, with the vilest animal form! Over his hearted neighbors pressing upon them many little displaced by every motion of the rising wind, played acts of charity, supplying them with fruit, and wine, the forked lightnings, and flames of crimson and and vegetables; showering Blessings and presents grey darted from the diadem upon the fierce and threatening brow. In his long, bony claws, he held But mothers and daughters noticed soon that the the magic violin, and as the trembling mortal bowed sweet young face of the musicián's wife wore, at his head in fear, he touched the instrument, and, at times, an expression of vague terror; that a deepen- its tones of angelic melody, the pale invoker dared to ing shadow, as of some mysterious grief, dwelt on look untremblingly into the tempter's hardened face!

"Give me the instrument! oh, give me the power!" he cried, clasping his hauds, while big tears rolled "Submit to the conditions!" replied the dread,

mocking, icy voice, and the violin sounded a ringing, merry, laughing strain, as that of some bailed child which the soul of Gioia vaguely guessed, lay between or maiden, vexed, and yet alluring her companions to some fresh freak of youth and play.

"I cannot! oh, I cannot! Take my own soul!" pale, as with some fierce internal warfare betwixt cried Ugolino, and his white face grew still paler, alluring demon and restraining angel. His eye and his hands were clutched in the agony of suppli-

"Thy soul?" laughed the demon-and the violin laughed aloud in its musical irony, peal upon peal of of talons; the neighbors crossed themselves when he such clear, ringing laughter! The power of resistpassed, and shook their heads as they heard his ance was fast forsaking the unhappy mortal; a cold strange, wild laughter, and the sobs of Gioia issuing | moisture stood upon his brow, and desperation nerved his heart. Once more he called aloud, and his voice was hollow and unnatural.

"Will naught else satisfy you? I will do all you bid me, but spare me this! oh, Master musician!" "Thy child, Annetto!" replied the dread voice; and by the icy chill that coursed through his frame,

with a grateful smile, and, pressing her baby to her the man knew that the decision of the fiend was

"I consent!" he cried, with a shrick wrung from the human depths of his soul; and there arose a shout of victory, as from innumerable voices, and the fiend laughed a loud ha, ha! and the delicious mulooks almost weaned the unhappy father from his sie swept over the forest stillness, and stirred the nocturnal and mysterious expeditions. For hours dull, sleeping waters, and bowed the tall trees with he would sit and gaze upon the boy, his lips moving a magic mandate of potent witchery. From his rocky throne the fiend beckoned to his newly-won vassal, and the trembling slave of an impious ambition obeyed the signal. The magic instrument was delivered into his hands; and, as the tempest broke, and the light of the friendly stars was extinguished. the demon king bad vanished, and Ugolino wended his way home, carrying his dearly bought treasure, as a tender mother would her precious child.

In prayer and thought, the gentle, innocent Gioia had passed the night. As the tempest rose and howled around her dwelling, she pressed her child to her bosom, and entreated the Virgin's intercession for her sinless one. A presentiment, dark and terrible, weighed on the young mother's spirits; but ner faith was strong. Could not the holy angels guard her child? Distinct, as on her wedding-day, a low, sweet voice, that seemed the far-off counsel of some guardian spirit, whispered, "Watch well thy child; trust him not out of thy sight." The trusting, maternal heart, vowed obedience.

When Ugolino returned at dawn, his mien was triumphant, his step was that of a conqueror. Completely absorbed with his violin, he drew from it strains no mortal skill could give, and he caressed it-talked to it as if it were a sentient being. But Gioia gazed upon him with a troubled heart, and with a mortal terror upon the strange instrument, and little Annetto, clinging to his mother's skirts, cried wailingly, "Mamma, mamma! Annetto is

All day Gioia watched her child with redoubled solicitude-with that instinct of danger that warns the soul. When night approached, Ugolino strove, by caresses and promises, to entice the boy to his side, but Annetto cast fearful glances upon the violin in his father's hands, and repeating the lesson he said so often, he cried, raising his hands imploringly: "Father, do not hurt your little child!"

The face of Ugolino was corpse-like in its pallor, his lips quivered with intense agony, his brow was bathed in a cold perspiration, and with sighs and grouns burst from his heart the words: "I must! I must? the compact must be fulfilled!" Since he had given himself to the control of the evil one, poverty had visited his abode, for he neglected his calling, and his neighbors shunned him. That night the suffering wife could not prepare the usual dainty, although frugal, meal; she determined to place before her erring husband the remnants of the last sounty dinner, and cull some of the grapes yet hanging on the arbor in the little garden.

For one moment little Annetto was left with his father, but Ugoline only kissed his brow, smoothed his dark-brown hair, and wept over his only child. were reflected with uncertain ripplings of the slug. When the affrighted mother returned, pale and gish water. Naught was to be heard but the sighing breathless, she beheld him unharmed, standing by his father's knee, still eyeing askance the redoubtwith impatience, awe, and vague remorse, Ugolino able violin. With a sigh of relief Gioia prepared the supper table, and soon after, with her child, retired to rest.

Master holding that divine instrument! once, once tian lover; she listened again to the tender lovemore! I will not shrink, I will not deny his demand. | sungs he had composed-the plaintive romances, the Oh, angels of harmony! fiends! let me behold you beautiful hymns. The music deepened-grew louder; the measure faster; the tones, were strangely The breeze rustled strongly amid the tall, bending blended; harmony and discord, love and hatred, joy spectral trees; the dark pool seemed allve with a and revenge, prayer and mocking ekepticism, laugitremulous motion; its wavelets gave forth dulcet ter and tears, loud notes of triumph and wailing tones of music; low, sweet preludes to some coming, echoes of despair! It was strange, wild music that, powerful charm. Flashes of lurid light played played by Ugolino's hand! Suddenly, as if awakacross the fantastic rocks; then came a volume of ened by some warning touch, Gioia started from sound, rich, grand and powerful, that bowed the deep sleep, and gazed in bewilderment around; and stateliest frees in answering homage, and lashed the listened breathless to the weird sounds issuing from wide pools' blackened waters into dancing life and the adjoining room. With a loud shrick she arose joy! Upon his knees, with brow upraised, with from the bed and rushed to the door-for where was The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the her, the door was suddenly burst open, and Ugolino hands devoutly folded over his bosom, Ugolino list. Annetto ?-her darling boy was missing! She cuoned as one in a tranco; his dark eye brightening | tered the chamber from whence the magic sounds | rolls on with us to the throne of God.

proceeded; but Ugolino was not there. By the faint light of the lamp left burning on the table, she saw the accursed instrument, as if endowed with life and power, moving across the floor, uttering the . sounds so strangely mingled, although touched by no mortal hand! But, as the mother gazed, a loud wail of agony burst from her lips, for in the vlolln's fierco grasp she beheld her child struggling-battling for life against the infernal enemy! The strings, all loosened, were wound around his slender neck-entwined around his waist, crushing the pure young life with serpont clasp, that gave the fiends power to the harmless chords! The infant vainly contended with the demon; it could only utter smothered cries, that pierced the mother's bosom with pangs far worse than death. Suddenly, as if inspired by Heaven, the pale Gioia grasped the violin, and hold it firmly, by the power of faith and prayer. Then to the throne of grace ascended that nother's anguished prayer, and angels heard, and demons cowered in fear, as the lowly woman prayed to God! With a fierce wrench the demon instrument escaped her hands-its magic cords burst asunder with a sharp, discordant sound, and the infant lay upon the floor, pale, helpless, panting, but nuharmed by the fiend's power!

On his mother's bosom the little Annetto returned consciousness; and when he was fully restored, with a prayer and a thanksgiving she passed the threshold, never to return to the home, once trodden by the footprints of the evil one.

She told her story, and was believed and sheltered, and the aged priest showered benedictions upon her: matrons wept over her, and called her daughter, and young wives and maidens admired and blest her. while men gazed upon her as on some maternal saint. The little Annetto was the pet of all; but for many days the child shrunk and trembled when his father's name was mentioned, and clung closely to his mother's side.

All the next day Ugolino returned not home; but at midnight the inhabitants of the quiet village were aroused from sleep, by cries and groans that issued from the musicians dwelling, and when they assembled before it, they beheld it wrapt in flames, and on the burning roof the dread figure of the arch demon, holding the magic violin, which gave. forth its mocking and triumphant strains, above the crackling of the fire, the greans and cries of the tortured victim within. Ugolino, pent in by the destroying element, cried aloud in vain for pardon, * help, and pity. The fiend was inexorable; the horror-struck villagers were impotent to save the selfdoomed, miscrable man. Gradually his cries and shricks grew fainter, the demon's form grew indistinct, the music died away, and the walls and roof of the fated dwelling-once the abode of love and innocence, fell down with a stunning sound, and the sinner had paid the penalty of his impious daring, and had himself to be offered a sacrifice to the vengeance of a defeated foe, builted of his diabolical plan by a mother's heart and a woman's faith.

The simple, pious villagers, looked upon the spot with horror; and the good priest pronounced it accursed, and decreed that its name should be lost; that no place might ever be named after that unhallowed region, trodden by Satanic steps. Gathering up their household implements, their few worldly goods, the peasants sought another home, and, folowing their venerable leader, soon found a pleasant, fertile plain, where they renewed their fives of easy toil and ample leisure. Gioia and her child accompanied her friends, and found a pleasant home among hem. One dedicated hor life to pious surviess to prayers for the soul of the lost one, whom she incessantly invoked the blessed Virgin and the holy saints to intercede for and reclaim from direct misery, and lead to eternal happiness.

in course of time, a shrine to the honor of the Virgin mother was creeted on the site where the musician dwelt-where the demon gained the victory. The Madonna's sweet face smiles, and it resembles the description of the beautiful and faithful Gioia, and the infant resembles the mother in grace, and pensiveness, and holy innocence.

SOUL COMMUNINGS!

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Thought is deeper than all speech; Feeling deeper than all thought: Souls to souls can never teach What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits elad in wells : Man by man was never seen:
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy sercen,

Heart to heart was never known; Mind with mind did never meet: We are columns left alone, . Of a lemple once complete. Like the stars that gem the sky

Far apart, though seeming near, Th our light we scattered lie; All is thus but star-light here. What is social company But a babbling summer stream?

What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream? Only when the sun of love Melts the scattered stars of thought— Only when we live above what the dim-eyed world bath taught;

Only when our souls are fed And by inspiration led, Which they never drew from earth;

We, like parted drops of rain. Swelling till they meet and run, Shall be all absorbed again— Melting, flowing into one.

THE POETICAL PREACHER .- "The last thing we should have funcied, is to have heard within the pulpit, echoes of the form and fashien of Longfellow's Hinwatha.' In the forepart of the season, down at (then not crowded) Ramsgate, an acute Dissenting preacher, to attract a numerous gathering, advertised his fixed intention, twice (D. V.) on the next Sunday, sermons twain then to deliver, in majestic blank verse uttered. And he did it! they who listened, had a weary, weary season; season very weary had they, listening to the man who did it; man obese, obese his wit, too. To describe we will not venture, how the pump went onward working, at each lifting of the handle, dribbling forth its stinted measure. Very painful 'twas to hear it, very pleasant to the speaker; love was the all graceful subject: quite unlovely was the treatment. But 'twas with a moral pointed; moral pointed very sharply; sharply pointed to the pocket; and it showed how if our bosoms glowed but with the love he painted, we should prove it by a liberal coming down at the collection." ... London Athenœum, No. 1610.

Liee's Recond.-Every morning when we go forth we lay a moulding hand upon our destiny, and every evining when we have done, we have stamped & denthless impress on our characters; we touch not & wire but vibrates in eternity, we utter no word but

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1858.

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LIBERAL IDEAS AND LARGE MEN.

That this continent and this particular strip of the continent lying between certain zones, or parallels, is the destined field upon which the human race is to attain to its highest conditions most rapidly, seems to be the general conviction of reflecting minds. 'America was kept virginal for ages. Not until the civilization of Europe had grown effete and corrupt, did Providence send the man across the . waste whose discovery was to give a new aspect to the world. And even then the objects for which the early discoverers came, they were not suffered to secure and enjoy. Columbus made a vow that, if he were successful in his long cherished enterprise, he would furnish and equip a splendid army of foot and horse, which he would himself lead on to assist in the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels. Others -and nearly all of the originel discoverers and settlers, in fact-came, thinking they were going to find untold treasures of gold and silver, and with these treasures they were only to pamper themselves and their families in the luxury that was the rule everywhere at that day in Europe. As for solid, leading, naked ideas, in connection with the work they took in hand, they were exceedingly scarce; none of the adventurers rose above the con-_tomplation of a way by which they might suddenly become as rich as their neighbors, or their rivals and

But how wonderfully has God overruled all theso unworthy purposes! Not by directly thwarting the discoverers themselves in their efforts, but by silently and steadily turning their aim; bending it in another direction; forcing them, by new and increasing necessities, to seem to drop their first plans, and of their own suggestion. The settlers at Jamestown expected sudden wealth; but, through famine and fire, through disaster and saddest experience, they were turned aside from the aimless pursuit of their dreams, and finally assisted to found the greatest nation the sun ever saw led forth to take possession of a new continent.

So with the Plymouth settlement. The Western man to-lay, standing and running his eyo over the rich trairies that stretch out almost without limit become roughs hade inclined to twit the New Englander with the poverty and hardness of his inheritance; and tells him, in his jocular way, that if his (the New Eaglan ler's) ancestors had happened to settle upon the prairies first, the Eastern States would have gone a-begging for a population till this time. In this very arrangement we are able to descry, Providence. The Western man is more than half right in his pleasantry, but he forgets that it is not the New Englander whom he thus condemns, but mankind in the mass. It is so true that none of us would be inclined to take the har lest end-the discipline, first, if we knew very well what was coming so easily

Here on this large expanse of variable soil, with mighty lakes and rivers lacing and interlacing the surface, and wheat-fields and corn-fields standing as they stand nowhere else on the face of the earth, every circumstance being large and limitless, the land being laden with none of that sad oppression which tyranny fastens like a nightmare upon everything with which it has to do, man himself left free and untrammeled to develope his diviner faculties in all possible directions, and with none of the consistencies and inconsistencies of a long and dreary history to lie like obståcles in our path-here, we say, is such a field as Providence would seem to have selected for the fair trial of the real progress of the

Doubtless progress is made, and is making in other places and directions; but it seems to us more like an emerging from the darkness of imprisonment, or the escape from chains and bondage. Here, however, there are no such painful associations, and the work is rapid in the same proportion. It is no escaps with us; it is a growth—one of the most natural processes in all nature. Here it goes on with the fewest and the least obstructions. Hero there is room, and that very thought, of itself, acts as a powerful stimulus. Here we have no kings, no monarchs, no tyrannies over us; nothing that is ex traneous to the soul to crush the soul's aspirations.

That this is the dawning of a new era in the progress and development of the race, is primarily evident from the fact that until now all these rich and vast possessions, all these immeasurable facilities for progress, all these favoring circumstances and cooperating influences, have been kept back. Not until the spiritual vision is ready for it, do we see truths that have lain before us always in open day. And not until the race had been disciplined, and cultivated, and prepared for the field, was the field thrown open to us, as it has been, by a generous over ruler and benefactor, and we made recipients of these splendid hints which point the way along to our final destiny.

We say, then, that this continent furnishes unparalleled facilities for the growth and expansion of the individual man. Nothing in all history has ever yet been known as its equal. And still there are plenty of souls that go groping about in the twilight of the past, as if in search of the lamp which is all the while shining steadily before them. All this, in time, will be corrected. The disadvantages of what is popularly styled Learning, will soon come to be distussed quite as freely, if not more freely, than the other side has been. And then the pivotal idea, the spirit and significancy of all learning, and so of all | mediately.

the past, will come to be better seen and understood. The vision of this splendid future for us is almost too dazzling to contemplate. Not in material wealth, but in the spiritual. Here, on this virgin soil of the Western world, man is to be a sovereign, and, what is more, an INDIVIDUAL. This is the direction in which all history points-this the realization of all human hopes and dreams. Freedom-the largest freedom for the human soul-with no conventional limits of a decayed society- or an unspiritual law, to hem it in and check its aspirations-with the rentest range for the thought, because of the release rom the old burdens of dead governments and dying formularies-with perpetual expansion and growth, after none but the strictest natural laws-with all things in society, in the State, and in nature, to stimulate the faculties to the highest point of development-where is the field larger or wider than this, and where can men and women be developed in such truly great and noble proportious? As yet, humau eyes can fall upon no such prospects, and no such inheritances for the race, as Providence generously offers us here. The next inquiry that most naturally arises is, are we doing what we can, and the best we can, to enter upon the real enjoyment of our right

SPIRITUALISM-RATIONALITY. To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

royal inheritance?

Sin: A reader of your paper, a Spiritualist, desires to express his high appreciation of the very candid, manly and able article in The Thingse of resterday's date, which, however hostile to Spiritualsm as such, is in every essential particular, never theless most righteously and perfectly just. Let all Spiritualists, we would say, diligently read, mark, earn and inwardly digest The Trasung's remarks, for their souls' health.

If editors of newspapers and learned men in general would but freely grapple with this new philosophy, as with other subjects, only as its merits deserve, instead of shutting their eyes, and putting their fingers in their cars, and crying "humbug," we should soon find the marvelousness of these "new unfoldings" gradually but certainly losing their hold upon the public mind, and their deleterious con-

New York, Sept. 24, 1853.

The Tribune having included in free and frank comments on the subject of Spiritualism-its characteristics and its tendencies—and having, quite as matter of course, interlarded its editorial comments with such streaks of fat-and-lean humor as them; for the soul knoweth its own, and recognizes tre usual in articles of that description, and on that by spiritual, inscrutable laws, the souls which belong subject-the writer above took this mode of expressing his gratification-on the whole-at what was cincts flash the flaming swords which guard me done, and hoped in all candor that believers in Spiritualism would read it and profit by it.

The suggestions of the writer are worth serious and timely heeding; nay, if they are not heeded ere ong, they will only come home to the minds of beievers in a still more pointed and practical way. Let believers resolve to put away the "humbug," and take hold on the reality. Let them purge away the foolishness of the system, so far as it has at present assumed the character and proportions of a system, and resolve to try all things and know where, and upon what, they stand.

The fact is, about all the effective opposition that s now made to Spiritualism, is made on the strength of its follies and frivolties. With the principles and is this? How comes it to pass that men should laws that underlie and permente the system they voluntarily forego the title and rights of the true with them; or when they do, as in the case of a openly to admit the existence of the manifestations, and decline to dony any of their apparent populiarly ties. It is right here upon the external, the nonessential, and in fact the frivolous, that the prejudiced and passionate enemies of Spiritualism plant themselves and do what execution to the cause

Now it is thene all this was ended. And it can be lone in no way so effectually as by the energetic effort of the friends of Spiritualism themselves. They must take this matter in hand, and begin a re- temporal and eternal. form where a reform is chiefly needed. They must show to the world that this is indeed a new faith to their souls, and a true and lasting one, by the and that gross and sulgar persecution which disserious manner in which they treat its daily and tinguished Boston and Salem a hundred and odd hourly manifestations to their souls.

The philosophy of Spiritualism is yet to be grappled with by human thought. But it will never be circumscribed by bigots or partizans. It is noth. Salem persecution days were, and what the revelaing like a narrow creed, to be nailed down as flooring for popular or party platforms. It extends to augur for the future. . . the realms of the Infinite, and in its embrace it stendily holds all the wonders of Creation.

VERY LIKELY.

from the sermons of this noted preacher, says, verts and disciples, lest the evil which it is, and gaged in. We should think that a book that so shall we speak it bluutly ?-cowardous-that they consult their own personal safety as to handle it venerable priesthood. I know this to be the fact. I with a pair of tongs."

DANIEL SWAZEY.

On Saturday, Oct. 9th, we received, through Mrs. Conant, a message from Daniel Swazey, of Derby, weak and fearful of popular opinion, and especially Lower Canada, who stated he died in a piece of woods of the opinion of those of their own rank and station about three miles from that place near an old tree, in society—who have never investigated this subject where he was went to sit. He was on his way to transact some business, and is missed by his friends who are searching for him in the wrong direction, the spiritual phenomena. they supposing he is drowned in Deal's pond. We shall publish it in due course, but desire to put this on record to satisfy his friends that this news came depravity which might almost justify the sweeping in advance of human conveyance.

MUSIC HALL.

.Miss Hardinge will lecture in the Music Hall on Friday evening, 15th inst, at 7 1.2 o'clock. The audience will select the subject for the lecture.

MISS AMEDEY IN PORTLAND, ME. This lady, who has acquired much celebrity as a trance medium, will lecture in Portland, Oct. 21th

The Collins steamer Atlantic has been bought by

The morning comes in splender, Katle, And night's dim shadows flee-Soft sunlight floods the vales and hills, And silvers o'er the lakes and rills; His song, the lark in Heaven-trills, And all the air with music fills. Thou'rt with me when I slumber, Katie, Blest dreams are those of thee-When gently, down the siry steep, Bright beings come their guard to keep, Beneath the stars, in azure deep, Which burn above me while I sleep. All through the weary daytime, Katie, My soul thine image rears—.
Though none are near, I'm not alone,

My happlest thoughts are all thine own, High hopes to harvest's hour have grown, And I shall reap what thou hast sown. I'll think of thee forever, Katie, Through life's long line of years, When death, God's messenger, unbars Heaven's ebon gates, full set with stars; Oh, may we, free from sin's sad scars, Unite where sorrow never mars.

MORAL HEROISM AND COWARDICE IN MATTERS OF CONVICTION.

That moral attribute, which most of all furthers the cause of truth in this world, is heroism. The fortunes of no faith nor enterprise in all human history were ever made without it; for this is the beginning and the end of success. The proverb says that "truth is powerful and must prevail," which is even so; but not without the agencies and machivery of triumph. God himself cannot work without means adapted and executed to his ends; neither can man. It is the law of all work that the agency shall be adequate to the proposed execution; and lacking this, nothing is possible but failure. With heroism, however, everything is possible -and whatsoever has been accomplished by men in religion, morals and politics-in government, art, science, and warlike tactics, is indebted to this virtue for its prosperous achievement.

Heroism is the endowment of all noble naturesthe seal which God stamps upon character to give the world assurance of a man. I know my brothers, though they speak no word to me-though they come into my presence without introduction, or the prestige of ability, and the blaze of popular applause. They need not these things to speak for to it. I am not to be cheated, for around my prefrom the false, and open their glittering ranks to the true sons of battle alone-to those who are worthy to be intimate and inward with me.

And I love only heroic men, who carry their swords in their hands, ready to do battle for the right, and that which their consciences approve of. A timorous, weak person, a coward, who cannot, or, dare not speak his conviction, and defend it to the death, I pity and despise. He is carrion whom the vultures may devour; fit for nothing better, nor higher. And yet there are many such in the world -far too many for the world's good-as if "Nature's journeyman had made men, and not made them well-they imitate humanity so abominably." How have nothing to do; they do not venture to grapple nobility, and pass by on the other side of the sphere, sinking into mere vassalage and inanity? Alas! late writer in the New Englander, they are obliged I know not, nor can I account for it with any probability of truth, except by referring it to an innute baseness of nature.

He who possesses the truth, or what he, in his conscience believes to be such, is bound by the highest of all statutes to proclaim it boldly, and without fear of pains and other consequences. For truth is so precious a thing, and affects so immensely and profoundly the happiress and destiny of the race, that it is given to no man to withhold it, and no man can withhold it without loss to himself, both And yet the truth is withheld. Again, I ask, how

is this? We are not living in the days of witcheraft, years ago-but our lot is cast at least upon the refined and scientific days of Professors Felton and Agassiz-which is semething, considering what the tions of this nineteenth century are, and what they

Why, then, do those who know the truth-the truth more especially, for example, as it relates to Spiritualism-hide it under their bushels, and refuse to acknowledge themselves its confessors? Is it so An Orthodox paper, in a recent notice of a volume | bad a thing, so immoral in its revelations and tenentitled "Spurgeon's Gems," comprising selections dencies, that they dread to call themselves its con-* Every page is a flame of glowing fire." The pub | inculcates, should be chargeable to their accounts lisher also remarks, " He blazes and burns along the and character? Or, are they actuated by fear and puthway of his subject." Every one who has looked superstition, the terror of popular denunciation-or over Spurgeon's Sermons will at once see the truth the scorn of popular contempt, and the sallies of its of these puffutory notices, for the gates of hell are laughter? We fear they are actuated by some or thrown open at the close of nearly every paragraph, all of these. For it is certain that men of rare and graphic pictures of our fathers and mothers, ability and judgment in these States are convinced brothers, sisters and children going through the Spiritualists-convinced that communications from primary stages of external torment, are delineated the spirit-world are not only possible, but actual with a hand that seems to love the work it is en- achievements-and yet they are so timorous-and blazes and burns might be deemed an incendiary publidare not acknowledge their convictions, through fear lication, and we would advise its readers so far to of the venerable Mistress Grundy, and the still more know men and women of high position-of great culture and attainments, in these New England States and elsewhere-who are daily experimenters and firm believers in Spiritualism, and who are yet so -that they have not the courage and manliness to speak for themselves, and confess their adhesion to

Such things to earnest, sincere Spiritualists, are hard to hear and bear, and are indicative of a moral and overwhelming dogmas of the ultra-orthodox priesthood. Perhaps the fashion of the times will change before many years go by; perhaps it will become fashionable for the savans to believe in Spiritualism-as they now, all through Europe and America, disbelieve in the orthodox Christianity, and daro not publicly acknowledge it! Perhaps, we say, this, phynomenon may ocour, and then we shall have the fine gentlemen and ladies of the land, suddenly swearing by its name, and professing allegiance to its cause.

No thanks to them! No thanks to any coward, the California, New York and European Steamship shuffler, paltroon, time server! Spiritualism is true! Company, and will be put on the Nicaragua line im | and its facts are attested by thousands, and tens of thousands of witnesses, and it needs no "respecta- some time been engaged.

ble" suffrages to give it countenance and position. Its place is in the human heart-its theatre this American continent-this civilized and polished and scholarly Europe!-this great globe itself! And those who aid and further it now, in its struggle for supremacy-not the supremacy of temporal power and dignities, but of spiritual power and the enlightenment of man with respect to spiritual themes and conditions-shall have the reward and crown of from your New York correspondent, but simply deheroes, and the men of battle; and the rest-the dilettanti !- shall have that fate which history, and tained conclusions in respect to the character of the the Nemesis of mankind have awarded from the be- intelligible phenomena evinced by means of Mr. Fosginning, to all cravens and cowardly persons.

SEALED LETTER ANSWERED. The following is a copy of a sealed letter sent to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, for answer by the spirit to

whom it is addressed :-

would try to meet you in spirit, through J. V. Mansfield, of Boston. Please communicate to me ome news from the spirit-land.

JOHN DANFORTH. Your brother, New London, Cr., Aug. 10, 1858.

spirit claims to have written it. She was, at one ful inquirer. time during her earth-life, editress of a paper in the request of Mr. Danforth. My Dear Brother John-I am more than happy

o find you calling after me in spirit, August 10th did impress you to write me-but at that time I had not gathered strength sufficient to communicate fully, or as, I would, through the medium whom I now control. But at last I find myself able to say a few words, though imperfectly. Yet it rejoices my of the phenomena. soul to come even so. I am safe, and with him who was my mortal mate and husband; not only with him, but with that noble body, or company of pilgrims who left Plymonth (my last earth-home ong ere I was an inhabitant-or prior to my earthof time, and now am I a spirit, in full possession of all my reasoning faculties; and not even bodiless, for though my mortal body lies in the cold, cold grave-that is, that which was my mortal body-yet find I have a spiritual body, resembling that of the mortal body, only brighter, more beautiful, more re-When I have more strength, I will give you much of the glory and magnificence which surrounds me in this my new home. Yes, brother John, I am among that company of pilgrims who early settled and ever will remain, a lasting monument of patience and Christian fortitude. Yes, with them I mingle, and in this my prayers were answered-for my pray ers often were, while traversing over that hallowed terns of Godly piety-let my body moulder there; ered to dust, yet their spirits hover over that which is to them the most blessed of all places below. Often often do I hear them say, let us go to our Pilgrim nome

Dear brother, I passed quietly away like the candle, as it nears the socket of its holder-slowly and calmly I passed on. Yes, I was cognizant of all till the last glimmer or spark remained-then in flash, all was silent; my body was lifeless, and, for the first time, I was conscious of spirit existence. earth acceptation of the word. I looked about, saw them sorrowing over me-one dear brother to witness the extinguishing of the last remaining spark. I looked into the streets, and saw them as ever, with here and there a traveler. I remained some three hours, and then was told by an augel violent that my husband awaited me. I looked about—here and here-but no one could I see. I was then told again my husband awaited me. My response was, where? was then told he was on the opposite bank of youder river. At that time my spiritual vision was opened, and I saw a beautiful river. I was told that was the river that divides the mortal from the immortal. I made my way to the bank, and there I not only saw, but heard the voice of my beloved hushand say, " Betsey, my beloved, come quickly to me." Soon I was in the fond embrace of him who was to me a friend and companion in earth-life.

I find my strength fast leaving me, now-soon I will some and say more, but, dear brother, be faithful to the light given you of late. Let nothing dissuade you from pursuing it-for in its pursuance is life

Your once mortal, but now spirit sister, Betsey Tuckner.

Boston, Sept. 6, 1858.

There are several points made in the spirit's answer, of which no hint is given in the letter from Mr. D. to his sister in spirit-life. First-an allusion to his having written her on the 10th of August. Second-mention is made of her husband; and the fact stated that he, too, was a spirit. Third-she gives the place of her residence on earth, and alludes to a strong desire she always had to join the Pilgrim Fathers in their spirit home. Fourth -the manner of her departure is spoken of, and described to have been quiet and peaceful.

Of these particulars, there is good reason for believing that the medium could have known nothing. Whence, then, the intelligence?

BOOK NOTICES.

DAVENPORT DUNN, A MAN OF OUR TIMES, by Charles Lever. Published by T. B. Peterson, of Philadel-

The first volume of this humorous novel, by one of the first writers in this vein, will cheer many a poor fellow who has the blues this winter, for the low price of 50 cents. For sale by A. Williams & New; miracles; internal and external evidence of Co., No. 100 Washington street.

WEBSTER AND HAYNE'S SPEECHES.

neatly printed, and are for sale by A. Williams & Co. THE OPERA DANCER, by G. W. M. Reynolds.

The writer enjoys a wide popularity as a writer of fiction, and this book is fully up to the former issues of his ready pen: Published by Peterson, of Philadelphia, and for sale by A. Williams & Co.

Howe's Complete Ball Room Hand Book, containing upwards of three hundred Dances, including all the latest and most fashionable. Dances; by Elias Howe, Boston, A. Williams & Co.

This book will be found very acceptable for families, who want to get up a dance on their own account. It gives the figures, and calls for changes, in cotillons, quadrilles, contra dances, waltzes, polkas, mazurkas, etc., etc.; etiquetto of the Ball room, and other interesting matter bearing upon this amusement. It is well illustrated, and makes a handsome appearance,

A POETIO LECTURE ON WOMANHOOD," by Wm. W. Karshner. Moore & Co., publishers, Cincinnati, O. It is a scholarly production of a high moral tone, er, in New York, Pennsylvania and the Western worthy a re perusal.

. It is sald that Mr. Hume, the medium, is not yet married to the Russian helress to whom he has for

New York Correspondence.

RELIABILITY IN MEDIUMSHIP-MR. FOSTER, OF SALEM.

New York, Oct. 9, 1858. MESSRS. EDITORS-I do not seek herein to compete with the peculiar system of advertising proceeding sign to give expression to certain carefully ascerter's mediumship.

As Mr. F. has not, heretofore, in the course of his mediumship, courted popularity and patronage, as an end, by the usual practices—that is, by frequent mention in the newspapers of the spiritually originated phenomena transpiring with him-I may, without impropriety, and without any invidious purpose, To Betsey Thursen - Dear Sister-I have not state, that in my intercourse with mediums during neard your name mentioned for some time. I thought the recent seven years, I have never met with any other, the phases of whose mediumship can be so properly and justly entitled reliable. Indeed, it is but simple justice to state, in respect to Mr. F., that what is manifest with him as spiritual, is more per-This letter was received Friday, September 30, and feetly than with any other medium I have known, the following answer written through the medium, calculated to educe a state of confidence on the It is said to be characteristic of the person whose spiritualistic conclusions, and to satisfy the thought-

This attribute of mediumship, namely-reliability, Plymouth, Mass., and is well known by residents of I had in vain sought for hitherto; but a number of Massachusetts and Connecticut. We publish it at interviews with the medium in question attested that it does exist-at least to the degree sufficient to overcome the strongest incredulity on that point.

Although the mechanical effect, or "physical manifestatiou "-the most rare and curious of them, are never absent from Mr. Foster's circles, they do not constitute the most striking or remarkable portion

It is in the phenomena evincing obvious intelligence, or mental procedure—the characteristic acts of intelligence of the so-called "dead," or "departed," by means of which their unimpaired personal existence. Yes, John, I have passed the boundaries identity is made out to the satisfact on of their friends or intimates, that consists the chief portion of the facts occurring in conjunction with Mr. Foster's mediumship.

In this respect I do not think that any mediumship could exceed that of Mr. F., nor can the facts constituting this portion of his mediability be fairly construed by any ingenuity into anything but manifestations of the presence of invisible personalities. in Plymouth; the records of whose lives have been, I need not detail the related tests in my own interview with Mr. Poster-for to do so would be but to repeat in another form examples and accounts of cases which not unfrequently appear in the BANNER spot where rested the mortal remains of those pat- or Light; but would simply record, by this means, the fact that his reliability; in this respect, has induced then let my spirit mingle with theirs. Yes, my in me a new and strengthened confidence and trust brother, though their bodies have long since mould in the possible results of mediability. Brytism in the possible results of mediability. RIVULET.

N. Y CONFERENCE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS-At the Conference last evening, the question of proofs was continued, and some very interesting and convincing ones were adduced. In answer to the fashionable cry of psychology, Mr. Parstood over my body-I knew it was dead, in the tridge related the following: He had shipped some goods to California, which were consigned to a house in San Francisco, that he believed to be not only safe but rich. At this juncture he received intelligence of the death of a brother of his in California. but without any particulars. Through a medium he came in communication with a spirit claiming to be his brother, who informed him minutely of the circumstances of his death; and then went on to say, that the house to which the goods had been consigned had suddenly failed; that the failure was a bad one; that he (the spirit) did not believe that it would pay a cent on a dollar, nor that it would even do so much as to render an account of sales; and, stepped into the boat that plies from shore to shore. furthermore, that his own effects-trunks, clothes, letters, etc.-were in the hands of this house, with directions to forward them to New York, but had neglected to do so; and for certain purposes of their own, would probably not send them at all. These statements, the speaker said, he could not credit at the time, and stoutly denied them. But the spirit assured him they were true. So it turned out—they were true. He had been unable to obtain from this house even an account of sales, and though they acknowledged that his brother's effects were in their keeping, and promised to forward them, they had never done so. This intelligence, at the time it was communicated to him by the spirit, could not possibly have been know to any one on this side of the Atlantic; and he very pertinently inquired how it was possible that psychology could have had anything to do with it. The supposition was ridiculous.

The desk at Dodworth's is to be filled to-morrow by the Rev. John Pierpont. Mr. Stewart, of Newark, speaks in Brooklyn; Mr. J. F. Coles at Lamartine Hall, New York; and Mr. Baker, a week from tomorrow, at Clinton Itall. York.

PERSONAL. Dr. Lyon will respond to calls whenever his services may be required. The following are some of the subjects he will discuss :- The origin of spiritits relation to matter, and final destiny, embracing the question of mortality and immortality. Origin and history of the Old Testament; history of the the Bible; morality and philosophy of the Bible, and its influence on the Christian world, as contrasted The memorable speeches of these Senators, deliver. with those nations who never saw it; the Orthodox ed in the Senate on Foot's resolution, have been doctrines, of Trinity and Vicarious Atonement—tho Orthodox churches, together with the church of Rome, constitute the Babylon of the Apocalypse, and the Anti-Christ, of Daniel, Paul, and Jesus. The first beast of the 13th chapter of Revelation, shown to be Popery; the second beast which came up out of the earth, having two horns like a lamb, but speaking like a dragon, shown to be Protestantism.

E. S. Wheeler, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture wherever the friends of spiritual reform may desire his services. He may be addressed at New Bedford, Mass.

George Atkins, trance and medical medium, writes us as follows:-" I start this present week on a lecturing tour about Cape Cod, and will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. During my travel I may occasionally give you a few notes by the wayside."

H. F. Miller writes us that he will answer calls for lectures to be given by Mrs. Miller, trance speak-States. Address, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Mrs. Elizabeth Clough, No. 14 Wall street, Charlestown, will receive calls to lecture in a tranco state.

The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue."

Sabbath in Boston.

THEODORD PARKER AT MUSIC HALL [Abstract Report for the Banner, by Dr. CHILD.]

Sunday Morning, Oct. 10:

After a voluntary the choir sung the following: I cannot always trace the way where thou, Almighty One, dost move,

When fear her chilling mantle flings O'er carth, my soul to Heaven above, As to her native home, upsprings, For God is love.

But I can always, always say

Yes, God is love a thought like this Can every gloomy thought remove, And turn all tears, all woes to bliss, For God is love.

unto thee-yet we know that thou livest and movest thou has given us may we ever turn to thee and their truths live forever. worship thee with grateful hearts all the days of our lives. Oh, our Father, who art wisdom, justice, goodress and love, we thank thee that thou hast truths holeft are a heritage forever. Careful men greated all things in perfect love-thy motive, pur- ransack the records of ages; they let errors slide, pose and adequate means. We thank thee for the but truth is held on to. Many a minister who folsercue days and tranquil nights thou hast given us, lows all authority, still cherishes some error. Some and the coming, protracted, handsome days that unpretending man reads a truth in a rock; for which lengthen out the years. We thank thee for the rich he is devided by ministers. A scientific truth is harvest that drops into the arms of toil and industry. never lost; this is true in morals and religion, as it We thank thee for all the means of blessedness-for is in science. Through the dark ages of the world, the continued growth of power that man has over the continuity of science was never broken; good men the material world—that we can make the ground have ever gathered and held on to all truth in scienge feed and clothe us, the mountains and the quarries and the arts, and those truths have been made the furnish us with our houses, and that the forces of property of all mankind. It seemed for a time as if fire and metal is slowly added to our means-that the truths started by Wickliffe perished with himby thought and intelligence we put toil under our for so great was the opposition-to more effectually feet. We thank thee for thought, knowledge and destroy them, his bones were dug up, burned, and wisdom-for all the truth which other men have discovered and handed down to us. We thank thee that the Severn, from the Severn to the narrow sea, and the fires of genius are never quenched. We thank from thence to the broad ocean. Thus it was thought thee for the hand of justice that moves in the com- an end was put to his teachings; but from a little mon practice of men-justice comprehended by a stream they have widened into a great ocean. Now single eye kept perfect forever. We know thou his doctrines are spread the world over. Not a single dost watch over all things-not a sparrow falls to truth is ever abated. Not one accent of the Holy the ground unseen by thee. We know thou keepest Ghost to the world is ever lost. What is gained in watch over piety, goodness and love, so no particle known to man is ever lost, and by them mankind cal and intellectual. grows wiser. We thank thee for the unmentioned millions of wise men who have spread abroad so much light and truth. We thank thee for the bread we cat, and the clothes we wear, and the houses that fables of the Hebrew laws are put up in meetingbedge and fence us in. We thank thee for the dear ones thou hast given us, who are near and distant, who are the benediction of our own daily love and prayer. We thank thee for all who have passed forever from the earth into the glory of the kingdom of heaven, where they will shine in thy love law could not be put down by barbarism; it contained forever. We remember with shame the wrong things we do, praying that day by, day we may use let it perish. our efforts to build for ourselves noble heights of human excellence; and thus, day by day, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

SINGING.

\$1 read, givet groupel, spread thy growing wings! Gather thy scattered ones from every land.

Call home the randerer to the king of kings—
Produm there als these own—us his command. Discourse.

Text: God ir set againet evil. Lust Sunday 1 spoke to you of the transiency of all evil dividing evil into physical, intellectual and moral; showing how evil is getting continually worsted; that from the nature of man and God it must be so; that all piety or its goodness shall fade, no more than a ray evil with its effects will vanish away and good will triumph. Next, let us look at the positive. This morning I ask your attention to the everlasting peras evil into physical, intellectual and moral. All these of the child are befter for the child than are the permanent teeth of manhood. Once man husked the cocounut with his teeth, and but one in a hundred had tushes strong enough for this, so one was made to busk coccampts for many. At length man discovered that a sharp stone would do this better, and after this discovery nobody who used the stone ever went back to husk the cocounut with their teeth. As it is with the stone, so it is with all tools. First the teeth, the fingers, the nails are used; then tools are made for use, first of wood, then of stone; of copper, then of iron. Each of these tools displaces its inferior prodecessor, and men never go back from a greater to an inferior good. And what is given for one man is given for all. No one ever abandons wheat and bread for acorns and peanuts-no greater physical good will be abandoned for a lesser. Each and all the arts once learned by humanity are never forgot. It would not be possible to disperse the improvements and comforts of civilization-the improvements in the arts-and go back to the condition of the wild man, " whose skin is his only coat and a hole in the rock his house. So good drives bud out

In South Africa, travelers build fires to dry their clothes. The monkeys see them, and after they are gone, the monkeys imitate them-dry themselves by monkeys-not men.

In the time of Henry VIII, it was a command to set targets, to be shot at with arrows, forty-three rods distant; today, no man has an arm strong rest, we have not taken it away, but have left it to enough to throw an arrow forty three rods, but he bless mankind forever. can throw a bullet that distance, and hit the size of a mad's head, nine times out of ten.

Sometimes, by war, a nation is driven from and loses the arts of civilization-but mankind loses lectured last Sunday at the Melo leon. Her lecture nothing. A nation may go backward, but this can in the afternoon, the first of a course on the renever be true of humanity. Mankind never lets one ligious of the past—was over an hour and a half in cal good which one man invents, is for all.

carried it duto a thousand forms of use. Needles skeleton of her remarks :and thimbles, griddles, pans, pots and kettles, with all usoful inventions, will never go out of use till Its mission is to guide man over the shoals and something better crowds them aside. What one quicksands of life, and if it fails in a single point, it nation drops, humanity picks up, and nothing useful is not what it claims to be. Can the great Creator is ever lost. The science of medicine is the most have made a system of truth not within the grasp of unsatisfactorily developed of all the arts; yet many the mind of man? Has he given the universe to diseases are stayed by it, and one day we may hope man an open page, and not given him the intellect that no consumption or fever doctors will be needed, to understand its machinery, nor the key to unlook . Swift does the better follow the good. Many writers, its mysteries? and ministers above all; say that all good things are | Why do we call up the religions of the long past?

transient; but one thing is certain-a good thing men will never give up for a poorer. Steam cars will never be given up for dog wagons.

And as it is with physical good, so it is with intellectual good. Men look out for what they shall eat and drink and wear, and Christ comes and says God will feed you as he feeds the crows, and clothe you as he clothes the lilies.

All men love scientific truths. What crowds of men and women rush to hear the "Lowell Lectures." These lectures bring nothing to feed and clothe tho body; but they feed the intellect. How much is said about the comet, now visible in the heavensthe love of knowledge causes this. We ask where it came from-where it is going. We search after truth, which adds nothing to the physical necessaries of life. Now the fact is known that the earth is round, revolves every day on its own axis, and Oh, thou who art everywhere, who no man can measure and no finite thought can fully comprehend, once a year spins around the sun; this knowledge we would draw nigh unto thee-nearer and nearer will never be lost. If a Lowell lecturer should preach the contrary, the common people would know better, and hast being in every one of us; and for thy life and laugh at him. Franklin said some silly things given unto us may our hearts be opened with grati- -these are forgotten; but every truth that Franklin tude. We would remember before thee with sorrow taught is remembered, and will live forever. Great the sins we have committed, but with the powers men have great whims, and their whims perish, but

Sir Isaac Newton left many manuscript pages that have never been printed, and never will be, but the cast into the Avon, and from the Avon they ran to moral good is forever, as is what is gained in physi-

In all governments has been some good, and all the good still lives. The worst government of to-day is better than the best, one thousand years ago. The houses, and Protestants and Catholics cherish them. 'All that is true will live, and the false will go back and be lost.

Rome did much for mankind, but the legacy is nothers now-the moral good is transferred. The Roman so much of moral goolness that humanity would not

There are thirty-two States in our Union; each State makes its own laws; fourteen out of the thirtytwo seek injustice-have monstrous, hideous exceptions to right; they cherish evils contrary to nature; but things will bear fruit of their kind, and with bloody feet shall these States retrace their footstens. See how the Northern States vie with each otherif a wise movement is started by one State, it is car-

ried on by the other. A sister State (New York) has founded an asylum for the drunkard. If this be successful, it will be started by other States.

What we call Christianity will one day perish; it will go down like Judaism; but not a particle of its

Since Shakspeare, no poet has trod the earth like him: but what a development of this element is there manency of all good, which I shall divide the same in manhood. America has no second Franklin, and never will have-nature never makes two men just forms of good are permanent and eternal-what is alike; but what was once shut up in Benjamine is infor one is for all, and is never lost. The milk teeth fused in millions. Just such another man as Christ was never born, and never will be again: but what a bumanitary growth has his influence brought into the world! Jesus! Every fugitive slave-kidnapper would crucify bim; but his good influence can never die.

There comes up in a little New England village the fragrant, hunfole, beautiful flower of philanthropy and benevolence; how it grows; it is found taking root and springing up in many places-it spreads. Some benevolent woman has planted the seed, while the finger of scorn has been upon her. This flower will never die. Humble men and humble women set agoing moral good.

How we love to tell of the good deeds of our fathers, and their faults we let go to forgetfulness. On Franklin's and Adams's tombstone we know what will be written. On Senutor Mason's, too, we know what should be written, and over the sepulcure of great Christians, who have grown rich in the slave trade, there will be no inscription that will fill the soul of the reader with grateful memory.

On the tomb of Robert Rantoul it is said is written, "He favored the freedom of mankind." The tenth

generation shall read this with pride Tell me how fleeting good is, how permanent is evil, and I will believe not; but tell me how transient evil is, and how everlasting is good, and I believe. This is true; it is profitable for mankind to know; the fire-but they cannot make new fires; they are truth will spread for the race, and will last forever; gradually, at first, it advances; it affects an individual first, then a neighborhood, a town, a State, and the world. And when we have gone home to our

SERVICES AT THE MELODEON.

To the fullest house of the season, Miss Hardinge useful art slip away till it has a better." The physi- length, and so connected in all its details that a fair report of it would extend much beyond our limited The savage invented a saw, made of animals' bounds. It was abundant in ideas, thoughts, and teeth, set in wood, bound in with the skin of beasts | gems of fancy-enough to last an ordinary parson or bark of trees. That man died-but the human the balance of his lifetime. It was on the "Spiritrace took possession of the saw, improved it, and willism of India and Egypt." We give but a mere

Religion is either a science of life, or it is nothing.

Why seek to exhume from the past those ideas which that the poor fire-worshipers were permeated by can be of no utility in this nineteenth century? the spirit of truth, and did not bow down before a Unly because of its bearing in the march of progress hidden thought. Now, with the wisdom of the nineto the religions of all coming time. Modern Spirit- teenth century about us, we cannot explore these ualism, if it be a truth, why should it not stand on things which held the thought of Zeroaster. the base of its own simple, evidencial system?

We have to do with a primitive people, who were not bound by the chains of theology, not confined to the organism of the medium : any creed, with no temple but the chanting groves and booming ocean, and with no mediator but conscience. They asked, what was truth, and it was unfolded to them by the winds—the breath of Godit was light to their souls.

It is enough to find all religious blending together in a common recognition of Deity. There are but two evidences of the existence of these conceptions of Divinity among the early, materialized nations of the world. The first is in the sculptured marble and different as any two separate races of men. The monumental emblems-now relies of pride, and a great decay-and the other is the written record which has come down to us, crude and venerable with age, and full of interpolations and modern amendments.

The early minds felt that the world had an existence, must have had a beginning, and, so, a creator. Their conception of that creator was necessarily a grossly material one. They lived by cense, and through sense must wisdom reach them. They saw that material existence was a continual development, from the blade of grass up to the higher conditions of animal life, and the beautiful and elaborate forms of human life. They saw that death was but another form of reproduction, and failed not to typify a God as its master-worker.

But they soon found a power of antagonism-of malignant evil-and they must solve that problem. Was it consistent with the love, wisdom, and power of the Creator? Then came the dogma of Moisasure. the fallen god. They saw that all was subject to a design—that light was a positive principle, and good was equally so; and evil was but a necessary power.

We shall find the whole paradisean theory-since plagiarized into the religion of Judaism-in the religion of India.

Man cannot create thought. It is not intuitive. rate it. for we know not what it is. When a man says-'I know," he but repeats his observations and experiences. In his chart he has noted down his impressions, and the first image of the God power he has ever associated with the sun and stars. They observed that the phases of life and death were associated with the heavenly bodies, and they saw the changes of the planetary constellations, and soon associated them with their own world's fate and fortune, and then followed sacrifices to propitiate the wrath of the twinkling terrors of the sky.

We will simply assert, and give the proof when it is demanded, that every rite and ceremony which are held sacred in the religious of the nineteenth century, they are indebted for to the religious of. India and Egypt-the great ideas of trinity-the all-wise, all-powerful, and all-loving power; the idea of antagonism, of incarnation-of man's primal fall: the idea of God's first great mistake in the creation of his children for total and eternal destruction-and in fact all the history of the creation of the world in the book of Genesis, we find to be a plagiarism from the religious history of the Brah. mins -- a creed old, when Genesis was unthought of.

In vain by a mere astronomical quibble the Christian world strive to place the advent of the Christ Jesus before Vichnu; in vain they attempt to blot out the symbolic records from the monumental records of the Orient. The world is too old and wise to be duped longer. Men-free, tiberal, unprejudicedare unfolding those records, and dark religion shrinks before the light thrown onto the religion of the past.

In the evening, her subject was, "The Spiritualism

"The light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

The religion of the Persians-termed for expeiden the world had yet had of Deific Omnipotence. Banner. They had searched throughout space in vain for a creative source, till they had found God to be identical with the great principle of light. Then why did they shrink from symbolizing the image of God? Standing on the mount of science, and seeing the mass striving unward, guided by the spirits of those who had passed before them, the Persians had found upon this elementary condition the grasp of the Deific presence, illuminating from the higher spheres with glimpses of trath.

It needed but a thought to find a positive principle called heat, and wherever latent heat existed, there was a source of life. Latent heat exists everywhere, because the philosopher cannot find that degree of cold in which it does not exist. Matter is scattered into the forms of nature in the vegetable world, and latent heat permeates them all; and in the animal kingdom the grade is higher still, until, when the spine becomes horizontal with earth, instead of parallel, that heat of instinct becomes reason. So he found that wherever there was heat, there the lifepower was manifested; where the life-power was not, there was cold, followed by disorganization and decay. He found the trinity of love, wisdom and power in heat, and he was weary of howing down street, New-York | and during December to the care

to India's notions-weary of worshiping a book, and the forms and symbols of beautiful religions. He would break the seventh seal, and find an equivalent conception of Deity; and so he spiritunlized fire-not worshiped it-for it gave to him the most scientific conception of his God.

It is well known to the poorest scholar in history, that Zeroaster's name has been invariably connected with the idea of typifying God by fire. We do not stand to ages, dates, or times; but it is enough to know that popular history gives to him an existence nges before Moses received from heaven the laws for generous souls, and a disposition to labor unitedly the government of the Jews. The Divine laws of each were claimed to be received in the self same way from the summit of a cloud capped mountainto point the people higher by a nobler, teaching.

The love of God became merged in the love of mankind. He asked his followers to identify in their own natures the spirit of love; but it must be bounded by wisdom. Zeroaster taught his followers that light in life was the evidence of God; and Mithra was the angel who descended from the light to the realm of darkness.

Can, you in science claim aught to be original? Behold your steam-engine, which can be controlled dark substance-sometimes called ink. These genby the finger of the little child, while if a giant of stlemen know everything, from the length of an the olden time were to become entangled in its man. They arrogate to themselves the right to judge, to chinery, ignorant of its laws, he would be torn to criticise, and to condemn everything and every body." pieces. Trace thought, if you will, back to the much despised past, when man fell down and worshiped | There is no prospect whatever that the Atlantic their priests as magicians, because they could tell telegraph cable will work for months to come, if them the movements of the stars. We doubt not ever.

and the facilities of the

After the lecture, a number questions were received from the audience, and answered through

Q.-What is the attribute of genius?

A .- Power. No matter in what direction it elaborates itself, it is power. In every human mind this power is manifested. In some it is higher than in thers, yet it is the great characteristic of humanity. Q.-What was the origin of the inhabitants of the new world?

A .- A tribe of men, as different from the present nhabitants as the blacks from the whites-or as question would require a lecture from us on the different races of man.

Q .- Why are the Christians of America superior in knowledge and power to those of any other nation?

A .- They are superior to those of any other land, because they are nursed in spiritual and intellectual freedom. They dare speak, think, and record their thoughts, and then comes that power which communicates them to others.

0.-Do men see God face to face?

A .- Elaborate him a million fold, and yet man can have no sensual conception of him.

Q-Do spirits commune with angels, as men do with each other on earth? A .- The distinction you have drawn recognizes

the idea of two separate orders of beings. The angels of God are simply his messengers-spirits are the same, each of whom converse with each other as spirits do with mortals. One plane of spirits can compass all below, but cannot reach those who are higher than themselves. [The medium hesitated a moment, and continued: But your thought is not yet answered. Thought communes with thought, and mind reads mind. There is no artificial language made to disguise thought, rather than to elabo-

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Miss Munson will speak in Waltham, Sunday, Oct. 24th, and in New Bedford on the 31st.

Mrs. C. F. Works will speak in the trance state at the hall No. 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evening, 14th inst.

Hon. Warren Chase will lecture in Lowell, Sunday, Oct. 17th; in Quincy, Oct. 31st, and in Bethel, Vt., the second week in November. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

A. B. Whiting will speak in New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 17th; Willimantic, Conn., Oct. 24th and 31st. Those desiring lectures during the week may address him at either of the above places.

Miss Emma Houston will speak in Quincy, Sanday, let. 17th. She will answer calls to lecture either Sundays or week evenings in Boston or vicinity. Address Fountain Ilouse. Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Middleboro',

Sunday, Oct. 17th, and in Portland on Sundays, Oct. 21th and 31st. She will make engagements to speak on week evenings during the last week in October in Portland or its vicinity. Please address No. 32 Allen street, Boston, previous to the 22d inst.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in lartford the five Sundays of October, and will receive calls to lecture in that vicinity on-week evenings of that month. Those wishing her services can address Willard Barnes Felton, care of Asa Il. Rogers, Hart-

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak as follows :- Oct. 17th, at Waltham, Mass.; Oct. 23d and 24th, at Fitchburg. Mass.; Oct. 31st. at Sutton, N. 11.; November 21st and 2-th, 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 diency, fire-worshipers-was in its time the highest at Lowell. He will receive subscriptions for the

> H. B. Storer will speak, in Providence, R. 1, on Sunday, Oct. 24th and 31st; Manchester, Conn., on Sunday, Nov. 7th. He will lecture during the ensuing season upon every evening that his services may be required, and requests friends in Connecticut. who may desire him to lecture among them, to adlress at New Haven, Conn., from whence all his letters will be speedily forwarded. He will probably labor in Connecticut during most of the winter, but may occasionally visit Massachusetts and Rhode Island, in answer to applications, which he has heretofore been obliged to decline.

> Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Boston every Sunday during October; at Salem every Tuesday, and Woburn every Wednesday. In November, she will lecture at Portland, Me., for the first two Sundays: at Montreal, Canada, the 16th, 17th, and 18th; and at Philadelphia, Pa., the 28th. Miss Hardinge will spend the month of December in St. Louis, and be happy to receive applications from Western cities for a part of January and February. Address, during October, to the care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, Found tala House, Boston; during November to 194 Grand of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE FROM DR. LYON.

DEAR BANNEN-October 3-1 I lectured in Concord, N. II. The brethren have just organized for the season; this was their first meeting. The meetings are well attend, and a manifest desire to heur. Professor Grimes has just closed a course of lectures in this place. His course, while there, was the same as in Massachusetts and other places. The friends are few in numbers, but they have warm hearts and for the sprend of truth among men. May their praiseworthy efforts be crowned with abundant suc-Respectfully, Dr. Lyon.

[Will Bro. L. inform us where he may be addressed?j

A HAWK AFTER THE CROWS OF THE COURIER.-The Boston News of Oct. 9th contains a caustle article, entitled "The Great Men of the Press," We make

a brid extract 1-

"Among the many gentlemen connected with the press of Boston, we have a few of the lordliest and most egotistical who ever soiled white paper with a

The Busy World.

READ EVERY PAGE OF THIS WEEK'S BANNER! On the first page is the commencement of a fine story, from the pen of the well-known authoress, Mas. ANN E. PORTER; on the second page, an original tale-" My Mother's Story, or the Hermit of Niagara Falls "-written for the Banner by Admianna LESTER; on the third page, "The Fatal Compact," translated from the French by Cora Wilburn; on the fourth and fifth pages, editorials, correspondence, reports of the Sunday lectures of Theodore Parker and Mrs. Hardinge, together with a great variety of other interesting matter; on the sixth page, five columns of spirit messages; on the seventh page, a well written communication on "Natural Laws," one from Warren Chase on "Home," and letters from Newburyport, New York, &c.; on the eighth page, Pearls, History of the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie H. Foster, of Lowell, Facts and Tests, &c. &c.

"LIFE ETERNAL"-Part Fifteenth-has been received, and will appear in our forthcoming issue.

The great exhibition of horses commences at the South End Park on Wednesday of this week. Many entries have been made, and the exhibition promises to be the best of the best of the senson.

The Post states that letters have been received from the Paris Prefect of Police by Mayor Lincoln, inquiring what could be done to stop the sale of the Napoleon Pamphlets. He had better pass the letter over to the editors of the Oracle. They will answer

John J. Dyer & Co., wholesale and retail periodical dealers, No. 35 School street, have all the most prominent publications of the day for sale. Orders from any part of the world promptly answered.

The "ereed" ministers are sorely afraid that the rapid spread of Spiritualism will leave them without a calling. Several alluded in bitter terms to the subject from their pulpits in this city on Sunday

The freight steamer Hercules, running on the St. Lawrence River from Mentreal-a new and very large boat, owned by Calvin & Breck, of Kingstonblew up last Saturday morning while passing up the Du Platte Rapids, eighteen miles below Ogdensburg. Eleveu lives were lost.

The Journal says one firm of this city, interested in the Texan trade, gave a thousand dollars to tho lloward Association, for the relief of sufferers by vellow fever in Galveston. The fever there has been raging violently, particularly among persons from the North.

The cornet is estimated to be only eight millions of miles distant from the earth at the present time.

Said Digby to lke a few days after the destruction of the Crystal Palace by fire, "Do you know why those twelve pianos of the Messrs. Chickering could not be saved?" Ike replied, "No, unless it was that the fire was too fierce for any attempt that way," "Not so," said Digby; "it was because the firemen could u't play on them."

The Washington correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer says Gen. Jarez has been received as Envoy Extraordinary from Nicaragua, having previously engaged to exchange ratifications of the treaty of 1857, unconditionally, and to pay an indemnity for the lives and property destroyed by the allied army during the fillibuster war. He also repuliated the Belly contract.

CHEISTIANTY AND CRIME. A clergyman named Turley was recently hung in Kanawha Co., Va., for the murder of his wife. Imitating the opponents of Spiritualism, we might say, See the horrid fruits of that terrible delusion, Christianity! Yet could any thing be more manifestly unjust?-Spiritual Age.

The deepest blasphemy never finds vocal utterance. It is less sinful than honest to speak an oath, rather than nestle it in your soul and nurse it on your passions. It is better to exhibit the condition of the soul than to keep it hid.

The Masonic Fraternity have finally disposed of the Masonie: Temple to the United States govern. ment, and it will be immediately put in order for the accommodation of the U.S. Courts, which if is exnected will move into the building in November.

"What are you about, sir?" said a passer-by to a nan who was engaged in cowhiding a scoundrel who had insulted his daughter. "Oh, I am only cutting a swell," was his quiet reply. ... 🧈

Sr. Louis, Oct. 10.-The overland California mail arrived here at 9 o'clock last night. A large number of prominent citizens assembled at the Pacific Railroad depot, on the arrival of the train from Jefferson City. Mr. Butterfield was greeted with a bearty welcome, and formally received in a brief. out highly complimentary speech, by John F. Darby, Esq., on behalf of the citizens of St. Louis. Mr. Butterfield responded in an appropriate manner, returning his warmest thanks for the unexpected lemonstration, and the cordial approval of his labors by the citizens of St. Louis. The mails were escorted to the post office by a long procession, accompanied By bands of music.

The President has a telegraphic dispatch from John Butterfield, president of the overland mail company, dated St. Louis, Oct. 9, informing him that the great overland mail arrived there from San Francisco in twenty-three days and four hours, and that the stages brought through six passengers. The President replied as follows:--

"John Butterfield, president, etc. Sir-Your dispatch has been received. I cordially congratulate you upon the result. It is a glorious triumph for ervilization and the Union. Settlements will soon follow the course of the road, and the east and west will be bound together by a chain of living Americans, which can never be broken.

JAMES BUCHANAN." The news brought by this mail is unimportant. The water at Frazer's River is still too high for successful mining purposes. The dates from Oregon are to the 8th Sept. Major Carnett had a skirmish with the Indians on the O'Kanngan, in which Ligut. Allen and six Indians were killed.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON -- Miss Emma Hardinge will speak at the Melodean, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.—Subject in the afternoon— Spiritualism of the Jews;" in the evening-"Spiritualism of Greece and Rome." Admission ten cents.

MEETINGS AT No. 14 BROMPIELD STREET,-A CIRCLE for tranco-speaking, &c, is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock; also at 3 o'clock, P. M. D. F. Goddard, regular

speaker. Admission 5 cents. MEDTINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening-at Guille Hall, Whindsimmet street. D. F. Goddand, reg-olar speaker. Seats free.

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

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

speaking, by meatoms and others. Newburtyrout.—Spiritualists of this place hold regular meetings every Subday afterneon and evening at Essex Hall, State street, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best of trance speakers

The Messenger.

Each article in the department of the diaxxib, we claim Each arrive in the department of the seasons, we give his the spirit where in the it bears, through Mrs. J. H. CONANI. The A. Medium who allows her inciding twist to be work and for the schoot.

They are had pole spirite, but the distribution of it, but also poles of spirite and note the transfer of which they are

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MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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Some South and the development bowning. Mark Starting the sea Whatter to Alect Whattermore, Active Silver whattermore Active Silver whattermore Active Silver and the Colored Trades, Win Down Jereman Walson of the handle of the Active Leading to the Active Silver and the Active Leading to the Silver and the Active Leading to Woods, Williams [1] San Gringe was chip? d. Woods, Wishing, p. Sanniel, H. E. 1838on, Wastern Lyman, Cherlies, e. F. Frey, Fon Jose, Retained C. Joseph J. Inc. 9, 1886; Jan Widanis, Process R. Smith, Governo, Henry

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Oct. 6-Tansilly Petersey, Mery. Fawards, J. J. 2 (b) h. Willeams Jates Fenderson, Patens M. Iplay, Francis H. Smath, A. Spart to Rev. Nelhend th Adams.
Oct. 7-Renjamin, Hazeltine, Isaac, Eaker, San, T. Pite, Jas. Pogue, James Keen in Oct 8-dames Killsride.

Rev. John Locke.

Oh, how many thousands we find standing upon a platform which ages of data tess have built? From have, and over and around, comes a bright angel to became them onward, ore they fill and the runs. But, th! they hear him not sthey heel him not. Their cars are closelow their eyes are scaled. But fails to penetrate their soms—they stand in dark-less and out of that darkness caneda a cry for more I ght - more wisdom; yet the same subjects are un-willing to receive the answer to their cit.

A tow days ago, we were present at an intity council; that council was composed that by of these Joglans. They were discussing the merits at 1 demerits of Spiritual sin. If my senses d'I ad at Contiime fail me, one member if that coincil put Letta a question also this; "I winder if any soirit, or class of spirits, can tell us who was the author of the ren Commandments," We come here to respond

Now, ere we answer, we are aware of the opinion they have formed in regard to that they question us about, yet we should stand or fall by our own wis fam. We should trail upon our certify be thren fougled has in anything they may see his cor unresonable; but we will ask them to deal with us in early a knowing that they well soon be called to er's the fiver they can death, and stund free to face with us, When they, the shall know of the truth, Classica we treatured on ourse for

that triands in earth in he is we, and her only be-As that to dethe lather, the Super i Inte trence that governs the universe, was the author of the Ten-

Shall we tell them they ere? Shall we point out no other patient? Not but we shall beg here to duler with them. In the first place, let us phase ears, I consider what tool is, and where he is, Our from its believe that food its an increase but spirit an personalization of wis torn a not that he abideth somes where the the universe, they likew not where, and And this same personalization was the author of the Ten Communications. (In Now, we know that one Cod is not a person, but a

principle. Let us go to the seguithed ground wisdom -let as Zather seven spirits, planted from evil - they stand before us as perfect beings-sare they not Gols? Surely they are. Let us discend to the said discending they are. different spirits. We believe them wise and pure-incipable of performing an evil act. Are they not Golss. Verily they are. Let us put them together, and then we have the trollierd. When we find one which as outlived all evil, which increable of doing wi ang then we find God in perfection. Thus, you see, we find our God abeding in forms like these you see willking about you. Now, in ancient days, a class of spirits were constantly acting upon the children of earth for good. Each class had their inclium, or mediator, who should stand betweenthem and mankind, and through them convey their impressions to those in mortal existence.

Moses was a me data, and one, too, who possessed great mediumistic power. The class of spirits who controlled him were defied by the inhabitants of earth, because of their darkened -their un leveloped con lition. From this class of spirits came the Ten Commandments.

Now let us pause, and see how Moses received them. We well know the account you have in the Brote. We presume our dear friends will consider as very irreligious when we differ from that book.

Knowing that we stand upon a platform of truth -knowing that we came from the God of Nature-we eyre not for the epithets they heap upon us.

Moses was compelled by this class of spirits to ascend the mount, and was thrown into a partial trance state, and those words were written through his hand. He told them, the angels activered them to him out of the clouds. This has reliation intenter Oh, no; for when in this state, he beheld a vision, and believed it to have been given to him as he said. and he was justified in telling the people so. The Ten Commandments were given for the people of that day; they were incapable of receiving anything more than them. Shall we bid the children of this day to suffer themselves to be governed exclusively by them? No; they have higher and holier teachings that shall guide them to peace, if they will hear and understand. The same spirit of God is at work to-day as in ages gone by, and although we find much that is evil abiding in this sphere, yet we find many who are sons of the living God, who shall stand, its it were, between these two spheres, and shall receive wisdom from the spheres, and shall give it to hungering humanity. And now, in conclusion, let us bid those dear friends to cling no longer to that which belongs to their ancient brothers, for the angels are waiting with messages for them. Let them come forth and take them.

"Where is God?" say they; he is where the good

and the wise are. If you find one on earth who is incapable of performing a wrong act, know that he is united to the good and pure beyond earth, and that there the Godhend dwells. All these millions of spirits mingle into one, and they control all that is good and glorious. Then travel no more in thought to a city called the New Jerusalem-fancy no longer you shall walk in the streets of gold, and sing praises to one who shall judge you. Oh, have done with that folly, and understand your God by understanding yourselves.

diven by the spirit of Rev. John Locke. Sept. 22.

John Philbrook.

For many years before I left my mortal body, I'was a member of a Christian church. I then believed what I now consider to be very foolish, and feeling that I owe a duty to some of my friends on earth, I thought it might not be amiss for me to come here,

as I have a question or two to answer, and maybe nover seen the Creator, only as I see him in mani-

my coming may not be in vain. My name was John Philbrook, and I lived and love. died in a place called Rye, N. H. I was walking When I was a little child, dwelling upon earth, around among those I once knew on earth, and I used to wonder where God was located, and who God heard a conversation which it may be well for me

Spiritualism, and they have heard that spirits teach that all should attain to who would seek to become mortals there is no God. Now one of the company truly good-that ere they entered Heaven, they must wanted to know what was the use of prayer, if there was no God; and another wanted to know if there for flesh, blood and bone, I was told, could not inwas any good got by prayer. These two are church- habit the celestial spheres. But through various gifts

"Prayer is appointed to convey The blessings God intends to give— Long as they live should Charstians pray; They learn to pray when first they live."

Now, many people think they can alter God by prayer. That cannot be. God is unchangeable. All the laws in earth and spirit worlds are unchangeable, and prayer will never alter the laws that govern you

But I'll tell you what prayer will do, and why on should pray, if you will have patience with me. Prayer is an aprising of man's holiest nature. The holiest aspirations of a man's soul may be said to be prayer. Now, when man opens the door of his spiritual nature, and lets forth the bird of prayer, it will not return empty.

Every emotion that goeth forth from the human soul draweth to itself a like emotion. Therefore, when prayer is sent forth, it draweth around the prayerful high and holy influences-spirits who will point out a higher and better path for man to walk rn, who will strengthen his hands, and hold his bet that he walk not into temptation.

What is the use of praying to God for divine blessings, just as though our Father did not know what every one of his children needs? I tell you prayer will not after the laws that govern any one-it certainly will not -it will make you happier, because it will draw to you a holier class of influences.

Now, suppose the convict offers ever so pure a prayer up on the gallows, will be be saved from ex-No not unless the Divine Father had ordained it should be so. God could save him from that event just as well as if he had not prayed.

Now God, as the Supreme Spirit, you have just been hearing about, could save the convict just as well without prayer as with it. He cannot trespass upon the law of Nature any more than you can. Let we say prayer will make you happier, and it is ag on, you draw to you holy and high influences, and God for one blessing, you will get another? Nonot by your prayer; but the blessing you will recove win be because you draw to yourself spiritual. natheness which will aid you.

If you can alter Gol by prayer, why not ask Gol to interfere, and give you better laws? Why not ak God to give you better rulers, for you must certainly see that your rulers are wide from the mark

Now the churchman prays God to send rain-do omes by natural laws, and God cannot after themus, he emout. God is the Superior Intelligence-has made these laws, and he will not after them.

But, says the churchman, Jesus of Nazareth taught his disciples to pray. Who were they? We might truthfully answer, all who believe in him; and again, we might truthfully say, the twelve who were about oim. He taught them to pray, because he knew the ome bassings would attend prayer we have spoken f. Jesus said, "I know if I pray to my Father, he will send me twelve begion of angels,"-did he say my son! my son! receive truth in the most natural harre? No. 80, today, a pure thought will draw around any one twelve legion of angels. Therefore, I say, pray, for it is good to pray is it draws about you pure and holy influences; although syon cannot after God's providence by it, it will surely make you erell. I resided in Beanington. I was born there.

I should be pleased to speak to my dear friends on earth, that I may place a lamp in their pathway, the hope of recovering say health, but died ere I that they may no longer stumble over the rubbish if the past. Yes; and should a voice come to me, and bid me speak forth to the children of earth, I small be pleased to answer any calls that may come death, for his whole life has been strictly moral, and up thither to me. Good day, friend. Sept. 22.

Charley Jones.

child speech. Those who heard it, will hardly reeoge that I could reach him by coming here to-day. . nize it, for types convey only words-the prattle of the child is not conveyed. We have never seen any belineations upon the stage that at all compare with . the manifestations of children through Mrs. C.

my mother. I forgot - I don't want to talk - I'm family in Boston. I should be very happy to speak and I don't want to talk. I don't want to tell you if I came here you would put me in the way of it. what my name was. My mother told me to come ! I have been in the spirit-world three years. I here. I wish you would take me where I want to died of fever. My name was Joseph Tyng. I was go. My futher keeps telling me to talk, and I don't a stevedore by occupation. I have no wish to tell a want to. I'll be sick, and somebody will be giving long story here. What I would wish to say, I would me medicine. I want to go. My name was Charley not care to make public. I was strongly attached to Jones. I lived in South Boston. My mother's name my family and my acquaintances, and I am still so. was Sarah. I want to go -- I've got the seaglet fever. If anything, my attachments are still stronger, and and I want to go. I want a drink. My mother is it requires great effort to keep myself front making sick, and my father says I ought to come. My fa-some demonstration, to prove to them my presence, ther says I've been dead most three years next. One of my children is a medium, but they don't know

on he died in Boston, seven years ago, and father Good day, sir, old me to tell you I was eight years old and a half. Father tells me I must talk to my mother, and she - n't here--she's sick a-bed. He wants me to tell her she is not a going to die; I wish she was, then she'd came with me -- do n't you?

Father keeps helping me stay, and I can't go. Oh, I ha going, now -- he is going to let me. Oh, I in glad. Good bye, sir. Sept. 22.

Mary Credeford.

To the dear family I still consider myself a mem separ: Although time last lengthened into years since I left them for a home beyond the grave, and although I have in my spirit life but a faint recollection of earth-life, yet sufficient remains to draw me to the home of the body. And may I not be a mes-senger of good tidings? Yes; I feel it will be so. Many of my dear friends are with me. Some are more anxious than inyself to open communications with those they love in mortal life.

I have been called upon to come hither-yes, silently called for. Oh, may my coming be the har-binger of brighter things of holier aspirations on the part of my dear kindred, to whom these lines

When time on earth with them shall cease to be, then shall they find these things holy and true, but may they listen, while dwelling in mortal form. I have a dear one standing by my side, who held a sacred relation to me when I dwelt on earth. He, too, joins me in communing with those we love. It is a common wish that they to whom these lines come, may seek for truths that lie hidden beneath the cold external part, and then they shall receive as a reward, a sure knowledge of the invisible world. and sweet communion with many who love them well, and who often draw nigh unto them, but can-

not commune, by reason of unbelief. The angels have often silently whispered of the better land to them, but they cannot, in any case, see that the light cometh from spirit land. Oh, my dear, dear mortal friends, hear, and see, and then you shall rejoice in the God of nations, who speaketh to his children through nature's laws.

Given by the spirit of Mary Credeford, to friends in Kennebunkport, Me. Sept. 22.

Benjamin Witherell.

It is now twenty nine years since I left my body and entered upon a new state of existence. I have been permitted to wander through various spheres

festations of his power, of his goodness and of his

was, and I was told by superior minds that God was a spirit-that he dwelt in Heaven. And I was told, to say something about here.

a spirit—that he dwelt in Heaven. And I was told,
It seems some of my friends have heard about also, that Heaven was a place of rest—a locality first cast off the mortal and put on the immortal; members, and if you have no objection, I will tell of knowledge were laid at my feet, in answer to my them what is the use of prayer. The poet says: calls, my God was afar off. I still failed to comprehend him-to realize that he was, indeed, a being made by himself, fashioned from the elements of purity, the source of all wisdom. When life in the spirit-land first opened to my wondering vision, my soul again sent forth the cry. 1 said, where is God? Amid all the beauty 1 looked upon 1 found no architect in form. Is the Creator in the air? doth he mingle with the elements about me, or hath he, inleed, a form like those I see floating about me in spirit? As I wondered, an angel-form stood at my ide, and that angel told me he had been a dweller in spirit-life many a th-Ms and years, and yet he failed to comprehed the Great Source of all things. When Jesus dwelt among men, there were many who worshiped him as God; and I do not know that they did not do, right, for I believe that man is the embodiment of the Superior Intelligence. And then I am inclined to believe that I, too, at some far distant time, may become so purified, so spiritualized, that I may be as God-for what is God? He must be a spirit-he must be an influence that fills all that hath life-a knowledge without form, and yet taking upon itself a variety of forms-a variety that no man can númber.

I feel very sad to-day, in coming here to earth; not on my own account, but on account of those who are expecting to meet with that I know they never can, after they have left the mortal body. I had a son on earth, and that son is nearing the spirit-laud. The world calls him a Christian. He has strange ideas of God, of Heaven, of hell, and of the change called death. He prays that the Father may send an angel to guide him through the dark valley and shalows of death. Should you tell him, to-day, that wisdom had selected his father to walk by his side, as he passes from earth, he would say, it cannot be so; and yet I am here, to-day, that I may-give him light-that I may open the window of his soul, well to pray. Again, it is well to offer thanks to glad the gloom. Having come here, and performed glad the prayer, and I'll tell you why—because my duty, I feel safe as to the result, knowing I am aided by superior power. knowing that I stand in they make you happy. Do you suppose, by thanking the right path, I feel sure of a reward; and the reward I crave is that my son may receive light ere he passes through the change of death. He considers himself a child of God, and he says, "Oh, Father, take charge of me." It is well. I love to hear him pray, yet I know he does not realize what he prays for, let him pray ever so often. I want him to know that he will not find God when he passes from earth. I want him to know that death is but an entrance to another state of life very much akin to this life. you suppose find will answer that prayer? Rain one he goes to. He must not expect to be wafted to What he sees in this life, he may expect to see in the some far off place, where he shall sing praises to God to all eternity. No! he must not, for he will

I expect to sow a little seed which shall-benefit him when he passes to spirit life, if not before, His peculiar spiritual condition gives me a full understanding of him, both physically and spiritually. 1 know he suffers much, and longs to be free from the body-of pain. I know he prays for strength, but he little knows what way strength is given him. Oh,

way, and you shall never be sorry you have received it. You do not know me, therefore it may be well for me to tell you who I am, or rather who I was when on earth. My name was Witherell-Benjamin With-It was the place where I first began to think-to act for myself. I died in Alabama. I went there with could reach my earthly home. My son is, at this time, living in Philadelphia. He is a single man, or what the world calls so. He need have no fear of although he is a little prejudiced in regard to these manifestations, the time has now come for him to recoive the first ray of light. It will make pleasa The following was spoken in all the simplicity of the gloom he must pass through. I have ascertained

Joseph Tyng.

I've been told if I came here, to-day, I could speak to my friends. I am a stranger to you-pro-I can't talk-I don't know you. I want to talk bably you never saw me nor heard of me. I have a My father is here, and he wants me to talk, to one member of that family, and I have been told

it. If you will please tell them I am very anxious My father's name is William; he told me to tell to commune with them, you will oblige me much. Sept. 23.

Aunt Ruth.

Lord bless you; I thought I'd never get a chance to come again in the world. Such a long time. They wanted me to come. Don't you suppose I can find a medium in Worcester, sometime? I've been thinking, all the time I've been away, what could have possessed them to tell you I was crazy. Every time I come. I come for something. Now I want to, go there to talk. Can't you tell me of some medium I can have? Can't I have this one? I did not expect you would let me have her. Disappointment used o attend me on earth, but I hoped they would not follow me here, but it seems they have.
If this medium should go there, can't I have her?

I don't suppose she will go, if I was to be in the ense. Trouble used to make me act strange. I was a medium. Don't you think I was? Sometimes I used to hear strange noises about my bed, and sometimes I saw folks, and I suppose they thought me crazy because I did.

Oh, how many poor souls have gone to hell, just because they was n't treated right on earth. Now, I broke down with my trouble, but I do n't see why, if God willed I should be poor, and come upon the city for bread, I should not be treated just as well as anybody. I'm getting settled down to feel quite happy, but it troubles me when I think they told you I was not there. Bless your soul, I have been here more than three times before. My name is Ruth-Aunt Ruth. Good day. Sept. 23.

T. Beicher Kay.

The following message is from one we knew but slightly on earth. We had a few conversations with him prior to his last illness, on the subject of spirit manifestations, and during that illness we were with him frequently. Many know him, and the world judged him harshly, owing to the inharmonious circumstances which attended him in this life. Yet Ged was in and with him, though the world saw it not. He died Sunday, Sept. 21st, and this manifestation was somewhat premature. It is like him, however, as far as it goes. He carried a light with him, although feeble-for he had obtained a glimpse of the truths of Spiritualism. He did not receive it in time to alter his conditions here—although he told us before he died, that he wished "to live only in the spirit land. I've passed before the beautiful, told us before he died, that he wished "to live only I have seen life in all its variety, and yet I have to show the world that he could be as good a man

as he had been an erring one." Eternity, however, What is man? Man is a grand representation of well how to control, the medium suffered somewhat spirit refers in the beginning of his message. Lewis was also a " fast man."

My God what's the use of a man's standing still eternally because he does not understand a thing? 1 go in for practical knowledge. My God, I might remain in ignorance throughout eternity, if I did not exert myself. Come I would, and I am here, and I feel as though I had been sent here too soon.

can talk, too.

My God, I would n't believed it. Have you nothing to say? Who am I? My God, that's a pretty juestion to ask me. Aware you can't see me-no, am not aware of it. That's the way-talk with a man as long as he is with you, and when he has gone to the grave-let him go. I want to know who my friends are; I can't stay away content until then. I have got power enough to control a thousand bodies like this. I was weak, but I'm strong now. Where's that Doctor-where is he-the one who stood up by my side and said, if I could do thus and so, I might save you?

Why did n't you tell me I was going to die? My

God, I was not afraid to die, but I might have known about it. I havn't any recollection of dying-havn't the slightest recollection of passing through any change at all. You don't know me if you think had fear of death. Fear-fear to die? My God!

you don't know inc.

I should like to talk with my wife—she is my wife, you need n't doubt that. Why did I not send you word I was coming? My God, I could n't send you word; I can't talk with Dr. Kittredge (the guide of our circle) so well as I can with you. The fact is, Berry, I feel as if I had been asleep twenty years, and was obliged to hurry back to find whether I had any friends or not.

They tell me I have got a work to do there, but this is a pretty time for me to begin now. You say I'll do it in proper time! My God, what is proper time? They told me it was not proper for me to come here to-day, but I said, I'm coming, and if you have got more power than I have, you'll hinder me, if not, I shall dome. And I've come here; I'm satisfied I can come, and will come again. My God, it's a strange thing, Berry. But I'm strangely confused, and I make blunders. I'm a little inclined to blame where's that Doctor S—, fool! he don't know enough to doctor a horse. Tell him so. If I could have a little brush with him I should feel all right. know this is not right, but I'm a little excited.

Well, Berry, I'm going now-not because I've got to, but because I'm ready to. Bring my wife next neath the surface of the earth, it passes through a time, Berry-I want to talk to her. You will if you variety of changes. Could you go into the grave, know I am coming? My God, oring her and a der at what I say.

come—I'll fight, my way through legions of devils der at what I say.

Look steadily, and you will see a representative of know I am coming? My God, bring her and I'll

Sept. 23.

George Lewis.

I suppose it belongs to me to ask pardon for the last mishap. My friend Kay wanted to come here and wouldn't take no for answer, anyway, and all I that animal is taken to support the great head and could do was to bring him here and tell him how to representative of all the kingdoms—man. And when run the machine. It's my business, and I ought to man's body shall have gone down to the grave, a part have learned the ropes before I showed a fellow-man. goes into the mineral, that it may be in-turn devel-I suppose there is no damage done, though if there oped into a higher life. is, tell us what there is to pay, and if I have got anything to pay with, I'll do it. I am a little more used to this thing than he was, though this is almost my first lesson. As I did n't come prepared to all thy works, and thus clevate themselves to a rasay anything, I have nothing to say. I suppose you tional conception of themselves and thee.

do n't know me? Well, it's as well. I belong to We know the time will be, when all thy children do n't know me? Well, it's as well. I belong to the same class of individuals that Kay did.

Being as I have come, just tell the boys I 'm round ecasionally, and will do something, perhaps. Do yon want to know my name? So you can't see me?

rected by the spirit.)

have it that he is done with earth, and would come pler, grand, and wondrous God. here to day. He was a little ashamed to see he You may understread ould n't speak the other day and I laughed at him am going—farewell. a little. (Kay manifested at our first circle, but could not speak. What he then communicated was written by him or for him.) He was a hard looking customer when he first came here. He would n't have it that he was dead, and he cursed that doctor, after he found it out, for not sees fit to call Natural Law. trying to save 'him; but I think he is better off where he is, than he was on earth-do n't you?

levil was chained and had run to the length of his strong in that faith now as ever. chain. That appears to be the case with me. I went to the end of my chain quick. Sept. 23.

Mary Jackson.

My dear child-you must not consider the lot assigned you as altogether dark and full of thorns, On, no; there are many bright spots in the way side of your life. Therefore praise God for these blessings, and thank him for your future. I often see you when you sigh alone. Oh, say not alone, for many are with you, when you think it not, Oh, be content with your lot, for a great reward awaits you u the future. MARY VACKSON to ELIZABETH.

Sept. 23.

George W. Henderson.

Wont you please tell my father I wish to commune with him aloue? Will you oblige me by conveying ny-message-to-my-father-?--Say-in-your-paper thatone Geo. W. Henderson wishes to commune with his G. W. H. father alone, and oblige, Sept. 23.

Samuel Marden.

Please say that Samuel Marden is present and finds he cannot speak, giving date and time of day. Sept. 23, 4 1-2, P. M.

The atmosphere is too heavy for me to speak today. I am very desirous of communicating with

my friends, and will do so in a short time. Sept 24. John N. Naylor.

H—y Benner.

The two messages which follow, differ decidedly in tone. The render will find truth in both. We do not find your atmosphere entirely as we wish, to-day, and as we have not power to control

the clements, we sometimes suffer by them, because they have the mastery over us. I have friends dwelling in earth-life, who cannot

who communes with them. I have been called here to give a satisfactory ex-

They see through conditions I am not subject to.

I through those they are not subject to.

I passed from earth-life some years since, and have the light I then have, with peace.

I must leave you now, as my time has expired.

I must leave you now, as my time has expired.

is before him, and laborers who enter the sineyard four kingdoms—the mineral, the vegetable, the animal the eleventh hour, will receive "overy man his eral, and then on to the animal, until at last we see penny." He has a rich field to labor in, for the him a spirit, no longer subject to decay. All that class who knew him best on earth, will hear him, we see in the spiritual has been developed from He can speak to them in time, with more force than these lower worlds-man, the grand apex of all. the man who, having been above them, has not been By whom was man created? By God, says the of them, and knows them not. Not knowing very laws, by and through these kingdoms. The germ which becomes an immortal spirit, we find first in after he left her, and it is this to which the next the mineral kingdom. What placed it there? God, says the Christian. Nature's laws, say I. I recognize no God, other than nature's grand laws, which govern you, and me, and all humanity-which ever were, and ever will be. Is it a form? No. Is it a principle? No: it is a low-a natural, a divine law-a law that all the elements combined together cannot change.

Analyze, if you please, the human form-do so carefully, and with a knowledge of spiritual things, and of the physical, and of the surroundings that have developed this condition, and you will find sufficient to prove what I have given you. You need not go further into the spiritual world to prove it.

Natural laws cannot be infringed upon but the result is deformity, whether in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom.

I know of no better way for man to understand himself, than to understand the laws that govern him. When he has done this, it will be an easy matter for him to comprehend himself, and know that minds are constantly asking for something new-that not a thought comes up for explanation, that is turned away. Nature will give you this explanation-it will give you a little to-day, perhaps nothing to-morrow; she knows what you need, how much you want, and will give you all that is for your spiritual good

and development.

I presume my friends will expect I shall define the subject they have given me, by the Bible. I cau-not do so, for I have no belief in that book. I believe it is full of error, and is the result of darkness. They who were on earth when that book was written, were in a very undeveloped state, and I am not bound to receive it. It has served many well, no doubt, but I am not one of the number.

I have learned to analyze all things by nature, and I have always observed, when I have stepped aside from the grand truthful rule, I have always erred, and I am not mistaken when I say that in time every son and daughter of Adam will know the truth of what I am saying. All will fail to find the God they hear so much about. I roun all over earth. in all nature's vast domains, and find in her the allcontrolling power.

Nature spreads a green carpet on the field, in spring-time; she decks the trees in foliage, the flowers come forth with the gentle breath of summer. the whole world for my own faults. My God, The leaves fall in autumn, and, to all appearances, decay; yet they live, and are only changing forms, to bring forth new life. Thus it is with man. He lays down his body, that others may spring forth into newness of life, in more beautiful forms. Nature tells me this is so. As the body lies mouldering be-

> the various kingdoms, all busily at work, bringing out something new. What shall we see after this body has laid in the grave. A weed, perhaps, that belongs to the vegetable kingdom. What next? That vegetable is taken to support the animal, and

Oh, thou grand law that governs the universe Oh, nature-Father, Mother, Brother and Children of all-we would pray that man understand them in

shall stand upon the hill of wisdom, and rejoice because of the light.

There are a number of branches shooting from the subject my friend has given me I would be pleased can see you. My name was Lewis. Do you're to discuss; but time belongs not to me-1 am its member me now? No, not Charles. Think again, subject, and belong to it. I can, therefore, do noth-No, you are mistaken. Don't George sound more ing more to day; I have given my ideas of mau. I. like it to you? Well, that was my name. (We am satisfied I stand upon a hill of truth, and know hought his name was Charles Lewis, and were cord how poorly they may be satisfied. I know that in the hereafter my friends will not worship a God of What you going to do with Belcher? He wont universes, and yet will bow in adoration to a sim-

You may understand me as John N. Naylor. I

Joshua Holden.

Permit me to speak. The friend who preceded me denies the existence of a Supreme Being, but he admits the existence of a Supreme Power, which he

I cannot agree with him; he probably speaks the truth, as far as he understands it, and I also desire I'm just the same up stairs, as I was in the to speak the truth. I believe that at some future sitchen. I can talk the same and think the same, time I shall see a Supreme Being. I was taught to out I can't act the same. They used to tell me the believe this in my young days, and I am just as

> Our brother speaks well. He satisfies himself as to his theory; but there are thousands he would not satisfy, both on earth and in spirit life. He says he never believed the Bible; but I believe it to be a revelation from God. Now, if I had no belief in God, I should be very miserable—I could not be happy in any state. I lived to be au eld man-past sixty years of ago-and had it not been for my belief in God and in Jesus, I might have gone very low, and been very unhappy. The brother who just spoke soars very high, grasps at everything in his reach, says he unalyzes everything as he goes on; but I fear some day he will find he trusts to a frail

Men have always supposed that after death there was no more working for salvation. I thought so: but I find I was mistaken. I can repent here, I can sin here; and I find I have as much to do to receive salvation as ever. To be sure, temptation is not so strong; yet I find I have to ask the forgiveness of the Father. Our friend says, walk in strict accordance with nature's laws, and you will never suffer. suppose he is right, so far as he is concerned; but his religion would never save me-never make me happy, either in the present or in the future.

He seems to be placed above me in point of intelligence. I cannot account for that yet he is no . happier than I am. As far as happiness goes, I stand as high as he does, but I cannot think it will be well to return to earth, and throw out such bread to the children of men as he has been doing. I should teach them to pray-to worship God through faith—a God which we shall see in the future. He says he is not disappointed at anything he sees about

here. I am, and 1-look about to see if it is not because I have filed to take some food God had offered me. I cannot return to earth to give to the children of men such food as he has given, for blove them The Bible was a great source of consolation to me

on earth. I treasured up many passages in my memory that have been very dear to me in the past life, and I now earnestly beseech my friends to hold be persuaded of the truth of these spiritual manifes fast to the sacred book, for I cannot believe it to be tations. They are constantly calling for some one other than a book direct from the Father. Should I whom they have known on earth, to come and give find myself in error, I shall most certainly return them satisfactory evidence that it is indeed a spirit and tell them so, for I was always disposed, while on earth, to do so.

I have descendants in various parts of the country planation of man. I can explain this subject, but in which you dwell. I shall be happy to commune whether to their satisfaction, or no; I cannot tell. with any of them; perhaps I can give them light. They stand upon one planet, I stand upon another. I shall ever strive to do my daty; and if I never They see through conditions I am not subject to, and see the Being I expect to see, I shall not consider

that I can satisfy my friends. They have their pre Boston. I was a member of a Christian church, conceived opinions upon such tsubjects, therefore we and I trust am still a member of the church of only expect to sow seed here, which will spring up Christ. I was a trader in my younger days, but hereafter. I did not carry on business. I am as capaI am wrong, I shall be made right in coming time.

John Robinson, England.

If man would be wise at all, he must receive his wisdom in a natural way. A voice from the great deep of humanity is almost constantly calling for wisdom, and yet man is unwilling to receive wisdom y a natural way-by natural means. He wishes God to break the laws that govern nature to subserve his desires. One wishes to see the Lord Jesus Christ come in the heavens with power and great glory, and he would not be satisfied with any other Christ.

I well know the Bible says he shall come in the heavens with great power and glory, and that every eye shall see him, and so on. But the inhabitants of earth have yet to learn that all the sayings of Christ had their material and spiritual meaning. The material was understood by those to whom he spoke; the spiritual is not understood by themwas not understood by the people of this day, although there are a few who are beginning to understand the sayings and doings of Christ the medium. Now nearly all the inhabitants of earth-life are disposed to east aside their friends, who have entered spirit life. They look no longer ou the mother as the mother, the sister as the sister, the child as the child. "He has gone," say they, "to be an angel; to nity, damned by the Father, and cursed by all hu-Yet, in spite of all the dense darkness that fills the earth, there are some bright spotssome souls who are ready to receive light, and in a natural way. Now skeptics call upon us to give them particular proof of our presence; and yet, instead of calling upon us to propose something in our own way, and in the way in which we are permitted to manifest, we are called upon to do something that would overturn nature's laws. This we cannot do.

We are often called upon to make certain manifestations at a certain time, and if we do not produce them, we are charged with inability, or our subjects are charged with imposture, because we cannot suspend the laws which govern us, govern them, govern the universe, to suit their desires. However gross their desires may be, they do not consider we are but finite beings, subject to the great laws which govern all things; and if they would only understand these Laws, they would not expect us to trample upon

A short time since I was present at a gathering in the city of Liverpool, England. I saw there that which caused me to wonder, and yet I gleaned a wise lesson from thence. Our friends who were there power to raze that building to its foundation, and cause it to vibrate to the sense of all present. We at once told them that our force was not adequate to the task; and what did we receive for our truthful ness? We were told we were not the spirits of their friends, but spirits of demons, who had come to trifle with them. One of the number was more just than his fellows. He said, "I have heard that one or more have been sent across the ocean to manifest. giving proof of identity, and have given it. Now, if that is hely, go and tell them what has transpired here, and I will believe, and I am sure my fellows is sufficient to work seeming miracles, and to enable spirits to give positive proof of identity. Friends, you will see why I am here to-day. I am not used to controlling mediums; yet what I have given you Sept. 21.

Mary Fostor.

My dear children, you shall no longer wait for me to come here, for to day, thank God, I have the power to write a few lines through the hands of this stranger medium. You wish to know if I am often with you. Oh, yes; I am. You wish to know if I am happy. Yes; very. You ask if I am pleased with what you do. My dear children, if you are satisfied with yourseives, I shall not find fault with you.

1 am glad to see you seeking. Seek on, and you will be happy. Oh, strive to be happy on earth, that

you may be when you leave the body. MARY FOSTER.

Your spirit-mother,

Correspondence.

MATURAL LAWS.

NO. 11.

I will draw an illustration of my views upon it, by an examination of an egg. And as Sir Isane Newton. from the mere dropping of an apple from a tree, was led into a train of reflection, that convinc d him of what he called the power of gravitation, as applica- and sound somewhat interfere with tall tree fruits. ble to all the movements of matter in the planetary Lands at this settlement are cheap, and from their system, as well as to all descending bodies, so I will quality and the vicinity of market, offer great inendeaver, from the examination of an egg, to prove ducements to industrious persons and families with the immediate and direct agency of the Deity in the production of every form of animal life.

they are commonly understood, would state his ex planation of the phenomenon of a chicken or other lived them—the idle curiosity-seeker—the viciousanimal being produced from an egg, in this way, misdirected by lies and newspaper slander-the He would say that thousands of years ago, probably, foolish fanatic—the theory speculator, who expected the Deity created an animal, and gave to this ani- to live on his theory—the air castle-builders, who mal the power of producing an egg, which, by the could build no other—the angular, eccentric, inharapplication of heat alone, withou, the immediate monious affinity-seeker, who "nover is but always to agency of God himself, could produce again a chicken, be blessed," have each and all been there and gone And that this process has goue on, from that time away satisfied they had better stay in the cities, to the present, and will probably ever continue to go where there is some chance to live without labor and on, and that the succession of animals produced from some chance to find what they seek. This leaves the

the egg will always be continued. only be produced by the exercise of intelligence, de is a settlement of true reformers-few others stay and the evidence of these qualities in the strongest them, are able to start a living themselves. It is the stincts, its senses and its appetites, are all evidence ever visited, and one of the best-for true, honest, that these qualities were exerted in its production. carnest, industrious reformers with little pecuniary Now take the egg again .. It is a dead, inert, sense means. The inhabitants-perhaps two or three hanless mass of matter, in which there is not a single dred in number-are particularly noted for minding quality enumerated above, necessary in the product their own business-a quality seldom found in small tion of a chicken. Yet the mere application of heat, villages. They have a fine school-house, but no in which neither is there intelligence, design or con- church-which, perhaps, in part accounts for the trivance, to this egy, will produce a chicken with all above quality. It is the most truly religious settlehis capabilities. Now as it must be admitted that mont I have ever found, as their religion consists lu there is neither intelligence, contrivance or design efforts to make each other happy and to do good, be in the egg, nor in the heat by which the chicken is kind, industrious, prudent, etc.; it is practical, not produced; and as it must be also further admitted theoretical. They display taste, refinement, skill that the chicken could only be produced by the exer and industry in a superior degree to most small . clse of intelligence, design and contrivance, it follows, villages. Rum, tobacco, coffee, ten, swine's flesh and necessarily, that some agency in which this intelli- the vices that accompany them - profanity, licengence, design and contrivance existed, must have tiousness, ignorance, etc., are generally left out of been employed for the purpose. And this agency their bills of fare. They are mostly vegitarians of New Hampshire, and will, in my next, relate them; length by seven or eight in brendth. could be no other than God, or some other intelligent the water ours practice—reformers in life as well as being employed by him for this purpose. And fur theory. Their homes are neat and tasty, but not feetly plain now. ther, that this agency must have been employed at extravagant. They are not all Spiritualists, beard

ole of speaking truth as our friend is, and I hope if is, that it must have been a direct and immediate agency.

> And if such a solution can be applied to the chicken, it can also be applied to every animal in existence. And the immediate and direct agency of God be demonstrated to be the producing cause of them. And if of the animal, so of the vegetable. And if of the vegetable, so of the mineral. Wherever in any of the changes that are produced in matter, there are marks of intelligence, design and contrivance discoverable, these changes only could have been produced by their immediate and direct operation, whother it be in the mineral, vegetable or animal world.

> So also in the planetary system, in the revolution of worlds, and in the descent of all material bodies, in which there is evidence of plan, design and intelligence displayed, there must have been an immediate and direct agency of God, or of some intelligence under his control, to produce these phenomena.

The theory of natural laws, as they are commonly understood, which has been embraced, and maintained almost universally by mankind, and particularly by the scientific portion of them, seems to me but a system of atheism in disguise, though unperceived in most sing praises before the throne of the living God." cases by them. And when it is thoroughly examined, But if one chances to pass down in sin, "he has will be found to be utterly absurd and untenable, gone," say they, "to hell, to suffer during an eterwill be found to be utterly absurd and untenable. And it is a matter of special wonder, that thinking men so generally and for so long a period of time, could have brought themselves to adopt and repose in a theory, which is totally unsupported by reason, observation and philosophy, and whose fallacy may be made to appear as clear as the noon-day sun.

> Nothing in the universe, which bears the mark of intelligence, from a blade of grass, up to the revolution of a world, could be produced without the imme diate and direct action of an intelligent mind, or God. And his hand is as visible in the production of an apple, or of a bird, as in the revolution of the earth round the sun, or in any of the planetary movements.

It is often said that God is a principle, and not a person, and particularly in communications which come from some spirits. Now by a principle, I'understand, according to any known meaning of the word, in its present application, a power, that is entirely devoid of will, intelligence, design, contrivance, plan or adaptation-a mere physical-energy. But the only rational conception we can form of God from gathered wanted to know if we, as spirits, had not his works, is, that he is possessed of all these qualities or attributes in the highest degree, and that he has exercised them all in his works. We ascribe to God, justice, wisdom and benevolence. But it would be utterly absurd to speak of a just principle, a wise principle, and a benevolent principle. The doctrine that God is a principle is pantheism, which, as it is generally understood, is no more nor less, in my view of it, than another name for atheism. And you be what you profess to be, in the name of all therefore that he is properly a person, according to the meaning that we give to this term. Of the mode will, if they be just to themselves and to God." And of his existence, it is true, we can know nothing, nor our power is sufficient to enable us to come here, and of the mode in which he exercises his powers. But we now ask faith-faith to believe that this power that he has and exercises powers that can only belong to a person, in the sense in which this term is understood, and not to a principle, it appears to me clearly evident. And as I do not consider spirits is true. Say I have come at the request of a friend any more infallible than minds in the body, nor that who was present at a circle held in Liverpool, Eng- they are more likely to have correct theories than land, on the 27th day of June last. Give my name the latter, I, f.r one, am not disposed to accept their views in this, nor in any case, when they conflict with the deductions of my own reason. W. S. A. Bosron, Oct. 6, 1858.

HOME.

This sacred name cannot be properly applied to every house, nor to every village I have visited in my travels—nor is every home a home for every per-

This word and allusion is suggested by a short

visit I recently made to a little settlement of reform-

ers on Long Island, by railroad about forty miles

from New York. In the midst of a large tract of

what has been considered barren land, is a pleasant little, village with cottage homes, and cottage gardens without fences, on lots of from one to four acres each. The lands around them are mostly covered with dwarfed pitch pines and scrub oaks, from one to five feet high, mixed with sweet fern, whortleberry and other bushes, with a light soil under them, Masses. Entrops-In continuation of this subject, free from stone and clay, and without manure adapted to strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, etc., and with manureto grains, roots and grasses, and especially to the cereals, and no doubt to the fruit, although the winds of the ocean small means and great ability to labor. The place has run through several degrees of fanaticism and The supporter of natural laws, in the sense in which folly, such as are incident to most new settlements especially those started by reformers, and have out. honest, industrious and permanent citizens with fair The supporter of this theory must admit that this prospects and in good condition to invite others who, power of energy imparted to the animal or the egg, like themselves, are willing to work out their own is wanting in intelligence, in design, in adaptation, saivation, to come and settle near them and aid in and in skill, and is, in itself, utterly senseless, blind, developing 'the resources of the earth, and to carry and undiscorning. And yet that in the production out that social harmony, religious freedom and inof a chicken, it produces something, which can tellectual growth so essential to true happiness. It sign and contrivance, and which bears the marks there, and not all who would be glad to be with manuer. Its organization, its physical life, its in- poorest place for idlers, lonfers and vagabonds I have

and had a good chance to know something of the tember. I conversed with him at that time, and people, as many of them gathered around me in told him we should discuss with him at the close, a pleasant grove to listen to my words, and I to their with some of our best mediums, and he acceded. songs and music, and also, as I met them in social Reccutly I asked him why the lecture had not been parties, and found a better and truer social harmony given, and he said he could not tell—that he had left such parties. These people do not seek notoriety; sible. I have no doubt the reason is they are afraid they ask no notice of me, or other beings, and may to appear before us, knowing we have the power to not thank me for this; but when I find an easis in atterly use them up. It was our intention to engago a desert, as this truly is in more than one sense, I cannot refain from giving a word of promise and West, we shall not be able to have him provided. of the Harbinger and the Fourier socialistic excite- to attempt to floor us. ment, have been looking and waiting for some-practical signs of social reform. An industrious family, or person, with from three to five hundred dollars, to secure one or more nores of land and a little house, could, by industry and economy, work out more than n subsistence in raising berries, etc., for market, and have the advantage of being among quiet, honest reformers, slowly growing into a true social life and brotherhood. Restless and unhappy spirits, who are out of harmony with themselves and consequently with others, had better stay in the city cesspools and scour off the rust or filth by rubbing and conflict with others; and the idlers and the vicious, who have sometimes been sent there by the lies and slauders of the press and pulpit and bar-room, and who go away cursing and abusing the place, will give it, thereby, a good reputation and confirm what I say in this, as will also the testimony of the honest and industrious visitor. Our friends who are thred live a quiet and truly harmonious life in themselves and near Thompson's station, on the Long Island the occurrences of the last two days. Railroad. If good, honest, industrious reformers go At the rear of Orton and Redman's office is

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

NEWBURYPORT, Oct. 6, 1858. Messas. Entrons-On Sunday last we were ad Iressed through the mediumship of Miss S. S. Philbrick, of Lowell. Subject-The Reformation. She gave great satisfaction. We have held meetings in the Essex Hall, since the first of this month. The speakers have been J. C. Cluer, Loring Moody, and Miss S. Magoun. The attendance increases every Sunday, and the interest felt is far alread of any previous time. The Greek Professor is entirely mistaken if he judges according to the interest taken in the subject of Spiritualism in Essex County, when he says it is "dying out." I have recently visited Groveland, and there, as well as in this vicinity, is decided increase in the number of believers. Rev. speaking to them, and he will be invited to settle over the church justituted by Rev. Mr. Wasson.

Some inquiry has been made as to the whereabouts are soon to return to Massachuseks to give entrogy, us, menoning those already received, as usual, they have been strongly opposed, and have in the office examining those already received.

Mrs. M. R. Ticker, met with some hard knocks, but have triumphed over all opposition.

Many comments have been made upon the devel . . opments in regard to Mrs. Hatch. She has the sympathies of the whole public, who know of her circumstances. The Spiritualists are combatted on be as reasonable with us?

tend one of our meetings. He had always attended and nothing further occurred that night. the Orthodox church; and he told me he heard more This morning, I arrived at the office at about ten, ruth and common sense in that one discourse, than and found Dr. Redman engaged with a large party during the forty years he had attended Orthodox of sitters. Between eleven and twelve, these having churches.

municate with one in the circle, but could not. He and the most remarkable of all. have been at the hour they heard the voice. Tape at last, during a cessation of the shower, as all such as wo claim.

they were wholly unexplainable then, but are per- There was now a cessation of the phenomena for

all others. I was much pleased with my short visit lecture in the City Half during the first part of Septhan I often find, although I am constantly meeting the matter with his friends, and they were respon-Professor Brittan but as he is now engaged to go encouragement to the thousands who, sings the days Mr. Burnham's friends should show courage enough

LETTER FROM NEW YORK. About Cornelius Winne's skeleton-Modern Miracles-Conference on Sunday Evening-Personal, etc.

New YORK, Oct. 1, 1858,

Messrs. Eurors-I have still so much that is new and wonderful to lay before you and your readers, in connection with the skeleton of Cornelius Winne, that I scarcely know where to begin. It is now three o'clock P. M., of Friday, the 1st of October; and for the last eighteen hours there have been a succession of showers of human bones-believed to be parts of the skeleton of Winne, deposited in the city of Hartford-at the office of Doctors Orton and Redman, on the Fourth Avenue, such as, I think, is without parallel in the annals of the world. The previous arrivals, in a mysterious manner, of parts of this skeleton-which parts have disappeared from Hartford at or before the time of their reception in of the conflicts of society and wish to retire and New York, and, so far as it is possible to determine, are the same-have been from time to time duly -living to let live and doing as they would be done chronicled in your journal; not the least remarkable by-can, find here a good place and society, and a of which was recorded in the Banner of September chauce to purchase a home already fitted, or the land 30th. But whatever has occurred before, however to build one on, and would find it about four miles astonishing, or complete the evidence of spirit agency, north of Islip on the south shore of Long Island sinks into comparative insignificance by the side of

there and settle, and join those already there, the a piazza, enclosed with Venetian blinds, sections of place will grow up and be what such people would which are usually open. The plazza is nine or ten make it and desire it to be; but if loafers and idlers feet wide, and some eight feet above the flagging go there they will have to go back to the cities to which skirts the back yard. The yard is surrounded feed, as will the vicious to find congenial companions, with a paling twelve or fourteen feet high, and cor-General tracts of land in the vicinity are for sale, ners on the rear of Dodworth's Hall. Last evening offering great inducements to capitalists to improve (Thursday) was the time for one of Redman's select circles, and a little before the scance was to have commenced, I was standing on the plazza in question, in conversation with Dr. Redman, when a small bone, with a strong blow and rebound, struck on the floor near us. This was followed by another, and another, when I called to several persons in the office, who had come for the purpose of attending the circle, and notified them of what was occurring. They came out on the piazza and witnessed the arrival of the bones, which continued to fall at intervals for about half an hour, on the piazza and in the hall, through which it is necessary to go in order to reach the piazza from the office. The bones were the small ones belonging to the hands and feet, including one patella, or knee-pan, and one rib. Several of the party were hit by them in their de-

At the apparent conclusion of this strange demon-Mr. Richardson, of New York, a Spiritualist, has been stration, the persons present subscribed the following

"We certify that on the evening of the Both of Some inquiry has been made as to the whereabouts September, 1858, we were present at the office of the "Davenport Boys." A letter has recently Drs. Orton and Redman, on Fourth Avenue, when a been received here from them, stating that they are number of small bones, apparently human-sixteen in the town of Bradley, Me.; the summer has been in all-fell in the hall adjoining said office, and on spent by them in the Eastern country, and I am glad the piazza in the rear; that they came in parcels of to say their receipts have been tolerably good. They above, and some of them on the piazza, when all of are soon to return to Massachusetts to give sittings; us, including Dr. Rodman, were standing at the table

Miss. J. Hayward, Mrs. J. W. Dow, A. N. Renger, J. R. Orrox, G. A. Redman."

It was now intimated by the attending spirits, all sides; one would think that never, before Spiritual who seemed greatly to enjoy the success of this sm became noted, had there occurred a case of sepa-novel enterprise, that the circle had better be given ration. As to what is vulgarly known as "free up, to which Dr. R. assented; and although other oveism," if it has a location, it must be somewhere parties came in soon after, no public circle was held. other than with us; uo one will say but that the But between the departure of the first party and Spiritualists of Newburyport are as respectable a the arrival of the second, there was a fresh shower body as can be selected from any church in this or of Hones. These came in the office, thrown across any other city., A young couple who were converted the piazza, and through the windows, with great in the late spasm, have separated on free love princi- force, or dropping gently down in a direct line from transit of Henry Gordon through his own parlors -ples, but no one for an instant thinks of charging the ceiling above. This second instalment, which Orthodoxy with being responsible. Why cannot they occupied fifteen or twenty minutes in the delivery, Teonsisted of fourteen bones, making thirty in all for An elderly gentleman was recently induced to at the evening. At this juncture I took my departure,

departed, we found ourselves alone; that is, Dr. A manifestation was recently given here of a test | Redman, A. N. Redman-a brother of the doctor, inture superior to anything I have before met. A whose name is subscribed above—and myself; when spirit was seen by a medium, very anxious to com- we were surprised by another manifestation of bones.

(the spirit) said he died at sea, and gave some cir | This last demonstration was scattered over a sumstances attending his death; but, as no one respected of more than three hours, in broad-daylight for the creation of the universe of matter; all time cognized him, he at last gave his name, and the per- in the middle of the day, with every opportunity on to whom he wished to communicate recalled the and wish on my part, to detect trickery or imposfact that a person of that name died some years be ture, had there been any. But there was none. It fore; but these present at the circle had never seen was impossible. There was no tree or shrub in the him. He called himself a young man, and the per-yard where any one could have concealed himself; son who recalled him to mind said he must have and with the doors of the ollice closed, aside from been farty years of age when he died; but he and the windows opening onto the piazza, there was not swetcd that he was not so old. The circumstances a crevice where a mouse could have well effected an were noted as stated, and found to be true. He was entrance, and no place of concenhment within. but twenty-four years old, had been dead fifty-five Still, under these circumstances, the bones began years, and died in a foreign port. At the hour when again to fall all around us-some on the floor, some he died, he presented himself to a relative in this in the chairs, and some on the table-some flying city, and called his name audibly, saying he was very swiftly and forcibly from the direction of the dead. This is distinctly recollected by aged rela- windows, while all three of us were at the other tives, who are disbelievers in the spiritual phenolend of the room, and some falling perpendicularly nena. They also say that they noted the circum- from the ceiling above. In this manner came the stance at the time, and when the news (?) of his large bones of the heel, an additional patella, another death came, they found the time of his demise to rib, and various bones of the hands and feet; and were also given at the time on the door. The family of us were standing around the table, examining navo always received raps, and have considered them this fresh arrival, suddenly there dropped down on death signals, as it has been invariably the case that the table, in the midst of us, a bug containing sixtysome member has died soon after the raps were one of the smallest bones in the human body. This made. This has caused a good deal of talk among bag fell in a perpendicular line, as though from the the friends of the family, who are Orthodox; yet ceiling, directly before my face, and much nearer they are unwilling to believe there is anything in it me than either of the others, and struck with a force sufficient to mar the table. Dr. Redman recog-I have heard of a few cases of (to say the least) a mizes it as the bag in which the smaller bones were strange nature, which occurred some years since in contained. It is of muslin, about fifteen inches in

a time, during which I wrote one or two brief letters, Elder Burnham has not, as yet, given his promised and stepped out on the street for a few rolls to drop the time when the chicken was being hatched, that liberal and free thinkers on religious matters, and lecture against Spiritualism. He was announced to them in a letter-box. On my return I passed in at people?

the front door of the house, and down the hall leading to the office, a distance of about twenty-seven feet to the office door. No one else was in the hall, or on the stairway, which was wholly passed by several feet before reaching the door. As I turned the knob of the door, in the act of opening it, the thigh bone of a man, the as fernoris - the largest bone of the body-came down as though dropped from the ceiling, directly into my arms. It came swiftly, knocked an apple which I was eating out of my hand, which flew into the office, and fell on the floor. Still the blow on the arms both of which were up at the time, one hand hold of the knob of the door, and the other holding an apple which I had just been biting, did not hurt me in the least. At this time Redman was lying on a sofa in the office; the young man was also within; and, as I have stated, there was no one but myself in the hall. At this startling arrival, ail of us gathered around the table, on which I placed the enormous bone, more than eighteen inches in length; when a crash was heard in the extreme corner of the office, and the tibia, the next largest bone of the lower extremities, lay there on the carpet, having first evidently struck the wall, or a clothes press standing near, and thence fallen on the case of a musical instrument, before reaching the floor. This was in the corner of the room furthest from the windows and the doors, and no one was near it at the time. This finished the programme for the day, one hundred and nine hones having been delivered within some eighteen hours.

Hitherto I have re-triffed myself to a bare statement of the facts in examection with the skeleton of Winne, as they have appeared to me, leaving it to others to make up their min Is at their leisure, as I have intended to do myself; but I feel now free to assure all those who may value the assurance, that as it seems to me, by no possible contrivance could human powers or human ingenuity, under the cirgamstances, have produced the phenomena I have described. I am fully convinced that they are, as they claim to be, the work of the invisible immor-

During the arrivals of the bones, Cornelius had frequently announced himself, and manifested his bleasure by loud raps and brief conversations. Now sat down at the table to have a little chat with him. His first explosion, writing through Mr. Redman's hand, was as follows:

"Ha! ha! ha! No more doubts now! The world will believe by and by. Oh, this is a holiday to me.

I inquired if, in the delivery of the large number of bones, any had been overlooked -if we had found them all. He replied that we had found them all, and then added:

"I cannot bring any more to day. I have done the best day's work since I came to the spirit land. They tell about dry bones, pshaw, they are nothin' to these." Ye see I was mitey kerful not to hurt you." I asked if any of the bones had been brought from Hartford to-day. He replied:

"Ye know I 've had the thy (thigh) bone sometime. Yes, some of the small ones.".

"When did you start with the bag?"

"Yesterday morning."

"When did you bring the thigh bone into the "I brought the thy bone in with you."

"What, when I came in from the street?"

" Did any one seg it in the street?"

"Yes, but they that some one throwed it, it came

"Did you bring these bones alone?"

"No. There were one hundred and two of us, all interested. Ant we a happy party now, hey.? But only about twenty three of them relly worket."

Did you bring the bag done?"
"I'll bet I did. I wanted the creme of the thing."

"Did you bring the thigh bone alone?"

"Two of us; one on each end-for it's a mitey big thing, and I can't stere it alone. Well, I'll leave now, and let ye think it over. Good bye. I'm going to rest a few days. Your servant, Commun."

At the Conference last evening (Fridaya the question as to reliable proof of the intervention of spirits was continued. Dr. Orton made a relation of the facts contained in this letter, which furnished the principal theme of the evening. Dr. Gray related some parallel cases of the transportation of ponderwhile bodies through the air by spirits-the throwing of wooden blocks about his own house, and the a distance of some sixty feet-under circumstances precluding the possibility of human, power in the production of the phenomena.

Alexander N. Redman, a brother of the Doctor, and promising young medium, has opened rooms for himself at No. 100 Third Avenue, and will doubtless

QUESTIONS FOR THE CLERGY.

1st. Is God something? if so, must be not be substance or matter? Does he occupy all space, as taught by theologians? and is not space the only condition requisite to the change of matter?

2d. Is it true, then, that there was a time and place and space being occupied by the infinite substance

3d. If matter had a beginning, will it not also have an ending?

4th. If all individualities have forms, and all forms limits, can God be a person and yet be infinite? 4 5th, Is it true that the finite body of Christ didcontain the infinite body of God?

6th. If man's capacity to decide between good and evil is all that distinguishes him from the brute; was not Adam's fall a blessing? Did not Satan tell the truth when he bade Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit, saying, "Ye shall not surely die 12 and did not God speak falsely when he said, "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt die "?

7th. Is it not false to say the Devil was a liar from the first?

8th: As we are commanded to love our enemies, are we not obligated to love the Devil, and pray for him? Does not God yiolate his own law, by being angry with the wicked, every day?

9th. Is it not a contradiction of terms, to say the Bible is a mystery and, at the same time, a revela-

10th. If children are born in sin, is it a fact that of such are the kingdom of heaven?

11th. Does not the system of vicarious atonement presuppose the violation of an infinite law? and would it not require an infinite encrifice to atono therefor? if so, should not God have been sacrificed,

instead of Christ?
12th. If David and Solomon were men after God's own heart, who had so many wives and concubines, does It not follow that the Mormons are God's chosen Dr. Lyon.

What the leaves are to the forest, With light and air for food, Ere their sweet and tender mices Have been hardened into wood-That to the world are children : Through these it feels the glow Of a brighter and sunnier classic Than reaches the trituke being Come to me. O ve clabbe at. And whister in my ear What the birds and the winds or sarther In your sunny atmos, act. For what are all our control 625 And the wisdon of an his 8% When compared with your carbon is, And the guadra so of your love of Ye are better than all the ballads That ever wife ruling a said. For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead. - Lengrentow.

There is a great difference between an act of predence and an act of instice. In one case we consider what we shall gain or lose in the present world; while in the other case, we consider also what we shall gain grades in the world to come. - SILWART.

> Come good or ill, I'll not replac. But pray that list's own grave may shifte Into my heart with cheering ray, To guide me on life's toll-ome way. Should sprrow be my lot to share, I'll drink the cup, and nordespair. But trust that by God's hand 'its given, To fit me for the joys of heaven

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter. So those sentiments of friendship, which flow from the heart cannot be frozen in adversity. - Ambison.

We count the broken lyres that rest Where the sweet waning sugers slumber-But o'er their silent sister's breast The wild flowers who will steep to number? A few can touch the magic stong, And noisy Fame is proud to win them :-Alas for those that to ver sing.

But die with all their mass in them seller uzs

How beautiful can time, with goodness, make an old man

THE STA

Thou paragen of elemental powers Mystery of waters-never slumbering sea! Impassioned orator with his security, When waves are arguments with transcribed?

Vanity in women is not invariably, though it is to often the sign of a cold and so itish heart, in non-item ways or, therefore we redecide it in society, and in private hate it-

Distory of Mediums.

[Compiled by Dn. A. B. Ceres, for the Banner of Light.]

NUMBER 1X. . . .

MRS. JENNIE H. FOSTER, OF LOWELL, MASS.

Mrs. Foster's early life has been marked by a love of solitude. She ever had a desire to steal away from the outer world, and commune with the unseen. She was always subject to thoughtful, contemplative moods; she loved to be alone-

"Lonelin'ss and thought, are the dews that water love;

She loved to wander away from her piaymates and companions, and study the silent teachings of nature, and listen to the voice that speaks not audibly. She has ever had a distinct consciousness of silent communings, and now reflects upon all the real happiness of her past life as being the product of intuitive unfoldings-

* "She was familiar with a heaven puse he In contemplation was her

In this way, when a child, her soul was imbued with a religion which is not found in the teachings of men-which is indelibly and forever made a part of her living consciousness. She communed with God in nature-she heard, heedel and lovel the gilent voice which speaks from the unseen, real world. Here she found the "Word of God," and through her intuitive powers it was received. All religious doctrines were to her unmouning and worth-less. The doctrine of the sectifulity justice—of rewards and punishments - never could find entrance in her soul, and never produced the slightest effect upon her deeper convictions. In this respect her childhood was remarkable-almost an anomaly.

Since her mother's death, which happened when she was ten year ald she has recognized the manifestation of her mother's love in every person that has shown her kind treatment, as her mother used v to do. She feels her mother's presence, and has a . sure consciousness that her mother influences all susceptible persons with whom she is brought in contact, with her love for her child.

> "I see thee still! Thou comest in the morn ag light, Thou 'rt with me through the gloomy night; thy sweet voice is in my car-

In every scene to memory dear,

I see thee still." What a magnificent influence the consciousness of such a power must have upon the happiness of one's

Mrs. Foster's attention was first called to the external manifestations of Spiritualism in 1852. At the first circle she attended, it was written through a medium that she was a medium, and through her mediumship would soon be exhibited all the various spiritual manifestations, which manifestations would be so convincing as to be of great benefit to the world. It was also told her that she would soon pass the ordeal of great affliction, which would arise from the opposition of her friends to the subject of Spiritualism, but that she could not after her course. for she would be led and directed entirely by the immediate influence of spirits, and would be sustained and carried safely through all the trials of opposing

influences. Soon after this, while sitting at a table with a circle of Spiritualists, her hand was seized by an unseen influence, and moved with great power. This powerful and uncommon exercise, at first, gave her some alarm, but a voice within, which she had listened to a thousand times before, calmed her fears. and made her love every manifestation of spiritpower, whatever it was.

Boon followed trances, in which she was perfectly conscious, and yet perfectly destitute of any willpower of her own. In her first trance, she speke in one unbroken strain of beauty for about two hours, nttering new and deep thoughts, clothed in the most beautiful language, entirely different and superior

to that she called her own. From the conclusion of this trance to the present I noble. It tolks the truth.

time she has felt an interest and love in the subject of Spiritualism, which words cannot speak. And she continued daily, and often hourly, to be entranced and speak by the influence of the guardian spirits of all who came into her presence. Thus she was used by spirits for about one year, at which time she was taken before a public audience, and the spirits used her organism, and spoke with eloquence to crowded, attentive houses, twice every Sunday, for about one year; always being herself perfectly conscious of trary; for they would receive, or see others receive, every word attered through her lips by the spirits. In her lectures were many new thoughts, which to herself, as well as the audience, were often startling. Her lectures were characterized by deep, radical, reformatory ideas; they were replete with philosophy

chester and Lowell. Since this time, Mrs. F. has chiefly devoted herself to giving private communicatious and psychometrical delineations, and occasionally has lectured

'Many fine poems have been improvised through her lips... On one occasion a poem one hour in length was given to a public audience, whose attention was so completely riveted during its delivery, that the falling of a pin could have been heard; they were delighted so as to be almost entranced. She has often ing could not hear the lectures understandinglybeen accused of previously committing the productions of others to memory, and speaking them; but satisfied upon the satisfied. It would seem that the this accusation has been without foundation, for any spirits, seeing her wants, took this opportunity to other author has in no case ever been produced.

The philosophy of life, as given through her, has been so much in accordance with that given through Andrew J. Davis, that she has been charged with committing his writings and repeating them; but of the intellectual minds of the place have, for the she very modestly and emphatically affirms that she first time, attended the meetings, and have become has to this day never read. Mr. Davis's writings at deeply interested. all, or any other work on Spiritualism.

The following are selections which have been ob tained with some difficulty, and may be considered hardly fair specimens of what is given through her

> THE HIDDEN FUTURE-ITS USE. "Oh, blindness to the future wisely given !" Once breathed a poet-star from heaven; An earth-star blends its ray with this, And whispers, "Pain's the road to bliss!" Codd mortals see each coming morn, And every thorn in the path before, They never would pass earth's rock-bound shore. So trials fit us for a life When free from mortal care and strife, Where holiest thoughts and feelings blend, And purest pleasures never end.

VISION.

My soul is borne on wings of love, To vi the higher life above— A home where weary souls find rest, And purest joys e'er greet the blest. A garden there of fruit and there s-sweet scented air and rosy believe: Bright dewelrops glisten in the light, And zephyrs fan the brow of Night Here slivery lakes and rivers flow, And hity beds spontaneous grow; Whate-winged-birds here spread their sail; Enchantment lends her gauzy veil, see a mansion, rich and rare, Figure 1 the upper air;
"Figure 1 that lears this mansion high— The soul of earth, and air, and sky, High wisdom roles throughout this sphere; Thought takes form and order here; Here the glass to mind is given. Reflecting purest light from heaven. lumortal spirits onward go. Reducting light to all below, Tid every soul by Truth made free, Shall taste sweet immortality.

DESIRE OF A TROUBLED SPIRIT. My spirit is weary; oh left me go home.

To the bugge, so it it and where sweet flowers bloom!

I cat it the waget fragrance that floats on the brieze,

From that dearly love! home beyond the flark seas.

They be waiting me there—all bul me to come—

They be calling, they be calling—oh, let me go home!

I in weary with life, its iscrews and poys—

Is dearly booth the dearmers and ghittering toys: its dearly-baught pleasures and ittering toys; My spirit is weary, and longs for that rest. That pure s_i irits know in the land of the blessed.

MILLENNIUM.

When wisdom sets the captive free, Then earth shall chant a jubilee, And mind and matter shall be be blended, And wrangling war, and strife by ended; Then man will learn to love his brother, And all earth's children love each other. Then this earth a heaven will be, For every spirit shall be free.

Most of her old friends have deserted her: but for every desertion,

---- "two angels came."

Friends, who have been made friends by the external forms of society, in consequence of her belief and Hardy, a well-known trance medium of this city. nterest in Spiritualism, have spoken hard words It is briefly as follows: The medium being enabout her-have perverted the true character of her tranced, a spirit, with considerable difficulty, obhave pictured her as being almost a demon, when signs and gestures, made it apparent that the perthe purest desires and the holiest influences have son had been upset in a boat and had met death by pervaded her whole soul-shaped her ends, and made drowning; and while the company present, perhaps her what she is: a beautiful spirit unappreciated.

affliction; then they see the calm sunshine, the pure is this; that a person by the name of Henry Wilson light of blessedness. In the leveliness of this light, was on board of the steamer Austria, and that he we doubt not the spirit eyes of Mrs. F., gleaming was upset in a boat and drowned, and that his name through tears of affliction, find bliss really know was not published. We think this a good test which. the love of Christ. She heeds not the sayings of the when we shall get the full-particulars of that dreadcharacter, that will buoy her soul up to angels and futed. heaven, and everybody with her, also.

Her powers for psychometric delineation of character are excellent. In this she is so extraordinary. and her perception of every character she meets is so correct; that the power of words can add nothing ask your readers for facts of spirit influence. Ito what she in an instant perceives. Persons can- will give you a very simple one:not delinente their own characters so true as she perceives them, though to her external perception they are perfect strangers.

Her characteristics as a medium are highly impressional—heaven almost seems open to her clear perception of its inhabitants, and all its unspoken, untrated beauties.

Her character is in the truest sense clild-like : she is simple, humble, modest, pleasing and pure. . There is no show, un ostentation, no love of ceremony or riches and grandeur, are to her things of naught; her affections are set on things above—on the real on the road," and enduring things of spirit life. and enduring things of spirit life. . .

The Daily Signal, published at Buffalo, N. Y., says: "We know that Spiritualism, which first com: menced with simple phenomena, has ariseu from its alphabet, and now gives us the most sublime litera on the words, "while we feel assured that spirit ture ever revealed to man. Nothing in all the wires are stretched like delicate and gauzy net work Scriptures, which anouthe records of ancient, Spiritualism, is truer, more sublime or exalted, or teaches man higher or nobler principles of action, than the true Christian Spiritualism of the present time." The "Signal" is unprejudiced, honest, just and

. . .

A section

facts and Cests.

SATISFACTORY TEST.

MESSUS. EDITORS-By many, it is often asserted that nothing comes through mediums but what might be read from the mind of some one present. but let them pass some little time with a medium, and they would soon become convinced to the confacts entirely unknown to any one present.

An incident occurred a few days since, that illustrates this truth. It was as follows: One day last week'n lady called to see Mrs. Felton, and she described five different spirits, four of whom were reand cloquence-they were uttered with ease and cognized by the lady, as a brother, sister, father and finency. These lectures were chiefly spoken in Man- mother, but the other one, who was described as an old man, she could not remember as any one she had ever known, and went away wondering who it could

> Yesterday she sent word to Mrs. F. that it was her grandfather, whom she had never seen, as he died before she was born-but upon telling the description to an older sister, she said it was perfect of her grandfather.

> I learn that the lady has had considerable interest in Spiritualism, but, being somewhat hard of hearand felt sorry that she was unable to become better give her such testimony of their power to communicate as would satisfy her.

Mrs. Felton has lectured in this place the four last Sabbaths, to large and intelligent audiences; many Yours in the cause, WILLARD BARNES FELTON.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 28, 1858.

MEDICAL SCIENCE AT FAULT.

MESSES, EDITORS - Since you deem the common things concerning which I wrote you, of use, I am happy to send you others, which you can use if you please-understanding that I shall say nothing but things capable of proof, by undoubted testimony, to which I shall be happy to refer the skeptical.

A woman in Norwich, Conn., Mrs. S. A. Williams, an unconscious trance medium, was standing upon the stairs of her house. She was dressed in a long wrapper, when her little child rushed suddenly into the room, shouting, " Mamma, mamma, look, look !"_ Mrs. W. turned suddenly, and, catching her foot in the skirt of 'the wrapper, she fell' down the stairs, and seriously wrenched her foot. It was painful, and, in spile of all care, became very lame and discolored. This happened on Friday. On Sunday, 4 Mrs. W. was entranced in my presence, and, badty limping, retired to her chamber. In less than half an hour she returned; all pain, lameness, and discoloration were entirely gone. On gaining a normal condition she had found herself on the bed, alone in her room, her foot wrapped up in a large shawl. She came down to the parlor, dancing.

· Miss A. T. B --- was quite ill. A lobelia emetio was prescribed. She positively refused the nauscous doset but, becoming entranced, she drank the first, second and third portions of it, while in that condition, returning each time to consciousness, and inquiring if she must take the horrid stuff. The control was maintained until the operation of the emetic began, and while the time was passing, I had satisfactory messages from the controlling power, which purported to be an old acquaintance of mine, and proved it, too, by tests of identity. I mixed and gave he dose myself. The person taking it claimed that she knew not what she did-which was evident, as she drank lobelia tineture without the least repugnance, and related things she was not cognizant of while awake mader such control.

Yours cordially, E. S. WHEELER.

QUINCY, MASS., Oct. 6, 1858.

THE STEAMER AUSTRIA.

MESSES. EDITORS-You having invited friends to send you tests, relating to spirit communications, I send the following, which came under my own observation last evening, at the residence of Mrs. spirit, and her secret intents and purposes; they tained possession, and was unable to speak, but, by thirty in number, were conjecturing as to what it "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and could mean, or whom it could be, it feebly, and with persecute you, and say all manner of evil against considerable effort, announced its name as "Henry you falsely." These words she realizes, sees and Wilson;" adding "Austria. My name has not been mows their truth. No person can fully appreciate published." In answer to where from? it answered, the deep beauty in these words of Christ, except "Havre, or Hamburg," so faintly that we could not they are made to see it through the clouds of deep distinguish which. Now the conclusion arrived at world; she seeks not reputation, but reality; she ful disaster, with the names of those on board of wants not a character of reputation, but a true that ill fated steamer, may be easily verified or con-Yours fraternally, LYNN, Oct. 1, 1859.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHING. Mussas. Entons-In No. 24 of your Banner you

My sister, a married lady, has been for some months living with me as a visitor, but her husband is staying at Harrodsburg, Ky. Most every week we receive or send a letter to him, but In June and July lust we did not get a letter from him for weeks, and we felt uneasy. My sister is somewhat an im. pressible and writing medium, and on the 30th of July the influence wrote-" Don't be troubled about Frederick (her husband); he is travelling for the sake of his health, and on business. He has written fashion; established customs and forms, earthly a letter to Albert' (to me, her brother) on the 28th of July, and this letter you will receive soon-it is 100

In a few days this letter arrived, dated July 28th, and did verbally begin: "For the sake of my health, and on business, I have been from home."

A few Mays ago: I was reading in your No. 24 the article "Spirit-Telegraphing," and as my eyes rested about us on every side, and that every desire, etc.," leard six distinct raps on my right breast. I never heard raps before on my body.

I have some proof of mental telegraphing. In my neighborhood live some very orthodox people, who are not willing to read anything on Spiritual-

ism, or listen to alec ture, and yet their minds are undergoing a great change, and this is, according to my judgment, the result of direct, and indirect spiritunl influence. Indirect influence in this respect is, when from one mind sparks fly into another mind. If we are calm and well balanced in mind, we can, without speaking words, infuse new thoughts into the minds of some, if not all people, according to congeniality.

Progress is to be seen everywhere, as sure as the vorld moves, so the minds of the people move -- progress, in spite of the most orthodox. Let us do our duty, be putient, and we will see wonders yet.

"Sugar Tree Grove "is a small village six miles from here, where, every Sabbath, free investigators assemble. There men and women fearlessly speak out their views about reforms in religion and the social relations of mankind. They call themselves the "Harmonial Association." Many of the members live in log-houses, but I wish their sentiments could be heard and understood in palaces; it would do good to many high-priests who now preach a God of thunder and lightning, to go there and hear these simple people, and learn from them the God of the New Testament-the God of love, as revealed to us by true revelation, nature, and undefiled reason.

lu former years I understood neither God, myself, nor my fellow-mau; but now, by the light of Spiritualisin, I have learned to understand and love God, myself, and my neighbor. Now a days, I thank God that he has called mo into existence; in former years I did not.

BISHOP HILL, ILL., Sept. 20, 1858.

Adbertisements.

SMITH & SQUIRE. ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW No. 9 Scollay's Building, (Court street, opposite the head of Tremont st.

. BOSTON. GEO. MELVILLE SMITH. J. C. SQUIRE. Absochated with B. F. MCDGETT, Esq., 90 Wall St., New York.

oct 16

"MIE-GAME BAG," SENT-FREE on receipt of a one cent stamp for postage. Address, "Box 119, Chelsea, If "Consumption Consumption of the consumption of the consumption of the cent stages of consumption, will be read with interest by all who are suffering with that insidious

MESSES. B. O. & G. C. Wilson, Botanic Drugglats, No. 20

MESSIS, B.O. & G. C. WILSON, Botanic Drugglats, No. 20 Central street, loston:—
Gentlemen—In 1848 I took a violent cold, which soon resulted in chronic bronchitis; with the continuance of the disease, my constitution was failing, and in the winter of 15-31 I was conflued to my room. I had recourse to every remedy within my reach, and placed myself under the care of a physician. In Fobroary, 1834, I was much canciated, took my bed, had night sweats, heetic fever, copious bleeding from the lungs, &c., &c.; these my physicians checked, but could not care, and expressed strong fears of a fatal issue, at this juncture. I received a supply of your medicines. I had been so often disappointed, I doubted their efficacy, and hesitated to use them; I tried, however, the Cherry Balsam, and, after using one bottle, I expectorated a true chalky tennectic, and from that time, gradually recovered, and the edges CLE, and, from that time, gradually recovered, and the capple

cus and, from that time, gradually recovered, and the cough and blooding became less and less.

For the benefit of those in the same afflicted and almost helpless condition, I will state the effect of your remedies in my case. The Cherry Bakam produced free and casy expectoration: the Neuropathic Drops removed spasmodic stricture in the throat, and allayed irritability and tendency to cough? the Cherry Bitters aided diffestion, and this increased the strength of the system. The effects of the Sarsaparilla were novel in the extreme; before I had used the first bottle, my body was a daguerreotype of Job—boils from soliday erown—river-typics at once; these passed off and, with them, all yiolent coughing. It is now federuary, 1835, 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. testimonial. Quincy, Feb. 10; 355.

testimonial. Quincy, Feb. 10; 55. 3m jy24

THE BOOK OF LIFE OPENED.—By the use of a new power of the mind, Lam able to give, from the handwriting of a person, their daguerrectype, or the persons themselves, a description of their book, character, state of the system, conducton 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 relations will be defined. The influences which bear unconsciously upon persons can be given, revealing friend and scrously upon persons can be given, reveating friend and lates to the social welfare of man, is clearly defined by this

power.
For a written examination, my charge is \$1.00. Those wishing for a personal examination, will find mo at Dr. Charles Main's, 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturday of each week. All communications directed to H. L. Bowker, Natick, Mass., will receive prompt attention. H. L. BOWKER. NATICK, MASS., Aug. 25, 1858. tf

B. O. & G. C. WILSON, WHOLESALE BOTANIC DRUGGISTS Nos. 18 & 20 Central st., near Kilby st., Boston, Mass. Every variety of Medicinal Roots, Herbs, Barks, Seeds, eaves, Flowers, Gums, Resins, Oils, Solid, Fluid and Concentrated Extracts, counts, testis, on, some, rotal and con-centrated Extracts, constantly on hand. Also Apothecaries' Glass Ware; Bottles and Phinls of every description; Syrin-ges of all kinds; Medical Books upon the Reformed System of Practice; Brandy, Gin, Wines and other spirituous liquors of the best quality for medicinal purposes; together with a great variety of miscellaneous articles usually found at such an establishment. Orders by mail promptly attended to, tf

M ISS M. MUNSON, 13 LAGRANGE PLACE, will devote her whole time to examinations and treatment of discases. She will visit patients at their homes, if desired. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons examinations for the poor

will be made free of charge.

Teams.—Examinations, \$1; by hair, \$2; hair sent by mail, requiring written diagnosis, \$3.

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

Oct 2

If Manager, for Proprietors.

C'AMUEL BARRY & CO.-BOOKS, PERIODICALS and Spiritual Publications, the Banner of Light, &c., Sta-tionery and Fancy Goods; No. 836 Raco street, Philadeli

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Terms reasonable.

OFFICE HOTES From 3 to 80 clock P. M.

JUNO 5.

IENLIH TO THE SICK:—MR. LEMUEL EDMINSTER, inviting fully tested his powers as a healing medium, would be impry to meet his friends at his residence in Bow street, South Malden, near Malden bridge, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Terms, \$1.00 an hour. He will-visit patients at their own homes, if desired. Mrs. Lomuel Edminster, as clairvoyant, speaking and writing medicin, may be seen or the same days, and at the same place. Terms, 50 cents or hour—poor considered. 8m ang it

E. ATWOOD.—TRANCE AND HE LING MEDIUM.—
Sittings for general communications, 50 cts.; medical examinations, \$1.00. Office hours from 0 A. M., to 1 P. M. and from 2 to 5 P. M. No. 3 1-3 Brattle street, Boston.

And from 2 to b F. M. No. 31-3 Drattle street, Boston.

[517]

ATURAL ASTROLOGY.—PROF. HUSE may be found
at his residence, No. 12 Oshorn Place, leading from
Pleasant street, a few blocks from Washington street, Boston.

Ladies and gentlemen with be favored by him with such accounts of their PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE, as may be given
him in the exercise of those Natural Powers, with which he
feels humself endowed.

LETTERS ANSWERED.—On receipt of a letter from any party,
enclosing one Dollar. Professor liuse will answer questions

enclosing one nollar, Professor liuse will answer questions of a business nature. On receipt of there nollars, 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 80

TAMES W. GREENWOOD, HEALING AND DEVELOPING Miss w. Gitern wood, mealine and Dryeloping.
Medium.—Rooms, No. 16 Tremont Street, Up Stairs,)
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P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their homes,
A good Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium can below it at the above rooms, whom I can recommend to the public wishing for Trees.

MRS. PHELPS. CLAIRVOYANT AND SPIRITUAL HEALING MEDIUM.—Residence, 32 Carver street, corner of Ellot street, near the Boston and Providence Railroad Depot. N. B.—The sick visited at their homes, when desired, jy 31 M BS, ELLEN RIOHARDS, TRANCE MEDIUM, for the exmination of Diseases, and Spirit Communication, may
be found at No. 1 Almont Place, leading from Blossom street.

NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S ROOMS.

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S ROOMS.

MR. C. II. FOSTER, of Salem, Mass., has been employed by the undersigned, and will give scances day and evening. Other mediums will be constantly in attendance. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings, in place of the large circles held heretofore, it has been decomed advisable to limit the number to eight persons, at \$1.00 each, for the evening. Circles will commence at 71-20 clock, and close at 10 precisely.

S. T. MUNSON, sept 11 for Great Jones Strept, New York.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,!"
THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE RUTLAND CONVENTION, phonographically reported by Mr. J. M. W. Yerrinton, is just published. This is a very full report, in the reading of which the public will be able to gather how much of falsebroadenst throughout the land by the secular 1 ress, claiming to have a tender regard for, and in some sort the guardian of the public morals. This book contains about 200 pages, large octavo, and will be furnished at the very low prize of 60 cents, in paper, or 67 cents bound. The object not being to speculate, but to get the facts before the people, it has been concluded to make the price at the lowest possible figure. Orders sent to the undersigned will meet with prompt aftention. Address S. T. MINSON, aug 14 tf 5 Great Jones street, New York.

M EDIUMS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE CONSTANTLY day and evening, at Mussos's Re.ms. S. T. M. has the pleasure of announcing that he has engaged the services of some of the best mediums in the country; the hours will be from 10 e'clock A. M. till 2, and from 3 till 5 P. M. Evening circles from 8 till 10. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings the circles will be public, at an admission fee of 50 cents.

S. T. MUNSON, S. T. MUNSON, tf 5 Great Jones street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY .- ADDRESS deliv-THE FOLLOWING ARE NOW READY.—ADDRESS delivered before the late Convention in layer of extening to Women the Elective Franchise, by Geo. W. Curtis. Price 10 cents, or to the trade at \$7 per hundred.

TRACTS, by Judge Edmonds, containing eight in the series, These Tracts furnish a simple and comprehensive statement of the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism. Price per hundred, \$1.50, or 24 cents the series.

THEODORE PARKER'S SERMONS on REVIVALS, accordingly the person of the facts and prices of the series.

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The demand for these remarkable Discourses continues unabated, More than 20,000 have already been sold. Price for
the three Discourses 24 cents, or \$6 per hundred.

Beside the above, the subscriber has a general assortment
of Spiritual and Reform publications, and whatever points to
the elevation of Humanity, independent of creeds, but recogulzing Truth, come from whence it may. . S. T. MUNSON,
june 10 tf No. 5 Great Jones St., N. Y.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 18
BOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY, for the express accommodation of all patients desirous to be treated by SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE, can assure all persons who may desire to ry the virtues of this new and startling practice, good nursng, and all the comforts of a home.
Dr. John Scott's Rheumatic Remedy warranted to cure

Inflammatory rheumatism. Price, per bottle, \$5.

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