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Griginal Boetry.

LINES TO

BY MADGE CARROL

The angels bid me write to theo; They charge me to recall One of the dimmest portraits Upon thy memory's wall.

They bid me turn thy wayward thought Back to that happy time, . When I, through thee, first understood Their ministry sublime.

The finger trembles, that should point Thine inward vision back To scenes thou'st left so far bohind Along life's busy track. My spirit falters, but I feel An angel's soft caress, Try And ligs that murmur cheering words My flushing forehead press.

The shadows of forgotfulness Hang thick about thy heart. And yet sweet voices whisper me I may those shadows part. And there is one with snowy brow, Who bids me say to thee-" My brother dear! forget not her, As you forget not me!'

PHILADELPHIA, 1853.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

CHAPTER VIL

As we were going home from our walk to the Beach, we met Joseph in Aunt Martha's chaise. He had just been up to the house for me. " Aunt Martha has come, and would like to see you."

I was in the chaise in an instant. "Turn back a moment, Joe, I have something to take." A large basket was soon filled with bread, pies and a baked chicken, and then I bade him drive fast, for I was very impatient. Aunt Martha met us at the door, and I never saw her more joyful-quite exhibarated

" Only think, Anna! your aunt will live-is now able to sit up! The fever was terrible at the crisis, and she lay for days at death's door. God is good! What is this?" as her eye fell upon the basket.

"Only something for supper."

"That was thoughtful, Anna. I am just in the mood for a little feast. I have fresh oranges and pine apple for dessert, and, better than all, letters from my husband. Come, child, and we will render thanks to the Giver of all mercies."

There was an open fire in the dining room, and the oranges and bine apples vielded a grateful fragrance. We soon had the cloth laid, and our little supper, and Uncle Mark's letter-so full of sailor phrases and quaint thoughts-made us quite merry.

" If John were only here," said Aunt Martha.

"If Uncle Mark were only here," I replied. "You will, of course, stay with me till your hus-

band comes. How long will that be?"

" In two days-I expect him on Saturday," and I hushed the sigh that rose in my heart. "I will tell Aunt Martha all," I said to myself; "she will advise and comfort me."

We cleared the table, lighted the lamps, dropped the curtains, and prepared for a long, cosy evening together, when we were suddenly surprised by the entrance of Betsey Patten, a sailor's wife, who lived

a few doors from Aunt Martha. "I'm right glad to see you back again," said she. "Somehow things seem to go smoother when you are

struck me last night !"

"Is your husband at home now, Betsey?" "Yes, ma'am; he's mighty disappointed about not getting a place on board the "Betsoy Ann," last week, and I reckon it's that has made him so cross -just look there!" and she showed us her neck and arms, bruised, and black and blue-" see where he

"That looks bad, Betsey. Are you sure that you said nothing to irritate him-dld nothing wrong yourself?"

"He begun it, Mrs. Reed; ye see, I had made a little money binding shoes, and had put it asido to buy me a nice dress, but Pcter found it out, and he said, says he, Betsey, I must have that money to buy flour and potatoes with.' I naterally objected to this, and one word led to another, till I told him he was a good for nothing, lazy fellow, to want to live on his wife. I guess he'd been drinking a drop, for I never knew him flash up so quick. He raised his hand, which is none of the smallest, and struck me a number of heavy blows."

Aunt Martha shook her head. "Ah, Betsey, this is bad business. Let me see, how long have you

"Only six months, and sorry am I that I ever saw Peter Patten. I carned my own living when I was a girl, and could dress as I pleased, and go where I pleased; now I must do just as Peter says. Oh dear. Mrs. Reed, 'taint so nice a thing to be married as young girls think for-there's a lot of trouble in it."

"And a world of happiness, Betsey, if we can only learn to conquer ourselves, and yield our own will. Now it seems to me you were wrong in calling Poter lazy; he would gladly go to sea if there was a chance but at present the business is very dull-there are

were in your place I would tell Peter that I was heart? sorry I had called him 'lazy,' and 'good-for-nothing,' and offer to give him half of your money until he can earn something. One thing more-be careful about speaking of your troubles to your neighbors; bear it as well as you can, and try by kindness to make Peter more gentle."

This was rather a bitter pill for Betsey, but she promised to take it, and Auntie sugared it a little hour to her, and wondered that I had never perceived by a present of some flour and fruit.

When we were again left to ourselves, Aunt Martha sat in silent thought awhile, and I was wondering how I should begin my own confession, when she turned to me.

"Anna, how much unhappiness in married life would be saved if people would only keep their troubles to themselves. Never speak of the faults of your husband to a third person, and if you have any hard feelings, doubts or suspicions, bury them so deep in your own heart that it will be hard for you to find them yourself. Ten chances to one, the fault may be in your own want of clear-sightedness, and time will show it to you; but, if he is in the wrong, forbearance and patience on your side will almost always conquer at last. But I'll not waste advice where it is not needed-John is true and faithful as my own Mark. You must see to it that your mutual love does not lead you to love this world too wellbut now come and tell me all that you have been doing since I went away, and especially how you have got along without John at 'Rocky Nook?""

I then told Aunt Martha about Sydney Blake, and all his kindness to me, of his wonderful musical talent, of all the books he had read and was going to read-of the poetry that was such music on his longue—and then I told her how sad I feit that he had no faith in God--how, since our conversation by the sea-shore, I had longed to read, as he proposed, in the Spanish Bible.

Aunt Martha heard me through, now and then asking a question that would lead me to be more minute. Her knitting was untouched, her hands folded, and her eyes fixed intently on my face, which 1 knew was more than usually animated while I spoke of Sidney.

I was careful in all this to concoal my own trouble. No," I said to myself-" I will obey you here, and keep my sad secret buried deep from the world." But a power that he can't resist." had I told her this, she would have understood better why I should have found some relief in the amuse-

very grave, and her mild, blue eyes were fixed sadly has probably money, and they know it, and have Sands's works. That evening, after Lucy had gone upon me.

me home yesterday—your aunt urged me to stay till to appear indifferent, and kept my eyes resolutely band," I said; "shall I lay them upon the table?" Monday. 'No,' said I, 'some voice within bids me towards the son. They said but little, and soon one She was in bed, and looking paler than usual, but go now.' Byron, Moore, Spanish poetry, Sand and of them rose to go. Eugene Sue! Poison, moral poison! Why, my dear child, do you know where you are-what you have been doing? How has your religious reading fared? over and wait for the "Juan." Theu turning to me, it seemed so to her, for I saw she looked sadder as I how have your daily duties been performed? Have he said in Englishyou examined your heart each night in the presence of God? Have you for the last two weeks been fitting yourself for the duties of wife and mother? Ask your own heart, have there not been hours when you great effort to appear unconcerned. I sat down and much of a reader." have preferred the society of this fascinating stranger to that of your own husband?

If your conscience says 'yes,' then my darling, you have stood on the very edge of the awful gulf. I love you, my precious child, and because you are so dear to me I am faithful to you. Promise me, as you love your husband, as you would be faithful to your God, that you will never read or sing with this stran- name,) how delighted I am to see you back! The went towards her. She drew me down and kissed ger again."

I covered my face with my hands and burst into tears. I could see it all now in its true light-my foolish conduct, and my infatuation.

"Come Anna, we will go to the Source of all Strength, and she opened the Bible and read the fiftyfirst psalm, and then drawing me towards her, we knelt down. Her arm was around me, and it seemed as if she would, if possible, literally carry me to on board a vessel that is coming in now. I saw it or that she had the power to win him from me, and our Father in Heaven. Oh, how fervent, how humble, how intercessory was that prayer! .

But my own struggles were not over, even when I kissed Aunt Martha, and bade her good-night. I had great mental conflict still. While I blamed myself, still thought that John was more to blame; had he black whiskers and moustache. He seemed for a Your skies are all bright, now, and your quiet home not ferced me, as it were, away frem him?

I could not sleep, and turned to a book of devetion: these words met my eye-" Be net afraid of those trials which God may see fit to send upon thee. Always remember that God comes to thee in thy sorrows as well as in thy joys. Seek not consolation, but God. Look not so much on other men's faults as on thine own. Thou knowest thine own faults; his finger, and put it in my hand. "Take it," said may not be yours. I have never told you about my but it is difficult to know the true nature and de- he; "do n't return it from false delicacy. I shall precious babe, our little John. He was a beautiful gree of the faults of others. Judge not, that ye be not judged."

I seemed to be driven away from all human dependence, from all excuse. I thought of the vessel in the late storm : it had pushed away from the shore: far from all human help on the stormy sea, alone with God, it sought safety. .There it rode out the storm: and when that had ceased, it was permitted to sail sneer. quietly to its rest. Thus, thought I, will I do. Alone sleep then became calm, and when I awoke in the morning the first light of a bright October suu shone | farewell." through the white muslin curtains, and I arose with the feeling of one, who, if he cannot put sorrow away; feels that he has strength to endure.

Aunt Martha was already up, and breakfast was nearly ready. We sang a morning hymn, and Aunt Martha, in her prayer, thanked God that he had given In the afternoon of the next day I went home to at, Lucy's eyes fell upon them.

Sydney Blake had given mel and I sung and played rived, weary and hungry. all Uncle Mark's favorite pieces; then I baked some had bought for me while she was absent. I read an been ill?" the beauties of this poet before.

Towards evening I took a run up to Prospect Rock to have one look through the glass at the ocean. It was so clear that I thought I should be able to see vessels at a great distance. Two sailors-foreigners they seemed-were there before me. This was not unusual, for a great many people sought "Uncle Mark's Observatory," as they called it.

"Do you see her, Jim ?" and one. "I think so-isn's that her to the leeward of that schooner?"

They had no glass, and I offered them mine, which they accepted very politely—thanking me in rather broken English. "Ay, ny, Jim, there she is, taut and trim, making for shore."

"She'll be in by six o'clock.".

They returned the glass, and sat down upon the rock, while I looked at the vessel. One of them said to the other in Spanish-

the house yonder, and seize our prize."

need two of the boys to help."

The language attracted my attention, and I was pleased to find that I could translate enough most of at them in my absence." their words, and was trying to frame a sentence in that language, to speak to them, when one of them again spoke--

"I'll be glad when it is over; it's no pretty job, but the doubloons we'll get will serve us for one year, cer stayed as much as an hour. If I had n't looked at tainly. What if he should be armed? He is a strong the clock, I should have said it was three hours. powerful fellow, and fights like a devil when his blood is up."

"I tell you, we must go in the night. It's a lonely place-there's no one in the house, they say, but some women and an old man; and then, you know, if he'll not yield to as it ero is power strong enough -

They were looking in the direction of Rooky Nook lightning! They are talking about Sidney Blake! run now and fetch them. When I finished, I saw that Aunt Martha looked They are going to rob him-kill him, perhaps. He They were complete sets of Suc's and Madame learned that John is away. The glass trembled In to bed, I took the books to Mary. "Anna, I consider it a special Providence that sent my hand. I could hardly keep my place, but I tried "Here are some books which belong to your hus-

> "Do you see that little summer house on the rocks? and a richly embroidered night dress. My voice Meet me there at temo'clock. I'll go down to the sounded hard and dry, even to myself, and I know

"Lady, may I look through your glass again?" I handed it to him, but I could not command my watched them depart in the direction of the beach; "I don't wish to read them," I said, coldly, and and then, with the speed of a deer, I ran across the was passing out of the door; my hand was on the old familiar path, over the field, and through the knob, when a sense of civility induced me to say, woodland, not stopping for breath till I came to the "Are you ill to-day?" arbor. There sat Blake, smoking. As soon as he saw me he threw aside his cigar, and came to meet me.

house is dull without one singing bird, and I, for one, my check.

have moped all day. But you are out of breath; the Anna, I have loved you, as all the rest do. I house is dull without one singing-bird, and I, for one, my cheek. birdie has been on the wing too long; let me lead wish you would love me, too. I need your love-it you to a seat.".

He put his arm around my waist to support me; spoke, the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. but I sprung one side.

sailors! I think they mean to kill you, or take you surmise that I doubted John's affection for myself, from Prospect Rock, and I heard all their plans. I sat there, allowing my hand to rest passively in They talked in Spanish, but I understood every hers, till suddenly my own feelings overcame me, and werd."

The dark face of Sydney Blake became pale as death; what a contrast between it and the heavy is not for you to shed tears - wait till trouble comes. second paralyzed with terror, but it was over in an a blessed resting place. May it eyer remain so." instant; his color returned, his dark eyes flashed; | "I believe I am not well," I said, "and am very he stood erect, and his right hand sought his breast, nervous." when I thought I saw the handle of a poignard.

I hope that it may at some time be in my power to to your little John." serve you."

"Oh, Mr. Blake, if you will only believe in Godonly have faith in him!" I said. Again that curl of the haughty lip, and that half

"We cannot compel curselves to believe, Mrs. amid the storm, I will trust and be at peace. My Hooper-I don't know what might have been had I As I entered the dining reem, John had my furs remained longer under your gentle influence-again on his arm.

> He walked towards the house, and I hastened back by the same path by which I had come. Aunt Martha was waiting tea. I sat down, and

tried to appear indifferent and at my case, but I cannot play the hypocrite very well.

many vessels laid up for want of freight. Now if I me strength to do lie will. How could she read my prepare for John's arrival. The house seemed deerted; Lucy was at school, and I heard neither step That day I burned the music upon the table which nor voice. My tea was on the table when John ar-

> "Blessed be home!" said he, as I brought his pics and cake for John. The day passed swiftly and dressing gown and slippers. "Anna, I was just pleasantly, and in the afternoon Aunt Martha brought thinking that a happy home was the sweetest type out a beautiful edition of Cowper's Poems, which she of heaven. But you look pale, dearest; have you

"Oh no, quite well; you forget that I never have much color."

"Sometimes I have seen the color in the cheek, then you are animated and excited. How pleasant this fire is! Winter is almost come, and that reminds me that I have bought you a set of furs."

"That was very kind, John; how did you know ! wished for them so much?"

"I guessed it out: but-come, our supper is cooling How did you know I would like a steak with my tea?"

"I guessed it, John."

We had just finished our tea, when Lucy's familiar knock was beard at the door.

"Oh dear! Mrs. John, did you know that Sydney yas gone? He left in great haste last evening. Mary has been ill ever since. She would like to see John as soon as he can'spare the time to come in."

"Just so," I muttered to myself; "the very moment I begin to feel returning confidence in John, "We'll keep still till dark, and then we'll go up to then Mary steps in." I looked anxiously in his face, but could see no change in his expression-no emo-"There will be no trouble, I fancy," replied his tion of surprise at Sydney's departure, or heightened companion, "save in getting him on board; we shall color at the mention of Mary's name.

"I will go, now," he said, with his usual promptness. "Here, Anna, is the box of furs; you can look

I turned away, and went into the kitchen, thinking within myself that, much as I liked my present, no bribes would make me overlook his interest in Mary. I let the box remain unopened, though he When he came in, he appeared to be in haste-said he must go down to the store for a while, but would be at home before nine o'clock. Lucy came in.

"Are n't you sorry Sydney has gone, Mrs. John? We shall not have any more music now, nor any reading. I used to like to hear him read. He has left all his books for me; said I might have them all, They were looking in the direction of Rocky Nook excepting some volumes which he told me to place on —a suspiciou suddenly flashed through my mind like your table, because you might like to read them. 1'll

lovely as ever in her laced cap, with piuk strings, spoke, and the smile which had lighted her face

when I entered, passed away. "If you would like them, Anna, they are at your voice to speak, I was so much agitated, but made a service; I do n't know about his books-I am no

"Only a severe headache, Anna, dear." This last was in a soft, pleading tone. I resisted

"Why, Mrs. John,' (the family had adopted Ecy's the impulse to rush out of the room, and reluctantly

would be very precious to me, now;" and, as she There was a struggle in my heart. I was ashamed

I, too, burst into tears.

"Why, my dear sister, you must not weep so-it

"Ay, ay!" she said, playfully and affectionately;

"Thank you, thank you most heartily, for the ser- "I understand your feelings, but do n't yield to vice you have done me, Mrs. John. You little know them. Bear up and be cheerful. By and by a harthe worth of your favor." He slipped a ring from vest of love awaits you. God grant that my trial fling it in youder ditch if you will not retain it. child, but God took him away from us just as he had Farewell—I have no time to lose; I must see Mary. learned to lisp 'mamma.' Long life and happiness

"Thank you, thank you," I said, and kissed her. I hear my John the first calling me, and I must go to him." "Strange," I said to myself, "that John should

be so silent when with me, about Mary. He never told me about her child, his namesake."

"Well, Anna, you have less curiosity than most

women-let me put these on your shoulders." It was a beautiful set of stone marten, much more expensive, I thought, than our means warranted; but, woman-like, I forgot that in their beauty: I was very proud of them, and one day when I had them to look

" How beautiful they are, Mrs. John! They look just like some that Sydney bought for Mary last winter, and I heard her say the other day that she would like to sell them, but they were in Boston. Let me see, I should know them, for there is a letter M. in a lily that Mary quilted on the lining, close to the neck. Yes, here it is! Well, they are beautiful, and cost a great deal of money. I'm glad you have them."

Those furs were packed away as soon as the child left the room, and I did not take them out again that winter. In less than a week after Mr. Blake's departure. Mary left us to join her husband in Boston, from whence they would sail in a few weeks for the West Indies.

Winter came upon us. I went out little, save to Aunt Martha's. Once a week John placed me in the sleigh, and, wrapping the wolf skins carefully around me, drove over to Barberry Lane; and about as often Aunt Martha came to see me.

I never said a word to John about Mary, or mentioned the presents he had received from her. Neither did I tell him about the two sailors, or the ring. The last lay in a little box in my drawer, which was open daily. I neither concealed it nor showed it.

On the whole, it was rather a sad winter. Winter is often sadder and gloomier in a scaport town than in a country village, where farmers make life joyous with their social gatherings around huge fires, their sleigh rides, their numerous meetings and lyceums, and their long, quiet evenings, whon father and sons gather in the family circle, reading, singing, or paring apples for sale, and household usc. But in M --- there was from almost every family a father, husband, son or brother at sea, and there were many storms during that winter. Ah, me! how often have I sat and listened to the moan of the ocean after a storm, and funcied it some poor sailor's requiem, or the dying groans of a ship's company, struggling with death upon a pitiless sea.

Aunt Martha was very anxious, and though she said little, I could see that her heart was not at

"Oh, Anna," said she one day, "when I awoke this morning, these words were whispered in my ear by some good spirit- Fear not, I am with thee;' but my poor, weak heart cannot rely upon them and be at peace. I have a presentiment that your uncle will not roturn -that he is on his last voyage;" and, as she spoke, her whole frame shuddered.

"And my presentiments, Auntie; are, that Uncle I want to see him."

At this she looked wonderingly at me, and then she smiled, and we both resumed our sewing, for we were very busy with our needles all those stormy

CHAPTER VIII.

Spring came with its beauty and its promise. 1 could not run up the rocks to look out upon the sea, nor to the woods for the wild flowers I had been accustomed to gather at this season; but I missed neither the one nor the other, for a sweeter flower than any that I had ever plucked before, lay in my own bosom, and deeper, holier thoughts than the ocean, with all its terror and its beauty had ever inspired, filled my soul. In my hushed and darkened room. I could hear the gush of bird-music that filled the garden at dawn, and, now and then, from a little opening in the window, I felt the kisses of the perfumed air, and I knew in my heart that the soft sunshine lay on the old massy rocks, coloring them with those rich browns and greens so dear to my eye, and that it quivered on the boughs of the appletrees, and glanced sharply from the old-rugged pines; and it thought of me, too, and struggled through a crevice in the blind, and peeped at me through a reut in the curtain. I looked at it lovingly, and blessed it in my heart as the type of that glorious, heavenly love that cares so kindly for all; "Oh. Mr. Blake, they are after you two Spanish to acknowledge my suspicions, ashamed to have here but I could do no more, for I was very weak and

> I had given life to the precious babe that slept at my side, but it had nearly cost me my own, and now I had just passed a fearful crisis—a point when life and death was almost equal in the balance—but I was saved; the doctor had pronounced me out of danger, and I now lay in one of those delicious reveries peculiar to that, stage of sickness when we feel that a kind Father has drawn us away from the dark valley, and that life, so doubly precious now, with its future, full of hope, is ours. The body is weak-unable to move-but the head is clear, and the heart full of love and thankfulness. Thus I lay, just conscious that I was alone, save the little sleeper near, when it suddenly occurred to me that Aunt Martha, who had not left me for weeks, had not spoken with me that day, or her mild eyes looked lovingly upon me, as they were wont to do in my hours of greatest suffering. A sudden fear seized my heart. Is she ill? Has she bad news? And then I tried to recall the month and day of the month, but in vain; my poor, weak brain could not solvo it; and, thus, in a suspense which made the perspiration start from every pore, I lay there, while the good nurse fancied I was sleeping. At last, a step upon the stair! I knew it well-lighter than usual, but quick, eager, boy-like. How softly he opened the door-how gently he tried to move-but what suppressed pleasure in every movement! He bent down and kissed me, but he did not speak; no, there were tears in his eyes, and one great, big tear rolled slowly down and dropped upon my cheek.

> "Oh, John, John! I never saw you weep before." I did not say it loud-only in my heart I uttered it. "God bless you, my precious wife," he said at

"Life is pleasant now," I said, and I tried to draw the babe closer to my bosom. John did it for

"Ay! ay! my little fellow, your father will take a good look at you, now; but do you know, Anna, l could not bear the sight of the child, as long as your life was in danger. It was a strange feeling for a father, I suppose, but I could not help it. Now, my boy, we will get acquainted," and John scanned his features very closely. "Well, really, I cannot see anything very interesting in that little dough-face, and those tiny, red fists, that look as if their owner was making ready to square accounts with the world at once."

"Why, John, nurse snys it is one of the prettiest babies she ever took care of; only see how wellformed and plump its little limbs are."

"I dare say you and nurse are right, but you must not talk-you are very weak. Nurse who seems to be master and mistress, too, in the house, has kindly permitted me to sit one hour with you. provided I am still, and do not talk; so, as I am on my good behavior, I will try and earn the right to come again."

"But, Aunt Martha, John--where is Aunt Martha ?"

"Ah, that is what I came to tell you. The 'Silver Arrow' came into Boston Harbor yesterday, and Aunt Martha, whose faith had become very weakfor she never expected to see Mark again-has goue to the city to meet him."

"Thank God!" I said; "now sit near, John, so I can look at you, and I'll not falk any more;" and, then, with his hand in mine, I fell asleep.

For some days he came at that hour and sat by me, not talking much, only now and then giving me pleasant little bits of news, and telling me how nicely he was getting along with the garden-that tho crocuses were in blossom, and that my white hyacinth was budded, and that the red buds of the peony that father gave me from the old garden at home, were peeping up; all these little things so pleasing to an invalid who is weak in body and mind. Then he always brought with him some little gift-a flower, an orange, the fragrant buds of the sassafras, or wild wood flowers, and winter-green berries-and how pleased he was one day, when he had obtained some choice hot-house grapes. I venture to say he spent half an hour arranging them in a little glass dish with fresh green leaves, before he laid them on the table at my side. I suppose I was weak and childish, for all these things gave me exquisite pleasure. Oné day-the very day he brought the grapes-I felt restless, and took off my cap, and on putting my hand up to arrange my hair, long locks of it came out, like Autumn leaves from the trees.

"Why, John, see here! what does this mean?" and I felt for my long mass of heavy hair, but it was missing. "

"Why, it means, wify, that you have been very rick, and that your hair is coming out, or has come out, most of it."

"Oh, dear John, what shall I do?" All my beautiful hair gone! You never will want to look at me again," and I burst into tears.

John said nothing to me, but asked nurse to bring the cap which Aunt Martha left for me-a very pretty little affair, with its lace border and broad strings. He smoothed my hair, and arranged the

"There! there! I knew it would be so!" he exclaimed, surveying me with wonderful pleasure, considering I had lost the only claim to beauty which I

"Knew what?" I said rather pettishly.

"Why, that when you had this cap on, you would look like my mother, as I remember her when I was very small. The resemblance is very striking. I shall almost want you to grow old, because it will be more and more striking every day."

Now I knew that John thought his mother a handsome woman, and I, of course, felt flattered a little; but, after all, I could not help sobbing out: "But a wife do n't want to look as if she were her husband's mother," at which John burst out into one of his merry laughs-the merrier, perhaps, because he had laughed so little of late.

"It will only be a little while, Anna; the doctor says your hair will grow again, handsomer and finer, and then what shall I do?" drawing down his visage to a most doleful length, while he laid both his hands upon the rather scanty crop on his own head.

"But, John, I shall like you just as well when you are a bald-headed man, as I do now."

"I have not the least doubt of it, Anna, and I shall return the compliment; our marriage was a mere farce, if the love we professed then does not outlast mere physical attractions."

Then he sat down by my side, and we talked awhile about the future, and how loyingly we would rear the child which God had given us, and how earnestly we would try to make him a true and noble man. I felt stronger that day, and I thought life never seemed so beautiful, or so full of work for me. Uncle Mark, and Aunt Martha, too, had returned, and were coming to see me "just for two minutes," the nurse said, that I might be assured the captain was alive and well. How my heart overflowed with happiness!

"Please let me come in," said a voice at the door. to the nurse; "I want so much to see the baby!" "Yes, yes, Lucy," I said, "come in," and her bright, pretty face soon appeared. She had some

letters and papers in her hand. "Father has been to the post-office," she said, as

she handed them to my husband, "and he asked me to say to you that there was some business letters which needed answering, and, if you please, he would be glad to see you."

John carelessly threw his papers upon the bed and went out, while Lucy took his seat, and was allowed, to her great delight, to take the baby.

Oh, Mrs. John, how happy we will all be, now there is a haby in the house-another little John. We had one once-I was so small I can just remember it-but I know how it looked in its little coffin, so white and cold, and how we all cried when it was buried-all but Mary; she did n't ory any-she was up in the chamber, and so still and pale. She did not seem to care anything about the baby when it was sick and died; but a good many weeks afterwards, she would cry and cry, and ask mother why she did n't bring the baby home."

"There, Lucy, you may lay the baby close to me, now," and I drew it to my bosom, for a cold chill ran through me when she told about the "baby, white and cold in its coffin."

"Now, tell me more about Mary's baby."

come in again."

moment--when, with the suddenness and distinctsence—had prevented my dwelling upon the incidents of the Autumn. While I was thinking, and still held the letter, John came in, and I threw it from me.

"Anna, I am sorry that business calls me to Boston to-day, but I hope to return by to-morrow." As he said this, his eye fell upon the letter; he seized read; but I noticed that he looked very pale, and seemed agitated.

"Good by, Anna," he said; "I must go immediately. Joe has the horse and chaise ready to take me to Salem depot this evening." lle was gone, and I alone with my thoughts.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. THROUGH DARKNESS THE MARCH IS ONWARD TO DAY.

> Onward is the march of nations! Never faint, and never sorrow-Dark to-day, and light to-morrow; Give not way to hesitations: From truth's fountains deep potations Drink, and never fail to borrow

> Something from the present hour. Men's woe often fathers pleasure, Tenderest ties unite when broken, Silence deepest thoughts betoken': Depths of soul admit no nicasure, Hidden is the brightest treasure; Deep the love we read, unspoken-Life is full of hope and power.

His thee to some sylvan bower,

List to nature's sounds uniting. Soul-elating, soul-inviting: Watch the bud bowed by the shower, Bending low when storm-clouds lower: Silent teachers thus inciting-Stablest lessons are secured. Aspirations, soul attiring, Advise us all our fears disown! When storms of life our hopes dethrone:

Flowers one bright, the clouds retiring, God guards them-greater requiring Goes forth to us, to each alone-Joy comes out of pain endured.

Che Vittle Wooden Bowl: A STORY OF THE HEART.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY MARTHA W. BENTON.

"Dear grandfather, please give us a story this lreary winter evening," exclaimed half a dozen little voices, as the old man, addressed as "grandfather." seated himself in his arm-chair before the glowing fire-place in Farmer Romaine's old-fashioned, canacious kitchen.

"It is a real, seventy six snow-storm, is n't it. father?" interrupted the good dame, who, with an arm full of fagots, appeared among the group, with her light, brown locks, fleecy with snow-flakes, just orphans who had so lately lost their good protectress, descended upon them, as she made a journey to the and began to appeal to her companions in rank and wood pile. "Litt, your chair, Jack, so I can pile the Ore-stick higher. A hope Jeromy will find the roads broken out. The mare is a little skeerish, and if anything should happen to your father, what would me of you, my boys?"

mother," piped little l'attie. "Oh, won't it be nice!" "Tell us a ghost story," implored Jack.

"No: it is going to be about General Putnam able and handsome form." and the wolf-is n't it, grandpa?" exclaimed the oldest boy Jemmy.

"Oh, no! please, grandfather, tell us about great adies and fine gentlemen, won't you," chimed in do so. Rosalie, a flashing-eyed little damsel, whom, in scanning the group, one would at once select as much he handsomest and most brilliant of the whole.

"Will you tell us something with a meral to it?" whispered the second boy, who was grandfather's namesake, Roger; "something like the peasant who cried with a trembling voice; sighed to be a prince. Rose likes to hear about lords and ladies, and I don't care about them; I love those who are good, if they are poor," sermonized the thoughtful boy, casting a glance round upon his

sister. "Yes: but, grandpa," replied Rosalie, " is n't it s great deal better to be great, and fich, and admired, than to be poor, and never thought of by any one?"

"All very good," returned the mild, old man, with a smile, rapping the ashes from his pipe, and placing it upon the fire-frame. "Riches are very comfortable, sometimes, but contentment is better, my chil- Silvered Bowl, when out fell the lump of lead. dren. I fear that little Rose is like the Little Wooden Bowl.

"Am I like a Wooden Bowl," returned Rose well, that is fuuny !"""

Bowl." broke in the whole group.

"I will, my dear little ones," was the old man's be mended, and set me in the kitchen again to serve So he took the pet Pattie on his knee, while dame know how stupid it was for a Wooden Bowel to wish

she had been anxiously looking for her spouse, who had gone to the neighboring town; and, with her Bowl?" said little Rose, continuing, "because I knitting, settled herself by the fireside to listen with know that the rich live in happiness, and the poor the rest; and grandfather Gray proceeded :-"There was once a Wooden Bowl that was so fine.

up without saying: 'How pretty this is!' So the and Pattie a picture-book." little Wooden Bowl grew vain and proud in time. 'Ah!' it thought, 'if I could only be like a silver little girls and boys that have nice new bonnets, and self might quaff from my brim that delicious nectar me."

of Rhincland vintage; whereas, being only a Wooden . "But, Rose," replied Roger, "do n't we have from me.

So the Wooden Bowl kept sighing, and addressed for you!" itself to the mistress: Dear mistress, I am too good to be a Wooden suming his pipe and patting the deep-eyed boy on Bowl. I feel that I was not meant to be in the the head, "you talk like a minister!"

kitchen, but to be the ornament of proud tables. 1 am not suited to the servants, who have coarse was a continual feast." broke in Jem, the eldest habits, and handle me so rudely. Contrive, dear son. friend, to make me a silver tankard.

a goldsmith, who promised to overlay it with silver. a beautiful neoklace; I saw her last Sunday; and Ha did so. The Wooden Bowl was silvered over, and such a fine bonnet, too!"

"No, no?" said the nurse, "that will do for to- proud, and it scorned all its old companions. When day; come with me, Lucy, and by-and-bye you may it came home, it was placed on a shelf above its former companions and became at once intimate When left alone, I observed John's letters on the with the family. Silver wished the Gold Goblet to bed, and, as I carelessly turned them over, one at call her first cousin, and made great pretensions to tracted my attention, and made me suddenly sick at gentry. But it happened that when the other tankheart. It was Mary's handwriting, and post-marked ards and goblets were taken out for use, this one Boston! I put my hands to my head-I thought a was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspiouous, and often ness of a telegraphic operation, all came back to placed herself uppermost on the shelf, in order not me! My long sickness—my baby and Mary's ab- be forgotten, but to be placed with the rest on the great table. As this happened several times, and that evening, there being company, and all the plate brought out, save the silvered Wooden Bowl, she

Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver tankard, and have a it eagerly, and turned a little away from me as he right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected.'

complained once more to the mistress:

'Ah!' said the mistress, 'the servauts know by the weight that you are only silvered!'

'Weight, weight!' cried the Silvered Bowl; 'what! is it not by the brightness alone that one knows a silver tankard from a wooden one?" 'Dear,' replied the mistress, 'silver is heavier

than wood! 'Then, pray make me heavier,' cried the Little Wooden Bowl. I long to be as good as the rest,

and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant.' Still willing to gratify her, the mistress again carried the Little Wooden Bowl to the goldsmith.

Dear sir,' she said, I make this Silvered Wooden Bowl as heavy as a silver taukard.' 'To do that,' said the goldsmita, 'it will be neces-

sary to put a piece of lead in it.' 'Ah!' thought the poor Bowl, 'then he must bore straight into my heart; but one must bear all for honor! Yes, he may even put a bit of lead in my heart, if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real silver tankard.

eal silver tankard."
So the goldsmith bored deep into her heart, and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate-closet.

Now the servants took it out with the rest, and knew no difference; so the Little Wooden Bowl that was, passed for a real, beautiful, silver tankard, and would have been as happy as possible, if she had not got a lump of lead in her heart. But, at last the old mistress died, and the Silvered Wooden Bowl. instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, almost rejoiced: for every time she had lain shining on the table, she recollected that the mistress was the only person who knew that she was nothing but a Wooden Bowl, and if the mistress took another one she was jealous, and said to herself: 'That is because she knows all about me. She knows I am a Wooden Bowl, silvered over, with a lump of lead in my heart.' But when the mistress died, she said to herself: 'Now I am free, for no one will ever know now that I am not what I seem. The family silver, however, was to be sold, and was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it, that he might work it anew. The unhappy Wooden Bowl was bought with the rest. She saw the furnace ready, and heard, with dismay, that all would be put into it. She was dreadfully alarmed, and exclaimed against the cruelty practised towards the friendless misfortune, who lay calmly within sight of the fur-

. They will turn us to ashes,' she cried; 'how quietly you all take such treatment.'

Oh, no,' said an old Bilver Tankard and Spoon "We are going to have one of grandpa's stories, which stood side by side. 'Oh, no, they will do us no harm; the furnace will do us good rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a more fashiou-

> The Silvered Wooden Bowl listened, but was not comforted. It did not comfort her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew well that wood would

'Ah!' sighed the silly Little Bowl, 'I see that it is not by brightness only, neither by weight, that

real silver is known.' The silver was cast into the furnace; but when the goldsmith came and took the Little Bowl up, she

· Dear sir, I certainly am a silver tankard—that you will well conceive by my appearance and weight -but I am not the same sort of silver as the other goblets are. I am of a finer sort, which cannot bear

fire, but flies away in smoke.' · Indeed! what are you then? Perhaps tin?'

'Tin! you cannot think so meanly of me!' ' Perhaps lead?'

*Lend! Ah, you can easily see if I am lead.'

· That I will do,' he replied. Taking his mallet, he severed the circlet of the 'So, ho!' cried the master, 'only a common Wood-

en Bowl. silvered over.' 'Yes,' cried the poor Little Bowl-which, so soon as the lead fell from the heart, grow quite light and "Do, dear grandpa, tell us about the 'Wooden happy-'yes, I am only a common Wooden Bowl. Take away the silvering, dear master; cause me to

out meal porridge for the rest of my life. Now, I

Romaine now came from the casement, out of which to pass for a silver one."" "And you think I am like that Little Wooden suffer want."

"But we ain't poor, are we, grandpa?" replied so neat, so protty-made of the best of wood, and so Roger. "We've got cows and pigs, and hens and nicely carved, that no one ever saw a more delicate sheep, and a big barn; and father will come home and tasteful Wooden Bowl; and no one ever took it with a new frock for you, and nice sugar and flour, "Yes," replied Rose, but there are a great many

tankard! Now I am only used by the servants, but can wear slices and stockings all the time, and don't if I were silver, it might happen that the king him have to go after the cows barefooted, like you and

Bowl, nothing but common folk cat meal porridge enough? and then, you know, father and mother are so kind. See the striped mittens mother's knitting "Roger," at length chimed in the grandfather, re-

"Yes; Parson Whitney said 'a contented mind

"I wish I was Parson Whitney's daughter," in-So the mistress carried the little Wooden Bowl to terrupted little Rose. "She wears a silk dress, and

maine.

"Oh, she is only a child, Bess," pleaded the grandfather.

Just then the sound of sleigh-bells were heard apmother, hastened to the door to greet the snow-covered and half-frozon sire.

"The jolliest winter blink I've seen for a long time," exclaimed Farmer Romaino, as he came stamping the snow off his feet, and shaking it from his dreadnought coat, as he approached the fire. "How are all my little lambs here? How d'ye do, Pattie, my lass?" he continued, as the golden-haired child scrambled from her grandfather's knees on to those of her father. "Sleepy kitten, I've got some cakes and bon-bons for you and Rose; you shall have them in the morning. Bess, put these little trundle beds in the bed-room; and boys, I've got all you three new pair of boots apiece, and each a new comforter. Jem, I've brought a pair of skates, and Roger and Jack a sled apleco. You are all good boys—you shall have them to-morrow; and now to bed."

The three delighted boys took their caudle, and after a circuitous route up-rickety stairs, and through garret chambers, (upon which they discussed their the butterflies gathered round our pretty Rose!" new acquisitions, and detailed what sundry of their school-fellows had boasted of,) they were, ere longtucked in between the home-made blankets of their

The three now left before the kitchen fire were commenting upon the storm, and the various items that were current in town.

"I've got to go again in a week; I've made market for my oattle, and must take them down next week; and I've been thinking, as Rose is so great a favorite with Parson Whitney, and they have urged us so hard to bring her to visit them, whether I should not take her along for a day or two. I brought her a new bonnet, though I thought I would n't say anything to her about it. She's hand some as a pink, and I would n't have her vain."

The mother felt a little pride at the idea of her pretty little Rose being petted by the parson and the great folks in town, and accordingly acquiesced. It s needless to depict the delight of our little heroine, when made acquainted that she had actually got a new bonnet, and was going to town the following one testify that Rose Seymour was as captivating in week. She flew to caress her father, kissed her her morning robe, as in the tissue of a ball-room. In mother, and slapped Roger.

"Oh, I am so happy; I shall see so many ladies and nice clothes!"

"You must n't drop your little eyes out, darling," whispered grandfather Gray, "nor forget about the Little Wooden Bowl."

Seven days afterward, Farmer Romaine set out with his drove of cattle, and his little Rose, for the neighboring town, and those who looked from the old gray farm-house after them, seemed, although well pleased, stranger's habitation. 🗞

"It is six years to-day since Gertrude died," sighed Mrs, Squire Seymour, as she took a small locket from the side-board, and held it before the Squire, who sat in his great easy-chair before the glowing grate. To-day she would have been twelve years of age." "Six years—can it be possible!"

"And still we miss-her," added the lady, sorrowfully, for she knew her husband really deplored their loss, more than even herself.

"Yes, I love her memory; she was a dear child. call at Parson Whitney's; he's been afflicted with into the world of frivolity and fashion, Rosalie be the rheumatism of late."

Accordingly Squire Seymour and his spruce dame were soou speeding towards the friendly door of the

village pastor. little visiter from the old farm was introduced into the group, with her sparkling black eyes, her raven curls, and cheeks which the winter cold left as red have long wished to do so."

as a rose. "Beautiful child!" exclaimed Lady Seymour, "is n't she like Gertrude? What is your name, little girl?"

"Rosalie-Rosalie Romaine," was her reply. " How old are you?" interposed the Squire.

"Ten years."

Madame. "She really is not unlike Gertrude," replied the

Squire, and then settled himself into a sort of reverie. The intelligence and sweet smile of little Rosarv of his daughter's death, and his fondness for tention at heart, and accordingly unfolded her-prodays at his house.

Time passed on, and Farmer Romaine was imperthe wealth and comfort within, and felt assured that himself; without this he could never be happy. his child would be brought up in affluence, and at Let us now glance back to the old farm house last become the heiress of all the wealth he saw be- among the hills. The silver headed grandsire had fore him, he was shaken in his negative determina- departed into the quiet land, and an epidemic had that he might consult her mother.

she saw, heard and received, that when Farmer Ro- Dame Romaine almost believed that the departure maine again presented himself before the Squire, with of her little Rose had been an evil talisman for her paternal regret, little Rose decided, of her own free had been received from the once darling child, and will, to remain, and plead so carnestly, that he was obliged to consent.

It became quite lively now in the manslon of the old love. Squire, and Dame Seymour was only too happy to once mere hear herself addressed as "Mother," by child.

And into that little heart, guileless as it was, came Miss Seymour. another love, dormant till then-the love of the Squire Seymour and his wife, and obsouring the love astonished. that had been felt for the dear father and mother. who had prayed above her infant couch the old grandfather, who had dandled her on his knee in ters, that filled her childhood with glec.

Eight years passed away. Little Rose, that was, shone like the sun. Then was its heart glad and "And you looked at these, when you should have had grown into a fine young lady, and we need hardly dear mother, that can never be." She pressed the

been looking at the minister," remarked Dame Ro- say that the beauty which had been recognized by the humble group about the fireside on the old farm. and again at the parson's hearth, had given at eclat to her girlhood, surpassed by few.

Permit us, dear reader, to present a ball-room in proaching, and the two cldest boys, as well as their the smart village of ____, and some of its attendant devotees and discipline.

"Who is that girl in the pink crape, with moss roses in her hair, Burke?"

"Which one?" asked his companion.

"The one with the fair curls, with Lieut. Miller." "That is Squire Seymour's adopted daughter."

"I should say that.Liout. Miller had intentions." "Intentions! He may perhaps have them; but the helress of old Seymour will be looking higher, I am sure."

This conversation passed between two young gentlemen, with eve-glasses at their eyes, who were looking on upon the display within the salon de dance, and particularly at the couple above mentioned, who had whirled out of the dancing circle to take breath.

"You are the brightest flower of the ball-room," whispered Madame Seymour, as she wrapped the shawl about her beautiful adopted child, preparatory to retiring; "and it amused me greatly to see how

" Re is not a butterfly," thought Rosalie, as she withdrew to her room. "No, no! not Lieut. Miller." The morning after the ball Madame Seymour (89

the villagers had denominated the wife of the Squire,) entered the apartment of Rosalie, and finding her child in an attitude of reverie, again referred to the ondits of the last night's fele, from which grew an carnest conversation upon more heartfelt and serious matters, the tone and instigation of which was Love. and the existence of which in her darling's heart, gave the adopted mother great-uneasiness.

Left alone once more, Rosalie sought the drawing. room, and, throwing open the casement, brought the light upon the faithful picture of her childhood home. (which her foster father had procured for her from an artist.) She sank upon a sofa beside her, and, wrought upon by the powerful, yet inexpressible feelings of first affection, gave way again to reverie. Her unemployed hands were interlaced, and her bright, deep eyes gazing forward, while her jetty ringlets tossed back from her fair brow, would make her heart, and through her brain, these queries finshed as lightning:

"What does he think of me? or does he think of me at'all?" Then darker thoughts drew ou. "What if he should know all? If he should know that I am not the person that I seem; that my position is a false one, and I am only the daughter of a poor farmer? How that haunts me. He is so elegant and refined! How my father and brothers would look beside him. I used to dream of my old home with pleasure, but to feel regret at shutting the door after the beautiful, now how ill-timed I should find myself-there. Yes, brilliant child, who was now speeding towards a I was happy there once—happy and glad; but now I stand in continual fear. What if my father should come here-the old brusque farmer-and embrace me! Ah! I should die of shame; and yet he is my father, and I have a mother, too. How the memory of childhood will return. Once it would come like a butterfly, fluttering round the soul, to draw some honey from its flowers. Alas, I believe the flowers are dead-there is no honey for memory to feed en now. A thousand fawn around me now, but I fancy I hear them whisper-She is nothing but a laborer's daughter.' And if he should say that: if he should hear it! But my mother! my poor mother! But come. Emily, let us take a drive in the snow, and I loved her once so warmly, but now that I have gone sincere with thyself. Now since you have known him, you have wished to be his equal, his---'

Rosalie was here suddenly interrupted in her meditations by Licut. Miller, who had regarded her with Welcomed to the glowing fireside of the venerable admiration from the casement window, and now rector, the visitors soon felt themselves at home, (for bounded to her side. She never had seemed so pretthe good parson, looking out for the temporal, as ty in his eyes, and never had his heart so yearned well as spiritual, knew how to keep the right side of towards her. As he came before Rosalic, she rose such parishioners as Squire Seymour.) In time the tremblingly to receive him, and he, forgetting both caution and reserve, seized her hand, and exclaimed : "Rosa-Miss Seymour! let me speak to you; I

Rosalie hung her head, but young Miller continued, breathed of his devotion, and asked her to become his wife; and she consented, weeping many tears

upon his breast. Just at this juncture Dame Seymour entered with several visitors, who were paying their morning "Ten years! Isn't she pretty?" exclaimed call, and greatly embarrassed the young couple. Rosalie's cheeks were very red, but when her dark eyes glanced at his, they grew deeper and darker, for a whele stream of love and hope and happiness poured over her heart, and those pretty cheeks were salie took his fancy at once; this, combined with suffused by emotions that deepened their color. And the circumstances of her appearing on the anniver- Lieut. Miller bowed his exit, strong in hope and deeply in love. He loved Rose Seymour passionately; her, determined him, if possible, to adopt the sunny- but he was resolved to never make her his wife unfaced, raven-ringleted darling, in the place of the til he could make her happy in every way-for, in lost one. Madame, it seemed, had also the same in- truth, Lieut Miller was only a farmer's son, and worked for his daily bread, and though no longer ject to the good old parson, who referred them to the poor, lived just as farmers do. Yet they had spared father of little Rose, whom they could meet in a few no expense upon their only son. Arthur honored his parents, and found it his greatest happiness to visit his comfortable home, and to roam with his tuned to give his consent to part with little Rose; at father through the wide meadows where he had first he would hear to nothing of the kind; but when froliced when a child. And Arthur Miller's wife he came to visit the house of the Squire, and mark must love and honor these dear old people, as he did

tion, and left little Rose only for a few days, he said; carried the oldest boy and the two youngest pets, also, into the quiet land, leaving the second boy But so much delighted did Rose become with all only, out of the once merry household; and good the tale of Dame Romaine's reluctance, and his ewn household. It was a long time since any mission auxious and heart-sick, the good mother determined to once again seek out her child and tell her of her

"You have not then forgotten me—the old mother one whom she soon loved as though she were her own from the mountain?" said an elderly peasant woman, clad in a coarse garb, as she appeared before

"Certainly not forgotten you," was the reply of world-mingling with all the love that she felt for the young lady, stretching out her hand somewhat

"Heaven help me, my child!" replied the old weman, while tears gathered in her eyes. "Ldid not come here to mar your happiness or take you infancy, and all the group of merry brothers and significantly from your fine friends. Not if you despise me, Rese, so you are happy; but I know you do not despise your poor old old mother."

erable in me! Despise my mother-no!"

so must have a lump of lead in your heart.' Do exclaiming: you feel any lead in your heart, child? I know Roger was wrong."

"My brother was right," thought Rose-" the lead lent of its kind." is here." She tresubled, as she thought, and as she trembled she felt its heaviness within. Thoroughly humbled, for the moment, Rose Romaine cast herself upon her mother's breast and wept long, bitter tears. Ahl if she had lain there longer-till the good, wholesome feelings had ripened into principlehow different it might have been.

"Grieve not, my little Rose," said the mother soothingly.

Those words-"Little Rose"-brought a host of old remembrances; then the thought of Lieut. Miller flashed on her mind, and a mauvais bonte immediately took possession of her; in a moment she was "Mlss Rosalie Seymour," and she spoke reasonably and distantly once more. Every word fell cold and chill upon the mother's heart, and, bidding her once gentle Rose a tearful farewell, she departed, felling that she must not seek her as her child again!

A few days after, while attending a festival, held among the good people of the lively village of a tall, sun-burnt youth made his appearance among the merry-makers, and sunwelcomed by those about him, whom he found all strangers, he appeared quite as awkward as he felt. At length, Arthur Miller, with the address of a true gentleman, attempted to place the new-comer at case, and scanned the group to detect some face to whom he could refer the stranger as a friend, but was prevented by the young man, who, laying his hand upon young Miller's ram, implored him to spare himself all trouble, for he only wished to view his sister in the charmed circle, and depart without being known. Miller pressed the hand of the stranger, and led him to the side of the smiling Rosalle, who was, in the height of her beauty, admired on all sides. We can hardly depict the chagrin of the fair girl when, finding herself at tete a-tete with her rustio brother Roger, and also in the presence of her elegant lover. Poor Rosalie Seymour! he then knew all, for he had heard it from her brother's own lips, and Madame Seymour, who had come also to the rescue, had detailed the late visit of the once mother, and her delight that she had succeeded in winning the beautiful girl's affections from such rustic scenes and people.

"Very natural, sir, don't you think so?" appealed the proud dame.

" Pardon me, madame," replied Miller; " I canno;

think it natural." "Then you do not admire Miss Seymour's conduct?"

scene without saying adieu to Rose, who attempted the queen of youth and beauty. to seem gay, but found it a hard matter to dance with a load of lead at her heart; for, in the Silvered Wooden Bowl the dross had grown heavy.

The rustic brother, like the humble mother, soon took his departure, and for long days Rosalie had but to pender on the heartless part she had so long acted. At length she received the following epistle from Arthur Miller, whose form and memory had never once been absent from her mind:

Beloved Rose-For the first and last time, permit me to call you so. It may consolo you in your future to know that one heart has beat for you with tender emotions. Rose, I love you, passionately love you, but I love others also. I reverence the parents who watched over my boyhood, and who watched with pride the prospects of my manhood. These parents, all mean and petty calculation—does she, too, taunt Miss Seymour, are humble and industrious. Education me with poverty and obscurity? Holy saints! if a tion and circumstance have alone elevated their son. This letter, dear Rose, but for one circumstance, might have been to solicit you as my wife, but must now only tell what my wife inust be. I am a farmer's son, and can only seek the leve of one who would not be ashained to be a poor farmer's daughter. Now then, dear Rose, it alone remains for me to bid you an everlasting adieu. I may think of you often, but shall never seek you voluntarily again. Hoping you may be as happy as I am confidant you could have made me, I am, ARTHUR.

The lead sunk deep, very deop-its weight seemed insupportable, new, in the heart of the Silvered

Wooden Bowl-and the furnace was ready. A short time after, Arthur Miller received these

"Only by one word you wrong mo-that word is, despised," I have not despised my mother.

few lines:

Rose Romaine.".

Two years have now passed, and brought a great many changes. In the old home, among the mountains, the old farmer was stretched on his death-bed. and the death-damp was wiped from his shriveled brow by the hands of the reclaimed Rose. "My heart's child," gasped the old man, "and whether going or staying, I am sure you will never forget your poor mother;" and the prayers of the gentle girl might have been registered in heaven, but they eyes were closed in death. And so lonely and desoand ohose to remain and be the Little Rese of other

Time passed. One day as Rose and her mother sat at their work in their rustic home, the mother referred to the former gay life of her daughter, and questioned if she did not regret.

"No, no!" replied Rose, "I will stay with you always, could I but wipe away one tear."

"Amen!" said a deep voice from the doorway, and in another moment, Capt. Arthur Miller was folding the blushing Rose in his arms. "Dearest Rose, can I claim this little hand now: Miss Seymour, I have all my love to offer you again ?"

"My name is Rose Romaine; by that name I was baptized, and now here I am Rose still."

"Yes, that name stands here," he replied, drawing the note of two years ago from his pooket. hovered, dark, vapory and indistinct, calling on her " How often, dear Rose, I have read these lines- I have not despised my mother.""

check, which Capt. Miller as instantly kissed away, while in her heavy sleep she tossed and mouned, and, before the good old dame, they knelt down to Eleogaria awoke, startled, weary and unrefreshed, to receive the blessing and consent. "We will have a find the sunshine penetrating the light curtains, to home, where love and happiness shall dwell, and receive a summons from her father to attend him in you shall live with us, my mother," articulated his library. It was high noon; hastily dressing her-Rose; "and Roger, too, with the blushing damsel self, she proceeded to obey his mandato; her maid whom he is to call his wife, in this the old home offered her breakfast, but she refused. A presentl-"stead, shall keep green the momorles of his child-ment of coming trouble weighed heavily upon her

hood and of mine." the rounited pair-of the heritage bestowed by the her soul was the determination, come what would, foster parents upon their adopted child, now Mrs. she should be ever true to Antonio.

good woman's hand. "That would be sinful! mis- Capt. Miller. Enough, to say that the wedding festival was a gathering of old friends, both homely, Dame Remaine held the thin white hand in her rustic and fashlonable, and that brother Roger added dry and horny fingers. "I knew it," she replied, to the beautiful presents of his sister, a Wooden "Roger said otherwise-he sald, 'you were the Bowl, neatly carved, without any lump of lead in Wooden Bowl that wished to be a silver tankard, and it, while the happy Captain clasped her to his heart,

" My Wooden Bowl is more precious to me, now, than when it was silvered over, fer it is most excel-

THE NOBLEMAN OF EARTH.

The truest nobleman of earth, Is he who loves to be The first companion of the good, The hero of the free. Who works undaunted for the poor. Who sees no rank in names: Whose hopes ascend to heaven in crowds, As sparks fig up from flames!

Give me that nobleman of mind, Who loves a noble cause: The right of labor's sturdy sons. And freedom's righteous laws ! The hater of each evil scheme A tyrant may advance; A giant's strength about his heart, Thoughts brilliant in his glance!

I love the nobleman of earth, Who strives to bless the age; And leaves a glory that is caught On history's faithful page! Whose name the millions love to lisp. Truth's sure, unfilnehing guest; Who shines in love, as does the sun In palace of the West!

He's deathless as the mighty skles, When jeweled through with stars; Could feel God's beauty in a blaze Burst through his prison bars! No mandate from the tyrant breaks His spirit's upward bound; While high on every liberal creed His name is blazoned round! And perjured kings may pass from earth, Their pomp and lustre fade; But nature's nobleman unclasps The cruel laws they've made. His worshiped monarch is his God-He leaves a name behind, Flushed with effulgence that reflects

Written for the Banner of Light.

ELEOGARÍA;

TRIUMPH OF RIGHT.

BY CORA WILBURN.

His majesty of mind!

It was a gala-night at her father's house, and the beautiful Eleogaria had arrayed herself in costly robes, had decked her raven tresses with braids of pearl and a band of diamonds; her large, dark, lustrous eyes shone with joy and triumph; a somewhat haughty smile played around the dimpled mouth; "I cannot," was the reply; and he soon left the tall, majestic, graceful, she was the admired of all-

> The tropical heavens glistened with a thousand stars; fragrant and luxuriant flowers twined around the spacious balcony, where, apart from the gay throng, forsaking dance and merriment, stood the queen of the fete, holding low converse with a handsome, dark browed youth. There was fervor and entreaty in his tones, and a subdued bitterness and wildness in her voice, as she replied-

> "My father is determined!" she said: "this foreigner is wealthy, while you are comparatively poor; he is known and appropriated-jou are nakuown to fame; it is my father's express command, can Idure I rebel?"

> "Can Eleogaria-she whom I deemed so far above man had dared to speak thus! but from you, Eleogaria!"

> His voice, at first low and sarcastic, for a moment loud and threatening, sunk into a whisper of despairing love, of sorrowful abandonment. The maiden looked for an instant into his face; tears filled her eyes; gently and tenderly she rested her hand upon his shoulder, and entreated his forgiveness.

> "Oh, Antenio, what shall-what can I do? My father never before spoke to me of marriage; but since this stranger came, I am doomed. Were he but away, I feel sure my father would not compel me to wed another. Oh, Autonio, my gayety is feignedmy smiles are forced; I am very, very wretched!" and, hiding her face upon his bosom, she wept unre-

> strainedly. Antonio new spoke tenderly and soothingly, praying by the love they had vowed to each other that she would reject the stranger's snit There was a call of youthful, merry voices from the saloon, for the presence of the presiding genius; and quickly disengaging herself from her lover's embrace, Eleogaria hastened away, first having solemnly promised to Antonio, that she would never wed the obnexious Englishman-that she would die before she would oonsent to the union.

The fete was prolonged till crimson and golden hardly came to the ears of the dying man, whose clouds announced the near day; then the merry, thoughtless crowd separated, and Eleogaria, letting late was the home of happy days of old, that Rose down the sea-green curtains, and drawing close the forgot all her fashionable folly and gay heartlessness, folds of her rese-colored mosquito-net, retired to rest, and soon the veil of slumber shaded her lustrous eyes; she wandered far into the mystic realm of

dreams. From earliest childhood she had been warned of coming sorrow, sickness or trouble, by the appearance of a little child, a vapory, indistinct figure, that, hovering before and around her, led, in dream, over barren regions and rocky ascents, where thorns and brambles pierced her feet; where thick hedges intercepted the view, or black, stagnant waters impeded her progress. That morning Eleogaria dreamed that the child omen led her over rocks, steep and beetling. over marshes, where hideous serpents lay coiled; over forests, dead and still; and into waters, black and stormy, that threatened to engulf her shrinking form. Ever near, smiling maliciously, the infant to follow, in a voice that seemed Antonio's; laughing with the sarcastic tone that often marked his Rose bent down her head, while a tear fell on her ironical merriment. Leading her thus fer hours, spirits; sho trembled as she passed through the We need not dwell upon the happy nuptials of stately chambers of her magnificent home; but in

stately tendernoss, pressed a kiss upon her forehead, he would spurn you from him with supreme disdain. and bade her be seated, as he had news of import. You have been vilely, cruelly imposed upon-you, so ance to communicate. A strange power was given proud, so regally trlumphant in that station from to the beautiful and naturally impetuous Creole-the which a tyrant father is about to hurl you! No! power of self-coutrol. With respectful attention and my beautiful! come with me; take all your jewelsings of how she had enjoyed the party; how she had pously entrusted you with. It is yours; you only rested; how sho now felt, and so on.

"I feel weary and refreshed this morning, dear father, for I have been dreaming much, and have not ness for yourself and for your devoted Antonio!" slept off my fatigue."

"I feel very sorry, daughter. - You look pale : you must take more rest during the day, or your rosy cheeks will look wilted, and your bright eyes dim, and that would be a sad disappointment for somebody," said the old Don, smiling pompously and signifioantly.

Elcogaria looked up into her father's face; her dark eyes asked the question her lips refused to utter.

"The Senor Clyde has been here this morning," he continued, speaking slowly, and never withdrawing his eyes from his daughter's countenance; "he thing, a thief, for gold! has demanded your hand in marriage. I have given my consent. The Senor is honorable, and wealthy; stands high in his native country. You will retain your own belief; he will not interfere with your religion. To night he will be here to receive the assurance from your lips; that his offer is gladly accepted and in one month you will be married, and accompany the Senor to his beautiful home in England."

Not a word escaped the lips of Eleogaria; pale as marble, and seemingly as still, she moved not; made no motion even to the fixed and stong glance with which she regarded her father; only her hands, that arated that loved and familiar house from the strango lay passively upon her iap, trembled visibly.

"Well, Eleogaria!" somewhat impatiently said Don Eurique, "I expect an answer." There was none; for all reply, Eleogaria threw

herself at her father's feet, and, embracing his knees, but again the fascination of his memory overpowered wept bitterly, without a word.

"Come, come, child!" said the old man, more softly, "You weep to leave me, your home and young ogaria, the proud and beautiful, passed her home's associates. It is hard, I know, but it is the duty of dear portal, and stood within the shadow of a mighty a wife to follow her husband's fortunes. In England, my Southern flower will be the admiration of all. Come, come, daughter, your sorrow is too much; I ed husband."

"I cannot -oh, I cannot wed the Senor Clyde," sobbed Eleogaria, and anew she dropped her head upon her father's knee.

"Why not, Senorita?" quietly asked the Don. "Oh, father! dear, kind, generous father! you

have always granted my every request. Oh, be generous now; let me live with you forever. Do not compel me to wed a man I cannot love!"

"Why cannot you love him?" sternly demanded the father; "is he not handsome, rich, talented?" "Yes, oh yes," timidly replied Eleogaria.

"Then, girl, what fault do you find in him? Does ne not bear an unimpeachable character?"

"He does," softly responded the kneeling and trembling maiden.

"Is it because he is seven or eight years your senior ?" "No, no, my father! I respect, admire, esteem

the Senor Clyde, but, alas! I cannot love him."

"Why not?" loudly demanded Don Enrique. Eleogaria was silent.

" Do you wish to become a nun? The convent gate

shall unclose for you, if you become not the wife or is final. Stay!" he shouted, as Eleogaria roso to her feet, with intent to leave the room; "you shall, trembling, husky tones, he vainly endeavored to, if you please, give me your reasons for refusing the steady, her father continued: . Senor. I am waiting to hear, Senorità."

it nerved her courage, and her pale lips pronounced from you submission, at least a further appeal to my the words she would have recalled the next moment, parental feelings. You know my temper; you took as she beheld the gathering storm upon her father's

wed no other."

Don Enrique rose from his chair, and paced the paused before her, regarded her with stern, determined looks; then, taking her by the hand, he led her to a chair, and seated himself opposite to her.

manded.

"I know that his mother is poor, but he is henor able, just and true," warmly replied Eleogaria.

"Do you know that his mother-was a slave?" "I-I have heard it rumored; but even so, dear

father, does it lessen his integrity; is he to be held "Nature will reveal herself! cried the Don; "do

generate girl! how dare you speak so in my presonce? Have you no pride, no love of caste, no con sciousness of position?" "I love truth and nobleness, wherever I mee

with it," she replied.

"Then honor those sentiments in Sonor Clyde. Marry him, or go to a convent. You shall never wed with Antonio Marcello!"

"I will never wed the Sener Clyde!" she respond ed, her courage now theroughly awakened, her ve hemen't nature aroused. "You will not! then listen to your doom! You

shall be dragged to the convent's gates; but before they close upon you, the world shall know that you, riage-no power then can separate us!" its star, its idel-you, the reputed heiress of the wealthy Don Enrique, are-nothing but the daughter of a slave !. You may well start, girl! a mulatto wo man was your mother—she was my slave !"

With a burst of hysterical laughter, Eleogaris cried aloud-" Then am I equal with Antonio!" and fell sonseless to the floor. 0 0

"Oh, do not tempt me to sin! I have none to advise with. I have no mother, not even the memory of one, sacred and hallowed as a mether's memory justly assumed position! But tempt me not to reb its disposal. I dare not rob my father and fly with caused Eleogaria to shudder visibly. you. Oh, Antonio! let us separate; do you enderver to forget me!"

happiness; now indeed we are equal. Your father somewhat of its lost serenity, her cheeks their dethought by this announcement to separate us. The parted crimson. Antonia gazed upon her with deproud Englishman will scorn you, when he knows light and admiration. She waved him back, proudly. the story of your birth; but Antonio loves you fond, half defantly, as he exclaimed-" How beautiful!" ly as ever, my pride! my princess! Will you, the "My father came here with me," she said, and star of the Capital allow yourself to be exposed to her piercing, soul-reading eyes rested upon her ignominy and shame, the scoffs of the envious, the lover's face. She saw him start in surprise. "He

Don Enrique received his daughter with his usual by this revelation; were the Englishman to know it, deference, she replied to her father's polite questlou- his proud family insignias—the gold he has so pomtake what he unjustly refuses you; you save yourself from an unloved marriage; you prepare happi-

The tempter continued his pleadings, and slowly the soul of the maiden yielded its consciousness of truth and rectitude; acceding to that alluring voice, that sought to lead her to sin by the paths of falsehood and retaliation. The proud girl consented to become the faithless guardian of a holy trust; disdaining another attempt to move her father, an appeal to the generous, and high-minded Clyde, she listened to the honeyed poison of Antonio's words; and smothering all nobler feelings, the rising remorse, the poignant ingratitude, she promised to fly with him that night; to become, for his sake, that lowest

At midnight, a veiled figure stole stealthily and tremblingly among the magnificent saloons and winding corridors of that ancient and stately house; now, with uplifted finger, as if in warning to her guilty self, then shrinkingly pressing her crouching form against the wall, startled by some imaginary sound, or flickering shadow, the changed Eleogaria passed on, pressing to her bosom the precious casket containing the family jewels-the gold entrusted to her care. On, past the sleeping and, bribed seravnts, until her feet stood on the threshold, that sepuntrodden world without. Eleogaria paused a moment, ere she drew the bolt of the massive door; her better angel whispered for the first time caution distrust of the flattering tongue, the advice of Antonio; her better resolves. With a long-drawn sigh, the door was unbolted by her trembling hands, and Ele-

A dark and muffled figure awaited her : silently her hand was taken, and she followed through windcannot present you pale and weeping to your intend- ing streets and lanes, until they stopped before an humble-looking tenement, and her silent conductor whispered: " Enter, Eleogaria!" She found herself in a narrow room, meanly furnished, illumined by the rays of a smoking lamp. Vainly the trembling girl awaited for the love-fraught tones of Antonio's greeting. He sat moody, silently regarding her. the cape of his cloak hiding his countenance. When the strange silence was broken, it was by a husky, yet familiar voice, saying: "Give me that casket!" She started to her feet in alarm. "Merciful Heavens!" she cried, "this is not Antonio?"

"No, sinful girl! wicked and disobedient daughter! it is not the mulatto's son!" replied a voice that trembled with grief far more than with indignation. and throwing off his cloak, the person of her father stood revealed before her!

For several moments there was a profound silence in the room, as Eleogaria regarded her father with distended eyes, while he returned the gaze with one of such searching reproach and grief, it pierced. the heart of the erring girl with untold pangs. He drew her gently towards him, neither in tenderness nor in anger, and she allowed him passively to seat her in a chair-to take the casket from her Attan Clyde. Choose your left in life; my decision hands. She continued gazing in his face with that same wild glance of utter amazement. In the came

"I was harsh, and spoke impatiently to you yes-Desperation dwelt in the heart of the loving girl; terday. I even-but no matter now. I expected advantage of it; I thought you at least honorablefixed in principle. I find you vile enough to rob me "I love Antonio Marcello, and have promised to of my gold! But it is not your own unture that led to this sin-it was that villain's influence. You shall fully rue this blind infatuation. In an hour he floor, while Eleogaria, trembling like an aspen, stood will be here, but you will not be the rich Eleogaria! with clasped hands beside the door. Her father I knew of your wicked plan; thus have I frustrated it. Meet him as his equal in poverty; you return te my roof no more!"

Before she could start from her seat and call upon "Do you know who Autonio Marcello is?" he de- him for mercy, for a moment's attention, for pity and forgiveness, Don Enrique had left the house, and she fell sobbing, half fainting to the floor.

"I will rush after him-I will return home!" sho wildly cried, rushing to the door; but she remembered her father's words, a thousand times more impressive in their grave and sorrewful indistinctness, than when speken in anger and loud reproach-" You return to my roof no more !" "In an hour. Antonio will be here," she repeated. "Oh, he will not spurn me thus-he will love me, even without the gold !"

She counted the weary mements of that eventful hour, with painfully throbbing heart, with alternately flushing and paling cheeks; with a cry of relief and joy she sprang towards him as he entered. Ho embraced her fendly.

"Well done, my brave one, my heroine!" he exclaimed. "It was well planned; old Maria told me in time, that I need not wait for you on the street, but meet you here an hour after midnight. And new, my beloved, we are past the persecutions of our enemies; to-morrow shall behold us joined in mar-

"Antonio!" carnestly demanded Eleogaria, as a sudden resolve aroso in her mind, "could you lovo were I penniless? would you marry me if I had not robbed my father ?"

"You talk strangely, dearest! It is for your own sake that I desire your wealth. You are accustomed to dress and costliness. I could not give it to you." "Would you refuse to work for me-to allow me to share your labors ?" she inquired, fixing her dark eyes, with strange questioning upon his face.

He smiled ironlcally. "Dearest Eleogaria, why should be. Let me be consigned to that living grave, put such useless questions? I do not love business the convent; let the world knew my shame-my undor labor any too well. Your white hands would soon lose their beauty in the performance of drudgery, my father; his family jewels, the gold I once deem- such as the peer must submit to." He laugheded mino, is in my hands, but I have no, right as to there was a ringing discord in that laughter that

Her drooping attitudo gave place to an erect de meanor-to a returning consciousness of pride and "No, my loved one-we have a right to life and power! Her dimmed eyes gathered light, her brow

heartless? Your father has thwarted his own plans was apprized of our plan," she continued. "I mis-

took him for you; he silently conducted me hither; here he revealed himself, accused me of ingratitude and treachery, not in his usual, overbearing manper, but with a forbearance, a tone of anguish in his voice, that cut me to the soul! He left me, bidding me never return to his roof."

" But he did not find the oasket! you have secured that—he did not find it?" eagerly cried Antonio.

"He said you had influenced me to this step!" sadly, dreamily replied the maiden, who began to read the mercenary soul before her.

"But you have it in safety? He will pursue us. Let us fly from here !" he cried, grasping the young girl's arm.

"He will not trouble himself about us," she coldly replied; "wo are safe from his pursuit. But he said you would spurn me if I were poor -is that so, Antonio ?"

"Wherefore waste time with words?" he impatiently responded. "Give me the casket-I will secure it-it must be placed in safety.' If your father knows where you are, we may be discovered every moment."

A peal of derisive laughter burst from the lips of Eleogaria-truly, the awakening had come.

"The casket is safe!" she replied, while indignant crimson flooded her cheeks, and icy hands seemed tightly grasping her heart-strings.

"Where, tell me where?" he demanded, still more eagerly, half angrily, his brows knitting, as he beheld her smiling scornfully upon him. "In my father's hands!" she answered, never removing her eyes from his face, which blanched to a deathly pallor. "Do you love me now, Antonio?"

His dark face was convulsed with rage-he cleuched his hands in the extremity of his impotent fury-and looked threateningly upon the haughty, unsubdued, majestic beauty.

" llow came he-how could you give up-the treasure-weak, silly, fool!" he cried, frantically.

"My father took the casket from my hand; he told me you would spurn me, if I were poor; my father's gold is returned to its lawful owner. Do you love me, Antonio?" His eyes fairly blazed with rage, yet they quailed beneath the icy glance, the self-possessed haughty mauner of his intended victim. "Go now!" she cried; "I am answered. You are the mercenary, heartless wretch my father denounced. I know you! Leave me! Holy Mother! all unworthy as I am, I thank thee for this escape!"

With a smothered oath, a loudly-uttered threat, the bailled villain left the house, vowing vengeance . upon the proud girl, he would have led to sin and misery.

The Senor Clyde was visiting a friend, who lived on a beautiful plantation some three miles from the city. Scarcely aroused from his slumbers, ho was told that a veiled lady desired to speak with him. With his usual courtesy, he immediately obeyed the summons. What was his surprise when the lady, throwing back her veil, discovered the pale yet beautiful features of the loved Eleogaria! And when she threw herself at his feet, and entreated his intercession with her father, he wept with her, and offered his disinterested sympathy, telling her to look upon him as a brother, to forget that ever he aspired to a

As Eleogaria looked up into his face, as it was itlumined with pity and forgiveness for her, she was struck with the beauty of its goodness, the power of purity and intellect manifest on that noble brow. speaking from those clear blue eyes. She whispered: "You will do all a brother can!" and he left her to repose her aching head-to commune with her weary, tortured heart.

Allan Clyde was absent all that day. When he returned Don Enrique was with him; and soon the erring, but repentant girl, was pressed to her father's bosom. The generous friend stood aside, furtively wiping away his tears; as the proud man, forgetful of his presence, forgetting pride and vanity and worldly consideration, caressed his child, and blessed while he forgave her.

They returned home that night, and Eleogaria pressed the hand of Allan Clyde with fervent gratitude, and whispered: "Forget me not, dear brother."

Allan Clyde was a constant visitor at Don Enrique's mansion, but he never spoke of love to the beautiful Eleogaria, whose heart fluttered with pure joy and freshly awakened emotion at his approach. At last he spoke of his return to England, and he saw that her cheek paled that her lips quivered with sadness, and with newly-awakened hope he dared to ask her, " whether she desired him to stay." An answering look of gentle entreaty was all the reply she gave-it emboldened him still further. He took her little hand, looked searchingly into her blushing face, and said: "I remain, if Eleogaria gives the word." 'And she gave it; and he remained for days and weeks, until her heart was fairly won, her love avowed; and the smiling, happy and gratified father, joined their hands in betrothal.

Soon, there was a wedding at that stately home. and on the brow of the fair young bride there rested ne shadow of regret or shame, for Don Enrique had confessed to her that he had invented the story of her birth, in order to bow her pride and render her submissive to his will. Ere this, she had tested hertrue lover's affection by telling him that she was, as she thought, the daughter of a slave. He pressed her fondly in his arms, and vowed undiminished leve and care, though a double stigma rested upon her; and when, proud and triumphant, she told him of her father's confession, he smiled as usual, and loved her as before.

Thus, the influence of one good man, brought forth such abundant happiness; and thus he would have acted, had she been the veriest stranger, in place of the loved one of his heart. Who can say what would have been the fate of the beautiful and gifted girl, if her father's doors had remained forever closed? llow desperation, sorrow and remorse, would have led to deeper guilt, adown that illusive path, leading te swift destruction. But pity and tenderness turned aside the pareut's anger, and softened the rigorous decrees of moral justice. Young, inexperienced and tempted, she was saved in time, sheltered from future wrong, rescued from misery, suffering and remorse. She accompanied her loving husband to England. The miserable Antonio seen after perished in a drunken brawi.

Let us speak and act gently toward the erring, and in time and in eternity we shall reap an exceeding great reward.

"A philosopher does not see with the eyes of the poor limitary creature calling himself a man of the world, and tilled with narrow and self regarding prejudices of birth and education; but looks upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low, to educated and ignorant, to the guilty and the innocent."-DE Quin-

Banner of Night.

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FORM AND ESSENCE.

People would be much instructed, if they would stop, now and then, in the midst of current affairs -such as the business, the talk, the politics, and the preaching of the day-and place what they hear and what they believe in new combinations; divest the popularly accepted forms of faith of their supernatural and superstitious attire; look at things as they are, and not so much at what is arbitrarily made to stand for them; in truth, allow themselves to think, without the fear of thinking beyond certain limits already prescribed by seets, and parties, and conventions.

This, in fact, is the great cause of terror with most people-that their thinking may lead them beyond the established boundaries, and so out of the lines of safety. They would think, for they are sufficiently conscious of their power to do so; but then comes in the fear that they may not think orthodoxically. This is a deviation, of course, from the accepted standard, and so inspires timility and generates wretchedness of heart. Hence very few are willing to accept the consequences of truly following out their natural intuitions into the field of thought, but content themselves with the half-beliefs, the unbeliefs, the cross-beliefs, and the no-beliefs, that so sorely perplex and distract the forces of the soul.

We were struck with a point, the other day, that might be well used in illustration of these remarks. It occurred to us while sitting and listening to an " orthodox " discourse on the usual round of topics that make up the circle of the "orthodox" faith.

We asked ourselves a question like this :- Suppose a teacher in one of the popular Orthodox Sabbathschools were to sit down before his class of young pupils, and say to them: "Now, children, here is what we are tell a being called Jesus instructed his followers in, some eighteen hundred years ago; he taught them to live one another-to repay hatred with love, and evil with good-to do unto others as they would have others do unto themselves -to love God who is the Father of us all; I do not myself believe the stories that are told of his impossible conception and birth, nor of many, if, indeed, of any of his miracas; I refuse for myself to accept the mythical narracions that were written about him years after he died, by men who could understand neither himself nor his teachings while he lived, but and worth that they could not weave fables wonderful enough, with which to surround and beautify his very name; yet, for all that, rejecting as I do these fictions and wender-filled narratives that are the product of their over-excited imagination alone, I soberly and sincerely assure you that what this same Jesus taught is the highest and the purest TRUTH, and that no one can be happy, either in the present or another state, unless he accepts it and shapes his life by it. Now, children, I would have you throw away all the miraculous stories of this pure being, and receive only his teachings, and thus be happy always."

Suppose, we say, any teacher in one of our Orthodox Sabbath-schools should talk thus frankly and persuasively to his young pupils on such a matter, telling them, how necessary it was for them to let the chaff of these Oriental exaggerations go for nothing, but to garner the nourishing wheat of Christ's truth into their tender souls; does any sane man for a moment suppose that such a teacher would be suffered to open his lips again to any class of scholars in that religious organization? We think not; iudeed, we positively know not. And yet no sane man, either, could charge such a teacher with denving, or attempting to deny, the real, valuable, everlasting truth which Jesus was born to teach, and so effectively did teach; oh, no, nothing like that. It would have to be admitted, on the contrary, that not one jot or tittle of this most exalted and loveable truth had he abated, or sought to abate, in imparting his instructions; only he had frankly warned his youthful pupils against being misled and mystified by these exaggerated stories that had been told about the person and personal history of · Jesus, while he had not failed, either, to set forth the real teachings of the same Jesus with all his spiritual energy, and in all their original beauty and truth.

Now what shall we call this? Is it an example of devotion, on the part of the indignant authorities of the church aforesaid, to the essence of the truth as contained in the Gospel, or only to its form? Do they not betray by their action, that rather than sacrifice the story-telling and wonder-working part of the machinery, they are willing to let go the whole-the precious truth, the love, the real Gospel, and all? It cannot be denied that it is so. Many will try to palliate this most logical representation of the facts of the case, by denying this point, or restating that; but nothing of that kind will avail. The uneasiness displayed by those who would seek to evade the result of this plain statement of the case, does but prove the statement to be a really true and legitimate one.

Here, then, is a proper illustration of the distinction we would seek to draw between Form and Essence. This practically demonstrates what we mean, when we declare that some meh, nay, that most men much prefer the show to the substance; that, as things generally go, it matters not so much what mon prefess for a religious faith, as how they: i. profess it; that ocremonials, and surroundings, and

conventionalisms, are popularly counted more than absolute truth, and right, and integrity.

And this most pitiful condition of things must be changed. It is not to be done, either, by any miracle, but by the steady enlightenment of the public mind. Men everywhere must be led to see for themselves the great distinction that exists between show and substance, between empty religious and political formularies and vital, essential truth. The light must be made to dawn and shine, everywhere; and where people now little think the light can go and be received, there it must go with the greater power and certainty of being received.

supernaturalism, superstition, arbitrariness, fatal ism, polytheism, sacrificial dogmas-of these, and ly pour his gifts into the soul already full? the kindred to these, it has had a sorrowful surfeit. which is not capable of an ultimate gratification. has begun to desire and pray to know.

THE DEVILISH RELIGION.

As a fair illustration of the spirit and temper of certain men among the partialists-or those who thankful. hold to the stale dogmas of hell fire, a personal devil, the crucifixion of an innocent man on behalf of a world that had never known him, and know him not even yet-we subjoin the following significant paragraph from one of our exchanges-such as the "religious" journals would probably call a secular news-

Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York, writes a communication in the Independent, in which he calls the moza practice of Paris doctors on Senator Summer the thout suffering from fire there also." The indecency of this little clerical pleasantry will strike some medale. Another profane man, not a doctor of Divinity, commenting of Cheever's jest, said - "I should call that a h-l of a joke!"

Upon this most humane and Christian-like morceau, deserved, and more too:-

"And such are the men whom many think capable of showing them the way to heaven! What sort of religion is this which Dr. Cheever professes? We blows out his brains! hesitate not to say that nothing surpasses it in the way of malice and blasphemy, of revengefulness and cruelty. Dr. Cheever professes to speak in all things for God; and he also professes to believe, as he manifestly hopes also, that Brooks-now resting an affectionate and religious family, where such a in his grave-is suffering the torments of the fires of thell. He would rather have it so than not; inlead, unless it is so, Dr. Cheever, and those who fol w the demoniac doctrines of Dr. Cheever, would prefer to have no God, no Heaven, and no Christ. It seems so to us, at all events. They believe in unseen devils : but we wish to see no beings with more levilish spirits than they."

We are glad, for one reason, that ministers allow themselves to make such revengeful remarks, and that is, because they betray the legitimate consejuences of their religious profession and creed. We have all along insisted that this self-styled "Ortho. dox " ereed is calculated to make men malicious and devilish, rather than gentle, forgiving, and good: and this incident goes to its demonstration. We mve nothing to say here either of Charles Sumner, wish such horrors for him as the Rev. Dr. Cheever them, for they know not what they do:" Dr. Cheever, who professes to "preach Christ and him it is so.

THE POLITICAL WORLD.

It does not come exactly within our province to cuter upon the discussion of political topics, and it is quite unnecessary for us to say that we do not deign to do so at this time. We took up our pen simply to state that the people appear to be full of excitement about the local and national questions that are impending, and that the fact seems to have teadily impressed itself upon most minds that the next Presidential contest is going to be one of the most carnest the nation was ever called to go through. Party leaders are calculating and plotting; they are making their estimates of what such a step will bring to them, and what another step will assist them to avoid; they are computing all the chances that seem now to be collecting, like clouds, all about the horizon; but it is perhaps the most remarkable, if not significant, fact about the whole of it, that almost every day some seemingly trifling circumstance, thrust in, as it were, by a mischievous power, overbrows, of a sudden, all the calculations of the politicians, and puts them busily upon their reckoning

It is more plain, we think, to men's minds, than t ever was before, that a superior intelligence is arranging events for the future, as best suits itself, and as are best adapted to the highest good of the race. Everybody fully believes there is going to be President. And it is a good thing that they cannot. results are to flow out of the excitement over it.

ZION'S HERALD.

In our next we shall publish an interesting article from La Roy Sunderland, suggested by the editor's

of spiritual lectures. It is large and commodious, and will be ready to occupy in a few weeks.

THE OCTOBER WEATHER.

Everybody must have remarked it, and most people must have made their observations upon it. Day after day, so calm, so sweet, so holy; the air soothed almost to a spiritual-tone and temper; the masses of foliage on the forests changing so gradually and beautifully, and holding out so many tints and colors . as to make the heart of the sympathetic beholder overflow with joy; the smoky haze drawn so gently across the slopes and meadows, and through its thin and gauzy weil the running brooks twinkling as with another life; the yellow suns shining down into the openings made in the woods by the falling of the What the world has craved from the very infancy leaf; cattle standing patiently and in silence all of its existence, and is even now craving with more about in the quiet corners of the old farms, enjoying carnestness and prayer than ever before, is the as much as they can the influence of the blessed sunknowledge, or revelation, of the substance; of what shine, and adding a quiet picturesqueness to the is real, and abiding, and ever-working. Orientalisms, rural scene; - when does a good God so lavish his bounties before the very eyes-when does he so free-

October is one of our two favorito months -- the It now asks for the Real-for the Truth. What has other is June. Both are splendid gifts right, out of hitherto been permitted to come between, it is quite the sky. The soul is renewed in the passage of each ready, and even anxious, to put away. It yearns for of them; but how differently! June flushes the that knowledge from which It has so long been kept; spirit with its own swelling joy; October comes and and this very desire is proof enduring that that steals with all softness into the heart, filling it with knowledge will ere long be attained. Nothing is sadness-oh, so sweet, so real, and so mysterious that implanted within the heart in the shape of a desire, none know exactly whence it comes, or what it means. We love October now, because its influenco And the human soul will not always be denied; it is right upon us still; June we shall love again, as cannot forever remain ignorant; it has, in truth, soon as we see its red roses over the garden walls, taken its longest step towards knowledge, when it and snuff the indescribable fragrance of the ruddy apple-blossoms that line the old country roads.

Let us not forget to thank God for such beautiful gifts as these. The spirit, in truth, that knows how to enjoy and prize them, cannot feel otherwise than

THE NEW YORK TRAGEDY.

Never have we been called upon to chronicle a more hideous and horrible tragedy than that of the recent murder-or bloody attempt to murder-an entire family in New York city, by one of its own youthful members. A young man, not yet nineteen years of age, simply because he is properly reprimanded by his father for having abstracted a bankbook from his desk, retires to his room with a heart trial by fire," and says, jocosely, that if we could swelling with fiendish passion, sits down and nurses hear Brooks, "possibly we should hear something his revenge, collects several deadly weapons, such as a hatchet, a heavy blade, and a three-barreled pistol, partially disrobes himself, and then sallies out in his stocking feet, just at the moment his father is preparing to put out the lights for the night, and, with his hatchet, falls upon his two parents, his two the Ledger comments in the following strain. It is young and helpless brothers, and the two terrified cervant girls; after which, supposing he has made sure work of them all, he goes back to his own room, applies the londed pistol to his head, and deliberately

This is too horrible a scene to dwell upon. It excites in the human mind almost as much of disgust as it does of horror. It all occurred in the heart of tragedy would have been the very last looked for. And the mind pauses on reaching this point, and asks what is, what can be the mystery which has not yet been plucked out of this most diabolical story? What could have been the motive of this murder? Where was the moral training of this young man deficient? In fact, is the training in our families anything real at all, or is it only a makeshift to answer the demands and appearances of a superficial society? We are plunged into the saddest reveries, when we vainly seek to understand what must truly be that society, out of which such volcanoes of passion are liable at any time to burst.

MISS HARDINGE'S LAST LECTURE.

Miss Emma Hardinge has kindly volunteered or of his assailant; except, perhaps, to state that lecture for the benefit of the Ladies' Harmonial Band, we do not think even Mr. Summer himself could for the relief of the poor, on Thursday evening next, November 4; and Mr. Greenwood-the proprietor of evidently does. Christ said of his enemies, even the Tableaux of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress-has when dying from their cruelty-" Father, forgive also generously offered his services, and the exhibition of his magnificent series of paintings, for the same purpose. This will be the last opportunity crucified," manifestly looks down into the depths of afforded, for some time to come, of listening to Miss the fires of hell, expecting to see the writhings of a H., who is universally acknowledged to be by far the man whom he hates-and thinks God unjust unless ablest exponent of the spiritual philosophy. All, both the skeptic and believer, unite in their praise of her abilities. She deals but little in metaphysics, but is happy in the use of such arguments as satisfy the reason and touch the heart by their truthfulness.

As for the Tableaux, they need little praise-they sustain themselves by their beauty and faultlessness. The subjects which they represent are spiritualthey are spirited—as prominent works of art, they should be patronized; but, more particularly, when they become silent co-workers in a cause so laudable as is that of relieving the poor, should they have many witnesses.

The Ladies' Harmonial Band do not work for Spiritualists alone-their labors are confined to the poor. wherever they may be found; and, like the true Statesman, who, regardless of party, labors for the whole country, they extend a helping hand to ail.

The entire proceeds are to be for this object, and many thanks are due to Mr. Greenwood for his unselfish benevolence. The Tableaux will be exhibited at precisely seven o'clock, and Miss Hardinge's lecture will commence at eight o'clock. The admission fee to the whole will be twenty-five cents. We anticipate a full attendance, and would suggest to our friends to go early. A good seat is always an object.

AN ORTHODOX PORTRAIT OF THE DEVIL:

A writer in the Congregational Journal gives the following description of what he terms the "infidelity" an unparalleled political excitoment during the two of the day, which in plain English means : not beyears that are to come; but nobody seems able to longing to our church-not subscribing to total decalculate, or even to guess, who will be the next pravity-not consigning babes to the flames of hell -not advocating the reasonableness of endless pun-In the bewilderment and perplexity occasioned by ishment, and not making a fool of one's self generally. the confusion of parties, men will be thrown back He then follows up his graphic account with a porupon their individual conscience and reason, and the trait of the Devil of the nineteenth century, which best effects are certain to follow. It is of no sort of must be very flattering to the vanity of that disconsequence who is the next President, if such grand tinguished personage, and serve to recompense him in some degree for the slanders his character and personal appearance have received in the days that are past.

"The infidelity, to be sure, of the present day has remarks on the folly of spending "small sums of mohey" in spiritual communications.

MORE LIGHT.

Decome prous, and goes to meeting, due to deep as when imported from France. Formerly the infidel wolf was wont to growl and snap in open daylight, but now it puts on sheep's clothing, and appears religious, uses become pious, and goes to meeting, but its teeth are A subscriber writes us that the Spiritualists are honeyed words, smiles blandly, and even prays with fitting up a hall in Drewsville, N. H., for the purpose to oppose the Orthodox. Mr. Thomas Paine was a some apparent fervor, finding this to be the best way green hand at the work. He was too outspoken. He showed his hoofs, horns and tail, and supposed he could accomplish his end. Poor, mistaken man! if Love is a weapon that will conquor when all he had become a Doctor of Divinity he would have others fail. shown more tact, and had more prespect of ultimate

success. Whatever may be the other attributes of the Dovil, he certainly is not omniscient, for he has learnt something during the last hundred years. He is not the same coarse, uncouth, homely creature ho used to be. He has sawed off his horns, he wears as nice boots as anybody, covering his cloven feet, and his tail is rolled up under a neat sheep skin, and he bows and scrapes, and smiles, and prays, just like other folks. Formerly he was frightful, hideousnow he is quite attractive, winning by his smiles the young and unsuspecting."

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS. Warren Chase will lecture, Nov. 7th, in Athol

Mass.; Nov. 14th, in Bethel, Vt.; Nov. 18th, in Newport, N. H.; Nov. 21st, in Manchester, N. H. Nov. 24th and 25th in Pittsfield, N. II., this native town;) Dec. 1st, 2d and 3d, in Dover, N. H.; Dec. 5th by confining what belongs to the whole great human and 12th, in Portland, Me.: Dec. 7th and 8th, in family within the lids of a book-that it has often Kennebunk, Me.; Dec. 14th, 15th and 16th, in Ports | been obscured and hidden, and harrassed souls have mouth, N. H.: Dec. 19th, in Newburyport, Mass.; Dec. 21st, 22d and 23d, in Salem, Mass.; Dec. 26th, in Worcester, Mass.; Dec. 28th, 29th and 30th, in Boston; Jan. 2d and 9th, in Providence, R. I.; Jan. 30th, in New York; February, in Philadelphia and the Lord, and make his paths straight." Baltimore; March and April, in Ohio; May, in Michigan. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Portland, Me., Nov. 7th and 14th; in Montreal, Canada, the l6th, 17th and 18th; and in Philadelphia, Pa., the 28th. Miss Hardinge will spend the mouth of De-

cember in St. Louis, and be happy to receive applications from Western cities for a part of January and February. Address, during November to 194 prompted by an idle love of the marvelous-brought Grand street, New York; and during December to the care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo. Miss Hardinge unquestionably stands at the head of the public speakers in the field of Spiritualism.

II. B. Storer, inspirational medium, will fill the following engagements: In Manchester, Ct., Nov. 7th; Worcester, Mass., Nov. 14th; Lowell, Mass., Nov. 21st and 28th; Willimantic, Ct., Dec. 5th; Manchester, Ct., Dec. 12th. He will lecture in towns adjoining the above places, if applied to by letter, which should be directed and sent to that place where he is to be next after the letter is written. Will the friends apply early, that no time need be lost.

Mrs. E. J. French, of New York, will lecture in Providence, R. I., every Sunday in November. Mrs. French will receive calls to lecture week evenings during November, in the vicinity of Providence and Boston. Address No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, up to November 6th; afterwards, No. 27 Richmond street, Providence.

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations, in New Bedford, on Sunday, Nov. 7th Taunton or East Taunton, Sunday, Nov. 14th; Middleboro', Sunday, 21st; and, on intervening evenings, in neighboring towns or villages. Friends of truth are requested to make all needful arrangements.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, the eloquent improvisatrice, will will receive calls to lecture in this vicinity week what God has failed to do! evenings during the interval. Address, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House.

Mrs. Charlotte F. Works will speak in Taunton, Nov. 7th and 14th. She will make engagements to speak on week evenings during the interval. Adlress, No. 19 Green street, Boston. While at Taunton. address Willard Tripp.

Mrs. Ada L. Coan will be at Concert Hall, Burlington, Vt., Nov. 10th and 11th, and give her wonderful public manifestations. Friends in Vermont who would like her services, will write immediately to S. B. Nichols, Burlington, Vt.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Willimantic, Nov. 7th and 14th, and in Norwich, Ct., Nov. 21st and 25th, Dec. 5th and 12th. Those wish ing week evening lectures in that vicinity can address Willard Barnes Felton, at either place.

Anna M. Henderson will lecture in Bridgeport, Ct., Nov. 7th, and in Williamantic, Ct., the 21st and 28th; after which she will visit Philadelphia. Friends will please address her, during the month of November, at Newton, Ct. '

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak, November 21st and 28th, in Portland, Me. He will answer calls to lecture at any other time, as his school has, for the present term, passed into other hands. Address him at Lowell. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

Miss M. Munson will speak at Stetson Hall, in Randolph, on Sunday, 7th inst.; Bro. J. H. Harinst.; Miss Sarah A. Magoun, 28th inst.

E. S. Wheeler will speak in Quincy, Mass., Nov. 28th, and may be engaged for the 21st, 14th and 7th, er any evening during the month, by addressing him at Quincy, as early as convenient.

Pennsylvania and the Western States. Address, Dun-

Hall, Quincy, on Sunday, Nov. 7th, morning and nfternoon.

Mrs. H. F. Huntley, the public trance speaking Mill Village, N. H.

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

J. H. Currier, of Lawrence, will speak in Manchester, Nov. 7th.

Dr. Lyon speaks in Newburyport the second Sabbath in November.

Drop of Water in a Queer Place.-We were hown, while attending the annual examination of Union Academy, at Pleasant Ridge, by Dr. E. F. Bouchelle, one of the most interesting Geological curiosities we ever saw or read of. It consists of a specimen of rook of the primitive order of formation, and of the pentædral order of crystilization, containing in its centre a globule of water movable and visible. The water is, if there be any truth in geology, one of the cldest drops of water of the universe, far more ancient than the waters in the flood of Noah. To use the language of Dr. Bouchelle, " it is a drop of the waters that covered in darkness the face of the great deep, when the earth was without form and void; in other words; this little drop is a portion of the first water that was created during the six days of Genesis, and became entangled among the particles of the rock during the act or process of orystilization. The rock being primitive, or the first can make noise without the crude agencies you deem of creation, the water must also be primitive." Any person wishing to see this geological wonder, can do so by calling on the Doctor. - Eutaw (Ala.) Observer.

Because it often stands out about trifles.

Sabbath in Boston.

MISS HARDINGE AT THE MELODEON.

Sunday Afternoon. Oct. 31

Miss Hardinge read an extract from the Bible. relevant to the subject, and said : Hitherto it has been our unthankful task to speak to you of the systems of religion, and to show to you that while the silver cord of truth, held in the hand of the living God, has been let down, to bind and unite man to his Creator, it has been bound around and covered over by so many sectarian hedges and barriers, and attempts to mysterize the Great Father. groped for it in vain.

At length God has moved mankind to learn of himself, and a man shall no longer go about asking his neighbor where is God, for he hears his voice 12th and 13th, in Windsor Looks, Ct.; Jan. 23d and crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of

We are to deal with Modern Spiritualism with the same candor, and with the same power of truth. which has compelled us to show you the mythic speculations concerning the God of Israel-to say what Spiritualism is, what it can do, and what it cannot do.

There are two classes of minds who are asking, what is the use of Spiritualism. One class is up in the churchyard ideas of old religion, and so eraving for some of the magic of Deity, to amuse themselves with by the fireside. They recognize the fact of spirit-communion; but as they find no treasure is to be heaped up-no labor saving machines to be let down from the sky-they ask what is the use of Spiritualism, except as a plaything.

The other class, enger to elevate woman to a position she was nover meant to fill, or possessed of but one idea, and strenuous to link it with the cause of religious reform, forgetful of the fact that great reforms do not belong to any shade of opinions, or any single class of minds-ask what use is in Spiritualism, and allow themselves to find none whatever.

Religion has believed itself all the guide man wants in life and death. Spiritualism teaches man of the existence of God, of the doctrine of immortality, and the idea of communication of the dwellers in earth-life with those in the life to come. This is all Spiritualism does. The politician asks the aid of Spiritualism in affairs of government. You ask spirits to clothe the naked and feed the hungry, and do all that it is man's duty to do. Why, then, not ask of Gcd that he will divide the earth among his children, giving each his foot of land? Why not ask God that machines may grow of themselves, without the primary labor of man's hands and brain? Yet ecture in Boston every Sunday in November, and you ask it of spirits, and find fault if they do not

We ask you to follow us through the religion of life—that religion which lays the axe in the roots of the tree—that plants a soed and nourishes the germ to the fragrant flower or fruitful plant, and which clasps all human kind by the hand and calls them brother and sister; not that which builds up the walls of faith so high that they shut out the sunbeams of God's smile, and which alienates brother from brother. This religion has told us of God, but it has not brought him to us. Can Spiritualism do it? It demonstrates his existence, and shows us the power, love and reason which permeate all things in nature and in life.

Yesterday we walked with one who was mighty on earth, strong in power, and at whose word councils sat and armies waited. Kingdoms bent their necks to him, and purple and gold flashed and drooped gracefully on his breast. He was a husband, and his loved companion looked up to him for help, advice and protection. The artisan, the painter, the sculptor, the poet; brought their mind-wealth and laid it at his feet. To-day he lies in death. The armics sit wearily in their stirrups, waiting in vain for his coming; feet are bent towards the council chamber, and diplomacy waits the sanction of the mighty dead. Little children weep over his couch, and the partner of his life cries loudly for him to return agaiu, and be her protector and guide. But there is no response. They unite in their call till the nation rings with it; yet he lies calm, gently, ris, Suuday, 14th inst.; Miss Emma Houston, 21st undisturbed in death. Religion tells you the spirit is goue; though the thews and sinews are strong and perfect, the spirit that governed them is fled, and can never return. But, in spite of the seal of death the tiny rap is heard; the watchers search for its cause, yet they find it not. Still it goes on; and in II. F. Miller will answer calls for lectures to be the deep stillness of the chamber of death the rapgiven by Mrs. Miller, trance speaker, in New York, ping designates letters, the letters make words, the words form sentences, and the sentences designate intelligence. The name of the mighty dead is spelled Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Maraposa out, and his loved ones know he still lives!

Here is an example of what Spiritualism can do. The church says it is impossible-all the scriptures of the past say it is impossible; so says science—and medium, may be addressed, for the present, at Paper. yet we will defy church, scriptures, science, everything, to account for the tap-tap-tap any other way than this.

Here is evidence of the control of matter by spirit, which uses it as an agent, and survives its wreck. Then here is immortality. We ask more of this spirit, and we find our tables and chairs floating in the air. How is this? We know the laws of gravitation and of attraction, and that while these laws prevail. we are not blown about by chance; surely we must look for a power to do this thing in opposition to these great laws of nature. There is no magnetism, and we find the table is controlled by intelligences, and indicates it in motions standing for words.

Do spirits love? Oh, how unselfishly! At man's birth and death, whether in the palace, or on the gibbet, they are there to pour the cordial of love ou the broken soul, and they never forsako you. They are the Jacob's Ladder, and they approach nearer God themselves the higher they lead you up. But if this is the affection of spirits, what must that of our great Father be?

Where are the great creative faculties who have governed the earth in the past? Are we takknow them no more? Are the great scientific enigmas they could almost grasp on earth, dropped at the portals of the living world beyond? Surely they so necessary, and baffle your ideas of electricity, by suspending tables, and moving ponderous bodies.

Surely they must have some ideas of science. The statesman gives forth to the world his ideas Why is orinoline like an obstinate man? of national diplomacy; but spirits standing with him read but one word on the chamber walls of his

soul—the word ambition! They disinter his nature, and read beneath it the mark of selfishness.

Spirits are the link between God and mortals. Collect all the gospels of the past that you can do in an hour, and see if it is not evident that the spirit does progress-that the standard is not bigher, generation after generation, as they become purified on

All you ask for is credulity in your witnesses. This found, you believe. Spirits tell you of a future life of pain, and of happiness-whichever their earth-life may merit. "Try the spirits, whether they be of God," and, nine times in ten, you are told they cannot control the medium to answer your questions. ' It is not the physical imperfection, but the creed which found them about-the creed which teaches them to believe that God came down and allowed himself to be crucified, as the only means of saving those whom he had made so imperfect.

In nearly all religions, we search for some one on whom to shift the burden of our sins; but the higher philosophy tells us that each shall be his own saviour. Men's deeds are but effects, of which the disposition is the cause. That disposition shapes the heaven on earth, and the sphere of happiness in the future life.

If you ask the developed spirit to guide you in politics, the answer will be, that there is but one kind of politics-honesty; and parties, based on any other principle, are rotten at the foundation, and must fall from the weight of their own corruption.

The sightless Milton was guided in the lonesome, dark hours of his earthly pilgrimage, by the unseen but not unfelt influence of sympathetic spirits. Shakspeare and Byron felt their power, and way back in the past, old Æschylus, Euripides, and Homer, owned their debt to them. There never was a brush put to a canvas, or a chisel to a block of stone, where the artist did not feel the inspiration of the old masters breaking through him. The poet. the musician, the artist, need not be told of this inspiration-they know it, and feel it.

Following the discourse, were a few questions from the audience.

Is there any sphere of human existence which has not a superior condition?

Everything in nature puts on a higher condition at its death. Man in the spirit life goes higher, into wider spheres of existence-onward and upward-

till he is lost in the bosom of Deity. Is it claimed that all Christian sects believe in the doctrine of progression of the soul?

Christian sects do not believe in the doctrine of progression. What is the change of heart which new religious

converts experience?

Belief is denoted by practice. The idea that man's disposition is spasmodically changed-in an instant -is a fiction. We know not by what law any such change can be produced.

According to the New Testament, is it lawful for women to speak in public?

ciation against it, by one of the master-minds of the New Testament era. There are, as well, denunciations against other things, which all who have faith be subject to the laws of that condition; and those in the New Testament would do very well to observe. The sphere woman occupied in Oriental lands was a low one, and it was doubted whether she had a soul. Hers was a condition of slavery, and it was left for the paganism of Greece and Rome to elevate her to a condition approximating to that of a human being. The malediction of the Apostle applies to women in the condition in which they were held at that time. Now woman is the poetry of life, while man is the prose. She was made for man's helpmate, but not his ruler. Her condition is better God, for man to read, mark, learn—to understand, fitted for the use of medium power; and, in giving to mortals the love and wisdom of angels, we think she will never transcend the bounds of decency.

[The evening lecture will be published next week.]

Nork Correspondence,

Interview with Mr. Foster, the Medium. New York, Oct. 27, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS - About a fortnight since, the undersigned, mother and daughter, went to the rooms of Mr. Charles H. Foster, No. 5 Great Jones street, New York, to consult him in relation to a sovere family affliction, which had occurred on the day of our visit. We seated ourselves at the table, and began to make preparations for the interview, when immediately Mr. F. was entranced; and spoke thus :-"I see, standing upon the side of a vessel, the spirit of a little boy, who gives me the name of Theodore. In the water, at a little distance, lies the mortal body of this child. He was drowned from the side of this vessel. I also see men grappling for the body, but they are not in the right place—the body lies further to the west of them. They will not find it now."-

Then, turning to the elder of us, he said, "I see beside you the spirit of a little girl, who gives me the name of Caroline, and she calls you mother." At this period of the interview, we became much

from sympathy, the condition of the medium was Is not wrong—it appears so to us because of our igdisturbed too much to proceed.

At a subsequent interview, he stated that he again saw the body; that it was much disfigured from hav- which we encounter what we call wrong, is but a ing been caten by fishes, and that it would fleat within process of education to prepare us for a clearer pernine days, and be returned to us.

The circumstances of the death of our beloved child, as stated by Mr. F., are literally true. He was drowned from the side of a vessel, and the body tened to the teaching-"do no wrong." As light of did float, and was recovered on the seventh day, truth is spread over the earth, wrong seems more apbut was so much disfigured that we should not parent; yet in a deeper sense, on a more careful exhave been able to recognize it, except from the clothing. The little spirit calling herself Caroline, was an adopted child of the elder of us, and did call her

mother while living. The following account of the accident was not published in the Tribune until two days after our interview with Mr. Foster :--

. "Drownen .- A little boy, named Theodore Kerrier, aged soven years, was accidentally drowned on Wednesday ov ning, 6th inst, at the foot of Eighth street, East River. All attempts to find his body have proved unavailing. If it should be discovered, the intelligence would be thankfully received by his widowed mother, at 402 Eighth street."

It is with feelings of the most sincere gratitude to Mr. F., that we desire you to publish this, as a remarkable test of his seership.

Yours, respectfully, EMILY KERNER, ANN KERNER

President Buchanau has prepared and will fortwith issue a proclamation in the usual form for the pivention of fillibustering expeditions to Central CONFERENCE AT 14 BROMFIELD ST. Wednesday Evening, Oct. 27.

Mr. Edson was called to the chair. He stated that the object of the Conference was moral and religious improvement; it was for the expression of thought, the presentation of truths in a social, friendly manner-by which we hoped to be benefited individually and collectively.

Subject-Is Anything Wrong?

Dr. Child said-Many things we call wrong, we believe are wrong. But is the existence of wrong only opinion? If so, the whole of wrong may be a mistake, for experience has taught as all that the truths of opinions are exceedingly precarious; they are changeable, in proportion as the soul that cherishes them is progressive. What a free man declared to be his opinion yesterday, he declares to be not his opinion now. A free man is progressive. A man in bondage may be held by an opinion a long time, and proclaim a pride in it; the reason is, he is bound to t-he cannot move away from it.

To ask, is anything wrong, is the same as asking, Is anything created that was not meant to be created? does anything exist that was not meant to exist? It may be justly claimed that there is an unseen, oreative and ruling power, that is all-powerful, and this power creates and rules in wisdom and love; and to this power there is no rivalry-no antagonism.

When the soul has grown to a certain degree of strength, it has faith in God; and faith in God is confidence in his power, wisdom and love-a perfect trust in the Infinite. The soul that has not grown to faith, distrusts the infinite perfections of God, and believes that God is not quite infinite in power, for there is another power that resists him, which is a wrong power; that his wisdom is not quite infinite, for there is a subtle cunning that belongs to the devil-not to God; that his love is not quite perfect, for there is a love that is wrong, which will bear most all his household to the burning wilderness of hell-fire, forever to bear the torture of his wrath.

Perfect faith in a God that is infinite, sees no wrong anywhere—for if a wrong there be, it is a wrong of God. If God be not wrong in part, no wrong can exist without a loss of his infinity, a frustration of purposes, and an adulteration of his love, which, with the idea of God's omniscience and omnipotence, is incompatible.

Every cause and every effect that exists has a purpose, the end of which is love; thus it is not wrong, but right. Could we see the plan, the purpose, and the end, we should be able to see wisdom and love in all things. To see and define wrong, is a want of spirit growth, which growth unfolds the vision to see the truth. To see evil is to "resist evil"; to have faith in God is to resist not evil. To see wrong is to judge; to have faith in God is to judge not.

All that has existed and that does exist, that we call wrong, is necessary to certain conditions in the progress of humanity, collectively and individually; the necessary manifestation and use of existing con-Most surely it is not; for there is a special denun- ditions of human life-not in the minutest particular wrong, but in every particular right. Humanity, to rise from a lower condition to a higher, must laws make in effect what we call wrong. But when we rise to higher condition, we shall review the past, and see that all is right; the higher we rise, the clearer will be the view of right in all things.

The time will come to every soul when we shall see

"The earth is in the very midst of heaven, And things, though cooming wrong, are full of God.

All matter, in all conditions-all life, deformed and beautiful, are but the "scriptures" of the living and love; and he who reads this great volume of nature, the Bible of God, with care, will find no wrong therein reforded. In all nature God speaks, and he utters no wrong.

Mr. Wilson said, I hardly know how to grapple with the question; it is a mighty one. I hear the whisper, what/is right? what is wrong? They are twins, and should walk, hand in hand. Is it right to lie? Is it wrong to tell the truth? It sometimes may be so, for, by telling the truth, the feelings of a brother or sister may be wounded and injured. It is right to love our neighbors as ourselves-to love God-to recognize angels and listen to their whispers of love; to listen to the voice of nature, the sweet song of the birds, the gurgling of running brooks, the thousand strains of harmony that she sends forth. But one says, it would be wrong for the adder to sting the traveler—to permit a mad dog to go at large, carrying destruction to life with him, when he could be put out of the way. This is an evil, and evil is wrong. It is wrong for me to act contrary to my highest conceptions of truth. Is not every evil wrong? Is not slavery, piracy, robbery, murder, and every calamity of life, wrong?

Mr. Baker said, Pope has said that whatever is. is right. Taking a broad view of the question, we must acknowledge the truth of this saying. God is allwise, all-good, all-powerful. Good and evil, then, cau be but relative terms. This earthly state of human excited, and others in the room becoming affected life is but a school for the soul. What we call wrong, norance. Everything is for the best, the highest good of man. The experience we pass through, in ception of truth.

Mr. Robbins said, this is a novel question. In all my past life, from boyhood to manhood, I have lisamination, we see good come out of evil. Evil is sometimes so fruitful of good, that it seems right in the end. We see that what we call evil has been the means of producing good. Joseph's brethren told a lie to their father, and by the means of this lie thev were supplied with bread in a famine. This lie brought but one of the most righteous acts we have in history. Thus it is with finite perception; we cannot see that what appears wrong, may, in the future, be a means of blessing; things may appear wrong in the present, but ultimately they will turn out fer good. Slavery appears wrong, but it may be a means for good; it will have an end; and it is Spiritualism that shall bring about its abolition. All existing evils we shall sometime see are right; then we shall not see them as evils, but means for the pro-

duction of good. Mr. Adams said, that it is just as sensible to say whatever is, is wrong, as to say that whatever is, is right. He contended that two principles existed, good and evil, and both were omnipotent-that we learn the right from wrong, and the wrong from right. !! Without wrong there would be no progression. He

judged the Creator as he would himself, were he in his place.

primates are black. Creation is like a problem. If the truth will stand. Yours, for progression, the student makes an error in the process, it causes a bad result. I cannot see that Deity makes an error in the problem of creation. If what we call evil is not good, then God has made something that is of no use-that is wrong. We behold the physical world, which is the work of God-stars, sun and tokens of sympathy, and promises of hope, which our noon, all in order and harmony; all nature is obe. new philosophy inspires, and which have been given dient to uncering laws, laws that we call good. Then | me in my visits East and West. This came on a if God has made nothing wrong in all nature, when piece of paper, accompanied by what the business ie comes to man—the last, the best, the noblest, the world would call a more substantial token of esteem. crowning work-would it not be strange if he had made him wrong? Taking the stand-point that sees evil, conquest would be on the side of evil; but taking the stand-point that sees God all wise, all good, against God, and he has no power to remove it.

Mr. Adams deplored that a man of intelligence should utter such sentiments.

Mr. Lincoln said, there is right and there is wrong-all principles are good within themselves, but the application of principles may be wrong. Love and force, for instance, are good in their places. application of all principles and proper uses is right.

Mr. Brown said, in viewing nature, the production f Deity, I see in all matter, and the laws, that govern it, evidence of a Supreme Intelligence of wisdom and power, that rules for good, and conclude that all s good-even what appears wrong will produce gool-that there is no absolute wrong in the past or present. All that exists has been established by a divine law, and must not be wrong.

Mr. Rice said, we may call evil good or bad; but the question is-does evil do good-does evil result in good? In the scale of all life, all is good. There is no real evil-evil is only evil from being compared with good in a higher condition. Slavery, we say, is an evil; but good may come from it. Is not the slave made to rapidly progress from his low. native condition, to a condition of light and intelligence-some, even, to rise above the native-born citizens of America? This is good that comes from what seems to be an evil. Thus good we can see coming out of evil, which evil is a necessary means of good. Other evils may be productive of good-of good we cannot see. .

Adjourned one week, when the same question will e further considered. A. B. C.

Correspondence.

NATURAL LAWS.-REPLY TO "J. H. S." MESSRS. KDITORS-In your paper of the 30th Oct. are some strictures of J. H. S. upon one of my arti cles. He charges me with making seven assumptions, neither of which, to his mind, can be proved. As he has not stated what these assumptions are, which I trust will, ere long, be heard of in New nor attempted to refute them, I am spared the necessity of attempting to support them.

He seems to deny the position I took, that in the production of animal and vegetable life, God exercises an immediate and direct agency. And, also, that in my statement, I considered God a person, and not a principle. As it regards the first position, he asks whether gunpowder will not explode when fire is applied to it? and also, whether steam will not be er the intervention of God is necessary for these these substances with their several capacities, and whenever they are brought together, these effects will meagre-not worth printing. Oct. 16th the grain follow. But the combination of the fire with the gunpowder, or the heat with the water, are merely fair demand for the daily large consumption of chemical effects, which do not of themselves involve breadstuffs. the application of any intelligence, unless they are brought together by human agency. But in regard to the plant and the chicken, I endeavored to show that no chemical or physological agency could alone account for their production, as such an agency does not possess the intelligence, design, contrivance, skill, and adaptation, manifested in their production. And that therefore the intervention of some Being. in whom these qualities exist, can alone have produced them. And this Being I call God. The cases, therefore, he puts, are not analogous to those men tioned by me, and will not therefore serve his pur-

pose of overthrowing my position. In regard to God being a principle, and not a peron-which doctrine he seems to maintain-in order to settle the question properly, it is necessary to determino what is a principle, and what is a person, in their present application. By a principle, then, I understand something which is devoid of consciousness, will, intelligence, skill, design, and contrivance, &c : and also, something, to which no moral qualities can be imputed—as justice, truth, kindness, and benevolence. By principle, I understand merely a Pleasure Bont :physical energy—as light, heat, electricity, gravitation. &c. By person, I understand something which may possess all the intellectual and moral qualities enumerated above. And, as the most of these qualities are manifested in the production of all animals, and regetables, and as they cannot produce themselves. I infer that they are produced by a person, and not by a principle—and this person I call God.

As to the position he takes, that a man cannot be free agent if God is a person, I do not see the force of it. It makes no difference, in my judgment, whether God be regarded as a principle or a person God does not oblige him to ignite the gunpowder, or apply heat to the water. It is his own act, and he alone is accountable for it. W. S. A. Boston, Oct. 31, 1858.

OUR CAUSE IN VERMONT.

DEAR BANNER-Let me say to you, and the friends of truth, that the cause of Spiritualism in this place, and in Northern Vermont, is onward and upward. Besides the teachings of the spirits within a few months, through Miss A. W. Sprague, within a few weeks past we have been blessed with a visit from Mrs. Townsend, and now we are enjoying the teachings that flow to us through Mrs. Julia Sumner, a trance speaker from Illinois. Through their labors the cause of truth has received a great impetus; many of the opposers have ceased their opposition, and many more have been neutralized. We are having meetings now quite often in this village. We are looking for a great and glorious time this winter in Vermont. The churches in this place have become alarmed, and have instituted protracted meet U.S. Consul at Jeddo. A now port, lying in the ings—or distracted ones,—and I think it is about Bay of Jeddo, five miles from the city, is to be opened their last and dying struggle here.

reading the views advanced by Bro. Coles, of New Mr. Chapman said, that we all believe that God in York, at their last Conference. It appears to me the end would make all things right. Then it would that he must have been dishonest in years past, or is appear, if the end is to be right, the process cannot now obsessed by low spirits. I think the remarks be wrong. If the first be wrong in process of creathat he made will give the enemies of our great and tion, the ultimate cannot be right. Ultimates are glorious cause new courage, and a fresh weapon with mado of primates, and ultimates cannot be white, if which to attempt new opposition to the truth; but

> SAMUEL BRITTAIN. So. HARDWICK, Oct. 25, 1858.

A TOKEN.

MESSES. Entrops-The following is one, like many

" Dear Brother Chase-Please accept from one who

has often read with pleasure the writings of the · Lone One,' a word of sympathy and encouragement. The ingratitude of the world toward you has often caused the tear to moisten my cheek. Much happiall powerful, evil vanishes. If wrong there be, it is ness have I enjoyed in listening to your lectures on spiritual light, love and truth. Your memory will ever be dear to my heart. In my early days I was taught to believe by authority in the Baptist God, Baptist depravity, Baptist election, atonement by blood, salvation by grace from a God of wrath, hate and war, salvation from his hell of fire and brimstone, &c. Such teachings, I was told, I must believe, or be danned forever. I struggled and tried, till my reason was so unbalanced, that my friends had but both may be applied to base purposes, and this to watch me for a time, fearing I might use violence on myself, and take my own life. Thanks to God, and the new philosophy, for the light of to-day; my doubts and fears are swept away; I am sure I shall meet my friends in the spirit-world. Thy Brother,

> Such testimonials have been common to me for the past year or two, and give me the fullest assurance that our philosophy is doing its good work, and preparing its thousands to answer the inquiry, of "what good does Spiritualism do?" The crowded halls, and carnest looks, pressing calls, and inquiring letters, all show that our harmonial philosophy is working out its mission successfully.

> In Lowell, Lawrence, and other places I have visited, I have found an increased interest since last year-larger and more intelligent audiences; and in some places I hear Spiritualism is getting to be "respectable," in the estimation of the church people. 1 fear for it when everybody shall speak well of it; but as Jesus said of it in his day, (or of its teachers,) Blessed are you when reviled and persecuted," &c. When a few more fauatics, visionaries and angular geniuses skall have left us, and run onto the switches and side tracks, I think we shall be able to do something practical for humanity; and I look first for a practical and important move in education and the emancipation of our schools and colleges from the control of a blind theology and dogmatical superstition. When enough persons are found, like the one who speaks for himself in the above note, they will take hold, and either free the schools, or start new ones, as some few have already done in the Institute at Harmonia, Mich., (my home,) and the one at Jamestown, N. Y., by Dr. Wellington, and another llampshire. WARREN CHASE.

Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 28, 1858.

The Busy Morld.

This week's Banner is filled with an immense variety of readable matter-original stories, poetry, essays, spirit messages, editorials, correspondproduced when heat is applied to water? and wheth ence, lectures, &c. Read every line-it is a "star" number.

72- The news from Europe by the arrival of stenmship Rogussia at New York on Sunday last, ismarket was represented by firmness in price, and a

20 We have in type an article on Miracles, which will appear in our next issue.

7.5 The Thursday evening parties of the Ladies' Harmonial Band, at Union Hall, should be well attended, as the object is a worthy one-the assistance of the poor. The first reunion, on Thursday evening last, was well attended by a very select company. The second of the series will take place on the evening of Nov. 18th.

73 The Hemestead, published at Hartford, Ct., by Mason C. Weld, is one of the best agricultural papers in the country. Farmers should not be without it.

Mr. Wm. R. Jocelyn the trance medium and improvisatore, now traveling in the State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to receive subscriptions for this paper.

LIFE ETERNAL-Part Sixteenth-will appear in our next.

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.-We clip the following from a talented little sheet, called the Portland

"Just as soon as a poor, hungry soul, who can find no food in the dry, husky ceremonies of the church, looks outside, to see if he can find salvation, deacons or pastor or other watch dogs are after him to drive him back to flis bonds and burdens. He must attend his own church, if his soul starves."

The 25th of November has been assigned for Thanksgiving in Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Michigan and Mississippi. The 18th has been selected in New York and New Jersey.

The marriage between Jonathan and Miss Great Britaiu, which was so brilliantly celebrated a few weeks ago, is evidently a very unhappy one. At all events, no words have passed between them since the bridal day.

Information has been received at Washington that Paraguay has three hundred newly mounted guns on stone batteries at the mouth of the Parana: A large land force will be needed to turn this fortification from the land side.

The war department has received a despatch confirming the accounts of the engagement of Major Dorr with the Camauches. Fifty-six warriors and two women were killed. Secretary Floyd will take immediate measures to increase the force in Texas.

The Frazer River gold hunters have returned to Say Francisco-most of them-perfectly satisfied predicted this would be the result of "the fever." months ago.

Later advices at San Francisco from Hako-dadi state that an important treaty had been con: to Americans. A son of Com. Tatnall had left for

We have just had our nerves somewhat agitated by Washington via China with the treaty. It was also stated that a Japanese prince, with fourteen attendants, was to depart immediately for Washington, via

> STRONG WOMEN.—Never shrink from a woman of strong sense. If she becomes attached to you, it will be from seeing and valuing such qualities in you. You may trust her, for she knows the value of confidence; you may consult her, for she is able to advise, and does so at once with the firmness of reason and the consideration of affection. Her love will be lasting, for it will not have been lightly won: it will be strong and ardent, for weak minds are not capable of the loftier grades of passion.

> The Supreme Court, at Taunton, overruled the exceptions taken in the case of Abigail Gardner, who poisoned her husband, llosea J. Gardner, at Hingham, two years since. She was convicted of murder in the second degree, and has been sentenced to the House of Correction for life.

> 20 Gen. Jerez has delivered to the U.S. Secretary of State a letter from President Martinez, making an apology for the offensive allegations against this country, on the occasion of the contract formed with M. Belly. Our government has no complaint to make with regard to France in connection with her movements in Central America.

> B. O. & G. C. Wilson, wholesale and retail botanic druggists, Nos. 18 and 20 Central street, keep for sale every variety of botanic medicines, which are prepared with great care under their own immediate supervision. As they do an extensive business, they are constantly receiving from their agents abroad a fresh supply of roots, herbs, barks, seeds, flowers, &c., consequently their stock is always of superior quality. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

> The Latest Fashion .- A "Crinoliniter" has been adopted in the public ball rooms of Belgium, and ladies whose crinoline surpass a fixed development, are charged an extra admission fee. At a ball given at Montigny, one female was measured and charged an extra seventy five centimes; another person, of an economical disposition, preferred reducing her crinoline by taking out two hoops. I.G. Digby and Brad are henceforth sworn friends.

Brad's wit, which "exceedeth not much," is considerably actuacd by Digby's superiority. They were heard, the other day, coping with one another in the following manner:

Why is an electrical battery called gal-vanic?" sked Brad of Digby.

- " Because it throws off sparks?"
- " No," said Brad.

"It must be because it produces attraction, then," aid Digby, with a smile.

#37 " My native city has treated me badly," said drunken vagabond, "but I love her still." "Probably," replied a gentleman, " her still is all you do love.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. (Letters not no wered by mail, will be attended to in this

scribers as you can, under your first proposal.

MARRIED.

In this city, Oct. 16th, by Rev. Mr. Edwards, S. F. P. Loring o Miss Sarah A. Grover.

OBITUARY.

Born 1870 THE SPIRIT WORLD, July 13, 1858, Ida Mar, the only child of Audrew J., and N. Jane Whitman, of Buckfield, Me, aged three months. Around that lovely little hate whose smile was wont to cheer the drooping spirits of in parents us they foully curessed it, bught angels gathered and, when the silver cord was loosed, bute the fadeless flower tway from the earth-plane, and transplanted it in the gar-iens of the Splitt-home. Also, at Buckfield, Me., August 9th, 1858, Joshua Whitman

Also, at Buckheld, Mc., August 9th, 1858, Joshua Whitman Iaid asade the carth-form, which his spirit had homored and sanctified by dwelling therein for a period of seventy years, one month and five days. His kind and anniable disposition, strict honesty and integrity, gentle candy deportment and superior intelligence, end-cared him to all his acquaintances; and long will be be remembered for his many virtues and worthy example. His was a bite of daily toil upon the farm, and with his own hands he carned the fruits of a well-spent life. The room and nearly were objects of his secretal attention. life. The poor and needy were objects of his special atten tion, and for the oppressed and down-trodden his great heart yearned, while latter tears of sorrow would roll down his aged cheeks in sympathy for the bondman. He was a ten-er and faithful husband, an affectionate and careful father— in fine, a man most deservedly beloved in the domestic circle, on line, a man most deservedly beloved in the domestic circle, and universally esteemed at the most wider sphere of personal friendship. He won for himself that "good name" which is "rather to be chosen than great riches." May all his children initate his example; may they cling to his motto—"Walk humby with God; deal justly by all; speak evil" of none." By his widowed wife, whose declining years will be lonely and sorrowful, and a large circle of children who were wont to receive counsel and instruction, his loss is most severely felt. Lang stace he embraged the doctrine of Sciric. severely felt. Long since he embraced the doctrine of Spirit that spirits can and it gave bun great pleasure to believe that spirits can and do hold communion with thuir friends on earth. The funeral rites were attended by a large number of riends, who listened to an impressive and eloquent discourse delivered by Mrs. Haskell, transcerpeasing meaning from words, which the decreased had often repeated. In He, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Ca, grave, where is thy victory?"

O. W. delivered by Mrs. Haskell, trance-recaking medium, from the

Special Notice.

HARMONIAL COLONY ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

There will be a Convention held at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., Nov. 17th, 1858, for the purpose of giving every friend of this movement an opportunity of hearing and inderstanding more fully its object and design, and for each one to present ideas-which will be of interest to this great novement-to harmonize and bring mankind together on he true principle of love and wisdom. It is hoped that there will be a great gathering of the friends of humanity at this Convention, not only to give countenance to this system of elevating the race, but to sign the compact, and become living members of Nature's grand institution for harmonizing the race. Come, mediums, and let spirits and angels speak their approval of this great work. Come, all ye brothers and sisters, who desire to live a life of harmony, purity and prepress-come for all things are now ready for action. Per order of the directory of the Harmonial Colony Asso

. D. C. GATES, Recorder. ciation.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.-Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, the inspirational improvisatrice, will speak at the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Admission, ten cents.

MEETINGS AT No. 14 BROWFIELD STREET .-- A CIRCLE for trance-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.

MERTINGS IN CHELSEA, OR SORDAYS, MOURING RED evening at Quild Hall, Winnismmet atreet. D. F. Goddaud, reg-LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabkath, foreneen and afterneen, at Lawrence light. ular speaker. Seats free.

rence Hall.

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

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

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—At the Harmonial Institute, No. 17 So.

Main street circles are held and lectures delivered every ovening. Sablath morning services at half-past 10 o'clock. A. C. STILLES, Bridgeport, Conn., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOY-person before him, on no pre-will-ne claimed. Terms to be strictly observed. For Clairvoyant Examination and pre-

scription, when the patient is present, \$2. For Psychometric Defineations of character, \$2. To have attention; the remaind postage, stamp must in all cases be advanced.

Fec. 2.

was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. CONNET, Trance Medium, who allows her medium powers to be used only for this object.
They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of

their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the errore
out idea that they are more than FISTER beings.
We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is— Should learn that there is evil as well as good but, and not expect that purity above shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine nat forth by spirits. expect that purity about shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not compart with his reason. Bach expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no meter, Bach eah speak of his own condition with truth while he gives ofdulous merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. In order to prove to the public that these messages are received as we claim, our sittings are Finne to any one who may desire to attend, on application to

They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing They are held every afterneon, at our wail be admitted; at hate-past two, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirit 2 vertical the memberations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until diamissed.

W. Berry. until diamissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular content. Will every Spiritualist, who reads one from a spirit high recognize, write us whether three or false? By so denight by will do as much to advance the cause of Spiritualism, as we can do by their publications?

Oct. 6-3 axes Temberson, Patrick (Murphey, Prancis II. Smith, 4.8s at to Bey, Nebourch Adams. South, A.S. of the Rev. Nobelief th Adams-thet, 7-dienjamin, Hazelting, Isane Baker, Sain'l Fitz, Jas.

Pogue, James Keeman.
104. 8—James Kulbride.
104. 9—Samuel De Wolf, James Patterson, Daniel Swazey.
105. 9—Samuel De Wolf, James Patterson, Daniel Swazey.
106. 9—Samuel De Wolf, D oorge Price, William Hailett, George Averill Get, 11—John Eudwott, Josiah Churchill, Tom Welch, Elizaboth Kine, John Barron. Oct. 12—Charles Blackley, Jerendah Mason, William Man-

iester. Oc., 13—Benj. Shepard, Wm. Gibbs, Marion H. Stephens. Oct. 11—Thomas - Hunting, James - Leenan, Alfred - Burke,

Margaret Lewis.

Ott. 15 - Stephen Robinson, John McKeene, Sally Inman, Clarence Blamchard. — Welch, James Costeleso, Oct. 16-Prank Harlow to Col. Wm. Carbury, Eng., Capt.

Honry Marshail. Oct. 18—John Hopkinson, Wm. Whatfield; Actress, James

Oct, 18—John Hopkinson, Wim Whatfield; Actress, James Shannon, Mary Tompkins, Charles Samders,
Oct 19—Wim, E. Calhoun, (No other—medium unwell.)
Oct, 29 and 24st—No sittlings,
Oct, 22—Anonymous, Jepson Clark, Samuel Tobias Wayland, Charley Clark, Win, Long,
Oct, 23—Benjamin Chadwick, To. Dr. Tewkosbury, William Robinson, James Finlayter, Einzabeth Spinney,
Oct, 25—Louis Fekhandt, Thomas Harris, Mary Robinson,
Androw Ledwic, Hosse Rell. Thomas

Andrew Ladwig, Hosea Rallon.
Oct. 26—Lawrence Robbits, James L. Clark, Wm. Collins.
Oct. 27—James Henry Willoughby, Charles A. Vinton, Margaret Fuller, Betsey Davis, Richard P. Winne.
Oct. 28—Jo-phaniah Caldwell, John Gidden, Eng., Solomon H.B., Patrick Murphy, Rev. John Moore. Oct. 29 William Jones, Charles H. Healey.

Frank Marryatt.

I don't feel myself entirely competent to control your medium. Having never before attempted anything of this kind, I expect to make some blunders, which your liberality, I trust, will pardon.

I have friends in the old world who have called for me. They have requested me to come here, and speak in such a manner as to satisfy them as to my Now, what would suit me, might not them. Had

they given me any subject to speak upon, it would have been different. Had they called upon me to concoct a novel, I might have done so; but now I har lly know what to give.

A strange world this, and exacting people dwell here as much to-day as when I dwelt on earth. 1 have many difficulties to overcome here-first, I must own I am not used to controlling medium's second, I have been in spirit life but a short time; and, lustly, I have just received intelligence from my friends, who say: " too to America and commune, that our souls may be satisfied, and we will go on and investigate the new theory."

If my friends had called upon me, to patch up some romance, I might have been adequate to the task; but I confess I am at loss to know how I shall satisfy them.

I am dead, as far as mortality goes. I am no longer visible to them, or to anybody on earth, yet I am cognizant of no loss, except that of my mortal That was, in lee I, a loss to me. When I first entered the spirit-world, I servee knew how to get along without it : but I have learned the spirit and matter can get along as well without mortal aid as with it. I find I am enabled to speak to-day quite as well as I could through my mortal form. I feel just the same as I used to. I aspired to a great many things I may not reach. The time may come when I shall sit down in quiet, but I know not when that time will be. I am not very happy in my present state. Why, I cannot tell. Perhaps I expected too much; however, I do not know as I did.

Life is life, wherever you may be located; it matters not whether a spirit be blessed with a mortal organism, or is without it. Man is a'man, whether blessed with a mortal's organism, or not, and the world goes on the same. I find myself thinking of the same things I used to think of on earth, walking in the same place, and wishing for the same things I needed in life-those belonging to the body. wanted people to think well of me. I was not one who would be satisfied with a passing nod-1 wanted a low bow. Now and then I met with one who seemed to appreciate me, and was willing to hold converse with me; yet those meetings were rare, which left me in an unsettled state, constantly want-

ing, but never receiving.

I have not found any place called heaven, or hell, and I am inclined to think all the old stories we heard were fallacious. I am not prepared to say the same of God, for I am still inclined to believe in a Supreme Intelligence; whether it be a principle or a person, I know not, but from what I see about me, I am inclined to believe it to be a law-a prin-

I feel, to day, like one just returned home and finding every one dead, and things about him gloomy. I know my own spiritual condition forms the picture. It is not that the world has changed, but I have.

I am not informed why my friends have sent me here to commune. Why did not my friends send to some medium in their own country? I am a long way from them now; but it is their getting up, and I am here. But I think if I had been requested on earth to have performed such an unconscionable piece of nonsense, I should not have done it. It was, go there, and nowhere else, and that a great way from them. I suppose I even am led here today by our losity-to learn why they should ask me to go so far from them to commune with them. In order to keep up the chain of intelligence, I suppose it was necessary for me to answer this call in their own way, else they would have said, "He does not hear us," and I should have been compelled to live in silence towards them.

If my friends desire me to give any personal history of myself, I beg to be excused from so doing, unless it is to be of some service to them, or myself. I look around upon this company you have present, and I see no familiar face here; I look abroad upon the company invisible to you, and I see no familiar face among them, and I am inclined to think that my friends may be putting some hoax upon me by

sending me so far from them.

When I was upon earth, I turned my back upon Spiritualism, and called it humbug. I had reason for so doing. The class of people who were around me were constantly crying out humbug. I became afflicted with the same disease, and carried it with me to spirit-life, but was obliged to part company with it immediately upon my arrival in spirit-life, because I saw at once that my spirit could commune, and that it was performed by a very simple process. I am told it is difficult to control mediums at certain times; yet the theory is simple-like the alphabet,

which, once learned, you understand always,

It is a fact that is apparent to every one who has investigated the phenomena to any extent, that spirits can commune with mortals; yet it seems to be a query with me whother it is right for me to come here and answer the call of my friends. I am determined to know whether it is right, or not, by

spirit-life a thousand years, and wonder whether it was right for me to come or not, and never be any ing a long eternity,

The multitude of religious that go to make up the

ome. My name was Marryatt.

also appears to me that mortals are governed by things. those who have passed beyond them. I am told something of spheres of happiness. Whether these are localities, or only states of being, I know not. 1

Oct. 4. spirit home.

Benjamin Wilds.

I don't know what is expected of me here. Per-haps you'll tell me, and then I'll go on. I wanted to

I was born in Dover, N. II., in 1811. My name was Benjamin Wilds. In 1834 I moved out to Milit may be, is powerful. chigan. In 1852 I died of rheumatic complaint and ever, combined.

I left a wife and four children, to whom I would like to speak, either by letter, or personally. I have been told, by coming here, I could commune with the friends I have on earth.
I purchased a small piece of land, in 1884. I

built me a log cabin on the ground, and I lived in that until—I think I built my new house. I am pretty sure it was in the year 1840, or '41. I am not positive about this. Are you very particular? It was a very small house, and I had three rooms, beside a small out room. It was lathed, plastered and painted. The country, when I moved there, was very wild; my nearest neighbor lived, I think, ten miles off; but now I think they are getting quite handy, and I believe some of them are believing in Spiritualism. I heard of it before I died, and I told my wife if I could come I would; and I have n't been able to rest until I came. She is thinking of rehad better stay where she is, and if the boys and girls want to go off, let them go. She has a good she came to New Hampshire again. I was told, be fore I came here, that if I would come and speak, what I should send would reach my wife. Am I to understand this? Am I to rely upon these friends o get this to my wife, or are you to send it?

I think the children had better go away from iome, for they are all thinking of doing something for themselves, and I suppose it's right they should. not to consider me dead, for I can hear and see all. I used to read a good deal, and was made happy

a small boy, and was driven into no particular religious faith. Perhaps it was well for me that I was not. I used to live in Brownville. I think it is in Marion County, but I am not sure of that-it is n't was not a neighbor within ten miles-now they are ouite handy.

knew; tell them I am in a strange place, our am how with the him.

happy. My children's names were Thomas, Jarvis,
Mary and Betsey—as I called her—my wife called
her Elizabeth.

Oct. 4. I do n't know of anything to tell here except that
I am very happy. He knows what I said to him a

Tom Maxwell.

And the wind that follows fast, That fills the white and rustling sail, And beliefs the gallant must."

Oh, gracious, ain't I here, though? I'm here myself.

"Oh, pull away-pull away-row, boys, row." The old fellow says you must n't think of the time you died; you must come happy. I died singing, 1 am resurrected singing, and I'm going to heaven singing; a sure sign I get on well. Your room is very hot, but T guess I can stand it for the time I'm going to be here. I'm one of them dead ones that tell no tales. I'm very much afraid I'm like the old fellow that went to heaven and got back again, and set all the folks to wishing they could go there to see the

place, too.

Well, I've arrived in port, safe and sound; my craft is in order. I feel very happy here, as if I was in my own form. Not a bit drunk-not a bit. I tell you if a fellow gets drunk going away, it's all right; but, coming into port, do without it-get

something else to stimulate you.
You see, to begin with, I'm dead—and, to end with, I'm alive. Never was sick but three days in my life, so I shan't trouble your craft with sickness or death My yarn you want? : I was born in the State of New York, in a little place called Cherry Valley. Know where that port is, old boy? Well, where the deuce shall I tell you I died? I'm stuck there. Well, I went down, got a little too much aboard, and fell offwent down without a winding-sheet or a coffin, head down. The old ship went over me, and I said "go

it; I'm going another way." I've got an old, woman somewhere, now, and I'd like to spin a yarn to her if I can. Tell her I was n't so drunk as I might have been, and that the old man sent her \$150 of my money, and she need n't think it was n't. all, for it was. Then, again, about that child that came in to the world after I left. I do n't like the way that craft is being lugged about. I want it anchored, and if it ain't auchored soon, per-

haps I'll come and anchor it for them. When I was last on deck, I was on board the Albion, in 1857, I suppose. I entered this present port

in December. I can't give the bearing of the ship, but we were bound from New York to a place called Hamburg. Do you know where that is? Well, I never got theredo'n't know whether the others did or not. How am I to get my letter to the old woman? She lives in New York—moved there, like a fool. Well, yes, that's as near as I can get it.

Well, you want my name? You really do? Woll, it's Maxwell-Tom Maxwell. The Captain's name was Wilson-that is, if he is n't dead; if he is, porhaps he's got another name.

"Come up the back stairs
If you want to see me."

Oh, the devil, these old songs are running in my head all the time. I'm as happy as a Mother Carey's chicken in a storm. It is n't watch and watch here -it's turn in when you want to, and turn out same way. No scraping masts, no washing deck, nor making duff.

. "A wet sheet, and a flowing sea." Oh, just tell me something else, and I'll sing it. t's always customary to sing when you are going out of port, and I'd like to sing now. I think I'd been a musical genius if I'd only knew enough. Good bye to you. Oct. 41

Victor Carleton.

of his may become acquainted with him.

Wander far from him, but all may dwell within the All Christians believe in a heaven and a gou, and a header of his love.

All Christians believe in a heaven and a gou, and a header of his love. shadow of his love.

performing the experiment. That is all the way I When nature has expended herself on earth, she can ascertain. I must practize. I might stay in goes forth in like form in spirit-life, and there she spirit-life a thousand years, and wonder whether it finds a kind Father has prepared all she needs dur-

was right for me to wiser. Yes, I will gain my wisdom by practice.

Well, my good friend, I have come here as requested—have thrown off a few straggling thoughts.

The multitude of religions that go to make up the theological world are fast being cemented into one. The law of love—that which had birth long years just to let the friends know I have the power to ago-has been working among the people, and is bringing forth harmony through the medium of dis-Humanity seems to me to be poised upon three cord. Harsh words are spoken, and the people's virtues—Faith, Hope and Charity. If one has faith thoughts are black with revenge, and they cannot enough to work with, he will be likely to live to see the fruit of his labor. If one is blessed with a share God in all. In time of war, they cry out for peace, of hope, he will keep moving, that he may receive and in pence they are not satisfied. Man prays, and the reward of his labor. Again, if one has charity, he prays that God may serve him. Man should he must be happy, for he will draw to himself by pray, thanking the Father, not asking for blessings, its exercise, those who will make him happy.

It seems to me that this sphere of action, in which live, is governed by superior intelligences, and it raise him above earth, and teach him of spiritual

know not where, or in what distinct locality, I may not dare to step from that foundation, lest I might dwell, nor what may be my future. I may become be swamped. I believed in one God, one Father, who an angel—I may retrograde, and become a devil. formed all things, and believed I should be judged by But if I am to depend entirely upon my own energian after I left, the mortal. I was in darkness; I gies, I shall put forth all my strength, and if there chose it; I died in it; but to day I return by a light is anything to be learned in spirit-life, I shall that has been given me by God, the Father. I now find that the multitudes that fight one another, are Now, about my friends; I am in the dark regard. working out their own salvation. One goes to heaven wish for me to come here and answer all their questions, I will do so—else, I shall continue to live in my and however uncomely thewark may appear to others, yet I verily believe that this work is directed by the Lord God Almighty. If man commits evil, wisdom overrules it, and will, in time, purify it, and make him fit to dwell in the celestial spheres.

"To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," said Jesus. 'If these words were true, do they not prove that the power of God, exerted by whatever medium

When I was ushered into this material state of life, dark clouds lowered about me, and the footsteps of my childhood were surrounded by them. I wandered in dark places; my soul became infected with the darkness around. I wandered through darkness—I walked through hell—and I now stand a freed spirit; the evil hath died out, and I worship the Great Spirit, the grand architect of all things.

My whole earth-life seemed to be a school of iniquity, through which my soul must pass. The cup was presented to my lips, I drained it, and went out in darkness. By the will of God I sinned; by the same will I became pardoned, regenerated, lifted be-

youd the darkness-the hell of my mortal life. I was born in Bennington, England. I lived upon earth forty-four years, and was publicly executed in Bennington, Eng.—twice born there. I have suffered. My soul has dwelt in hell. Thanks be to an Overruling Power, I am freed, and now rejoice that I passed through the darkness of hell-too dark for moving. I think that will not be wise; I think she any of those I love to pass through. My name was Victor Carleton, and I died in the year 1792, for murder. It is passed; the dark picture is veiled. home there, and that is what she might not have if Raise not the veil, for mortals have no right to gaze beyond it. They said come; I have come. Oct. 4.

Elizabeth Moore.

My dear son-Do not say "how strange!" when you receive these lines. I had hoped to speak through this medium, but could not do so at this time. If I could have done so, I could have given much that it will be impossible to do in this way. My son, I am I want them to be very kind to their mother, and frequently with you, in company with other friends. I wanted to speak to you, my son, but they tell me I cannot do so now; therefore 1 confent mysell by by it. I belonged to no church—my ideas of God writing a line, merely to learn how I may best do were almost none at all. I was left to myself when what seems to be my duty. ELIZABETH Moore.

Hattie Wilson,

l do n't care to talk here to-day, because you are a town yet—only a village; when I went there, there all strangers. If you please, I should like to talk with my brother ____. You know him; I have seen you talking with him. He lives in Brighton. Give my respects to all beside my family that 1 I have something very especial to say to him, but do knew; tell them I am in a strange place, but am not wish to say it here. I am Hattic. Only say I

> few days before I died-that I would rather die young than in old age. My path, had I lived on earth; would have been a hard one. It is not well to tell here why it would have been hard, but I am sure it would have been, and it was best for me to go as I did. Some wondered how I was so calm': but I do n't wonder now, for spirits around me all felt as I did, and I was a medium, and had a foreshadowing of the future. I used to know things, sometimes, two or three days before they happened and I used to wonder why it was so. My brother - is a medium, and I want him to sit often-

not get discouraged-and I will come to him. That is what I want to say to him. I'll have a plenty to say to all the rest of the family, when I get so I can manifest through him; but I'm so afraid he will get discouraged. I know ho is a medium, and that I can manifest through him soon.

I died of heart disease, I suppose-I believe .the doctor called it enlargement of the heart. I presume that was the great difficulty, though I might have had other diseases. I could not walk up or down stairs without my heart fluttering badly, and I supposed I should die suddenly, but I did not.

Daniel Carmol.

Hearing that you were kind enough to aid spirits who once lived in mortal forms, but were not blessed with those appendages now, I have come here to see what you may be pleased to do for mo.

My object in coming is to open communication with my friends. I was born in New Jersey, in the year 1818. I died at Chepultepec, in the year 1816. My name was Daniel Carmel. I am positive in regard to these dates, for I learned it was necessary

for me to be so before I came here. The manner of my death you ask for. I presume I died of disease produced by drinking the water and eating the fruit of the climate. What to call it I know not; I had no name given me.

My friends know I am dead, but they have not the remotest idea I can speak; so you see I am to take them by surprise. I have no particular metive for desiring to com-

mune with my friends. I feel as if I had been a long time deprived of the privilege, and now I have learned I can come as well as any one, and am satissied of it. I suppose I can be of service to them, and they to me; but the first thing necessary for me to do, is to give them to understand I can do so. My people were church-going people. I was not of that class, and am not aware that I should be any better off if I had been. I see people who belonged to churches on earth, and I do n't see them any happier than I am. I am inclined to think that they who live a good, moral life, will be as well off as any one, when they get here. I lived long enough on earth to see some of the fellies of the place, and I saw some things that were very beautiful; but it seems to me the people of earth will be very much

disappointed when they have advanced far on in spiritual things. People expect too much. They are either infidels, or over-righteous. I suppose they have not changed much. I have witnessed a good many deaths-births I call thom now-since I have been here; and I find that almost every one who has come to years of discretion, is disappointed-finds things strange. The most of them find the class occupied in inquiring after God. I do not be myself much about him, for I think if God wants me, he will come after me; he knows I don't know the way to go to him.

What if I had believed in the Christian religion, and had placed reliance upon it? I should have been God in his boundless wisdom, and ever boundless a perfect devil when I got here, I should have been mercy, has instituted means by which every child so disappointed; so I think it is well I had no firm

is, or God is. Some of them say they have a firm belief in this and that; but I don't know whether they have or not. I do know some of them look very well when they come here, and you might as well talk to a stone as to them, for they are not ready to receive what we give them.

must not expect much from such as I am. Oct. 4.

Anonymous.

Uncomely, and without number, are the opinions hat are now floating upon the surface of public opinon, in reference to the book you call the Bible. A class of individuals, dwelling a short distance from your abiding place, have requested some spirit, or spirits, to come forth from the unseen land, and

that tells you of one Adam. They ask for an explanation; and we well know that what we shall be pleased to give, they will at 'to do. once réfuse. Nevertheless, we have been called upon, and it is our duty to answer according to the light

Many people on earth believe that such a man as Idam was the first man. They place full reliance upon the story of him, as laid down in the Bible these words: "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh. Shall we tell them that story is almost without foundation? If we would speak the truth we must tell them so.

Tradition gives the ancients a tale of one Adam, who dwelt among a certain class of individuals who clieved that God came and walked with them by lay and by night, and was manifested unto them in variety of forms.

This class of people were disposed to place firm reiance upon certain signs seen in the heavens, upon the earth, in the air. Now the man Adam, as we understand it, did not believe as this class of individuals believed, although he was one of their numthey claimed to be doing the work of God, by casting in their journey through life. him out from among them.

The Bible tells you a very strange tale-or a very contradictory one. In one passage you read that received hard usage in its journey, and you have but an atom of truth, that to us looks like a bubble fioating upon a vast ocean without depth.

leny much of that you have been taught to call sacred and holy. The man Adam received the name of Adam after he was cast forth from among his peomonstrous in the eyes of his fellows, he was driven forth, and branded Adam, as one upon whom the curse had settled. Accursed by God, was the just signification of Adam. Now see what a strange story you have in your Bible. I have received what I have given you to-day, from a source whose truth I do not dare to question.

Oh, that man would seek for himself-that he would not travel back in thought to past ages, and expect to glean from thence sufficient to build him a bridge that shall land him safe in heaven. Poor, foolish man! why will he not receive the truths of to day? Why go forth into the darkness of past time, and there expect to gain light.

Ever and anon comes forth a cry for " more light!" tell us of this thing, and of that," and we come in answer to these calls, and we give them what we know to be truth, and they cry out, "blasphemy!" Did they not cry out the same when Jesus walked this earth? and did not this same Jesus say, "I will come again in like manner, and few there will be that will understand me?" He cometh to-day, in principle, and progression is ever winding man onward to that source of wisdom as it passes through the multitude.

Ah, we see progress written on all humanity, and yet the soul prefers to stand still until the archangel's trump shall sound. Ah, the trump has sounded to each mortal, and they say this is not the Gabriel we expect. We want a material trumpet-one cient times, manifests among us to-day.

we before said, we well know they to whom we come o-day will repudiate that we have given. Yet the seed hath been sown, and so surely us it hath been sown it will come forth in a plentiful harvest, and humanity shall profit thereby.
We alone are accountable to the Great Spirit for

all we do or say, and unto that Spirit we are fain to render homage, and are ever obedient. That Spirit nath placed a light in us which ever tights us; and that lamp is love and truth, which ever guides us to those in darkness. May the blessing of the God of and in receiving for that we give. In time my name comes forth; in present it sleeps.

t is written upon yonder cloud; it is buried down receive it, it comes forth. Oct. 5.

David Foster.

Blessed be God! I feel as though I was redeemed. said, if I could come back and speak, I would praise God all the rest of my life; and I am here tolay. I cannot explain the Bible to you, nor to any of my friends to whom I am going to talk, for I don't know any more about it than I did when on earth. I don't know whether to believe it or not. One thing seems certain-that part which speaks of the resurrection, and of the spirit going to God, seems to be false; for I can testify that I do n't see any God more than I saw on earth. If I did not have a power drawing me back; I should be inclined to worship some of the bright ones who come to me. But they say Not so; we are not gods-we are no more than you are." But it seems to me they must have been in heaven a long time to have gained so much light.

I suppose my people will think it very strange in me to come back-if they believe I do come; but I could not resist the power drawing me backto earth

and I think I'm here for some good.

1 lived to be seventy years old on earth, and natural consequence, I saw a good deal of trouble, and much unhappinesss; but I lived the best I could and tried to serve God; and I expected, when I left | earth, to be perfectly happy. Yet it is not so. I don't know why I am not, except that I am disappointed. I was a member of the Baptist Church in thing to pleces, if you say I am. pointed. I was a 'member of the Baptist Church in Derry, N. H., when I lived on earth—the old Baptist Church. My name was David Foster.

I feel very bad on coming here to-day, and very happy; too. I said I would praise God all the rest of my life if he would aid me in coming back. I have I came to my senses, and I asked where I was, and no better off than I was when I came here-do n't know any more about the future than I did; but I have faith to believe that by coming here I shall do myself some good, and my folks, too. I want to tell them they will be terribly disappointed if they believe what I believed on earth. I am like the man in the Bible who wanted to come back to tell his people the truth. I was not a rich man-oh, no; but I want them to know that they will not find such beautiful things nor such hideous things as they expect. I feel exceedingly unhappy about my friends, and I don't know but I can take in all the world, and say

feel unhappy about them. Oh, it is a dreadful thing to get so disappointed in matters of such importance. I believe there is a God, but I do not believe in such a God as I once did. I feel quite as reverential, and pray just as much, and I think it is in answer to my prayers that come here to-day-I do.

Oh, I want my people to begin to think for them selves; and the moment they do that, light will be given to them—I knew it will; and I shall find some dld so before this. There's no knowing what he medium among the many friends, and shall be ablo to commune with them-I know I shall

I used to go sometimes to the church after I left carth, and after I got so I could hear and see, I was a constant attendant; but after I saw so much that gave the lie to what the minister said, I stayed away. Oh, I wish Mr. Parker could see; but he is afraid to let go of what he has got, and to take hold Well, I have no more to say to you, so I'll leave. I of something real. I used to try to say amen, but was a harness-maker; nothing professional, so you after a while I could not say amen—I could not feel

I expect he preaches there now. They told me I remained in almost total darkness and inactivity for something like ten years. I cannot realize this; but when I first became conscious of a new life I went to the old church, and there I used to go Sunday after Sunday. I knew just as well when the day came round as I ever did; but after a while I could not say ameu-I could not, and I stayed away. I do not feel that I am as nothing here; I feel that I have give them an explanation of that part of your Bible something to do, and if the angels will only help me, I will take hold and work—for I feel I have a work

Trene:

"Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where, is thy victory?" The spirit who hath been redeemed from the body of death, may well return and repent grave, where is thy victory?"

Death cannot affect the soul-the spirit-neither can the grave held it. As Christ burst asunder the ohains of death, and led the captive in triumph, oh, may not all who shall pass through this same chango, then lead Death captive-may not they who have passed the shadow of the tomb, come back and bask in the sunshine of God's love? But in coming we wander over thorns - thorns of opposition. They say, come again-give us more, that we may realize your presence." They wander away, and stand boside the mound that conceals that they were wont to look upon and love, and they mourn as if we were ber; and he, like many of the people of the present there. Perchance that which animated this moulderlay, openly rebelled, and was driven forth from his ing form, may stand by their side, and may only wait abiding place by the people-not by God-although for the door to be opened to come in and aid them on

When I was on earth, I ofttimes lingered amid shadows, and sometimes it would seem as if the sun would never shine again-the clouds would never Adam was the first and only one abiding on earth. burst, so long was the darkness, so dense the clouds.

Read on a little way, and you find that contradicted. But faith—that faith I had in an overruling power, Read on a little way, and you find that contradicted. But faith—that faith I had in an overruling power, Whence comes that contradiction? Ah! the tale has guided me through all darknes, and I said, when passing from the mortal, "Receive me, oh Father.

n atom of truth, that to us looks like a bubble fioating upon a vast ocean without depth.

I was not a Christian; I was wedded to no peculiar creed, save that which was intuitively imthe truth, and thus we speak as you hear us, and planted in my nature; and thus I went into the spirit-land, like a little child. Myrinds of angels clustered around me, some to soothe my weary soul. to minister unto my necessity-for the spirit needs ple; previous to that he was called Zael, and when rest, it needs sympathy and love, and those kind anhe committed that unpardonable sin that seemed 80 gels told me of my future, and led me through the different spheres, and pointed out the glories of my Father, the beauties that belong to the mausions he hath prepared for the spirits' temple.

The spirit-world is but an outgrowth of earth-life: and as we wander through the spirit-spheres, we can only ask, "where, oh where is the Creator of these I gaze upon ?" Another may wander to earth to find some ray of light coming from thence, that shall guide to the great source of light.

Mortals should know that when the star of the present shall have faded from the view, another more beautiful shall arise, and its light shall illumine the whole earth, and none shall ask, know ye of these things, believe ye in them, for all shall believe in the one grand religion that is coming down from God, the author of all religion. You receive it in childhood to-day; the coming generation will receive it in manhood. The miracles of to-day shall be understood, and more glorious truths, more tangible revelations shall be given, and the sons and daughters of earth shall see that God is with them, and that he hath power to unseal the mysteries of the past.

Prayers are constantly ascending from the multitude on earth, invoking blessings from God. The faithful child need ask no blessings; the Creator ever remembereth his creatures, and as he hath created he will constantly and inevitably minister unto the wants of his creatures. Oh, then, the creature should ever praise the Creator, and should ever live on the revoations of to-day, asking nothing from the future, for that we can handle, and can see—else we will not believe that the same power which manifested in anin common with us, shall wander in celestial regions It would seem folly for us to return to earth, did beyond your present home, you shall then see, withwe not expect to reap a harvest in the hereafter. As out a doubt, its new glory, which hath been given by the God of Wisdom to the children of man, who are crying out for the bread of life. The soul lives by wisdom-the body by material food. Oh, therefore, feed the soul, and be sure the food is from the celestial

spheres, pure and holy.

They who stand around me in spirit-life, tell me you ask my name. Say I am Irene, and the soul who hath called for me will understand me. Oct 5.

. Ufano.

Say in print, Ufano meet you to day. Your ears Israel, the God of all the world, the Great Spirit of are lead-they have no sound. Ufano, leader of a truth and love combined, aid us in coming, in giving, wandering band. When the sun run low in the heaven, Ufano meet and speak to his people. He say he come here-he speak-he leave name, and he direct where to find in print. Ufano speak English, deep in the earth. When the multitude is ready to because you know no talk in Italian. Ufano's people believe in communion with dead. You hold sacred my come-no come for naught. Ufano die in Florence, two year gone. Ufano seek to break up, and make better, Uiano's people. His people say, givo better proof he come. Ufano say he come here, and direct where find in print. Reach Ufano's people, so sure as sun rise and go down.

No more—no more.

Mary Edwards.

My name was Mary Edwards. Do n't yon know me? I lived in Boston. I want to talk to you very much. Tell me what I shall do, will you? I used to know you. I met with an accident which resulted in death. It was by being burned. Oct. 6. The above was written, the spirit not being able

Elizabeth Williams.

I'm sorry I came sorry. Nobody here I knownobody. I want to talk myself. I wish I could go home. Can't you let me go home? My home is in Springfield, N. Y. I want to go there. I aint dead. I want to be taken home. I want

to be taken home, I tell you. As for staying in this hospital any longer, I wont. I want to go home. My husband's name was Joseph Williams. I have

been sick with a fever, and they put me in a hospital-this miserable place. Give me that orange you brought in for me—give me a drink.

they told me I was in a hospital,

You are one of the people in the other ward; I was in No. 10.

Give me some writing paper. I want to write home. That paper is too large. I want a nice sheet. Now, this is not fine paper—not se good as I used to get. I am used to writing.

The spirit wrote the following:-"Joseph Williams—What in the name of God did you leave me here for? Come, at once, of I will kill myself.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS."

There, now send that letter by the first mail. My children are at home, and I ought to be there this very minute. Now give me an envelope for this. Oh, it's so long since I tried to write any, I can't direct this as I should.

"JOSEPH WILLIAMS,

Ution, N. Y." Springfield was my native place. After marriage we went to Uties. I have two children. Oh, it 's strange to leave me here with strangers—he ney will do in sickness.

Seeing that this spirit did not realize the she

hospital! Oh, I can't believe it; it's terrible to such believed sacred guides and guardians, they are think of it. It can't be so; I know I have only been sick. Oh, dear, let me lay down and sleep. I've sick. On, dear, let me my down and sleep. I've opposers of their spiritualistic views, that faunticism peu and paper. I talked till it was late, but it was or circumstance might seem to demand. no use, and the Lord sent you to me. Let me sleep, now, and you come into my room when I feel better. Oh, I should go crazy-crazy, if I thought I should die. I told Dr. Palfrey not to tell me when I was going to die; but he said he hoped I'd get well. Give me some drink. Though I guess I wont drink, for they told mo not to drink when I was excited, and I've been talking to you. Joseph will be here Saturday. They have not let me see him, but they told me I should see him when I got better; and I've been thinking of him these two days, and I think he 'll come. Can't you stop that water running-it come down from their high places to commune with troubles me terribly. Shut the window-it is cold. This being kept in a hospital—oh, dear, it's terrible. There, never mind about the window or the water-· Oct. 6.

This spirit, evidently, could not banish from her miud thought of the hospital, in which she seems to have been sick, and thus the surroundings she made for herself here were such as were characteristic of that place-hence her allusion to "water running." and other things, which had no existence in reality about us. This was quite an affecting scene; so real did it seem, so life-like was it portrayed, that every soul present sympathised with the spirit.

The Aublic Press.

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

SPIRITUAL FANATICISM.

Fanaticism grows out of the wild workings of passions and credulity, issuing in intolerance and persecution. Coupling fanaticism with spirituality, it loses none of its odious, illiberal characters-none of its gory stains. It is to be met early, if successfully, by opening its dark vaults-by subjecting its miasmatic mists and vapors to the light of truth. Ignorance figures largely in this game.

Before proceeding to speak of the symptomology of this species of fanaticism, so repugnant to true spiritual philosophy, we will state certain principles and bigotry-ambitious of great things, whose overwhich will enable us to see their tendency and di- done efforts to do something wonderful, result, as vergence.

- 1. It is as settled as any principle, that man is a progressive being, and ever will be.
- 2. That the future life is but a continuance of the present; that we enter there with the same principles, faculties and attachments, and the same diversity of taste. There, affinities truly meet.

If these propositions are true, our moral, social and intellectual characters will stand out with more fiction; an idea, or theory; it is the same-it is a prominence than here. The laws of society then will be none other than that of affinity, birth and tion. Should some "luckless wight" be impudent wealth not entering into consideration.

Now let us take a few of the symptoms:,

1. We have heard some of the leading minds among Spiritualists express the opinion that the Oronly, gigantic evils in the universe-the great, towerbe put down by some means," for his views, etc.

of our spirit-mediums-eight-tenths-fancy themselves under the guardianship and 'special direction with that ill-tempered sect to which our worthy of Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, the distinguished brother, the author of "The Great Controversy," martyrs, prophets, seers, and the glorious reformers belongs. I think that the statement of so palpable a of the sixteenth century. They are told so, and it fact, that our worthy brother is partially demented 50 accords with their pride that they religiously be- in respect to his hobby, need not be excepted to, by and deception.

ton rofessedly under the personal guidance of Rush, to a work called "Spiritualism, a Satanic Delusion," Newh, Fisher, Warren, and the like, and have by one Ramsey, with two D's to his name. Our askethe property of a single article they have pre- warthy brother in his "Controversy" commences by script. The answer given was, "I cannot control assuring us that "The whole creation groundth and the ndium." I then said, "I will name the proper traveleth in pain beneath countless burdens, afflicty, all you can rap, or say yes." But no answer tions and curses; and that it is clearly written, both could be obtained. So we are told of hundreds of in the book of nature, and the book of God." Earth Washirtons, Franklins, Websters and Channings, in moves in disorder l physical, mental and moral. differen parts of the country, guarding, guiding, Like some gigantic machinery, etc., "it rolls and manifesig and entrancing at the same time! Those crashes in harsh confusion; and it bears within its who clai such distinctions are almost without ex. mighty whirl the torn and bleeding forms of those ception e ignorant and weak-minded.

Look in moment on the countless Socrateses, Platos and cons that are scattered around us! Said consented be her tutclary spirit. Still more re- mighty and driven him from his possessions. witnessed omth."

cordant elemen

ous level.

welcome truth. Aspirits thus seem to take ad- dispossessed of his "kingdom immediately upon its Vintage of their finnd weakness, and so these completion, by his Satanic Malesty-is compelled to

had passed away, we endeavored to explain her situ- persons become their dupes. And as their surroundings go to make up their moral and intellectual Oh, dear, I don't understand you; it can't be characters, we find there a corresponding grade possible that I am dead. Oh God, did I die in a of intellect, their passions inflammable, and with fitted for any enormity, any crusade against the

In times like the present, no true Spiritualist will hold his silence, will muffle his clarion, will cater to the prejudices of the rank and file. The eyes of the world have turned their gaze upon us, as illustrating spiritual philosophy. Let us be true to God and ourselves. "The law of attraction and repulsion are fixed laws," as declared by that famed medium, Miss Hardingo-thus cultivated minds have attraction or affinity for those of like stamp, and do not vulgarity and stupidity in this mundane sphere. Tho converse of this opinion would cause us to believe that at what is termed death, wisdom and folly, learn. ing and ignorance, virtue and vice become wedded.

A very excellent and well informed writing medium was told that Webster was her guardian spirit. and expressed a wish that I would call and see if such was the fact. I did, and found a different character. The spirit, on being interrogated on the deception, said, if they (spirits) appeared under their proper names, none would hear them for a moment." But there is truth to be gained, while error is becoming more easy of detection. It needs no very close survey of the tide-waters of Spiritualism, at this time, to see that a large number of test mediums are become physicians, or healing mediums. Here their frauds or weaknosses are less easy of detection, and the metalic divinity becomes more accessible. C. ROBBINS.

CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 28, 1858.

BROTHER HASTINGS AND HIS BOOK. DEAR BANNER-Once in ancient days, when brutes were possessed of the language of men, there was a mountain in "great labor." So heart-rending were its lamentations that the excited people were amazed, and set themselves about watching the result. When lo! a mouso was produced. And even in our own day we find men-mountains of conceit unpromising of greatness, as did the mountain of the great fable writer. Would we search the pages of history, both ancient and modern, for some general peculiarity that prevails with all great men. we would, I think, find no trait so generally diffused as that of the tenacity with which each clings to his own particular hobby. It makes but little difference what that hobby is-whether it be fact or hobby, and must not be assailed or called in quesenough to do so, a shower of adjectives, at least, would be his portion. Now, if great men ride and nurse hobbies, is it unreasonable to suppose the same characteristics may be found to exist among men of thodox Church and its Bible were the two, if not the "lesser greatness?" and does it not follow, as certainly as effect follows cause, that the closer the ing obstacles to human progress. Another, who filthy rug of bigotry is wrapped around them, the claims to be one of the large men among Spiritual firmer and more unyielding do they hug their hobby. ists, advanced the idea that J. Tiffany, Esq., " should But of all the sects that history names, or which are yet to be chronicled upon her coming pages, none 2. It is a notorious fact that a very large number ever have, and I believe none ever will, compare in nervous fanaticism, and unyielding hobby-riding, iere t; yet their ignorance shows that there can be any, for has he not experienced enough of "hopes w affinity between them-that it is the wildest folly deferred," and expectations blasted, (see page twelve "Great Controversy,") to drive to madness men of 3. I have no confidence in such mediums, as these giant intellects? But to his book-"The Great communications bear the impress of weakness or Controversy "-very ingeniously written, showing to falscood, while 1 am not prepared to admit these a demonstration what a man will resort to, to make spiril, once so elevated and pure, have become the out a case and nurse his hobby. The book in quesgreatt liars on this planet—as falsehood shines out tion was evidently written to overthrow, or help to conspuously from these apostolic governed mediums. do so, the beautiful and soul-elevating philosophy of 4. I have been to twelve healing-mediums in Bos- spirit communion, and forms a sort of body-guard

symmetry and harmony." Now, Brother Hastings, do for the sake of hara very inligent Spiritualist, while writing on this mony, be a little more explicit, and inform us who subject, is not long since a lady of good breeding, are they whose "bleeding forms" have been so ruthhigh resitability and no inconsiderable share of lessly "torn in the mighty whirl of this world?" smartnes|called on me and gave a long narrative | Who, but the Great Author, or present ruler of this of the teter which she had held with Jesus "disordered earth," would or could a reduce it to Christ, in course of which narration she informed order, symmetry and harmony?" Is God endeavorme that, the commencement of her mediumship, ling to do it? No! because, according to our worthy she resolt never to receive any communications brother, God has but little to do with this world from the sit world, unless they came from one of now. One Satan holds the reins of government at the personf the trinity. Hence it was that Jesus present-he having long since dethroned the Al-

who have vainly endeavored to reduce it to order,

cently, well a trance-speaker in our hall, in Buf- Therefore Satan appears to be the person, accordfalo, throughout the same member of the trinity ing to brother Hastings's reasoning, who is endeavorpurported tpeak, and declared that his medium ing to make this world more harmonious and symwas superion spiritual development and elevation, metrical-more peaceful and more orderly. No other to all other sliqms in the world, and gave notice inference can be drawn from our brother's book, than that God wd come, in the afternoon, and work the that Satan is now the present ruler of this world, greatest mile through him that ever had been and "in vainly trying to harmonize it," has been "torn," and made to bleed at every pore; unless we Now we dot deny but that lofty and progressed are to infer that those "bleeding forms," mean himspirits can timit to this mundane sphere, through self, and the feeble, few co-workers with him, who the exalted pls of angelic existence; yet, if at all, have been "vainly endeavoring to harmonize this it is not dondrectly. It is not to be believed, for world" to the belief that the Great Creator is soon it would be adation of order to do so-it is un- to wind up his affairs, and close up accounts with called for, bose unnecessary. Instead of the mankind. Thus he trots out his hobby. He searchsweet music of, spheres—the glorious symphonies es the pages of history—sacred and profane—and of life-we sho then have the hourse roar of dis- recounts the calamities that have failen upon races of men in different ages; the crumbling and over-No, kind read the moral and intellectual stars of throw of the nations in the past; the wars, the famcurth, in losing material form, do not lose their ines and sufferings of the inhabitants of this earth, minds nor suffect; as though the future state for six thousand years, as he confidently tells us, are bears no resempce, and is not a continuation of all to be attributed to the vengeance and vindictivethis; as though te are to be no "hewers of wood ness of the Great Creator. He also says that Satan, or drawers of war in the future, but an inglori- (the great antagonist of God.) has wrested the crown and sceptre from the Aimighty, and has held sway Think not that impute fraud or dishonesty to for six thousand years, which, according to our broththose mediums from come so many errors, but er's calculations, amounts to the entire period of the weakness. Spirits clairvoyant, and are supposed learth's existence. Therefore, God, who has naught to see the folly of he who need great names for to to de with the present order of things-having been

stand aside, and lament his fate!" Oh, what superlative nonsense, brother Hastings!

nation. He believes this world is growing worse and worse. He believes in the progress of the worldand institutions of men, originated with the "Prince of the power of the air," and are all tending Surely some of the poor of Exeter have had the gostoward that point in the no-distant future when the pel preached to them this summer. Last week we pent-up wrath of an injured Deity shall burst upon a ruined world!

The advent and amazingly rapid spreading docrine of Modern Spiritualism, is the last and most signlficant " sign of the times " with him, that Satan's reign is soon to terminate. Our worthy brother thinks that Satan, being aware that his days are numbered, and his thousand years of bondage are soon to begin, is making renewed efforts to recruit his ranks, and modern Spiritualism is the inducement offered. Our hit in thus devising a way to win souls over to bimself. Our worthy brother introduces no proof that Spiritualism is not what it claims to be, but takes it for granted that it is all the work of the Devil, because, for sooth, in the first place, the Devil is capable of doing it all; and, secondly, God is permitting Satan to go on, thereby working his own indignation up to the more perfect and absolute destruction of the work of his hands, when the cud comes.

But, brother Hastings, and your colleague Ramsey, D. D., your warning comes too late; Satan is already bound with chains stronger than iron, and is cast out from the hearts of those who love justice and their fellow-men. The world moves on, and in its and shocked to its base. Its broken columns roll and in their terrible downward course, bearing along the torn and bleeding forms of those who have vainly tried to build it up. Hence arises the pleasing hope that its ruin may be complete. D. F. RANDALL. HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 13, 1858.

FROM MRS. HUNTLEY.

Messes. Editors-1 am just home from a tour of ome seven weeks in your State. The first Sabbath in September I spent in Abington. This being my first visit, I could not judge so well as to the progress of our cause. I can only say that I had good houses, found warm friends and welcoming hearts to greet me, a stranger in their midst. From here passed down almost to the shores of Cape Cod, and gave two evening lectures in the town of Wareham, where I have often, in times past, rested my weary frame in the pleasant homes opened for my reception. Leaving there, I came to South Carver, and ectured one evening to a full house. Here a few carnest souls have sowed the good seed, which is springing up, and will give them a plentiful harvest.

The three last Sabbaths in September were spent in Taunton, where I had large and attentive audiences. Spiritualism here has taken hold of some of the first minds, both in the church and out, showing that the people are disposed to think for themselves.

On the 22d, Ellen Tisdel wrapt the robe of immorality around her, and went up higher, to dwell with the angels. In compliance, with her request, I attended the funeral, on the 25th, in the Universalist Church—her mother being a member of the same yet the holy light of Spiritualism had shed its halo around her, and rolled the stone away from the door of the sepulchre, so there were no dead there-only the living, clothed in the beautiful vestment of an church for the services. The pastor objectedwhether from the honest convictions of his own heart as to its impropriety, or a fear of popular land that he had been defeated." opinion on the other side-I know not; but trust the

ford. The hall in which I spoke was filled to overflowing with earnest listeners, seeking for truth, and not fearing to investigate. The second Sabbath in October I spoke iu Foxboro'. This was my first visit to this place, also; and if the hospitality, shown me is characteristic of the town, lathink that bigotry and intolerance cannot long survive amid such noble me, tired and weary, in my own home.

Subsequently, I crossed over the proud Connecticut hill-where I met the friends of olden time, who had Friend from Huntingdon found it his duty to go children.

In this place (where I reside,) where my first publie efforts were made, the opposition say that Spirit, the warning. unlism is dead - but they fail to produce harmony sufficient to chant its requiem, or a grave deep ly thriving and growing in its own way.

About two miles from here the friends ar soon be ready for dedication to the good work. I my clothes on nor off, and my arm and hand began shall probably spend the month of November in the to wither, so that I applied to some physicians, but vicinity of home—the two first Sabbaths in December in Taunton-the two last in Providence, R. I.

I would say adieu for a time to all the kind friends who have made my wanderings pleasant, and may heaven's choicest blessings be ever theirs through that if thou seest thy way to lay thy hand upon my life's vicissitudes; and, when they pass on to spirit shoulder, my arm and hand shall be whole throughrealms, may they realize all the happiness our beau. out.' This remained with me two days and nights, tiful faith teaches. II. F. HUNTLEY,

PAPER-MILL VILLAGE, N. II., Oct. 22, 1858.

SPIRITUALISM IN EXETER, N. H. the Banner with accounts of the progress of the cause on the first day of the week. Some time after the in various places, but do not remember to have seen | meeting, I called him aside into the hall, and gave any report from this town. For some reason, to me him a relation of my dream, showing him my arm unknown, our citizens have not in any way had those and hand; and in a little time, while walking tomeans of testing the facts of Spiritualism, which have gether silently, he turned about and looked upon me. been afforded in most places of its size, and in many and, lifting up his hand, laid it upon my shoulder. smaller towns. Very few of our people have had an saying, 'The Lord strengthen thee, both within and of the kind in this town?"

from Prof. Otis, and fourteen through Mrs. Janie without any pain.

Ricker, of Dover. The two former persons are well known. The discourses through Mrs. Ricker have Paganism, Mohammedanism, and every other ism all been of a high character, and were well adapted comes in for a share of our worthy brother's indig- in subject, matter and style of delivery, to her audiences. All were of a practical religious tone, and most of them glowed with fervid eloquence, warming but it is a progression downward. In fact, there is and quickening the holier emotions of the soul, and nothing right with him; every system, all conditions touching as with master hand the sweetest chords of the heart, and attuning them with holiest harmonies. were-highly gratified, by being able for the first time, to witness some striking physical and musical manifestations. We were favored with a visit from Miss Jenny Lord. Accounts of her circles have been published, so that I can only add my testimony to that of others. As usual, at her circles, we had abundant evidence that a double-bass viol, violoncello, guitar drums, harmonicon, triangle, tin horn, &c., were played skillfully without contact with mortal hands. I was present in a circle of six, and also when the worthy brother feels that Satan has made a happy room was so crowded that it seemed impossible for mortals to have used those instruments, as they were used. They were played most of the time singly, but occasionally three or four were played together. A person cannot realize the amount of demonstrative evidence given in these circles, from a description, to say nothing of the moral evidence. There is no difficulty in knowing where a tambourine is when violently shaken, as though by a strong man, yet this instrument when thus shaken was freely moved about the heads of the circle, passing in an instant from one side of the table to the other; in short, had not its management inspired one with confidence that it was in the hands of one who could see clearly in the dark, we should not have dared to remain in mighty whirl" the tottering superstructure of the circle. The drum-stick would dance about the creeds and creed-worshipers, whose foundation is table, and from the table to the drum like a thing of sunk deep in superstition and bigotry, is dislocated life. We believe that no one who has attended these circles here, has been able to form any idea how the crash in "harsh confusion," and grate upon our cars thing was done, and we think all will be compelled to admit the agency of those who claim through the modium to be the musicians. We advise all who are not firmly grounded in the spiritual faith, to avail themselves of the first opportunity to attend one of Miss L's circles. Of one thing I am sure, they will nowhere meet with a more kind and obliging medium-one who is more willing to afford the skeptic every advantage for testing the matter which the laws of mediumship will admit of, and that too, without demanding any unreasonable compensa-GEO. G. ODIORNE. EXETER, N. H., Oct. 14, 1859. 6

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AMONG THE FRIENDS.

DEAR BANNER-In your paper issued October 9th, I noticed an article on Presentiment, setting forth in a clear manner a spiritual influence that attended Thomas Chalkley-one of the early Quakers-and 1 am aware that the influence is not accepted by the Society, as being in any way connected with spirits, as is believed to be the case by the Spiritualist of today. Having been brought up amongst this class of people, I have, since my investigation of the phenomena, in some of their plases, been reminded of a very marked resemblance to many manifestations among the earlier Quakers. Thinking it might in terest your readers, I venture to give some incidents connected with the early history of this society.

In the Friends' Library, Vol. 1, page 67, (a standard work, approved by the New England yearly inceting,) is found the following: "George Fox, as well as other of the first Friends, sometimes had a foresight of important events. While confined in Lancaster Castle, public report of the warlike operations of the Grand Turk excited fears in many, that angel. The society willingly opened the doors of the he would overun Christendom; but George told several persons that he had seen him turn backward, and, within a month, the intelligence reached Eng-

"Another time," he says, "as I was walking in my chamber, with my eye to the Lord, I saw the an-The first Sabbath of October I spent in New Bed- | gel of the Lord, with a glittering drawn sword stretched southward, as though the court had been all on fire. Not long after, the war broke out with Holland, the sickness broke forth, and afterwards the fire of London; so the Lord's sword was drawn, indeed."

The next day after his release, the great fire broke out in London, and consumed a large part of the city. and generous influences. The third Sabbath found During his confinement, he had a remarkable vision of an angel of the Lord, with a glittering sword drawn in his hand, stretched out southward toward nto the sister State of Vermont, and lectured in the city, which he believed to be indicative of this Rockingham-in the old-fashioned church upon the calamity. Three days before the fire broke out, a spoken words of good cheer when first, tremblingly, I through the streets of London, and warn the people began my public labors. My heart grew glad to of its approach. He scattered his money as he went. meet them, and I forgot that the body was weary in and loosed his knee bands and stockings, as a man the gladness of the spirit. There is a fine medium who had hastily put on his apparel, telling the peohere-Mrs. Sarah Willey-through whom the higher ple that thus should they run up and down, scatterintelligences give many pearls of wisdom to earth's ing their money and goods, half undressed, like mad people, for the violence of the fire, (which they did. while the city was burning;) but they regarded not

In Vol. 2, of the Friends' Library, page 21, in speaking of John Banks, it says: " About this time enough to bury it in - while the truth is, it is quiet a pain struck into my shoulder, and gradually fell down into my arm and hands, so that I was wholly deprived of the use of it; the pain increased both day erecting a hall for spiritual meetings, which will and night. For three months I could neither put could get no cure from any of them. At last, as I was asleep upon my bed in the night-time, I saw in a vision that I was with dear George Fox, and I thought I said to him, Georgo, my faith is such, that the thing was a true vision, and that I must go to George Fox; until at last, through much exercise of mind, as a great trial of my faith, I was made willing to go to him, he being then at Swarthmore, in MESSAS, EDITORS-We have often been favored in Lancashire, where there was a meeting of Friends. opportunity to witness any startling physical de- without.' - I went to Thomas Lowers, of Marsh monstrations; no test medium has been among us for Grange, that night, and when I was set down to several years, (and then only for a day;) no answers supper, immediately before I was aware, my hand to scaled letters have been received; in short, when was lifted up to do its office, which I could not do for ever we read the paper, the oft recurring question is long before. This struck me with great admiration. heard-" What's the reason we never have anything and my heart was broken into tenderness before the Lord; and the next day I went home with my arm We have had two discourses from Mvs. Hyzer, two and hand restored to its former use and strength,

The next time that George Fox and I met, he said, John, thou mended ? I answered, 'Yes, very well in a little time.' . Well.' said he, 'give God the glory,' to whom I was and still am bound in duty so to do, for that and all other of his mercies and favors. He hath all power in his own hand, and can thereby bring to pass whatsoever seems good in his eyes, who, by the same, prepares instruments, and makes use of them as pleaseth him who is alone worthy of all praise."

On page 431, Joseph Oxley speaks thus : " In this place (Ashwell, England,) lives Barbara Everard, a poor, honest, decrepid creature, apparently convulsed all over, by which her speech is much affected, and understanding, also. Yet the Lord has been pleased to make use of this young woman in an extraordinary manner, having bestowed on her a gift in the ministry, in which office she appears above many of far more natural talents. In common conversation she is difficult to be understood, being of a stammering tongue, but very clear in utterance in her min

In Sewell's History, Vol. I, page 132, is recorded a prophecy of George Fox, in reference to the breaking up of Parliament, in the month of April, 1653. G. Fox not long before being come to Swarthmore, and hearing Judge Fell and Justice Benson discoursing together concerning the Parliament, he told them That before that day two weeks the Parliament would be broken up, and the Speaker plucked out of the chair." And thus it really happened; for, at the breaking up of the Parliament, the Speaker being unwilling to come out of his chair, said that he would not come down unless he were forced, which made Gen. Harrison say to him, "Sir, I will lend you my hand;" and, thereupon, taking him by the hand, the Speaker came down. This agreed with what G. Fox had predicted. And a fortnight after, Justice Benson told Judge Fell, that now he saw George was a true prophet; since by that time Oliver Cromwell had dissolved the Parliament.

On page 181, in giving an account of the life of diles Halbend, it says: "When he was brought before the court, the chief priest of the town then stood and desired the court that he might ask Miles one question; to this Miles said, 'The Lord knows thy heart, oh man, and at this present has revealed thy thoughts to his servant; and, therefore, now I know thy heart, also, thou high priest, and the question thou wouldst ask me; and Af thou wilt promise me before the court, that if I tell thee the question thou wouldst ask me, thou wilt deal plainly with me, I will not only tell thee thy query, but I will answer it." Then the priest said he would. Then Miles proceeded. 'Thy question is this: -Thou wouldst know whether I own that Christ that died at Jerusalem, or not?" To this the priest, wondering, said: 'Truly, that is the question."

On page 332, it says: "A certain woman came once into the Parliament with a pitcher in her hand, which, she breaking before them, told them so should they be broken to pieces," which came to pass not long after. And, because when the great sufferings of G. Fox's friends were laid before O. Cromwell, he would not believe it. This gave occasion to Thomas Aldam and Anthony Pearson to go through all or most of the jails in England, and get copies of their friends' commitment under the jailors' hands, to lay the weight of the said sufferings upon O. Cromwell; which was done. But he, unwilling to give orders for their release, Thomas Ablam took his cap from off his head, and, tearing it to pieces, said to him: "So shall thy government be rent from thee, and thy house;" which was fulfilled.

On page 316, is an account given of the prophecy of E. Burrough, concerning the downfall of the power of Richard Cromwell, in December, 1658. A letter was written, and sent to the Protector and his Council. viz. :-

"The Lord God will shortly make you know that we are his people. Though we be accounted as sheep for the slaughter, yet our King of Righteousness will break you to pieces, if you hardon your hearts and repent not. And, though that love will not draw thee, neither the gentle leadings of our Gol have any place in you, yet judgments shall awaken you, and his heavy hand of indignation shall lie upon your consciences, and you will be scattered and distracted to pieces. Е. Винюсен." (Signed)

This prediction was fulfilled the next year, a few nonths after the delivery of this letter, when Richard aid down the government.

On page 488, is recorded the prophecy of Wenlock Christison, concerning Major General Adderton, of the Colony of Massachusetts, in the year 1661, who was one of the most bitter persecutors of the Quakers: "Take heed, for you cannot escape the rightcous judgments of God."

Then said Major General Adderton: "You prosounce wees and judgments, but the judgments of the Lord God are not come upon us as yet."

But, before we draw the curtains of this stage, we shall see the tragical end of this Adderton, who now received this answer from Wenlock:

"Be not proud, neither let your spirits be lifted up; God doth-but wait till the measure of your iniquity be filled up, and that you have run your ungodly race then will the wrath of God come upon you to the uttermost. And as for thy part, it hangs over thy head, and is near to be poured down upon thee; and shall come as a thief in the night, suddenly, when thou thinkest not of it."

On page 598, Major General Adderton, who, when Mary Dyar was hanged, said, scottingly and in an insulting way, "that she hung, as a flag for others to take example by;" and who, also, when Wenlock Christison being condemned to death warned the persecutors because of the righteous judgments of God, presumptuously said: "You pronounced woes and judgments, and those that are gone before you pronounced woes and judgments; but the judgments of Lord God are not come upon us as yet."

But how he himself was struck by these judg- .. ments, and served for an example, we are to see now. He, upon a certain day, having exercised his soldiers, was riding proudly on his horse towards his. house. When he came about the place where usually they loosed the Qunkers, so called, from the cart, after they had whipped them, a cow came and crossed the way, at which his horse, taking a fright, ran away, and threw him down so violently that he died. Thus God's judgments came upon him unawares.

All the above prophecies, I think, from the standpoint of the spiritual philosopher, can be explained without forcing upon the mind a conclusion which could not, to my understanding, be founded in reason. Yours, in love and truth,

A. U. ROBINSON. FALL RIVER, Oct. 16, 1858.

The world's history is nothing but God's commentary on the text, " He that sows to the wind shall reap the whirlwind."

Pearls.

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

Oh, pure Reformers! not in vain Your trust in human kind; The good that bloodshed could not gain, Your peaceful zeal shall find The truths ye urge are borne abroad, By every wind and tide; The voice of nature and of God Speaks out upon your side

The weapons which your hands have found Are those which heaven halp wrought, Light, truth and love; your battle-ground The free, broad field of thought. Whittien.

Cultivate the affections; in other words, give the youth or man goodness of heart, and von earlish him with delightful, soul-reduling and exaiting virtues. He will then detect low artifices, and be above the pursuit of groveling designs.

The up-hill path of human life, Strown as it is with cares and grief. Affords to retropertive glance. A thousand joys, as we advance. Sorrows that many a tear-drop drew, Seem blessings in the distant view, And pleased, we see them as they fade, Settled and softened into shade; As setting sun on mountain's side Lights up the trees, the bushes bide.

An obolus, held close to the eye, may prevent our seeing the moon and the stars; and thus does the ever-present earth exclude the glories of heaven.

The eyes that look with love on thoe, The eyes that look with love on thoe,
That brighten with thy smile,
Or mately bid thee hope again,
If thou art sad awhile;
The eyes that, when no words are breathed,
Gaze foully into thine—
Oh! cherish them, ere they grow dim;
They may not always shine!

"Light," said the descending Sun, "is the countenance of shovah;" and the crimisen Twilight answered, "I am the

Pistory of Mediums.

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

NUMBER X.

DR. CHARLES MAIN.

Dr. Main has been before the public as a healing medium for a number of years. It is well known to Spiritualists, though it may not be to the public generally, that his healing powers, knowledge and skill as a physician, rest entirely, or nearly so, in his development as a spiritual medium.

Dr. Main was born of Scotch parents in Philadelphia, in the year 1815, on the fourth day of July. He resided in this place till the age of twenty. At the age of fifteen his school education ended, which was very ordinary; since which time he has gatherel no education from books of any kind.

At the early age of seven years he began to see spirits-at the unfolding of his spirit vision he saw them in great numbers. Since, this power has gradually and constantly increased, so that at all times and in all places in his working hours, he beholds spirits at his pleasure—on some occasions sees multitudes-sees them in so large numbers that he cannot count them. This early unfolding of his spirit vision, at first, gave him some unensiness and fear, but soon the view became pleasant, from the explanation given in the conversation which he held with them. Spirit intercourse through all his life, since seven years, has been as common as his social converse with his friends on earth. Up to the age of eighteen the was brought up under the teachings of Friend Quakers, who believe in the constant presence and influence of individual spirits around them. Many of them see spirits as Dr. M., when a child, did.

At this age Dr. M. was impressed very forcibly with the fact of the inharmonious condition of the great change that would soon take place in the condition of the world, which would be affected by tho same power which gave him the impression, viz:

At this time Dr. Main could not find mortals who had any sympathy with his peculiar views, and he would go out alone in the woods, where he could more easily hold converse with spirits. Here he communed with them. He made them his constant companions, his advisers, and likewise his pupils. Among them he found instructors, social, congenial companions, and those that he could teach, that needed the knowledge he possessed. On many occasions, in the woods alone, he has preached to large congregations of spirits. Ilundreds and thousands have listened to his exhortations. Many of them, at times, have been in tears. He would receive from his spirit instructors, and give what he received to his companions and his spirit pupils.

This, truly, seems a strange phase of Spiritualism, but the more we examine it, the more reasonable it seems in the light of spirit philosophy. Every new thing seems strange. At this ago, twenty-five years since, he was fully impressed with the idea that so far as we lived the life that Jesus lived and taught, so far we should be endowed with healing power, and the power to cast out devils. This belief he has held to the present time, and in many, many instances he declares that the belief has been proved to him to be practically true. He also held the strong conviction that prophecy was within the power-was at the command of every true follower of Christ. The philosophy of prophecy was explained by the direct communings of spirits with him, who told him of many events that would and did happen, as was foretold by the spirits. Thus to the external world he has ever been a prophet, when the reality only is the fact that spirits have told him of the future, and he has repeated what they have told to others. Since the age of eighteen, to the present time, ho has had this power in a large degree,

He became satisfied that the so-called Christlan church on earth was a dead form, and the work of true Christianity must be begun cutside of those churches, that claimed to be the true churches. He, with a handful of young men, cleaned up au old store and fitted it up with board seats, and invited sailors, prostitutes, and all sinners to come in and hear his outgushing love for all his brothers and sisters—to hear what the spirits told him was true Christianity, whatever might by their condition. All here spoke with positive knowledge that their speaking was from the influence of spirits. Each one spoke, as moved by the spirit. The great object was to live pure lives, and clevate by love, kindness and sympathy the degraded outcast, down-trodden and oppressed. This place of worship in a few years grew to number an attendance of over one thousand persons, and it is now a flourisbing church under the jurisdiction of the Methodist Episcopal, denomination. Dr. M., though he has been repeatedly invited and solicited, could never come in under the rules or creeds of any church. Yet he has ever it any way. Do you know what kind of a house tell of extraordinary ourse and tests made by spirits been very religiously-disposed, and has been ever that is?"

constantly exhorting and talking in public places ... No," said the Dr., "but I know that the people way ho made an effort to profess Christianity by his and they made no charge for food or lodging."

to the spirits' direction. His experience with them be seen going into it, or coming out of it." had taught him confidence in all they said to him, If they told him to start a journey without money, ignorance, among those who were outcasts of respectwithout scrip, or two coats, he did so. If they told able society, and found there more kindness, more him to go and speak where there was every prospect of defeat, and even shame and ridicule and rough had found in "good, Christian" families. This was usage in consequence of his radical views, he would without a doubt, a lesson given by spirits to teach go unhesitatingly. In all things he yielded implicit the Dr., and others, that publicans and harlots may confidence to the guidance of his spirit guardians. Many most wonderful adventures could be related of who have a more religious outside; to show that the his very uncommon experience in what the world outside of men and women are no index of the real, would call visionary and crazy delusions.

On one occasion he was directed by spirits to start on a journey of three hundred miles, without any and was then directed by the spirits to go to the means to defray the expenses of this journey. This house of a Mr. Dimon, where he found a large numhe did, and was provided for in every respect, though | ber of Millerites, who were positively expecting the he was made to pass through many hardships. At | end of the world to take place the next day; expectthe end of this journey he was made to utter many ing that Christ would come in the flesh. The Dr. sentiments, which gave him the reputation of being told them the world would not come to an end tostrange and visionary. Here he made many friends, morrow, and Christ would not come in the flesh, as and left in the minds of those who heard him much they expected and predicted; but that in this age, food for thought. He left in his track seeds, from and this day, is the spirit of Christ come to earth. which flowers have since sprung up, and now bloom His second advent is now come, and in spirit the in profusion. By the direct influence of spirits, world shall begin, little by little, to recoguize him. every want was satisfied. Success was in everything A meeting of these Millerites, convened, as they behe did-success, so far as was necessary for every lieved, for the last time before that awful day-the present want, but never for the accumulation of, and end of the world. They believed at 3 P. M. that day laying up of earthly treasure. This the spirits Christ would come, and the end of the world would would not allow him to do. If he had an overplus be. After the time passed, Dr. M. stood up and told at any time, he was immediately directed-often them that on the next Sunday morning he would without knowledge—to carry relief to some case of address them. suffering. Thus he continued to be exercised, to la. | Sunday morning came, and the spirits said to bor, during week days and evenings, and Sundays to him, "Now you shall see for what we have brought administer to the spiritual and material wants of you from Boston. Your preaching to this people, in those his spirit friends knew were needy.

spirits to the abode of a very poor woman, whom the their disappointed expectations." physicians had given over, in the last stages of conearthly wants; after which he kneeled at her bed. -even to be roughly treated. side, and prayed. While he prayed, a healing influence, like the flow of magnetism, filled the room. The for the first time in his life, and spoke over one the bed, and said, "I know, I feel a healing power; I shall be well again." The Doctor said, "by faith spiritual nature-not material. When he came out, you shall." And in two weeks she was restored to of his trance, he beheld many of his hearers in perfect health by this unseen spirit power.

This incident of wonderful healing, and uncommon manifestation of kindness to the poor woman, gave Dr. M. fame, as a man of wonder. And many instances of healing, of a similar nature, subsequently posed his audience. It may not be wild to suppose took place among the sick, poor and suffering; in all that every Millerite was a medium, hence their becases without any compensation of this world's lief in Millerism; and that the second advent move-

working hard, being chiefly occupied as a machinist, first degree with a higher degree of one and the and evenings and Sundays his time was faithfully devoted to healing the sick, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, carrying sympathy and promise fering from disease. On all occasions he was used and, as soon as he arrived there, he was also arrestby spirits for speaking.

pelled to leave Philadelphia, and take up his resi- case," and through him they did plead his case, and dence in Boston. By spirits he was directed to the the cases of others who were arrested; and he was firm of Hinckley & Drury, locomotive builders. They discharge, as no fault could be found in him. offered him ten dollars per week; but he, choosing to | The Dr. met a stranger in Portland, and was work by the piece, was set at work accordingly, and, stopped by him, and of him, without any knowledge instead of ten dollars a week, he received, every of the reason why, received a ten dollar bill. He, Saturday night, twenty, thirty, or forty dollars.

Every week, as soon as this money was received, he gave it away as the spirits directed. He would hear the voice of a spirit speak to him, directing him to go to such a stree, such a number, to to be mitigated.

Hundreds of families, perfect strangers to him, he pared for future usefulness. has been sent to in this way; and thus he spent all he carned, above his own very economical expenses N. H., where he remained from six to seven years. of living, giving away at least twenty or thirty While there, he was constantly exercised in spirit dollars a week, carned by honest labor, by the sweat communings, and he was prepared for future laof his own brow. In the day-time, working con- bor, and all his future life was spread out in a panstantly and very hard, and sometimes half the night. oramic view before his spiritual perception. and whon not engaged at work, on Sundays, and on ing home from his business, a spirit-voice said to as an instrument for public lectures and visions. entranced, and, in very beautiful language, told itualism into many families where it was unknown what she saw in heaven, and described various spirit Dr. Mr. has, by taking a look of hair in his hand, guardians of those present. This case of entrance- in a great number of instances, made a correct diment, which was the first he ever witnessed, was agnosis of the disease of the person from whom the about seventeen years ago; for the purpose of seeing hair was taken. Ho thus tells all their symptoms, this trance, he was probably sent from Bangor to even to the most minute. In some instances the Orrington. The spirit-voice then directed him to go hair of persons deceased has been subjected to his led to Excter. Thus he proceeded about eight miles, person was dead, the time when, and disease of which in a strange place, among strange people; at night the person died. By a person who desired more was on his way, and stay over night.

This direction he obeyed; and, with the inmates, the hair of an animal, which, in texture and appear he entered into a deep and interesting conversation on ance, closely resembled the human hair; and with the hidden beautles of the spiritual world. All joined it a name purporting to be the name of the person in the conversation, and were alike interesting and from whom it was taken, requesting a diagnosis and interested; they were all delighted with the Dr.'s prescription from the diseased person from whom views of spirits and spirit-life. In this way immorthe hair was cut. In Dr. M's answer to this letter tality seemed sensible and real to them; it met and (which came many hundred miles by mail,) was satisfied a longing in their souls that had not been only written the name of the animal from which the natiafied.

In the morning after the expression of many

whonever he could find a suffering congregation- there are full of a very kind and religious feeling. often in penitentiaries and prison-houses, to orphans, Every moment of last evening was spent in converdegraded women, publicans and sinners. In this sation on the subject of spiritual and immortal life,

"Well, sir," continual the driver, "that house is About the age of eighteen, Dr. M. gave himself up a house of ill fams, and no respectable person would

> Dr. Main ate and drank and slept in innocence, in religious devotion, deeper soul-aspirations than he go into the Kingdom of lleaven before the people unscen soul.

The Dr. proceeded about six miles on this journey,

their present unfortunato condition, will keep them At the age of twenty-one, he was directed by the from doing injury to themselves in consequence of

The Dr. yielded with great reluctance to this task, sumption, as incurable. He administered to her given by the spirits, for he expected great opposition

Before a large congregation, the Dr. was entranced poor, emaciated, suffering woman raised herself in hour. The whole purport of his discourse was to show that Christ's second advent was to be of a trances, obsessed by spirits of various grades, altogother making a wild, fanatical exhibition.

In this meeting was striking spiritual manifestations, made through the various mediums who comment is a part of, is the beginning of the spiritual This course he continued about three years, daily movement of this time. Here was a blending of the same thing-Millerism and Spiritualism. Millerism was the crude beginning of modern Spiritualism.

From thenco Dr. M. went to Orrington. There to the fallen, soothing the agony of the demoniac many Millerites were arrested, and waiting in prison life, and, in large numbers, he healed the lowly, suf- for a trial, on the charge of disburbing public peace: ed, on the supposition that he was a Millerite. In At the age of about twenty-four, the spirits di- this condition, he called on the spirits to assist him. ected and so ordered his affairs, that he was com- They answered, "Fear no evil—we will plead your

also, in the same way, passed free over the railroad back to Boston. He remained in Boston for some months, still obedient to spirit-directions.

About fourteen years ago-still by spirit direction -he went to and joined the Shakers, in Canterbury. such a family, being himself ignorant of the street, N. H., where he remained two or three years. There number and family. He would obey, and, in all he found religious views in accordance with his own; cases, would find needs to be supplied, and sufferings there he found rest and congenial friends, and, in consequence, grew stronger, wiser, and better pre-

Then he was directed to go, and went to Enfield,

About six years ago, by spirit direction, he comevenings that he did not work, he was distributing menced his labors in Boston, where he has since been his earnings and preachings, as he conceived it to be a devoted instrument in the hands of spirits for the gospel of Christ. He continued thus for about healing the sick, visiting the poor, administering to two years; when, one evening, as he was quietly go. the wants of the needy, and occasionally being used

him, "Go to Portland." The next morning he left | Extfaordinary manifestations of spirit-power have his business, and started for Portland, as directed by been given through him, occurring almost daily in the spirit-voice. He had just money enough to pay the course of his practice in Boston, as a healing his fare there, and no more. He did not know for medium. He, or the spirits through him, have cured what he was to go. When at Portland, he was fur a large number and variety of diseases, most of ther directed by the spirit-voice to go to Bangor, and which have been given over by physicians as incurafrom Bangor to Orrington; and in the family where ble. By his wonderful cures and tests, of an invisihe stayed, a child, about eight years old, was ble agency, he has been the means of carrying Spir-

back to Bangor; from thence on foot on the road that examination, when he has immediately told that the he was told by the voice to go into a tavern which surely to test the truth of his powers of the examination by a lock of hair, was sent to him in a letter hair was out, and the facts of the deception.

Doctor M. says that he is fully informed of all the thanks to him, and calling God's blessing upon him, leading events of his future life; and all scerets that they gave him what he wanted, and made no charge, are essential and useful for him to know, he can He called the stage, as it was then passing the know by the direct and real communion of his spirithouse, and the driver gave no heed to his call. He friends. Dr. M.'s medium development has been called louder and more earnestly, which caused the constantly unfolding for over thirty years. His life, driver finally to stop, and the Dr. took a seat beside for this period—if Spiritualism or spirit communion him on the coach-box; and, when journeying on, he be not true his been marked by many strange and asked the driver why he did not stop at his first unaccountable incidents, which no earthly philosophy can in any way explain.

He replied, "We do not call at that house, or notice Many well attested records lie before me, which through the mediumship of Dr. Main.

Tecture.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE AT MUSIC HALL [Abstract Report for the Banner, by Dr. CHILD.]

Friday Evening, Oct. 29.

From a number of questions selected by a committee, the audience chose the following for the subect of the lecture :-

The Infinite, as embraced in matter, spirit, time nd space—is he a conscious existence?

Immediately on the presentation of the question, liss Hardingo proceeded:

How difficult it seems, when nearing the Infinite o repress the soul's aspirations. As the soul advances, it ever asks for new beams of divine light to Illumine the mind; this is the natural impulse of the heart of man. These desires are never satisfied. Reason comes in-cold, stern and logical reason; eason questions and cross questions the nature, the destination of life, which is invisible; it asks for evidence for proof. What does reason question? Is t the outlines of the human stature—the lips, the eye, the ear? Is it the whole external man? The Promethean fire is not in the stature of marble; but it is in man; thought is sleeping in the marble, and t exists in all matter, up to man; it gives direction to matter, and hence its various forms. We cannot cross-question God. In all nature we behold the work of a mighty sculptor; we see life in a thousand forms, and there is no audible response to our questions; then to the genius that made the great statue of nature we appeal, and say-stand forth in thy light, with living cloquence upon thy lips, in thy power and wisdom. By the Infinite all nature is projected into life. The great mistake man makes is not separating and making distinctions between being and existence. God is being, and man is existence. Let us find the distinction between the statue and the Promothean fire. Everywhere we are in being, in life; existence lives in being, in the Infinite. Being presupposes all life; all nature is the effect of a purpose, intelligence and will, which are of the Infinite, and all that proceeds from, we call existence. Our perceptions of the Infinite are but glimmerings of unapproached reality. We catch but a small portion of rays from that brilliant orb. the sun, compared with the infinite numbers sent off into the vast space; yet they fall profusely upon and

around us, and each ray is perfect in itself. There is a distinction between the Infinite, and portions of the Infinite. All are, of necessity, parts of the Infinite; what man calls evil, is a part of this Being; and, with a higher view of the intelligence and purposes of this Being, evil is annihilated.

You ask for evidence of this Being. To compre hend aught of the great sculptor, we must perceive the nature of the statue which is the work of his hand—all nature. In the statue, we behold the mind of the sculptor. The mind of ages and nations has been marked by sculpture.

In all the busy world of life, we behold the active genius of man, doing the task set before him. In all is the potent alchemy of mind, the working of the mighty power unseen, and the pigmy man must stand aside, for he is only the agent—there is a power behind you cannot see; you cannot touch; even the finest lens, the greatest powers to magnify fail to make it visible. This power man cannot see, hence comes his "questlons." But it is this power, this viewless thing, that is the real force; this power has launched the floating wanderer on the sea of life. This power is the being from whence existence comes. and this being is the great Infinite.

Still, while man is aiming to find his God, the Father is aiming to give him all the revelation he has capacity to receive. How beneficent is our Father! In the past, man has endeavored to comprehend him through physical forces. Of all physical objects, the sun nearest approaches God. Humanity has ever been aspiring—ever seeking the better and the consequence is, higher conditions have taken the place of lower. Man has directed his vision from the earth to the starry world, and in planetary worlds he has found a higher and more powerful influence. In the course of time he begun to understand an influence outside himself. He looked for the cause—he found it was beyond; he found pain was inevitably the consequence of certain actions, and pleasure of other actions; he discovered a mental power that produced an influence; from this he concelved of spirit. He learned there was a power that sent forth the cold north wind, and the soft zephyr. In each he recognized a power outside himself, and this power was spirit power. Then came the religion of Christ, which more fully developed a recognition of spirit-power. Then followed crude and strange ideas of spirit—a devil, a God of vengeance, the Christian God, the Mahommedan God, the Budhist God, a God of anger, a God of love. The world has rolled on, and progression with it, until man can count the steps in the ladder of progression, that reaches on to the Infinite; no annihilation, but all eternal progression.

Christianity has failed to discover the force and from the lungs, &c. &c.; those my physicians checked) must be made to my round special cook my bed, had night sweats, heetic fover, copious bleedings from the lungs, &c. &c.; those my physicians checked) must be made to my round special cook my bed, had night sweats, heetic fover, copious bleedings.

Christianity has failed to discover the force and power of spirit; and here is the clue to the whole mystery of matter which spirit uses for a time, and then shakes off. By the power of spirit, we here see

God? Who shall measure or number the tones of wisdom ever speaking to man from Infinite wisdom and power? Shall we attempt to measure God, because he speaks not audibly to us? Oh, man! where is not the silent voice of God that speaks to the speaks measure not the revelation of the processor of these Natural Powers, with which he focis himself endowed.

Letters Answersen.—On receipt of a lotter from any party. thee? Thy senses measure not the revelation of thy God to thee. The voice of God speaks to thee in the perfume of these flowers, which, ten thousand quires name and place of residence.

Hours of consultation from 7 A. M., to 5 P. M. Termis 50 vears hence, so great may your progress toward perfection be, that the coarser grasses, mosses and lichens to your perception now, are superior to these flowers then. What a change in human progress! These little flowers grew not once—they indicate a finer, better, more graceful, godlike life in man. They must live forever; you cannot destroy them; tread upon them, and they send forth fragrance; crush them in the earth, and their dying requiem will be: I go to live again."

The primates that make up man are all progress they speak of the life within and eternal life beyond. The secret Being is beyond man. In all

arts and science there is evidence of power beyond. Man on earth is spirit temporarily passing through the agency of matter. It matters not to us who er where our God is; whether he be the Pather of Christ, or the principles of Christ, or the Father of the independent reasoner who hears his voice and sees his hand in all nature. That Being is ever present in all life, resides in all the world, and in all things we feel his infinite majesty. We cannot narrow the Infinite down to clay; and yet we cannot dispense with a personal God, whose body is ten thousand suns of light peopled with intolligencehis speech the harmony of the universe-his name I AM.

The following questions were given by the audience, and answered by Miss Hardinge:

Is the spirit body a new creation, or does it take that body with it from the old form?

Our bodles are made up of the material and spiritual; the spiritual bedy exists in the physical, made up of fine electrical forces that give life to our physical existence.

What is purity?

There is an arbitrary standard for right, and to understand what purity is, you must understand the condition of the lower forms of life; the higher we ascend the more pure we become. Purity is an aproximation to Divinity.

What is a lie? We might answer that it is what is not true. A lie is a disguise of fact.

Do we become pure by effort?

Assuredly we do, and only by effort can we beome pure. By effort we loosen the chains that bind us to earth. Without effort we turn back to the beggarly elements of the world. Effort is needed in your progression. Make an effort, and angelhands are outstretched to aid you.

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The following letter from a gentleman who had beel apparently in the last stages of consumption, will be read with interest by all who are suffering with that insideous

MESSES. B. O. & G. C. WILSON, Botanio Druggists No. 20

from the lungs, &c., &c.; these my physicians checked, but, could not cure, 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 heaf-tated to use them; I tried, however, the Cherry Balsam, and, offer this conclusion to the large strength of the control of the control

then shakes off. By the power of spirit, we here see a reaction from a religious mistake. No age of the world has existed without a God.

We do not ask you to accept a personal God; but wo do ask you to see the dawning light that recognizes spirit-power, in which spirit is shown te exist in all matter. This power we have no capacity to measure; it would be like measuring all the rays of the sun with a capacity that can take in but a single ray, of the catching for a moment the sound that recognizes on ad infinitum. This power is the power of the Infinite; God is spirit.

Can we, shall we attempt to measure the voice of God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure or number the tones of the God? Who shall measure of spirit, we here see the dated to see them; I tried, however, the Cherry Balam, produced frequents of the God and almost, and the theolegis pecame less and less.

For the benefit of those in the same affect of your remedies in my case the first out and, from that time, gradually recovered, and the case and, from that time, gradually recovered, and the case and, from that time, gradually recovered, and the case and, from that time, gradually recovered, and these case and less.

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