# BALLANTELL

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# Original Poetry

#### SYMPATHETIC., BT J. ROLLIN M. BOUIRE.

The true man lives not for himself alone.

Nor seeks for joys which others cannot shared But has a tear for grief, a lander tono For those whose lives are shadowed by despair-Who smille in vain to hide some weight of care. The sorrowing heart grows glad, when sympathy

Is offired to it by a genial soul ; And buds of grist, which bloom in misery, Wet by the tears which down the palo cheeks roll,

Are culled when sympathy assumes control.

The brightly beaming eyes and finshing cheeks Not always tell of inward peace and joy ; The heart which suffers pain, but nover opeaks, May hide awhild the cause of its annoy-But griof will rule at list-rule and destroy.

How necessary, then, that every heart, Within whose depths the kem, contentment, lies, Should strive without cosmiton to impart" Its priceless lustre, and to sympathize-True souls grow happiest in self-sacrifice.

We mourn for those who in death's cold embrace Have found that sweet repose earth could not lend, And yet the good smile on the hour with grace Which brings and earth's long journey to an end. When soul set free, itself may comprehend.

Yot did we look unselfishly on life, And strive to live for thet which is to be, ...

We could but joy for those who through earth's strife, Had passed away from strife eternally-To heavouly pleasure from earth's misery.

Be joyous at the tomb, woop at the birth, So sold the wisdom of the olden age; The future life is brighter for the dearth Of comfort here; a loveus heritage. Won only in earth's sorrowing pligrimage.

Life floods with joy, when sympathizing hearts Give smile for smile, when darker shadows fall : The river and the sea are counterparts Of life and death ; it is the bler and pall, Time and Eterulty-and this is all.

Vritten for the Bauner of Light. ROCKY NOOK A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

# BY MES. ANN E. PORTER.

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

CHAPTER VIII -- CONTINUED.

"Plase, ma'am, ye look weary ; will I take the baby ?" She handled it so tenderly, that I asked her how many children she had. . "Seven, majam; four in Ireland, two in heaven, and one here in Ameriky." I followed the woman into the bedroom where Annt- Martha was busy arranging things for my comfort. The share of the dest of the state of " My dear child, I' dld nit expect you for half an

hour, yet; I am afraid your uncle has driven too fast." . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . "" Not at all." Leaid : " but I'm a little weary, now,

and will lie down," Weary in mind more than in body, for my heart was heavy, and I had a strange presentiment of coming trouble. Bridget sat down with the baby in her arms, and crooned some Irlsh song that seemed to have a wonderful soothing power, for I fell asleep, and did not awake till tealwas ready.

For here days I heard nothing from John, and then the following letter was handed me by uncle, who also had .a letter of three pages from my husband, which he did not show me, and I, of course, did not ask to see. Mine ran as follows :

My dear wife-I am very sorry that I must be away from home so long, but urgent business requires that I should go to the West Indies immedi-ately. I learn from Mr. Scott that you are at Unde Mark's. This is good. Tell nurse I will double her wages if she will' remain with you and be falthful till my return! Do not the anxious about me, for I am well, and, by care, mean to keep so. You can lit-the imagine how hard it is for me to leave home at this time. Your afectionate husband, JOHN.

I read the lotter two or three times. I turned it over and over, and upside down, but there was no more to be learned from it-and then I deliberately rolled it into a lamp-lighter, and burued it slowly in the fire on the hearth.

That evening we had family-prayers in my room and uncle offered some strange petitions, but wonderfully applicable to myself. One was thus. "Help us to turn from the troubles of this carth, and find rest in thee, may we learn to trust thy pramise, that lavo thee." I tried to pray in my heart, but all was dark and cold within.

The next day uncle went to Boston, but I sent no letter to John. He was gone but one night-sald he saw my husband on board the vessel bound for the West Indies. He said, "he placed Mary Blake under. my care, and I have seen her safely at her father's house. Poor girl ! her beauty is a wreck, and she

Mary, Mary dear," said Mirs. Soott, " you forgot has been very ill ; wait awhile," and she drew, her gently into their own rooms, and have

"Well, this is most consummate asting." said I to myself, as I sat down in my chamber beside my sleep. ing boy. "What does Mary Blake care about me or my baby? But, poor woman, how ill and wan she looks; no wonder-thank heaven; I have not her guilty conscience to trouble me. Now for present duty," I said. My family consisted of Nurse Brownwho wished to remain till John's return-Hinny, and character to my readers. He was a clork in the Bible, and I read a prayer. \*This and many other thibgs I did from a peculiar botion that as John's

a i a te Ba and Mary. Every day Hinny went over to Barberry Lane to and seized the child so hastily that it awoke and inquire for Unelo, and each day a similar message oried; was returned ..... We hope for, the best, but symptoms

are not very favorable !" I wrote notes to Aunt Marthi, and she returned brief answers, from which I learned that she was

anxious, but not despairing. She was so firmly con-Two weeks had already passed since John left: vinced that he must die as ses, that she did not seem the weather was still fine, and I said to Joe---" Capto think it possible he could end his days in bed. But tain Simonds is wrong this time, for we have had no ono day my father came suddenly. He seldom left storm."

home, for he was feeble himself. "Father," I exclaimed, "you have been at Uncles tell me, is he very ill ?" "Yes, child, I see no hope in his case, but I do not

tell Martha my fears. His mind is wandering most This was the last day of April, and the season had of the time, and he funcies himself in a storm at sea, been unusually early and pleasant. I had sent Hinand gives his orders in a clear, loud scice; then he will sink exhausted, and say in low: weak tonesed the night. She came in weeping.

Home and Martha home and Martha! it is all ration there !" " Is not to ge to the last wallering . bat Aunt Martha still forbade it, and my father relterated her wishes.

" My child you are looking ill and pale; this fine boy takes all yoar strength away. I am sorry John ye." must leave at this time, and I came over partly to know what his business is; I suppose you can tell

me all about it." 🛸 " I don't know fath

"There, now go, my child; be sure and take a that the baby is a wee little thing yet, and that Anna | warm bath and some camphor, whon you get, home. Joe is at the door." ~

How calm Aunt Martha was | how thoughtful of every one but herself.

That night I could not sleop, for thinking of Uncle Mark's words ; it was evident that there was something about John's business which I was not to know -Mary Blake was mixed up with it.

Oh, John, you little knew how entirely my heart was yours!

Then, as I lay nervously awake, I thought I heard Joe. I do not know as I have introduced this last some one in the entry-it was a very light step, if one at all, and the sound more like the rustling of a store-a very amiable, active boy? and quite a favor lady's dress. My door was left open a little ways ite with the village people. He slept at the store, for the sake of the air. I saw'it pushed open wider, but took his meals with us." This evening I called and Mary Blake, in a black silk dress, with a white them all together, and we read at chapter from the silk will in Spanish fashion thrown over her hend, and falling in folds from a vory high shell comb, entered. I neither moved nor spoke, for at first I doubtwife I would do all that would be required or expect ed whether it were a vision or a reality ; but she aped of me. I was growing wonderfally good in my proached very cautiously, walking on tiptoe, till she own estimation, and rightly metere towards John came to my baby's orlb, when bending over, she was about to take it in her arms, when I sprung up

"Excuse me, Anna," said Mary, with all the ease

and grace peculiar to her, "I thought I would come und bid our little Johny good night, but I forgot how late it was. I'll call to-morrow."

"No; he says he is right, and asked me if I didnot notice the mackerel clouds to day. We've missed the Equinoxial this year, he says, and we always have it paid up with interest."

ny, as soon as she was up, to see how Uncle had pass-

"And sure ma'am, the life is all gone out of him and be she good jintleman that was in & indember we had no friend nor Tather I"-Har lears forbade her to say more, but when I proposed going immediately-"No ma'am, no ma'am; the lady said ye were not to come to day--- to morrow, if you plaze, she wants

"Yes. yes : Aunt Martha is right-she would be alone with her dead to day."

> Joe sat without saying a word for some minutes, and there was silent mourning at our table, till the

Not half an hour from that time I was in my room

and I am glad of it, for I would not wish to retain a

my life. It was just such a letter as an inexperi-

enced young wife of twenty, who had been reading

quoted these lines, altering them to suit the occasion :

"The last link is broken that bound me to thee, And thy 'cruel deception ' hath Yendered me free !"

felt quite herolo when the letter was despatched,

that Mrs. Blake is a little wandering in mind."

"And you did not let her ?" I said anxiously.

"And sure ma'am it was yerself that tould me not

"That is right Hinny. I hope you will remember."

" I will have to stay with my sick sister to night,"

anid Mrs. Brown, " and I wish you would have Joe

sleep in the house." If Mrs. Blake should come to

your room again I wouldn't answer for the conso-

"It will not do to take Joe from the store," I said.

and besides I do not feel timid at all, I have no

has sense enough, I fancy."

quences."

"It is my opinion," said Mrs. Brown, at breakfast,

"It is that she is," said Hinny, who sat holding

my attention before, that he looked very thin and pale ; there were deep lines of care on his face. "You are ill, Mr. Scott, I fear !"

NO. 7.

"Yes, I am not well. I am growing old, Mrs. Hooper, and cannot bear the cares of business as well as formerly. Trouble breaks me down.",

It was a sad, gloomy day, and I lived, through it only by busying myself in making preparations, to return to Barberry Lane. The sky became more thickly overcast with clouds, and when Joe came, to an early ten, he said that a heavy storm would soon. burst upon us. I went into Mr. Scott's rooms on some errand, about eight o'clock, and, they had re-. tired-all was dark and still. I made up a bed for Hinney in my own chamber, and while she, and the baby slept, I sat reading. I could hear the wind whistling among the tall trees, and around the north-eastern corner of the house, now in a shrill, blast, and then in low, fitful' sighs, or rather wails, while the ocean moaned like a strong man in agony, I thought of Uncle in bls new made grave on the bleak hill yonder, and found it difficult not to think of the gloom, and the sad sighing of the wind in the old-pines that skirted the Barying Ground. I laid aside my book, and these lines of Motherwell ocourred to me---

"Mournfully ! oh, mournfaily ! This midnight wind doth mosn; It stirs some chord of memory In each dult, heavy tone, The voices of the much loved dead Seem floating thereupon, ' And all my foul heart cherlahed Eru death had made it lone.

Mournfully I oh, mournfully This midnight wind doth swell, With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy, Hopo's passionate farowell To the dreamy joys of carly years, Bre yet grief's canker fell On the heart's bloom-ay well may deat the second second second second second n the heart's bloom-ay well may toars Start at the parting knell !"

The tall old clock in Mr. Scott's dining room struck ten. I took a small lantern and went dewn to assure myself that the doors were all fastened. I hard. ly know what sudden impulse led me to open the outer door, but 1 think it was to see if the clouds were as dark and heavy as when I first went up stairs. "But if it were for that purpose I forgot it at once; for balors me, leaning against one of the trees, and looking up at the house, was a tall man, wrapped in a Spanish cloak, and with a sailor's cap upon his head.

I knew that figure at onco. I should have known that form, if I had met it as suddenly in the desert of Sabara. He came forward and salutod me gallantly in Spanish, and I answered in the same language, "Why Mr. Blake, you have quite the air of

That evening Uncle Mark came-browner than ever, but the same merry old sailor. Aunt Martha laid the baby in his arms, but he did n't seem to know what to do with it; and when it began to cry. he handed it to Aunt Martha, saying: "I'd rather encounter a regular nor' easter, with the wind roaring from aft in the bare rigging."

I smiled. "Yes, where it roars ' from aft,' Unclo; but I thought you did not like a calm ?"

"Not I, at sea; bat here, where I don't under stand reefing, it 's another thing. But wife can reef, and shorten top-sail, too, in this ship, I see. And so you 've called the boy John Mark-a double dose of spostleship. May be be a greater man than either of his namesakes."

"I hope you will not make a sailor of him, Uncle Nark."

"Not I, Anna; never fear. An old sallor like myself, knows too well the troubles of sea-life, ever to persuade a boy to try it."

"Auntie," I said, wearly, "I want to go to Barberry Lane."

"And that's what we both wish," said the Capgentleman make his first visit to us? You know the sign."

"But you are not able to ride," said Aunt. "Yes, I am ; I am better and strong. Only think, the baby is six weeks old !"

-"To-morrow, if John is willing," said she. The morning came - a bright, soft, subshiny morning. There was healing in the very air, A note from John, saying that he should not be shome for storm is terrible in the main-top-sail." some days, decided me in my course.

"I go to uncle's, to-day, and I stay there," I said A strange revulsion of feeling took place in my mind, for I looked upon myself as having been a tame, submissive wife, with not spirit enough to preserve my digulty. "Now I will show my husband that I can read, obaraoter." I directed nurse what tothes to pack and send, and she wondered what 1 wuld do with them all in a short visit. Then I woked at the garden and bade it a silent farewell, ad with help I walked to the rooms below ; but the tears fell fast as I thought of the happy hours I had pent there-so happy till Mary Blake came. "I vill nover tell my troubles," I said, and ropeated the

When woman droops, she droops in slience ; The canker grief graws eleathily, but sure The pullid check, the sunken eye alone Bhall wit of Death's dire work within."

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I was waiting whon Uncle came, and said, as he ilted mo into the carriage : "We did not tell you. Psterday, of an addition wo have to our family. They are emigrants from the Emorald Isla." It seemed odd indeed, to find at the cotings a

warty, cleanly looking Irish woman, about thirty, had a "little slip of a gal," as her mother called her, huing upon the doorstep.

did you over see a baby before? Do they grow in Lillarnoy ?"

"God rest yor soul, yes sir-there's nothing else "plenty I" and she held out hor arms.

looks very ill." I asked . no questions, but every word he uttered was noted by me.

Suddonly he started up. "What a careless old sea dog I am | Why, Anne, your husband sent you a box by me, and I forgot to take It from the stage," And he took his cane and hurried away.

"Aunt Martha, how long will John be gone ?"

" That depends upon the voyage. If favorable, we shall see him back in six weeks. I had hoped you would be spared this anxiety, Anna, but you can now sympathize with auntle. Your sad, pale face haunts me all the time ; but think of poor Bridgat-her husband died of ship-fever, on board the packet from Liverpool, and she just cscaped with her life, and now is left with five little obildren to support with the labor of her hands. I have been thinking of proposing to you to take little Hinny. It will be a task to teach her, but you may do much good, perhaps."

"I will think of it." I said, sadly. "Alas !" I thought within myself, "have I a home of my owa ?" . . . .

When Uncle came home, he opened my box-full tain. "What do you say, Marths-shall this young of delioacies, to, tempt the appetite of an invalid. Ho said, " There, Anna, now that is safe. I will lie down, Martha. Do not call me to toa; I will take none this evening.

Aunt Martha looked anxious. "Why, Mark, are you-111-22

A very severe headashe-so hard, Martha, that every timber in the old hulk seems giving away ; the

She bathed his head, and ho fell asleep. We all retired early, but during the night I thought I heard Aunt Martha moving about.

Just before light she came into my room, looking very pale and weary.

"Anna, your Uncle Mark is sick with a fover. I was afraid it might be so, he was so much with the sick emigrants on board his vessei. He has little fear but he will recover, and the doctor who came in the night thinks he can subdue the disease. But you and baby must not stay here-it would prove fatal if you should take it. Bridget is making you some coffee, and I have sent for Joe and the chaise to be here at eight. I dare not have you breathe the air hore much longer, for our room joins yours. Hin-ny will go with you, if you wish. Southurse is old, and the girl can wait upon you and the laby in your room, while she keeps the house in ordea.

She bent down and kided me, whit foring he she dld so, "God is a present help in time of trouble-trust him now : trust him ever."

## OHAPTER IX.

Oh Annal how giad I am to see yon; you'll love me now, will you not ?" said Mary Blake, almost as soon as I ontered the house. "And here's the baby "Here, Bridget," said my uncle to the woman, -baby John, our own little baby, come back from heaven! Give it to me," she said to Hinny.

"Please, ma'am, it's asleep, and it will be kilt intirely if ye are so hasty with it," and Hinny ran away with her little burden.

"Don't know, child! Why that isn't at all like olear tones of the village bell tolled its three times our sensible John. But never mind this time; but three, and then the age-fifty six. Uncle had died he must learn to trust our little Anna better than in the strength of his manhood.

that. Perhaps you would do well to come home | The day of the funeral was cold and gloomy, the awhile with baby-the change might do you good." sky gray, and the servied ranks of clouds foreboded a I shook my head; alas! ho know too well that with 'storm. I sat by the side of Aunt during the service. my step mother and her young children, I could have and wondered at her apparent calmness. Alas I her little rest. He sighed too, heavily. I always knew grief was too deep for the multitude to understand. what that sigh meant-the memory of his first love | I could not go with the mourners, but remained in The wife who died only a few years after their mar. the lonely house till their return. I never shall forriage was never forgotten by him. My own heart get the sadness of the house, and the reluctance with was full to bursting just thon, but with a determin- | which I left Aunt Martha that evening. Joe stopped at the post-office to deposit some letters. ation to keep my secret. I said little.

That evening Hinny came homo just after ton, and "fau't it strange, Mrs. Hooper," said he, "that brought no note from Aunt Martha-only a verbal Mrs. Blake should be sending letters to Boston to message-"There is some hope I" I could bear such your husband, whon he will not be there for a week ?" suspense no longer. The evening was mild, the day | " Letters to my husband ! Mary Blake writing had been undisually fine for the season, the sky, a letters to John !" I exclaimed, for once completely deep delicious blue. I had 'remarked 'upon it, but thrown off my guard. Joe told me that old Captain Simonds said, " That | " This is the second within two days," said he.

deep blue sky this time of year is only the forerun. "Joe, drive a little fuster, the baby will take cold," ner of a storm." 1.

"He is too wise," I said, and added, "Joe, I wish writing; and I wrote on rapidly as my pen could move you to bring the horse and chalse round to the door. for two hours. I have no copy of that letter now, will ride a little ways." 1. 1. C. A. L

When we arrived at the corner of Barberry Lane, I word of its contents, but I know it was a minute hisdismissed him. "Come for me here in one hour," tory of all I had suffered for six months ; every in-Wrapped In my large shawl and hood, I walked on till cident was faithfully related, aud tinged, of course, I came to the red cottage, - I saw a light in the par | with the gloom of my own suspiolon. Sealed and dilor, burning dimly. I conjectured that they had rected it lay on my table for the morning's mail. I moved Uncle there. I opened the front door noise haw Joe's expression of approval when he took it.

lessly, and found the door of the parlor opened. At but my own face was a blank. once my oyes fell upon the patient, and how sad a I remember that at its close I bade John a long sight! That once strong, rugged man was now a farewell, and mourned over the blighted prospects of

mere wreck-palo, haggard as a spectre ! Bridget was sitting near him, but when she saw me she started up. "An' yo're come -- ye're come ; Byron and Mooro for some weeks would write. I

an' ye'll find him so onaisy about ye !" The sick man turned his head a little, and looked

at me; his eyes grew bright, and he beckened me to him. "Ob Anna. I've wanted to see you, and I must get well to help John through this affair. Yo see I know more about it than I thought at first-it's the same follow---it's he, I know it is. But, poor ohild, the baby; "an' sure ma'am she axes for it, all the I meant to have kept you with me till it was all over; time, and to day she wanted to give it a sup of corit will be so sad for you to be there with Mary Blake. dial, to make it slape well, she said." I must get well to take oare of you. Ha! ha! was n't that a shallow trick to run up the Spanish flag while I was cating a Spanish dessert 1 They caught an old to give it a sup at ali." bird with chaff that time. But I'm tired now, so tired. Sing Anna, sing; I'll join.

'The wind is piping loud my boys, The wind is usping loud.""

Immediately he became calm, and I sung on ; but I had not gone far when Aunt Martha made her appearance with a bowl of gruel in her hand. She started and turned pale when she saw me. 1 101 11. "Oh, Anna, who told you that he wanted you no much ?" er Citte in

" My own heart, Aunt Martha;" and I resumed my jafterwards, when I met Mr. South in the hall to He soon asleep. with is ship as Mary's father came in. She saw me go, and

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He started back a little. "Ah, have I ?" said he : well, more honorable men than myself have borne that name."

" Are you not coming in ?"

"Not now; I arrived this evening in a schooner from Boston, and must go down to the vessel for a few hours. I found the house looked, and was unwilling to disturb any one. 1 want to procure a small trunk bolonging to myself, but I do not wish to disturb Mary if we can help it. We always kept the trunk on the bureau in my room. Would it be too much trouble to hand it to mo, Mrs. Hooper ?"

"Oh, no; but if Mary should waken ?"

"Then say to her that I have arrived, and will be here in the morning."

Ø

I went up to Mary's room, but she was not there. No one had disturbed the bed that night. 1 found the trunk, after some search, under the bed, and carried it down.

" Thank you from my inmost heart, Mrs. Hooper." And he made a low bow, thanking me again, as he walked away. I thought his gratitude quite disproportionate to the favor.

I went round to each of the outside doors to see, if they were secured, not forgetting one which led from Mrs. Scott's dining-room to a porch. . In that room I found Mary Blake rocking herself to and fro in a large rocking chair.

"You are late to night, Mary," I said,

"Ah, that sounds pleasant, Anna ; why do n't you always call me Mary ?"

"I did not know yon wished to have me." "Oh, Anna !" she said, coming close to me, " have- ] not I done all L could to make you love me? I have nined for your love as a child for its mother ; but it is too late now !" And she flung me away from her with the force and strength of an angry man. I feli, breaking my lantern, and hurting my head against the corner of the fire place. I was stunned for a moment, but soon railled and found that we were in darkness, and, as I rose to my feet, I felt, rather than saw, that she was about to make another spring at me; but Mrs. Scott, alarmed by the noise, came łn.

1. 1. 1. A. I. I. " Mary ! Mary, my daughter, what have you been doing ?"

······

"Do n't you know, mother, she never would love me ?--- and I mean to kill her now !"

She glared florcely upon me, and I saw now that nurse Brown was right. Mary had lost her reason ! "But you do love her, Mary, do n't you ?" and she

begged of me by signs to assure her of it. I threw my arms around hor neok, thinking a little dissimulation excusable. "Yes, yes, Mary & I love you," and, hoping to soothe her thoroughiy, I said, "Your husband has como, Mary; he will be here in the morning."

idea but Mrs. Blake knows what she is about; she "Sydney Blake here !" she exclaimed, " and John gono ! Oh, what shall I do without John | Mother -mother, you wont let Syducy in till John comes. "I was going with baby up stairs a few minutes ter a after et af garage will you ?" singing. "His breathing became regular, and he was stopped to look at the little boy, and inquire after my . I grew sick and faint, and tottered out of the room

I commenced-. . . "Once on the raging seas I rods,"

said: "You should have loved me before, Anna Hooper-it's too late, now !"

I ran up to my own room as fast as my poor, trembling limbs would permit, and locked the door; and then moved the table against it; but Loouid not shut from my eyes that despairing look, nor from my ears those cutting words, "Oh, what shall I do without John ?".

I undressed, and flung myself on the bed; but the excitoment of the evening had driven sleep away. The wind moaned and howled, but as yet no rain had fallen. Worn out at last, I foll asleep soon aftor hearing the clock strike two. I could not have slept long when I was roughly shaken.

"Wake up, ma'am-wako up ; ye'll be kilt intirely in the smoke !"

"What is it, Hinny ?"

"The Lord be praised, ma'am, ye 're awake. I'll be afther seeing what is the matter now, if ye'll take -the baby."

I sprang up and opened the windows, for we were suffocating with smoke, while Hinny, with some difficalty, got the door open.

" Och, ma'am, and the smoke is powerful !"

All this time it did not occur to me that the house could be on fire; but ne sooner was the draft admitted than the room was in a blaze. We wrapped some of the bed clothes around us, and ran down stairs; but there the flames poured from dining-room and parlor.

I gave my babe to Hinny, and told her to go out of doors, while I ran back and secured a trunk in which John kept his valuable papers. -Then I ran into Mr. Scott's part, thinking that as the fire caught on our side, they would have more time to save something; but the smoko was so dense that I aroused them with difficulty. In Mary's room I found her dragging Lucy to the window, and saying, " I'll save you, darling-I will : ean't you jump ?"

The fire had already begun it's work upon the stairs, but I managed to get Lucy down; and then Mr. Scott, his wife, and myself secured Mary-but this last was too much for my strength.

"Thank God, it begins to rain !" said Mr. Scott. And it did pour down ; but for a long time it had no effect upon the fire. We were much indebted to Hinny, who ran some distance to alarm neighbors. These succeeded in saving a few valuables, but the fire had made such headway that little was done to save the house.

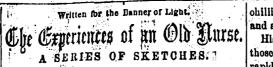
The heavy, drenching rain fell at last upon the smouldering, blackened beams of the lower story, and on the still unburned kitchen, showing that the) fire had caught first in the ohambers. There was good reason to believe that a slow match had been applied in the little back chamber adjoining my sleeping room, where Hinny usually slept. Had sho been there that night, not one of us would probably have been saved.

Weary, faint and wet, I arrived at Aunt Martha's. She was up with a fire, and warm cordials and dry clothes hanging ou chairs ready for us.

The baby was sleeping when I got there, all unconscious of the danger it had passed. My tears fell like rain as I looked upon it and thanked God for its safety.

"Now lie down," said Martha, "and try to rest," as she came out of the bed-room with that old fashioned comforter-a warming-pan. "Dear Anna, this is trouble; but there is sorrow far greater,"--and I felt her tears on my oheek.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT. Written for the Banner of Light. TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN. BT MART B. DAVIS.



BANNER

SKETCH NUMBER FIVE. The Confession.

It was twelve o'olook one cold December night, when was awakened from a deep slumber by a loud rap upon my chamber door, together with the shrill utterance of my name, by a voice which I at once recognized as that of my landlady's.

Hastily throwing on a portion of my olothes, I unlocked the door to admit mine hostess, who was shivering with the cold, and not a little vexed at being tio at that. Perceiving her flushed and indignant roused from her slumbers at so unseasonable an hour of the night, to answer the violent ringing of the door bell. Unfortunately her sleeping apartment was on the first floor, and, being naturally a nervous and wakeful woman, Miss Higgins always declared that a mouse could not stir without her hearing it-a fact which several of the young men boarders could testify to the truth of, who not unfrequently returned which you were of course ignorant." home at the "witching hour of night," and passed to their rooms above, with rather uncertain steps. In their perambulations in the dark, they were always sure to encounter the ghost-like figure of Miss | the free use of cold water might be injurious to him. Higgins, who had stolen noiselessly forth from the precincts of her little bed room, under the pretence of discovering and alarming some villainous robber, (for my landlady was hideous-looking enough in the and simple drinks should be used, all stimulants beface to frighten a score of burglars, to say nothing ing oarefully avoided, as they tend to inorcase inof her bravery, of which she so constantly boasted,) but, in reality, to gratify her large share of womanly curiosity.

Of course Miss Higgins always made it a point to conceal the numerous defects of character of her several boarders, but when certain well-known individu- thinking, doubtless, that the illness of Father Francis als. not ondowed with the faculty of self denial, made | was owing only to a slight cold, from which he would their appearance at the breakfust table the next probably recover in a few days. morning, a single glance from the keen grey eye of their knowing landlady made them to change color, ty, and returned shortly after with Dootor Fisher, and tremble in their very boots, for fear of an expo- now in the spirit-world, and at that time one of Bossure of their past night's folly and dissipation. On ton's most promising physicians. He pronounced those particular mornings, I can assure you, there the sick man to be laboring under a severe fever of was no grumbling heard about wishy-washy coffee, an inflammatory nature, and accordingly proposed or cold buckwheat cakes. Everything, no matter bleeding as the surest way of lessening the pulse of how ill-flavored or badly cooked, suited their usually so full blooded a mau as his patient. over-fastidious tastes in every respect, on such momentous occasions. But I am digressing from my story.

Having finished dressing, I proceeded at once to send for medical assistance. The sick man was now the parlor, where I was told a stranger was waiting placed under my especial supervision and care, Sister to see me. As I descended the stairs, I heard Miss Agatha's services being no longer required in the Higgins mutter something about the inconvenience of boarding nurses. The remarks, I-well knew, well, upon the day of her return to her own home, though uttered in an under tone, was, nevertheless, convinced me that I had made one enemy among intended for my cars. A sharp retort rose immedi- the Catholics, if no moro. ately to my lips, but remembering how very much my poor landlady had to try her patience and contend with in her every day life, I checked back the harsh words my heart had dictated, and entered the to think of throwing it off. For two or three days, square, old fashioned parlor, with a face as calm and the practice of bleeding was closely followed, up, unruffled as if nothing had occurred to destroy my which, although it temporarily lessened the fever quilibrium of mind.

A tall, dark-looking man rose from his seat in a the patient's strength by the loss of so large a quanshadowy corner, upon my entrance, and, advancing tity of blood, and it was deemed unadvisable both towards me, asked, in a low voice, if he had the by the doctor and myself, to continue such a course pleasure of addressing Mrs. Marlow, by profession a of treatment longer. The only thing to be done, nurse. To my answer in the affirmative, he re- then, was to patiently await the time when the marked that a brother priest, and friend of his, be- fever should have reached its height. ing taken suddenly ill that night, he had thought it expedient to procure for him a female nurse, and quiet and easy as possible. From the first hour of had therefore called upon me for the purpose of en- our acquaintance, Father Francis scemed to take a gaging my services for the sick man, if possible.

"You are a Catholic, I presume, sir?" said I, upon e conclusion of my companion's words.

ohilliness, together with great difficulty in breathing, and also a violent pain in the head and back.

 $\mathbf{OF}$ 

His words surprised me, for the symptoms were those of an acute continual fever, which had made rapid headway upon his system, in the short space of a few hours. He complained of great thirst, and Sister Agatha again came forward with her glass of brandy.

"Take it away, for meroy sako, my dear woman!" I exclaimed, as Father Francis stretched out his tremulcus hand to receive the exciting beverage.

My imperative words, and abrupt manner, quite startled Sister Agatha, who looked at first frightened, then highly offended at being ordered about by a person many years younger than herself, and a herecountenance, I said, by way of reparation for the wrong so unintentionally inflicted -

"Exouse me, madam, for my hastiness of speech, but the idea of administering brandy to a man whose skin is dry and feverish, seemed to me so very imprudent, that I could not help checking you, (perhaps rather too violently,) for an act, the folly of

To my remarks, Sister Agatha only replied that Father Francis, being thirsty, she had given him several times a swallow or two of brandy, fearing lost

It was evident that the aged Sister of Charity was no doctoress, else she would have known that in all complaints of a febrile nature, only the most cooling flammation.

My first step was to despatch Brother John, the young priest who had sought out my lodgings and procured my services as nurse, for a physician, which, strange to say, they had neglected to send for.

Brother John obeyed my orders with great alacri-

That operation over, Dr. Fisher left, promising to call about noon of the same day-for morning had already began to dawn, when I had thought best to invalid'schamber. The extreme coldness of her fare-

As might be expected, Father Francis grew daily worse instead of better. The fever had so firmly fastened itself upon him, that it was now impossible and regulated the naturally full pulse, yet weakened

It now became necessary to keep the invalid as particular liking to me, so much so as to prefer my attentions to those of even Sister Agatha, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy for long "I am, madam, but I trust that the differences in years. Even Brother St. John absented himself from our religious faith Will not influence your decision in the invalid's sight, as much as possible for a time, only entering the room occasionally during the day "Oh, certainly not," was my quick rejoinder, as I for the purpose of affording me some slight assist-As night approached, however, the delirium, under which the invalid labored more or less, generally inexperience in sickness, know what it is to see a strong man wrestling with a severe fever. In the me to prevent Father Francis from springing out of bed, and dressing himself in his customary suit procuring two or more men watchers each night, for the purpose of relieving me mentally and physically attending upon the sick, never to avail myself of the and as the distance to be traversed was not a long strength would sustain me. With the aid of Brother one, he felt almost certain that, with the necessary St. John, who seemed entirely devoted to the cause tolerably well, though always impatient for the approach of daylight, when my patient usually fell Each morning, Sister St. Agatha presented herself. she seemed quite offended, and showed what appeared to me to be a most unchristian-like spirit in againing, as she foolishly did, that I had succeeded in influencing Father Francis against, her, that she On the morning of the fourth day of the pricat's illness, a servant knocked at the chamber-door of the former, and stated that there was a gentleman waiting in the parlor below, who said he had called Father Francis. On being told, that, said personage was lying seriously ill of fover, and could receive no visitors, he had expressed his determination of remaining within untli the return of St. John, who was performing mass at the oathedral in the absence of his brother.

the thin and tightly compressed lips betakened a srime of greater or less magnitude, I checked back strong will and resolute purpose. There was some my curiosity, and resolved to wait patiently for the thing about that sad and troubled countenance which denouement of the affair, believing that scener or impressed me so painfully that I stood regarding the later the mystery must be solved. youthful stranger in perfect silence for several min-

utes, when the latter at length broke the awful stillness by saving-

LIGHT.

"Madam, you will doubtless wonder at the unseasonableness of my visit; but my business with Father Francis is of so important and painful a nature, that I find it impossible for me to set my mind upon the common affairs of business until some cluc is furnished me to the awful mystery from which it seemed almost impossible to arouse which enshrouds my soul in darkness, and makes me the most miserable of God's creatures."

I could not understand the language of the strange youth before me, whose distressed countenance and bewildered air had so excited my attention from the first; but I pitied him sincerely from the very depths of my woman's heart, for I felt that some terrible sorrow had already blighted the happiness of one whose life for long years to come should have been one perpetual summer's day.

Delicnoy forbade me questioning him upon a subject which was evidently weighing down his soul; and, after waiting a half hour or more for Brother St. John, he took his leave, premising to call again in a day or two, at which time he hoped to be able to communicate with Father Francis personally.

Upon returning to the sick room, I found my patient awake, but restless, and torribly oppressed for breath. I made haste to promote a oirculation of fresh air throughout the roomy, but, at times, unpleasantly warm apartment, and bolstered him comfortably up in bed, with a view to relieve the excessive pain in his head, of which he complained, by retarding the motion of the blood to the brain. Seeing him so much distressed by bodily pain, I refrained from mentioning the circumstance of the stranger's visit to him.

The morning was far advanced when Brother St. John-as the Catholic fraternity had ohristened him the apartment some fifteen minutes after, accom--returned from his morning devotions. Without panied by the pale and mysterious youth who had stopping to partake of his breakfast, which had so excited my sympathy a few days previons. The grown cold upon the table from his long absence, he latter seemed to feel that he was in the house of proceeded at once to the chamber of the invalid, and death, for, with downcast face, he walked slowly to knocking lightly upon the deor, was soon ushered the bedside of the sufferer. into the room by me, who, upon answering the summons, had expected to behold the calm and oheerful husky and tremulous with emotion, "I have sent for face of the doctor.

His pallid countenance and blanched lips arrested a sin which, for the past few weeks, has lain heavily my attention, as with a hurried "Good morning, upon my soul!" Mrs. Marlow," he staggered, rather than walked into the room. After shaking hands with the inva- them, as the conscience-stricken man proceeded : lid, and inquiring after his health, he sank listlessly into an easy-chair beside the couch. Once or twice ship of your cousin, Marie Travers, through the inhe essayed to speak to Father Francis, (who was trigue and cunning of her femme de chamber, the apsuffering too much physical pain to note the troubled parently innocent Annette, and, having dazzled her countenance of his companion,) but the words seemed senses by the splendors of our faith, 1 at last decoyed choking him for uttoranco; and, rising from his seat with a strong effort, he moved towards the door.

"Are you ill, Mr. St. John ?" I asked in alarm, at the same time following closely in his footsteps.

"No, madam, I am quite as well as usual, but the close and heated air of a sick room always tends to make me faint and dizzy. I think I will take a slight stroll in the open air, after which I shall spirit. Before the dying man could gather strength probably feel quite refreshed," he said, as olutching to continue, the chamber door was suddenly burst at the railing for support, he slowly prepared to de-topen, and a young girl, clad in deep mourning, scend the stair-case.

exolaimed. "Did the servant inform you that a come with emotion, at beholding the safe return of young gentleman, who professed to have business of his beautiful and betrothed cousin, the gentle Marie. great importance with Father Francis, called this to utter a word. morning during your absence, and waited some time "Great God !" gasped the death-stricken man. as for your return ?" · / ·

ontinued with a

It was the morning of the eleventh day, and the sufferer, who had passed a restless and sleepless night, had sunk into a light slumber. The opening. of the door by the physician awakened him, but, without lifting his eyes to the face of Dr. Fisher, who had advanced to his bedside, and stood holding his right hand, he again sank into a kind of stupor. him for any length of time. As the Doctor left the bedside, he shook his head mournfully; the symp. toms evinced by the invalid were decidedly unfavor. able to recovery.

After this time I began to lose all hope of the patient's restoration to health. His spirits grew lang guid, his pulse began to sink perceptibly, and a trembling of the perves, together with laborious respiration ensued, which made me to fear that the consequences must indeed prove fatal.

It was evening, aud Father Francis was dying. Noticing a sudden a fearful change in his countenance. I had sent St. John out once more for the Doctor, who, upon his arrival, immediately confirmed cur fears by saying that the fast sinking man had but a few hours to live. As gently as possible, I performed that most unpleasant office of my profession-of breaking the sad news of approaching dissolution to the invalid, asking him, at the same time if he had anything which he desired to communicate to his friends before leaving the world. He replied that he had much to say-a crime to confess, which would astonish the good people of Boston!

He now motioned St. John to his side, and gave him some order to fulfili, upon which he suddenly left the room. Expecting that he had gone for a priest to administer the sacrament to the dying man. I was completely amazed, when I beheld him enter

"Henry Travers !" said the dying man, in a voice your presence here to-night, that I might confess you

All stood silent spectators to the scene before

"It was I who first won the confidence and friendher away from her uncle's residence, under cover of the night, and placed her at the Ursuline Convent, in Charlestown, where she is still confined an unwilling prisoner."

At this point in Father Francis's conversation. Henry Travers sank down upon a chain, and, burying his face in his hands, groaned aloud in agony of.

"One question more before you go, Mr. St. John," the neck of the young man, who was too much over-

his eye fell upon the slight form and sable robes of "She did, Mrs. Marlow," he gasped out. "I am the young girl, whom Henry Travers still olasped tightly to his heart; "who has betrayed me?"

Come hear to me, mother darling; Come. oh come to me now; Lot me hear thy sweet voice calling-Feel thy hand upon my brow.

Come at the witching twilight hour; Come, oh come to me then, And let me feel thy spirit's power, Shielding thy child from sin.

Como when I bow in silent praver. Before our Father's throne, And upward my petition bear To the celestial home.

Come at the hour of calm midnight; When the dark mantle falls Over the earth, so fair, so bright My yearning spirit calls-

My gentle mother back to earth, For in that hallowed hour, A thrilling influence findcth birth-It seemeth spirit-power,

It husheth all tumultuous grief, That in my soul doth rise, And points aloft for sweet relief. To Heaven-to Paradise.

That holy call ! all darkness flies Before its newer away: It gives a glimpso beyond the skies Of bright, etornal day.

Then, mother, EVER, often come-Aye! come to me in dreams, Lighting the darkness of night's gloom With thy blest spirit beams. PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 22, 1858.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL.

. What is it? It is composed of everything that is good, and noble, and true. It is in all high thoughts -nursed upon the bosom of genius. It sets upon the gorgeous throno of Intellect, and, with its handmalds, the Fine Arts, wields a golden sceptre over the heart. From the four rivers of Eden it flashed from the ripling wavelets. It hummed a sweet song in, the fragrant zephyr that fanned the check of mother, Bye. It stilled from leafy Vallombrosa, and glittered from; the stars that gleamed like lances from #the deep Gallilee." It has lingered upon the trembling string of the lyre, and enfolded poetry in its spotless mantle. The Beautiful! It is not in the alluring Tarpis, with her glittering jewels and frozen eyeballs, staring on forever. In the pomp and pageantry of the earth, it is only mimicked. It is in the simplicity of innocent, holy Childhood, sleeping upon the mother's bosom, and dreaming of the angels, or playing beneath shady trees. Manhood. moving onward in a nobie mission, possesses true Beauty. And then Old Age-the twilight of lifewhen the stars of eternity begin to shine out from the far off heaven-how beautiful it is! In truth. earth, air and heavon are filled with the Beautiful. It is the great embodiment of "nature' and nature's God," streaming from floating clouds, and murmuring rivers, silent groves and solemn -forest. Solence and Art are but keys to unlock the doors to its exhibition. All the Uhristian virtues cluster, as stars .in its crown. In sooth, we love the Beautiful, and it, shall be a part of our mission to develop a keentr appreciation of it.-National American.

so important a matter."

requested the stranger to be seated for a few minutes, ance. until I could definitely make np my mind upon'the subject. I consulted my note-book, and found that I had no engagements for the future, under six or creased. All of my readers, who have had much eight weeks. This afforded me no opportunity for escape, but somehow or other my inward nature robelled at the thought of mingling with a people who violence of his ravings, it was almost impossible for seemed to lead a sort of isolated life, and who, themselves, were taught to lock upon all persons entertaining a bellef at variance with their own, as here. of black. Knowing his torrible strength at such tics. Thank God I there is less sectarianism at the times, Brother St. John proposed to me the idea of present time.

In vain I plead the imprudence of exposing my not over-strong health to the storm which was raging for a time. But it was, always my principle, when terribly without. The stranger replied that he had a close carriage awaiting my pleasure at the door, services of watchers, so long as my own bodily precautions of olothing, there could be no possibility of the invalid, I contrived to get through the nights of my taking the slightest celd.

I thanked him for his kindness, and, after making some two or three trifling excuses, (one of which into a light slumber, to the infinite relief of both St. was my not being accustomed to the care of men in John and myself. sickness,) I at last gave my reluctant consent to accompany the stranger to the home of the invalid, at the door, to inquire after the health of her friend after much powerful pleading on the part of the and benefactor, Father Francis, When told that the youthful priest, who seemed endowed with the elo doctor had excluded all visitors from his chamber, quence of a Demosthenes. 🍡 🌛 1.1

A few minutes hard riding soon brought us to Franklin street, where we were immediately set down the matter. As I rarely left the sick room, I seldom before the door of a large and quaint looking strue. met with her; but I learned from the servants and ture adjoining the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, and St. John, that, notwithstanding the ill-feeling which occupied for long years by the priests in charge of she openly professed to entertaiu towards me, imsaid institution.

With an undefinable feeling of dread at my heart, silently followed my gentlemanly guide up the still made it a point to call as often as once a day to broad staircase, into a large and sumptuously fur- inquire after the invalid. nished ohamber, where the sufferer was tossing restlessly about upon his orimson drapericd couch, with no other attendant but an aged and infirm Sister of Charity, who, in her extreme ignorance of disease, was trying to persuade the invalid to swallow a wine- upon important business, which closely concerned 21 10000 glass of pure brandy.

Having carelessly thrown aside my bonnet and oloak, I followed my companion to the bedside of the suffering man, who, perceiving the latter, paused in the midst of his groanings, to express a few words of welcome at the return of his brother disciple.

"I am come, Father Francis, and, after some two hours search, have at last brought you a nurse who will probably understand your case; and minister to charge of my sleeping patient, and hastily descended your wants, much better than Sister Agatha is able to the parlor. A pale and interesting looking young

This was said by way of introduction, and, moving room, but in hand, as I entered, to the side of the invalid, (a corpulent looking man, Kt the sound of, my footsteps he turned suddenly tart from a hitherto baind sleep, by a feeling of extreme seemed to gleam with the light of insanity, while

Not being able to divine the object of a visit at so barly an hour of the morning, I left the servant in man of twenty-five years, was rapidly pacing the

of some fifty years of age,)'I inquired if he had been round, and stopped before me with a low and hurried ill many days: "He replied, that on retiring about bow. The marble pallor of his face was in startling ten o'clost the night previous, he had felt as well as contrast to the waves of jetty hair that fell carelessly. usual showards morning, however, he was awakened over his high and expansive brow. His dark eyes

sorry not to have seen him," he perceptible shudder of the frame.

"I asked him to leave his name, but he said that being a stranger to both Father Francis and your. and dishonored women !" and the crone-like form of self, it would be of little consequence. He left, however, with the intention of calling again in a day or two."

Just then the invalid called me to fetch him some drink, and without waiting to hear what further remarks St. John had to offer upon the subject, I The next moment the terrible death-rattle vibrated hastily returned to the chamber, and saw no more of painfully in the ears of all present, while a feeble St. John throughout that day.

The doctor came and proneunced his patient very sick man. The fever still ran high, and his death had claimed two victims instead of one. pulse was still very full and quick. After giving me fresh orders to keep the sufferer free from all exoltement, Doctor Fisher again took his leave, remark- had left its earthly domain, while the aged Sister of ing that the fever would probably turn in four or Charity, the once beautiful, but long since discarded: five days.

Father Francis had been confined to his room jus one week, when the mysterious youth again made his appearance, and begged most earnestly to be admitted to the presence of Father Francis. Strange to say, Brother St. John was again 'absent; and being busily engaged in performing some duty for the invalid, I despatched word to the parlor by the servant, that the physician had strictly prohibited all visitors from enterlug the sick room.

The domestic returned with a card, upon the back of which was hastily written with a lead penoil:-For the love of Heaven, grant me but a few minutes' conversation with the priest, Father Francis. Travers, (to whom she had been for long years beas my life depends upon it!" I held the neatly printed card up before the eyes of the invalid, that family. The lost one was about given up as dead, he might read the name there engraven, at the same time inquiring if he would like to speak with him a man, informing him that his cousin had been semoment or two.

not admit him, for God's sake-I beseech you, Mrs. faith, and, by inducing her to take the veil, oblige Marlow I" and the strong man fell back upon his her to settle hor large fortune upon the Ursuline pillow with a deep groan.

When the servant again made her appearance from communicating my refusal to let the stranger by fire, in the year 1834. Annette, the French waitto the chamber of Father Francis, she, too, betrayed ing maid of the gentle Marle, (whose violent grief at signs of fright and excitement.

she stood trembling and almost speechless before me. | complices of Father Francis, fled to Paris upon the "Ooh, ma'am I there 's something terrible about to exposure of a orime in which they had both been happen, for the servant of the devil was surely here active participators. this morning, and yows that he will burn the house over our vere heads, if we don't let him see the ried at the Old South Church, in Boston, where the Holy Fa ner the next time that he calls!" and the romantic story of their love and misfortunes brought poor daughter of Erin orosed herself reverentially, together an immence congregation, who were all as she caught a glimpse of the invalid through the anxious to behold the handsome couple who had unhalf-open door.

After partially quelling the fears of the terrified Bridget, who returned sorrowfully and tremblingly. to her work in the kitchen, I advanced to the couch quiries as to the cause of his sudden and powerful may be preferred against him; every story has emotion. But his mind was delirlous, and he only two ways of being told, and justice requires that Marie and Annette, were distinctly audible. Believing that the sufferer was the agent in some tion.

"I. Father Francis! that another victim might not be added to your already large list of betrayed Sister Agatha stole into the darkened chamber. where the angel of death was already brooding.

"May the holy Virgin curse and oppress thee forevermore!" were the words of Father Francis, as weak and exhausted, he fell back upon his pillow. shriek from the withered lips of Sister Agatha, as she fell heavily to the floor, told only too plainly that

Before the priest arrived to administer the sacrament to the dying man, the spirit of Father Francis mistress of the conscience-smitten priest, had thrust a dagger into her heart, and now lay weltering in her own blood upon the richly carpeted floor.

My story is finished. The terrible mystery was at last cleared. For some two or three months previous to the occurrence of the events here related, the daily papers had contained lengthy accounts of . the supposed murder of a young and beautiful girl,

who, some six months after her arrival in this country, had been secretly decoyed away from the residence of her uncle. For several weeks an unsuccessful search was continued by her cousin, Henry trothed,) and the several members of her uncle's when an anonymous note was received by the young cretly decoyed away by Father Francis, who was "Henry Travers !" he exclaimed in horror; "do laboring to convert the young girl to the Catholic Convent.

All are familiar with the story of its destruction her father's death had made her an easy instrument. "What is the matter, Bridget?" I inquired, as in the hands of evil workers,) and St. John, the ac-

> Marie and Henry Travers were afterwards mardesignedly gained so much notoriety through the columns of the public journals of the day.

Goon ADVICE .-- Never condemn your neighbor of my patient, with the view of making some in unheard, however many the accusations which replied in broken and incohorent words to my ques. you should hear the defonce as well as the actions, among which the names of Henry Travers, ousation, and remember that the malignity of enomics may sometime place you in a similar situa-

# BANNER OF LIGHT

Written for the Banner of Light. LINES TO -BT MADGE CARROL. The shadows of forgetfulness Again enshroud your heart; How can my feeble fingers sweep Their dusky folds apart? Your cold indifference has chilled The hand warmed in your clasp: It cannot now, with pliant touch, The gloomy cloud-wreaths grasp. Around the portrait Love relumed The trost-breath of neglect. Is turning like a snowy wreath Where hope's sweet reses decked.

Have carthly honors thus misled. With bright but ficeting gleam. The beart that angels habited, And made my memory dream? Out floating from your spirit's depths To meet the answering key, Has the sweet whisper died away, Whose music breathed of mo? In the wild war of public life De olden thoughts aspire-When angels wove forget-me-not Around your spirit-lyre ?

De angel-hands no longer tune The love-cherds of your heart. And waken memory's melodios, The while we dwell apart? Have you shut out that musle-note-Crushed back the rising thought? Unbound the flower-wreath from the lyre. That angel-fingers wrought? If so, why am I thus impelled Remembrance to reclaim ?... Why thus recall the wandering heart Atiliction held in vain? I know not why the same sweet power, That moved me thus before, Controls me in this plinet hour. To write to you once more. PEILADELPHIA, PA., 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light. Clarence and Violet; A TALE OF INCONSTANCY.

#### BY EMMA D. R. TUTTLE.

"I am fuint ! More air, mother, dear. Come and sit close boside me, and hold my hand in yours, mother, and let me sloep a little while."

breeze might play freely about the blanched brow of a feverish fanoy. Violet, and took her thin, white hand tenderly in her own.

Soon the transparent eyelids closed over the mild pullid cheeks. Shades light and beautiful kept flit- him, and loved as much as she pltied him. ting playfully across her face, which told that the for the almost unloosed soul.

While Violet slept, and her mother sat by her, years had unfolded into womanly loveliness, smoothiug gently each straying tress of golden hair, markfolded forever, a shower of tears burst from her eyes, fact. and her-frame shook convulsively beneath the keen winds of anguish.

"Oh, God I" she exclaimed, "thou art unjust! Thou art a relentless, cruel tyrant to snatch away on his shoulder, ho could not see her nor hear her my idel-the only object in all the world for me to words. She tried to speak of the love she still bore love!" and then the tears stopped suddenly, and a him, but her airy lips only uttered voiceless words, shadow, dark and deep, gathered upon her face, and which Clarence could not hear, although he thought she said: "Thero is no God-no heaven ence beyond the grave!" And there was another mourner, whose pale faco so ?" and quivering lip told of anguish which words can illy picture. He sat by the bedside with his forehead bowed in his hand, as if trying to shut out from his sight so painful a scene; but ever and anon his hand fell nervously to his knee, and his eyes rested on the figure of the dying girl. It was Clarence Elton: and, one surveying the manly figure, the noble mein, and the haudsome features, most blooming beauty.

"They are few," said she, calmly. Let me telk you what I dreamt while I was slooping, and you will let me go unregretfully. I thought I was standing near bright, gleaning waters, not very wide nor deep. The wavelets danced playfully about the shores, and on each bank were friends who loved me, but on the further shore they looked so radiantly beautiful, I thought they must be angels. They were looking earnestly this way, and seemed to be waiting for me. Soon a little shadowy boat camo dancing over the undulating waves, with an angel at its silver prow; and on its starry deok my angel father stood and beokoned. So you see, dear Clarence, there is no spectral orew aboard Death's vessel. It came on until it reached the nearest shore, and is how waiting for me. I must go! Mother, kiss megood bye!"

With an effort, she onoiroled the neok of her lover with her arms, and gasped : "I'm thine-thy angel bride. Clarence !"

"And I will be true, Violet," he hurriedly said, as if ho feared she could not oatch his words.

With her pale, thin hands clasped around her lover's neck, she died without a gasp, and passed as quietly as a strain of music dies, or the fragrance of a flower vanishes. A silence reigned in the room, such as a tornado

leaves when stillness broods over desolution; and a shadow as deep fell upon the heart of Clarence, as an eolipse of the noontide sun falling on a fair pieture.

After a pause, Mrs. Lawrenco 'unloosed the arms of Violet, and Clarence aroso.

All the long day and lonely night, Clarenco Eiton sat in the room where the faded Violet luy, cold and strangely clad in her deathly array. It was the sume room, where, in days gone by, they had passed many a pleasant and hopeful hour-where they had listened to the same little bird that was then singing in the lilac bush by the window, and talked of love and happiness.

Clarence longod and prayed for the spirit presence of Violet, and once or twice he thought he felt the

touch of her velvet fingers upon his aching brow, Mrs. Lawrence went to the snow couch of the and thought he saw the gleam of her golden hair. fading girl, folded back the muslin drapery, that the But it was only momentary, and seemed to him but

The clear eye of a clairvoyant might have seen her, with a shade of sadness in her spirit eyes, because she could not make her presence known to her eyes, and their silken fringes rested lovingly on the lover. She felt each anguish throb which pained

At length the time came when the forsaken casket spirit was not in repose, although its beautiful home, could be no longer kept, and mournful feet bore the soon to be descrited for one of spiritual loveliness, body of Violet Lawrence to its resting-place in the was gathering strength to perform its last service graveyard, and the earth was smoothed over her. and the green turf carefully laid above her. Spring, like a beautiful angel, went to work and soon be-

marking the symmetry of her form which seventeen sprinkled her grave with forget-me-nots, which Clarence nourished by his tears. He thought much upon Violet, and her promise to

ing the smile which played about the lips which had bo his wife as much in heaven as if she were emso often spoken "dear mether," and thinking how budied on earth. He loved her still, but his affecsoon the mould of the grave would gather upon her tions seemed to cling more around the past than darling, the sweet lips he sealed, and the loving eyes the present, although he seemed unconscious of the

Often he visited the grave of his loved, and, although Violet, in all hor transcondant angel beauty, stood by the shiny marble slab, with her loving arm

your heart that you still love me. Do not wrong another!". Then stooping, she kissed him with her airy lips, and vanished, whereit

When Clarence first awoke he felt that ho had indeed seen his first love, and that fidelity to her was but justice to himself, as well as her. But slowly the impression wore away, and he thought it but a struggling fantasy of dream-land.

Alice Lee was loved and admired by all, but from the love and flattery of her many suitors she turned away for the love which she supposed Clarence bore her. She could not see that his heart was occupied by another, and that she, though at a lesser distance from him, was only a pale star compared with the steady radiance of the star in heaven, which ever beamed steadily upon him. When she was in his presence she could not read the thoughts which were saying-"She is less beautiful than Wiolet;" when she spoke to him; "her tones are less sweet;" when she playfully gave his ears a sound boxidg for some sauoy oaper, " she in less gentle !"

But regardless of conscience, regardless of his own true happiness, regardless of his years to the dying Violet, he urged Alico to fix the day of their union, which was to be an evening near the close of Junc.

The evening came. The olegant rooms of Mr. Lee, the wealthy aristocrat, were adorned with a degree of magnificence they had never before presented. Rare flowers, tastefully arranged in exquisite vascs, threw their fragrance on the air, and the gauzeddraped chandeliers shed a soft radiance over the gay assombly. The stately priest was there to pronounce the saored rituals, and many friends to congratulate the young couple who were about to enter the garlanded gate to matrimony; but who shall say what they were to find within its sacied precincts !

In the principal parlor Clarenco stood, palo as a speetro, almost, with Alice gleaning in her bridal ar. ray at his side. She looked like a fresh spring flower which never a wooing zephyr even, had roughly kiss. ed-he like a blossom which hal opened its petals ou some snow bank, and only felt the biting cold and chilling frost, with little warm sunshine. Alice wore a single diamond above her for head on her shining hair; a roso upon her bosom formed of diamonds and emeralds was the only other jewel she wore. for the season, and very tastefully made.

The official priest approached, and the couple unit icism, and Alice quivering, but happy. The creme vacantly, saw Violet enter, with a goldon harp in her angel hand, and join in the misic. Tears fell from her eyes aud sparkled upon the harp strings, and her lip quivered as she sung. Hergossamer veil thrown over her shining curls, fleated gracefully around her and the two brides stood in femful contrast on either side of Clarence. Violet said oftly, "Clarence dear, am I not still thy wife ?" and the looked lovingly and pityingly on Alice Lee. The lw had just pronounoed her his wife, and as such, ly had vowed to love and protect her.

Clarenco gasped, and almostfuinted; but friends vero ready with restoratives and it was thought the illness arose from his deligite health.

When the tones of the townclock struck the small hours, the gay assemblage ispersed. The festive rooms were silent, and a sulln melancholy brooded apon the heart of him who should have been most gay. When they retired to the bridal chamber, a shudder run through his frame, as he felt a touch of Alice from his mind, and turning it towards the invisible one.

ons of a trusting one but to teach her the anguish height where mutual aspiration builds an altar, saof married life, when the holiest affections of her cred to the spirits' meeting; but I know that it is in husband cluster around mother. Erring Clarence! thus to be untrue to thy jouthful love, because she is disembodied, and cannot minister to thy physical desires! Ah, bitterly will you repent, when you have drunk the cup of arguish to its loathsome dregs A few sunshiney days passed over the head of Mrs. Clarence Elton. She soot discovered that there was a sorrow preying upon the heart of her husband, over which she had no conrol, for it was wrapped in mystery which she couldnot penetrate, although sho fanoied there was some lnk within the past which bound his spirit. He was kind and gentle to ber. but his love partock more of the quiet naturo of fraternal feeling, than of the devotion of true conjugal Once, when he had been on a visit to a medium-artist, he returned with the picture of a lady who, he said, used to be a playmete of his in youth, and under it was traced the name of Violet. He hung it in his study, where always when he was alone those calm eyes looked down from the canvass upon him, as well as from heaven. How could she, whose life took its coloring from his, help but notice his peculiar actions, and how could she help being saddened by the sadness which haunted him. She impored his confidence, entreated him to unfold his heirt to her, and let her administer the balm drop. But he was inexorable, intend ing to be wisely so At length a delirious sickness came upon him, and in his wandering moments he made a full revelation of everything he had so long kept. Poor Alico ! how pale and wild she grow as the burning words fell one forgiveness lingors; the Mollan strains of aspiraafter another from his ips. How despairingly she olasped her babo to her broken heart, and wept! She tried to reason, but of what avail is reason, when hope is lived and dead. She tried not to ohide Clarenco, but the thoughts would como that he had fearfully wronged her. She had long-felt that there were demands in his nature which she could not answer, harp-strings which she could never vibrate, from a mother's lips-the cradle-song we heard her but she had trembled and thought it was too late to sing, when the world was filled with joy and wonder recognize the fact. Exseperation seized her. Clar. to the seeking eyes-the exploring feet of childhood. ence had won hor early love, when it was a jewel he | Hark I from across the sunlit waters, orimsoned and had no casket to shield. She in her girlish onthusiasm had grasped at love, but found it like the apples of the Dead Son. Discord and unkind feelings arose between her and her loyal husband, and embittered every moment of their life.

#### ANGEL MUSIC.

When the twilight weeps 'neath her azure vell, -And the sweet flowers sigh as the day grows pale, Then an angel comes on her sliver wings, And a golden harp in her hand she brings, Boft, sweet and low;

Rich numbers flow, And I hush my breath while the angel sings!

Oh tho love-rays fall from her dow-filled eye, Like the soft star-beams from the twilight sky; And she fans my brow with her fragrant wings, While she gently strikes on the golden strings ! Boft, sweet and low,

Rich numbers flow,

And I weep for joy while the angel sings ! Like the soft South wind, when it woos the flowers, Like the glad bird's note in his love-wreathed howers Like the thrilling sigh of the wind-harp's strings, Are the rapturous tones that the angel sings;

Boft, sweet and low, Glad breathings flow,

And I dream of love while the angel sings ! Like the plaintivo voice of the meaning pine, Like the wild, wild wall of the heaving brine, Like the groans that sweep on the night-wind's wings! Is the strange, and song that the angel sings I

Dark, deep and low, Sad moanings flow,

And I weep with the sad while the angel sings ! Then a lofty strain on the rich harp swells,

And the soul of bliss in its music dwells; And the tide of song, o'er its glowing strings Flows fresh and free from the Eden springs! Soft, sweet and low.

Rich breathings flow And I dream of Heavon while the angel sings I

Written for the Bannor of Light. DREAM-LAND.

#### BY CORA WILBURN.

"Oh spirit-land ! thou land of dreams ! A world thou art of mysterlous gleams ; But for Ms, oh thou picturo-land of sleep, Thou art all one world of affoutions duep.

And thy bowers are fair-oven as Eden fair. All the beloved of my soul are there? The forms, my spirit most pines to see, The eyes, whose love hath been life to me MRS. HEMANS.

From the realms of the true and the beautiful Her dress was of a white, siry material, fitting comes the angel Sleep, and lays his hand in blessing on the weary brows of the sorrowing, the toiling, the faint and weary eues, who oft with fervent prayer ed hands-Clarenco trembling n spite of all his stoland earnest supplication invoko his coming. Led by that angel's hand, the loved ones meet beneath the ny was ended, and when the Clickering piano sound. arohing heavens of a better clime, and heart throbs ed the bridal screnade, Clarence with his eyes staring are mingled-holy kisses showered on the bended brew from dear familiar lips-dark tresses wave, entwined with the home-flowers, there nestling years ago; and the voices of the found and beatified are musically soft and tender as of yore-only tho undertone of earth's foreshadowings is wanting-for those voices havo mingled in the hosannahs of angels, and know no more of melanoholy and regret. There, in that spirit-realm of dreams, faint glimmerings of tho future's blessedness breaks upon the awakened soul, the unscaled vision, the oar attuned to oelestial harmonies, the spirit enrapt in recognition, joy and thankfulness!

Far, far away from earth-where the sounds of its discords reach not-where no tone of human misery mingles with the festival strains of the exalted and the pure-in a world of light and joy and beauty—in a land of eternal summer, does my spirit face, the human lineaments, the "eyes whose love soft as the enress of a zohyr, driving every thought | hath been life to me "-my mother's face! I know not, whether upborne on the pinions of faith and prayer, my spirit meets that radiant image in some

Erring Clarence! thus to win the confiding affec. planetary isle of bliss, or in some contemplative

sisterhoods, angel motives, star-orowned hopes ! What sympathies arise from treasured themes of yore! how much of unspoken poetry is musically rhymed by angel lips! what flowers of recognition fall, and fragrant tokens strow the sloping heights of progress in that dream-land of the soull There the guiding motivo of life is made manifest in a thousand varied forms of beauty-in a thousand mingling strains of welcome and rejoicing. Love-tho purifier, the beatified, the saving angel of the dark ened earth-reveals himself in dazzling glory, in . triumphant transformation in his favorite land of dreams. No tear drops stain his angel coronet; no earth-blight fastens on his magie wand; no doubt or fear invades his god-like heart, to mar the beauty and the majesty of his faco-to repoi his thronging worshipers.

8

There, oh my mother I this radiant scraph leads me to thy arms, and they onfolded me with a saving clasp. There friends, long since departed or estranged, we meet again, and no clouds of fear or timo are on their sereno brows. There, theu the loved and fully trustod dost stand again, and the pallor of death has fled thy cheek, the lingering mistrust has left thy heart, thine eye beams bright and bluo, the roseate glow of health and youth is on thy face, and love etornal dwells within thy soul. To the bowers of friendship and to the breast of truth-to the shrines of prayer as to the halls of wondrous love, the guiding spirit leads my feet in dreams-far from the encroaching cares of earthlife, the shadow and the gloom, the terror and the coldness of life.

"Oh, spirit-land of dreams !" over thy enameled plains and towering heights my spirit wanders often; and methinks I gather strongth from thy purer atmosphere, they lovelier scenes. Delioious melodies linger on mine car for many days, and haunt my soul with remembered glimpses of a Paradise of purity and song. Often, encompassed with darkness, warring with wrong, I hear the distant echo of the spirit-song of victory, and before the prayerful vision gleams a moment the spotless banner of the conquering augels; the distant vistas of that fairy land of repose and bliss. 'Mid loneliness and heart-trials, sweet, low voices whispers-"Come !" and the beneficent angel guides me to the blessed islo where my mother dwells, and beauty, love and hope blossom in harmony-where my spirit is strengthened anew for the conflict-where the evervisible, ever speaking God, reveals himself more clearly-where thought and aspiration are realized, and the aims of life are unfolded, its discords banished, and its many ills forgotten. Deeming it a blessed privilege to behold, although dimly, that saored world-knowing that aspiration, faith and prayer will uplift us to its beokoning, summer shores-oh, let us guard our hearts from evil, that we may become worthy of communion with the holy ones of earth, now dwellers of the spirit-realms, . believing that no outward professions will obtain for us this boon, but that purification of heart and thought and motive can alono render us worthy of communion with angels.

#### SALEM, Oct. 29, 1859.

#### "FAIR PLAY FORWOMAN,"

The brilliant Howadji, Mr. George William Curtis, the third on the course of "Fraternity Lectures," delivered his lecture one evening last week on the topio above names. It was a pleasing and attractive

The question is not at all whether men and women differ from each other, or whether there are not differences of duty arising from differences in sex. In a general way, man may be called the intellect of humanity, woman the heart. Man, we say, woos; woman is won. He is warrior, and scholar, and lather; she is mistress, and Iriend, and mother. It

Violet gently awoke from her last natural sleep. A holy radiance lit up her face, and trust and confidence beamed from her eyes as they met the mournful ones of Clarence.

"How do you feel now, darling," asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"I shall very soon be better, mother. It will not be long ere I shall be an angel, and tread the thornany more. And when I am gone, mother, do not let one regret make you unhappy. The angels will be my teachers, mother, and I shall be educated more gool zephyr floats among the trees, think it bears some love fraught message from your Violet. When almost unnoticed guest.' the early flowers peep up from the turf upon my grave, think how I used to love them, and think I am twining bright spiritual flowers into graceful attachment, and fanoied it conjugality. garlands, to entwine your brow when you come to another sphere."

Violet closed her eyes wearily as she extended her it were almost too sacred to return love's pressure.

"I love you, Claronce," said Violet, "better than ho could not penetrate. any one in heaven or on earth. I would gladly live the angels to shelter thy young spirit in the strange her his own, and they parted.

you !"

he felt the sympathy of her spirit about him Time wore wearily on with Clarence and the

An angel, kneeling by the bedside, whispered to angel, for her sympathizing nature could not exclude her, saying: "It is the imperative voice of laws itself from his sorrow. He thought almost constantwhich Violet has ignorantly violated, calling for | ly of his lost bride, but as no definite tidings came striot justice, which hurries thy blossom thus pre- from her across the gloomy gulf of the grave, his maturely away; and neither God, nor the angels, mind wondered more and more as the separation can evert the painful penalty." But she could not lengthened. He felt perfectly isolated and alone, hear the voiceless whispers, and so kept weeping on. and often the question came up: "Must it be ever

He went out alone when the air was balmy and the saint-like stars were beaming, when he had supposed spirits walked abroad, hoping to hear some whisper from the spirit-lips of his Violet. But the gift of clair audience was not then his, and Violet, with all her patient, longing, trying, could not impart it.

At length, weary of isolation, and seeking a balm for his wounded heart, he went into society. Oh, it could not help pronouncing him worthy of being the | was an effort for him to smile when tears were falls affianced of Violet Lawrence, in the days of her ing upon his heart; it was bitter mookery for him to flatter, and simper to the be-jeweled, bedlzencd and be-flounced belles who hovered around him, like bees around a rare flower.

Among them was one, who, by her art in seeming to be interested in ' his heart's history, managed to arrest his attention. Through the magic power of sympathy, she gained his confidence. He had so long been excluded from the influence of the gentler sex, that the presence of Alice Lee seemed to him less paths of heaven, and never feel these death-pains like the coming of the Indian Summer, after tho fading season had come.

Clarence had grown pale after the sunshine of Violet's presence was gone, and a slight cough truthfully and more easily than if I had remained haunted him almost constantly. But it was searcely on earth. I will be with you sometimes. When the beeded, and he thought it would pass away with the keen winds and frosts of winter-but it lingered, an

The intimacy between young Elton and Allce Lee grew-stronger, until both mistook the nature of their

One evening Clarence told Alice he loved her, and asked her to come and inhabit his touantless heart Had he forgotten how an angel owned it for her ea. hand to Clarence, who pressed it fervently, but as if ored retreat? Oh, no; but everything beyond the grave seemed enshrouded by a veil of mistioism which

Violet, his own Violet, truo to him still in heaven, to be your bride, and bo mistress of your little cot- hovered over him as he breathed the vow of love to tage among the roses. I do not court Death's chilly anothor, and tears dropped from her eyes. As Clarclasp, but I cannot evado it. Be true to be, Clarence, ence pressed Alice to his bosom almost as he had enand in the spirit-land I will wed you. Life will be circled Violet in days gono by, a cold shlver passed lonely-desolate-and perhaps you may not be able over him, and ho remembered Violet's dying words to realize my spirit presence; but, as sure as I exist, " I am thy spirit wife." But they soon passed away, I will be your wife as much as if I were embodied, and again turning to look at Alice, as she stood by Can you love a spirit wife ?" continued sho, smiling. his side, with dew-pearls sparkling in her raven hair "Yes!" And the manly tone tremblod as he said: liko gonis, and her eyes as bright as the evening "I pledge truth to thee, my Violet. Oh, I charge stars, he praised her beauty, kissed her lips, called

land where you are going. It seems, now, to me, That night, as he lay half dreaming on his couch, that my arm could protect thee bettor than anothor's, he heard the fall of a footstep as light as the pattereven though it were an angel's," and he kissed her ing of rain drops, on the carpet, and suddenly Violet white lips, "How cold your lips are growing, Vio- stood in spiritual beauty before him. She smiled let! Would that I could bear the pains of death for but there what a melancholy sadness in her smile, as

Olarence's health grew more and more delicate. Consumption had pinohed its pale fingers about him. and each day his brow grew paler, his cheek thinner, and his cough more hollow, until he pushed : life's oup aside, and went up to driuk it with Violet in yonder boughs, a treasured thing of worth I heaven, leaving Alice a young widow and the moth-

The funeral wail is changed to the triumphant er of his child, which responsibility he had imposed hymn; the tears of anguish changed to orystal dewupon her without repaying her by his conjugal love. drops, that bless and fertalizo; the spikes that wounded are silvery shafts of light; thought quick-Erring Clarence 1 sweetly sleep, thy ashes in the silent ohurch-yard, where Alico weeps without a lov- ened by the spirit's suffering ; inspirations, glowing, ing memory of the past to bless her, and happy be pure and beautiful, mocked by night and pain I Soul thy spirit in its new-found home, gladdened, by the fanes of worship I what seraph forms there gather she said, "I love you still, Clarence, and I read in heart-angel of thy existence.

a world inhabited by angels, and I feel there a stranger, by the awe within my soul-the thrilling consciousness that I, a dweller of a darkened world, am treading the sanctuary of beauty and holiness.

There, the lofty heights of aspiration lead to sunlit plains of peace and contentment; there the spirit ' of music dwells perpetually, and sings from crystal stream and gushing fount-from forest shrine and woodlaud depth; but her's are no longer the envied themes of earth. Not the faintest discord mars the perfect harmonies of love, the peans of joy-the hymns of nature-the songs of the blessed! No cypress twines around the placid brow of the spirit: the amaranthine flowers of Paradise encircle it; her scentre is a wand of rainbow light.

There, no mists obscure the landscape's varied beauties-no threatening clouds e'er dim the vaulted dome; but higher scraphs pause, on their electric course, to behold, with placid joy, so fair a world, There, in temples of light, founded on Truth, upreared by thought, are twined the chaplets of remembrance, formed of immortal flowers-the tokens of duty performed and victories achieved. They mingle in fragrant beauty, the roses of eternal love. the lilies of pure thought, the violets of humility, the bridal flowers of promise. Undying laurel blooms beside the cherished hawthorn, and elusters of forget-me-nots-not perishable as those of earthblossom in azure beauty; jessamlne and ivy greet

with treasured memories, and the cottage honeysuckle waves its fragrant bells, laden with home recollections-with heart-secrets entrusted to its care in days and years long past. There, the music of tion, the clarion tones of inspired daring ; the minstrelsy of heart and spirit, echoes sweetly, trium. phantly, amid the arohed vaults, the sculptured plliars of the Mind's temple, sacredly guarded, filled with the joyous life of a first inspiration-the melody of imperishable song. With the waving of remembered flowers, arise the strains once issuing purpled by the gorgeous passing clouds, comes a remembered air ; that ohronioled the first vague daydream of poetio and longing youth; when love's roses blossomed 'neath the summer's fervid ray, the heart's expansion, the spirit's forshadowed glimpse

of realization, far, far beyond the earth. Oh listen, dreamer I behold the bitter experiences of the past, as heralds of orowning glory-the fruit that turned to ashes on thy lips, hangs in golden beauty from

is an instinctive requirement, also, that every woman shall be essentially womanly, as that every man shall be truly manly; so that there is no such contemptuous nickname for a man as to call him "Miss Nancy." The question is not whether women are men. Men are men, and women are women. No boy is so contemptible as the she-boy, while the he woman puts all men to flight.

These differences, and the duties arising from them, have nothing to do with the questions arising from the other rights and duties of men and women in human society. The sexes have domestic rela-tions in common, but men and women are both members of society. They both enjoy a membership of the political state, as well as the headship of families. The sexual sphere of each is plainly indicated by nature; but men have always assumed to regulate the sphere of women in those industrious and political relations which have nothing to do with sex, and have always treated them, not as equal with men in all social rights, but as socially auxiliary and subordinate. "In every age, and in every country," says Gibbon, "the wiser, or at least the stronger of the two sexes has usurped the powers of the State, and confined the other to the cares and pleasures of domestic life." This is the resume of history, said Mr. Curtis, mado by á comprehensive scholar.

The lecturer said that unquestionably both men and women in this country have a better general position than they have ever enjoyed in any other country or age; and in some portions of the country, there are laws and usages which justify the assertion that women are more respected among us than in any other country. But the question is-What is the spirit of our society and the character of our laws ?----Wo may be as gallant as--Lovelace, or as courtly as Sir Charles Grandison, or, with Joseph Surface, wo may make the most benutiful protestations; but this is a question of practice, and net of professions; and it is one of our pational weaknesses constantly to confound our professions with our performances. Thus, for instance, we profess to hold as our distinctive principle, that "all men are ore-ated free and equal before the law;" and yet, as a matter of fact, nearly one seventh of our whole population lies in the degradation of the most odious system of slavery known to history.

So profound is the feeling of the inferiority of woman to man, that public opinion holds the eminence of woman in soience and art to be exceptional, and in literature at best equivocal. In painting, Rosa Bonheur may be very well-for a woman. In natural science, Mrs. Somerville is counted extremely clover-for a woman. So in practical soience, tho woman who proposes to seek medical and surgical knowledge by going to medical colleges and dissecting-rooms, in order to devote herself to this most pious profession, almost loses her reputation, disgusts the faculty, and benumbs society with palsy. But, thank God I said the lecturer, there are women In this country who choose to do what God has given them the power to do, and to answer to him and not to Mrs. Grundy for doing it. Mr. Curtls maintained that overy human being

has the natural right to do what God has given him the ability to do, within the limits of the moral law. and that every human being has a right to be proteoted in the fruits derived from the exercise of that ability. This being so, how can the recognition of those rights be secured except by conceding woman's equal power in making the laws that govern society? Can the question of sex possibly affect this right?

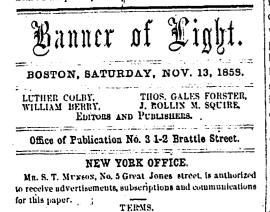
According to the demooratio principle, our right to share in the government inheres in our humanity; and as governments are instituted for the welfare of the governed, they have the right to participate in

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

ciple, unless the state assumes that women, as a sex, are practically minors, or intellectually incompetent, they cannot, with any justice or consistency, be debarred from the exercise of political rights.

Mr. Curtis expressed his regret that he was obliged to close, without being able to say all he had intended. Our duty, said he, as honest and Christian men and women, is to keep our own minds free from prejudice, to encourage every project which tends to the emancipation of woman from every social, legal and industrial injustice, just as we do everything which tends to a similar emancipation of man, and attack public opiniou with its own weapons. If it laughs, we can laugh again ; if it scowls and swears. we can laugh the more; if it cants and sneers, we can still laugh on.

Laughter on the wrong side is like the cry of hyenas among graves; but a laugh on the side of right is like the earol of birds in spring-time, which the echoes of heaven love to repeat and prolong the happy music ; and then, like that Khan in the Eastern story, whose gates were never closed, but stood open day and night to all who chose to enter, so that, when no traveler passed, the wind sang in the doorway; but whether kings came or beggars, God was a constant guest-so be our minds ever open to every generous thought, to every humane movement, knowing that, whether the majestic cause of an outraged race claims our efforts, or the timid claim of some wrouged woman demands our sympathy, then and there God and Humauity have come to test our heart's hospitality !



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#### SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS.

Almost everybody, in these times, feels that something great and momentous is in the immediate future. And although splendid misanthropes and fatalists like Carlyle are loth to entertain hopeful views for man's social or religious condition, judging from the corrupt circumstances with which we are all surrounded, yet we believe that there are indications in plenty all about us that go to show to every mind that properly heeds and interprets them, that progress is the inevitable destiny of the race. Let us, at any rate, rather follow our wishes, our longings, hay, our very dreams in this matter, thau heed the dreary croakings of those who put but little faith in humanity at the best, and are willing to see nothing except you has miready made it plain and palpable.

We aver, therefore, in looking at this subject thoughtfully, that all the signs of the times go to raise our expectations for the future; not that any grand things are to be done for us, but that the world-that is, the leading, the shaping, and truly magnetic minds of the world-will take hold and do these things for themselves. In the outset, it is necessary that men should become awakened ; should behold their true relations to themselves and to each other; should be able to perceive somewhat of the great and silent laws that run through their nature; and should understand in a better degree what is the purpose of their life, and what in fact is their destiny. And it is just in this direction that they are becoming awakened and enlightened. These compose the signs and the symptoms. Here lie the proofs, abundantly around us. We behold inquiry and investigation on this side, and rebellion and opposition on that. Independence is more openly professed, and individualism is more within the public reach. And this movement is the more gratifying and full of permanent promise, from the fact which all candid observers are now willing to admit, that it is silent. steady, and unseen; from the fact that it is working, in truth, below the surface and out of sight; that it proceeds from and draws its energies from an influence as noiseless as it is thorough. Demonstrativeness and show are not apt to be the necessary attributes, or proofs, of a change of thought; these come only with and because of the action that is based on that change of thought. The popular mind, we all know and helieve, is deeply stirred. People are literally making inquiry now, even about the streets, to know what they must do to be saved. Religion-that matter for daily life and daily labor-is brought more into common concerns; is made more a subject of common talk; has pushed aside the discussion of frivolous and irritating topics, and promises ere long to claim its proper place before the mind's attention. Had this state of things existed only five or six years ago, the leaders of the people would hardly have understood to what secret cause to refer it. They would, however, undoubtedly have ascribed it to their own great influence over the popular mind, primarily, and, secondarily, have thanked God that they were allowed the blessed privilege of doing so very, very much towards helping on the Millennium. But now they can conscientiously and honestly set up no such claims. They know these "wonderful works" have none of them been performed through their immediate instrumentality, but rather in the face, always, of such obstacles as they have chosen obstinately to set up. It has been done in spite of their help, and by no means in consequence of it. And being forced to recognize and acknowledge such a mortifying fact, it is the most natural result in the world for them to turn around and declare that the infinences that have outwrought such good and noble consequences, are by no means correspondingly good and noble, but rather demonias and diabolical. It is the logical consequence of the faith they openly profess in the efficacy of their own peculiar creeds and doctrines. As they believe, or pretend to believe, that no good can be brought about except through the operation of that intricate and inexplicable religious machinery of which they

form themselves the several minor and mechanical parts-so they believe, or pretend to believe, that if about, it must of necessity come from that indus- the body." And Mr. Craig says that Spiritualism such au angelic gles in denominating the DEVIL.

But ideas have been sown broadcast. They are swelling and sprouting. Even now they are thrusting their heads slowly, and almost timidly, above the surface. Everybody who feels deeply and seriously a father-would he, could he, turn the ghost away, at all, feels that the crust is being broken. There are secret forces, as of volcanoes, working steadily and silently underneath, and in good time they will burst through and make their appearance in the upper air. There is no keeping them back; there is no controlling them even; they must be permitted to have their own way, and the results they will finally produce will be the natural results of such a variety of forces. Of course seeming chaos must be produced before matters social, political, and religious combine naturally into their proper proportions again; and timid minds will almost think the end of all created things has come, because they are uot able as yet to understand who or what is again to restore order.

Silence always precedes the hurricane. The pause in the storm is generally ominous of its more vigorous return. When men are breathless, as if they were intently engaged in listeuing, it is to be expected that something of serious import is about to spirits, gone out into the world. Here is spirit combe said or done. That seems, in a great degree, to be the position of matters now. People are silent, sitting and waiting. Men seem to hold something in expectancy. They feel that the hour has not come yet, but that it will soon be along.

And what is that great hour going to bring? That is the question. They who are awaiting it, know what it has in store already. Not miraclesnot wonders-not a new dynasty, or a new set of weapons for power to make use of-but freedom, liberality, charity, largeness of thought, individual responsibility. With these gifts, generous and ample, the world will be renewed. This involves no sort of miracle; nothing more than a direct return to the olden, natural, and fundamental laws. The change will not come with shouting and cannon-firing; but as the morning light dawns over the tops of the eastern mountains.

MOSES, OR THE APOSTLE-WHICH? The New Bedford "Mercury" of October 26, conains " an outline " of a discourse by Rev. Mr. Craig, delivered in that city the previous Sunday, being an attack on Spiritualism. The subject is "Future Life," and some friend has requested us to answer it. If the outline is a fair one, we see little to answer; it is only worth being merry over. There are no new points of attack chosen, but people are gravely told that all the marvels of this age are but tricks of charlatans, which but shows that he knows nothing of the subject he has undertaken to speak about. It may do for thick-headed, old fogy professors of ancient languages and institutions to cry out

all is humbug, delusion and trickery, because they are so wedded to the past, so buried up in its grave, that these phenomena, which certainly are contrary to the science and theology of the past, cannot be received by them; but the people, who have not cramped their brains to fit old notious, as Chinamen ful things are done and despite professors and then-wgians, will cry out-while, perhaps, they bend their an interrogation point there, reader,) nevertheless, tables do float in the air.

The principal argument is drawn from the law of Moses : "A man or a woman that hath a familiar men, oue of whom is setting forth to the other the spirit, or is a wizard, shall be put to death-they memories of his last Thank giving at home in the shall stone them with stones." If Rev. Mr. Craig considers this to be God's law, and believes that God to be the vindictive person he is represented to be, the quicker he gets a pile of stones together, and goes to work pelting some of the thousands who have familiar spirits, the sooner he will appease that per- jargon-the rattle of wagns and carts-and the son's wrath. No matter about the drop scene which shrill whistle of boys, bent on roguery, above all! might possibly be let down on that stage, which Then the long rows of brillant gas-lights on either sometimes is reared by sheriffs, in obelience to barbarous laws, given by Moses, and still cherished by an enlightened people-better suffer hanging, than hell of torment eternal. barbarous laws of Moses that moderns do not scoff at, when some stiff-necked brother, who patterns after the revengeful God, hints that they ought to be put in force now. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of his laws are absurd, and it is a disgrace to any clergyman to quote them gravely, except to show what animals men in the past were ; and an insult to any congregation of intelligent men and women, to ask them to follow that lawgiver of an ignoraut and barbarous age and people. We find it was necessary for Moses to give forth a law with a "thus saith the Lord" to it, threatening with the same death as the one above mentioned, those who did not attend decently to the commonest necessities of man's nature, so prone were his subjects to wallow, like hogs, in their own filth! Do the people of New Bedford want the laws of Moses? The laws of Moses were those of hate and force, and ought not to be quoted, except as historical evidence of the state of man in the infancy of the race. Yet, notwithstand ing all Moses' laws against mediums, he and the priests consulted spirits continually. Of what use, then, his laws to us, who, even to the meanest among us, are more capable of governing than this old lawgiver?

ance with his interpretation,) that "ghost (Saz., gast; Ger., geist,) is spirit; soul of man ; the soul of any good is represented to be otherwise brought a deceased person; the soui or spirit separate from trious and ubiquitous personage whom they take is the consulting of ghosts; and he also says that if a ghost were to come and give him intellegence of a deceased friend, God has told him, through Moses, to close his ears. Well, suppose that deceased friend was the ghost who came to him-a wife, a mother, if it bade him do a good? Does he believe God ever bade him do it? We think not, and in contra to Moses, we place the apostle of later days, who preached Christ and the new law of Love; which Moses knew nothing about, or, if he did, had only an indistinct, far-off vision of . The apostlo says, "Brethren, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God," giving as a reason, that " there be many false spirits gone out " into the world.

Now the apostolic language clearly teaches that the brethren of Christ's church, a far more respectable institution, than that of Moses, were in the habit of believing spirits; and not only that, but every spirit, (all sorts of spirits.) And it seems that he did not forbid them to consult or converse with spirits, but only cautioned them to try them-to see whether they were good, and their aims goodness and truth. He gave as a reason for this caution, that there were false and evil, as well as true and good munion allowed-nay, advised.

Instead of quoting Moses, as Mr. Craig does, the apostle bade the brethren seek all the good-and to use it, too-they could find in spirit-life. And this was eighteen hundred years ago, when Moses was held in as high esteen by most of the church, as Jesus is now. By this we may argue that the modern is more aged, "bld fogy," thinks more of Moses aud his antiquated isstitutions than the ancient did, who lived in the first century A. D. Verily, Mr. Craig, you are a slow coach, or your reporter has sadly misquoted you.

#### JUST AT DARK.

One starts a great many funcies-some of them after the pathetic order - in going home from his business just as the night is dropping down. The evenings set in early now, and consequently the lamps are lighted in good selson. You see the shop-girls returning home from their weary day's work, them. selves weary, and grateful for the blessing which the darkness brings along with it. The little newsboys are working their mahinery for selling papers, with more vigor than at any other time in the day. Cartmen are hurrying off heir over-worked horses to the stables, the heavy walons drowning all other sounds with their rattling. Here passes a file of merchants' clerks : there a stream of mechanics sets in, carrying their pails in their halds. The life of the scene is particularly to be remarked, for it exhibits the world on its way from work homewards; and the world at that hour acts out its pal, true nature.

We can then catch statches and shreds, unbroken ends of conversation, sich as, if adroitly put together, would form a mosac worthy of any man's attention. On this side comes a mau who evidently is in trouble at the result of recent law-suit ; and on that. another who has just mide a lucky speculation; and caunot, by any possibility, keep the joy of it to himdo their feet to make them small, know that wonder: self. Here comes one whose heart is full of grief at the loss of some dearfriend; there one who feals savagely at the move & some political opponent, necks to the "superior knowledge," of the latter (put which without doubt obstructs his own personal pretensions. Now a young girl, speaking ever so softly and confidingly to her companion, of the beau she had only the other evening again, a couple of young

the morrow, and then Anna was born again, and but with landlords, tailors, shoemakers, hotel keep-ment to dwell in that kingdom of heaven from which ers-in short with all classes of the community with went to dwell in that kingdom of heaven from which her angel visitors had come to welcome her spirit to the spirit's resting-place. Her death was peaceful, and her features retained the smile of contentment home.

# WHAT THE THING IS.

"Dr. Randolph, a celebrated Spiritualist, has openly recanted. In a lecture at Utica, on Sunday last, he stated it as his caudid opinion, founded upon an experience of nine years as a medium, that Spiritualism was one third imposture, one third insanity, and one third diabolism. Mr. Randolph declares that insanity is the usual fate of trance-mediums. He has received and accepted a call to the Christian ministry !'

Well, it lifts a desperate load off our hearts at last, to know what Spiritualism really is-yes, to know the very worst about it. After all the vain attempts of the Beechers, and the rest, comprising the clergy and the men of science, the savans and the linguists, "Greeks and Romans,"-and each one proved afterwards to be as much in the wrong as the investigator who had undertaken to describe and limit it before him-it is truly refreshing and satisfactory to find out at last just what this "pesky thing" is. "One-third imposture," (and Dr. Randolph ought certainly to know about it,)-"encthird insanity," (which it is not to be expected he can talk quite so rationally about,)-and "one-third diabolism,"-(which is probably what he does not understand.) And then to have it from such excellent authority ! For, as it relates to the "diabolism." we do not see what is to prevent "good" spirits from communing with their earthly friends, any more than "evil" ones. Or is it the case that the little devils have all the favors and privileges in this respect, and are at perfect liberty to go about up and down the face of the earth, seeking whom they may deceive and destroy? While the good angels, the pure and loving messengers of God's grace, are kept confined within restricted limits, unable to communicate with those to whose souls they are naturally drawn by the strongest ties of sympathy, deprived of any efficiency, and without the ability to work a single work, no matter how valuable, let them burn ever and ever so much with the desire ?

The key to this whole pretended revelation of Dr Randolph, we think, can be readily found in the last line of the paragraph at the head of these comments. "He has received and accepted a call to the Christian ministry !" After nine long and weary years of personal experience in the business of "imposture " and " diabolism," we should think he would be very excellently qualified to minister to the church which would, upon such a confession, vote to receive him as their teacher, with not a day of trial of his sincerity. How preposterous it is, after all! If a body of truly sincere and religious men really believe Dr. Randolph, or in fact any other public medium, is candid in a confession of this character, we would give but little for the depth or the quality of their religious sentiment if they could be satisfied with such a person to teach their souls the way to Heaven.

But we will here inform our brethren of the church, that Spiritualists in this quarter do not consider Mr. R. a loss, while they sincerely trust he will be more worthy of the confidence of the " Christian church," than he has been of that of the Spirit for our credit, for, although possessed of good me Philosophy may analyze motives, introduce pallidium powers, Randolph had not sufficient stability to keep him from falling into temptations which precluded the possibility of his being recognized and supported by Spiritualists.

We wish him success in all

whom they have pecuniary transactions.

Professionally, they manage, of course, like other business men, to have a slight advantage over outsiders, but while, when dealing with brokers, speen. which rested upon them when she left for her new lators, politicians, and all classes of traders, you know how much you are cheated, the gambler never allows every man to see and reckon for himself the precise per centage against him in a game of chance,"

There is, to our mind, with all the manifest effrontery contained in the above extract, a certain, amount of cool, practical philosophy, which deserves consideration. The man has evidently sought to get at the bottom of the social arrangement. He has given his opinion on certain practices and professions ; and it is our opinion that, to reflecting minds. seems very fully to correspond to the facts in the case. At any rate, it will compel thought. It will force men-some men-to look with more care into the present and existing arrangements, and make them more receptive to the great truths that are floating hither and thither among the people, looking for proper minds to inhabit and work in. Yes, even from a gambler may the most valuable hints respecting society, respecting religion, and , respecting aught else, be taken. There never yet was a Naza. reth, out of which it was not possible for some sort of good to come.

# CONFERENCE AT 14 BROMFIELD ST. Wednesday Evening, Nov. 4.

Mr. Wilson was called to the chair. The subject continued from last week-" Is anything wrong ?" Mr. Chapman read the following, which he had prepared for the occasion :---

I believe there is no wrong, I have no definition for it, because I cannot give a definition to nothing, or that which has no existence. But if I were to give a definition of what a wrong would be, I should say it would be an injury inflicted on man by himself, or another affecting him as a being, or entity, finally and completely. Such, for example, as would be endless damnation. This would be a wrong, and a crime, and the greatest crime we could conceive of. and God, being the responsible party for it, would be the greatest oriminal in all the universe. But happily we can say, that no such determination can find a place in God, and no such calamity can overtake the race.

What we see as wrong, is apparent, not real, and my definition of this is, the infantile condition of the proper powers of man. Man is a step in advance of the animal creation, and while some of his species seem to stand entirely ahead of the animal; others seem to reach back, and take hold of the animal. In some, the dividing line between them and the animal is marked; in others, the distinction is barely discernible. You have all seen an animal man, and if you have looked at him with a philosophic eye, you have seen him strong in the man-animal powers, and weak in the proper manhood powers. Do you censure him for being thus? Then go and quarrel with the tiger, because he is not the lamb, and the hideous serpent, for his poisonous tooth.

You do not damn the Hottentot for not making the discoveries of Newton, nor the intensely religions Hindoo mother for sacrificing her children at the command of the gods.

Look at apparent wrong ; Judas betrayed Jesus, and, from that hour, his name has been infamous" among men. Trenson is a nameless deed; we feel ualists. We do not think he left our ranks too soon it, we cannot talk it. It is true, we must hate it. ating circumstances, and comprehend all results: still we must hate the treason, and hate the philosophy that does not hate it. We may not be the ally of Orthodoxy in damning the traitor, but we must take

Poor Mr. Craig thinks there is nothing real in the nhenomena. He says :---

The ground of this prohibition may or may not be the fraudulent nature of the phenomena. Probably the whole thing is an illusion and a sham -- no ghost or demon at all in the affair, but only a silly or cunning human dupe or charlatan. Perhaps this is all the reason why the Bible warns us against it. Perhaps there are profounder reasons.

Herein we see the man's ignorance. He is not fit itualism or the Bible, for it is only probably, or perhaps-no certainty exists in his own soul-he knows nothing about it.

There is one very curious paragraph in the report, sire to go with the spirits, but did not seem to be which we quote, and leave the affair :----

Necromancy, or Spiritualism, (a very ancient deusion,) is; by its own confessions, a consulting of fore she departed, she was heard to ask her heavenly ghosts. Witchcraft and magic are avowedly a consulting of devils. Now if a ghost or a devil were to come to me, and offer to reveal the secrets of the present condition of a deceased friend whom I love, God has enjoined me to close my cars against the delight-she said audibly, "Oh yes, that will do"\_\_\_\_ illicit disclosure.

Now, what is a ghost? Webster says (and he is she put her arms about their necks and said, "I wish acknowledged to give the manibg of words, and you would not feel so bad, for if you will not, I will

country, and expressing the carnest hope that the coming anniversary may have as much happiness in store for him.

Such variety-such inconnatibilities-such nearness-such distance ! The chatter-the olatter-the side-the dazzle and glare of the newly-lighted shopwindows-the great shows at the restaurants, the apothecaries, and the hotels | Omnibuses going off down the street, packed and jammed full. Bustle The legalizing of murder is the only one of the all around-lifeeverywhere-activity, although much wearied with the day's experiences, on every hand. At this hour the city street \$ full of fances for us. We combine men and circumstances into new forms there. Imagination, warmid, much by sympathy, becomes kaleidoscopic with is sudden changes, and fairly delights and puzzles as with its freaks and fantastic operations. We always wish then that the world might become, if only for the passing moment, of a professed gambling house exactly were. The all that it is possible to wish and hope, and pray on its behalf.

## THE NEW BIRTH.

Anna Cora, only child of Lewis B. and Frances Ann Wilson, died in this sty Oct. 27th. aged 12 years 7 months and 17 days. Funeral services were held at her house on Saturday following. The casket from which Anna had departed was dressed with taste, in full dress, and it seened that the child slept," rather than that she had left the form, no more to animate it.

had been a favorite pupil, conducted the funeral services, and made a touching address. The scholars of her class at the Franklin school were present, and each brought an offering of flowers as a tribute of

This innocent little girladded another proof of the power of spirits to hold converse with mortals, and to make themselves visible to the mortal eye. While she was sick, she teld her parents that she knew she was going to the spirit-land. When asked how she knew it, she said. .. the spirits told me so." She saw a great many about her; but she said there

seemed to be five particular spirits who talked more freely with her than others, and who assured her that to teach his people either of the phenomena of Spir- the Father had sent for her, and that they were sent to receive her spirit, as it freed itself from the mortal. They told her she would be happy with them, and not to fear the change. Anna expressed a de-

> entirely reconciled to leave her dear parents, whom she loved tenderly and devotedly. A few days bevisitors if she could "not remain a little longer, for I love dear father and mother too much to leave them now ?" Shortly her countenance beamed with

then turning to her parents who were much affected.

whether in the church or out of it, and hope he will prove a better minister than he has a medium, else he will find as poor support among "Christians" as he has among Spiritualists, and be obliged to seek another shelter.

Shall we see Spiritualism shivered to atoms now? Perhaps " the church " or " the press " imagine that through their evil, (apparent evil.) this one man's power is omnipotent to effect that result, but we think the many, while they admit the presence of some of Randolph's elements in Spiritualism, will declare his vision perverted, and decide and maiutain that at least one half of the new light is truth. • .

## GOING TO THE BOTTOM.

A sporting man in New York city having been recently brought before the public tribunals, on one enlightened reason suspends judgment, and enters of the gravest charges of which our laws take cognizance, the incident has very naturally opened the discussion of what the atmosphere and surroundings newspapers are doing what they can, in their way, to let the public into the mystery that broods around these establishments, and so, of course, drag many may determine upon human actions as they effect things to the light, of whose existence there no one this phase of life, and the next phase succeeding ever entertained a serious thought. But by far the most interesting aspect of the matter is that which it is made to wear by the candid explanations, not to call them a defence, of the accused proprietor of the place in question himself. He states his case with so much nonchalance, and with such an air of perfect frankness, too, that one is really tempted to give him that serious attention which is ordinarily forbidden to persons of that ealling, by such as style themselves the moral part of the community. The following extract from his communication w

ubioin :----

"Gamblers, like stock brokers and Wall street speculators generally, whose pursuits are identical in principle, from the very nature of those pursuits, hold their passions and temper in greater check than any other class of men. They are quicter, and habitually put 'up with more insults than any other men, not because they have less pluck, but because they see no use in having a row, and they know that excitement from any cause invariably gives their opponent an advantage over them in play. To show emper at the loss of money, would make a gambler's 'stake 'him when 'broke.' I simply wish to show for it will destroy the body, and then cease to be that gamblers are necessarily the coolest men in the But if the body were eternal, then he might infilot community.

There are men here in New York, whose wives cannot tell by their husband's appearance, conversation or temper at the breakfast table, whether they ost or won \$20,000 the night before, and it is the aim of every sporting man to attain that mastery about money, much less to commit a murder for it. Every man of the world knows that there is no difficulty in getting every cent of money a gambler has in the world, if you can only win it of him. But there's the rub. Cards are very uncertain things. I will not attempt, in this connection, to defend ambling, but I will hazard the assertion that, outside of their profession, a more honest and honorable set of men cannot be found than gamblers. Nor do

sides with her in damning the treason.

Judas was a traitor, and Pilate a coward, and how else bat in the hands of these men could Jesus have been crucified? And if his death was the world's life. then Judas and Pilate, in action, were benefactors, and let us save the men, and damn the treason and the cowardice, and rejoice in the good that came

We cannot always comprehend the complicated relations out of which actions rise. We have no power for divining motives, other than that which analyzes actions. We may perceive the logical relation between cause and effect, but while the effect is potent to the senses, the cause may be invisible. In this case, superstition usually settles the matter by miracles, imaginary gods, and imaginary wrongs; while upon investigation.

But as we cannot always determine causes, so neither can we always determine results in their widest application to life, when we consider life as always existing, and as made up of an infinite series of changes. Starting upon a great principle, we this, but only partially. We can see only a segment of the circle of life, and only that segment can be legitimately the subject of criticism. We know not who repented most on the other continent of life-Calvin or Voltairc. It may be difficult to tell whether Cromwell had any advantage over England's murdered kings. If Charles was unscrupulous in the means to-maintain his prorogative, Cromwell was his murderer. Casar would take the liberties of the people and Brutus would take Casar's life. . Was the conflict between ambition and patriotism? Who knows? If Casar would be usurper, Brutus was assassinator. Brutus is the world's nobleman, and who shall declaim against Cæsar?

But let us look a moment at man, and see if he has the power to do wrong-that is, to do an act of positive evil. Man has the power of will, but that will-power is limited, both in its exercise upon himself and others. I take the ground that man cannot injure himself, that is, as I have defined injury. He may inflict upon himself pain, but that pain will soon cease, by exhausting that upon which it feeds, friends lose confidence in him, and be less willing to for it will destroy the body, and then cease to bean internal pain. Man has not the power to transcond the purposes of his being. If that purpose is good, then man can do no evil. It will be admitted that God has a purpose in man's creation, and what I affirm is, that man has no power to defeat that over himseif. Yes, indeed, gamblers are the least purpose. No matter what that purpose is, whether ikely men in the world even to lose their temper it contemplates one or another ultimate condition, the logic of my position is the same. In man's willpower lies his individuality, or his apparent independence. This will-power is inherent, apparently self acting, and its tendency is to gravitate toward independence; and but for the limitations set to its action, it would run into absolutism itself, and, in that event, might commit a wrong. It is everywhere those who speak English, generally speak in accorde stay with you till to-morrow." She did tarry till I refer solely to their transactions with each other, circumseribed by law. The will cannot act witheut

Rev. W. R. Alger, in whose Sunday school Anna

respect to their schoolmate's momory.

#### BANNER LIGHT. $\mathbf{O}\mathbf{F}$

or ultimate principle. Death itself is a great law, effected by him. but the manner of dying is simply an incident atof free will, without limitation.

I can see no act of man's, which does not run which floweth every good and perfect gift. parallel with the law or purpose of God. It may be not go. Let us take an illustration.

transcend the trust committed to him.

Man cannot avoid the fact of death ; but he may, and sustain the body; but it is in his discretionary cerns of life.

Man cannot avoid the fact of a future life; but he power in the formation of character. Man has no control over his existence as a fact-that is, he cannot choose to be born, or not to be born, or to be more. Thus far he is free, and no further. And ope this desire. certainly he can commit no wrong as against the

decrees or purposes of God; and it is equally certain that he can commit no wrong in the use of this discretionary power, unless his discretion transcends Deity to be infinite in his attributes. No, there is

Man, like the world he lives in, is exactly balanced, and makes his revolutions around the magnetic cen- ceives justice, and executes the Divine will which tre in virtue of two counter forces-the attraction of dependence upon his God and his fellows, and the repulsion of his individuality or selfishness. Either til nature's equilibrium is restored.

motive. This frequently wanting, but oftener the no wrong or evil because God is infinite in goodness power, man cannot destroy himself-his soul. He and everywhere present; consequently there is no place may spill his blood, and cease to breathe, but the for wrong or evil to originate, no chance for it to exman still lives. In popular language, he has com- ist if it could occur. We answer, God's presence and mitted suicide, but more philosophically, he has, by goodness do not prevent our existence and the exa necessary fate, yielded to the law of dissolution, ercise of our powers to do wrong and produce evil, which applies to his body. He has violated no law, hence we infer that God's goodness and presence is for his death was provided for in the economy of na- in quality and essence, not in time and space--that ture. He has done nothing, therefore, not ordained his is that quality and ossence that is above condiof God. and. consequently, nothing wrong. He must tions, is not affected by them, but effects all qualities distinguish between an external fact, and an interior and conditions in proportion to their capacity to bo

We presume that this inference is correct, because tending upon that law. If it be within the power of we know by experience that in proportion as we beman to annihilate his being, then he can commit a come purified in love we feel God's presence; as we positive wrong, and he cannot do this upon the score become rofined in thought, and in mental and spiritual light we see him in his works; as we become

If God had determined that this human body passive and receptive we hear his voice saying, "Do should be the eternal habitation of the spirit, then thyself no harm-come up higher;" and as we obey we certainly man, by the destruction of this body, could become interiorly conscious of his all pervading es. commit a serious wrong. Suppose man destroys the sence and quality ; we know that it is an embodied body, he only excoutes the law of God: and, indeed, principle, springing up within our weil of life, from

Our philosophers tell us that God is not only insaid that man is free to act within certain limits. finite in goodness, and everywhere present, but that His freedom is within a circle-beyond that he can- he is the cause of all causes, so connected with each individual link in the endless chain of oausation that,

The State gives the judge a discretionary power | if we sever a single link, the tenth or ten-thousandth, in the administration of law. For a designated it breaks the chain, and God ceases to be, or has lost offence, he may fine the oulprit not less than ONE, the control of the universe. We answer, the figure nor more than five hundred dollars. His discretion- used is not a rod, if it were it might bend or be bent ary power lies between these two points, and beyond and not be broken ; the figure is a chain made of inthese he cannot go. So God has given to man a dis- dividual links; it may coil, and recoil, and not be cretionary power, and that power resides in the will. broken. It may render from its coils its individual This power of discretion given to man, is in exact links, not fitting, and filling, not having found their harmony with the laws and the purposes of God, so proper bearing, consequently not receptive. There that a collision between them is impossible. To put may be materialistic animalism, or animal Spiritualthis in a stronger light, imagine a moment the in- ism, perhaps a discordant, hellish condition, and our finite God delegating to man a power greater than philosophers tell us that this is not evil-that it is that possessed by himself-and this must be the universal good, because God is not only infinite in case if man, in the use of a mere discretionary goodness, everywhere present, and the cause of all power, could commit a positive wrong-and thereby causation, perfect in every conceivable attribute, omnipotent, and consequently could not have created

wrong or evil. We answer: we believe that God is in the use of this discretionary power, modify that perfect in every conceivable attribute, and omnipofact by prolonging the event, or hastening it, by tent in power, that he could not have designed evil. opposite courses of conduct. He cannot avoid eating, that he must have foreknown that it would occur. and that it would out-work the good ; but we will not adpower to make a glutten of himself. And so this mit that God could prevent its occurrence or hinder power of choice or discretion applies to all the con-lits contaminating influence, for there are moral impossibilities with God as well as man. God could not

conceive the undeveloped capacity in man to do right may modify that life by the use of this discretionary and enjoy the good, without conceiving capacity to do wrong and suffer the evil; God cannot iufluence the human capacity to choose-if he should, the thing ohosen would be the choice of the soul of the universe, born at this place, or that place; but, being born, he and not the choice of the human soul; God cannot can qualify his existence to the exact extent of the develop the moral character in a finite being without disorctionary power confided to him, and lying be- subjecting him to temptation. There cannot be tween the two points which he cannot pass, and no tomptation without desire, and opportunity to devel-

Hence we say that evil is a bad or disagreeable condition which proceeds from wrong actions : that ignorance is the opension of its occurrence ; that material or animal desires in connection with excessive the purposes for which it was given. This last will love for the apparent good is the cause; that the not be contended for by those who acknowledge the conception and development of purer and still purer desires is the only cure; that prayer is the best nothing essentially wrong in all the universe of God. means to cure it, because prayer is the passive. receptive, or divinely impregnated condition that con-

saves the soul. No progressive man can live without prayer. The

cannoity to pray is in the germinating principle of of these forces destroyed, and man flies from his life that manifests itself in all departments of matorbit, and is meanwhile a wreck, and so will be un. | ter, and obtains its conscious existence in man ; it is the divine spark that kindles the refining fire within

# New York Correspondence. Europe in the Spring, whore he will doubtless follow in the footsteps of the illustrious Hume.

Dr. and Mrs. Hatch-Fucts given at the Conference-Rodgers, the spirit portrait-painter-Personal-Sym. pathy with the Indians. NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1858.

MESSES. EDITORS-The arbitrators in the case of ers to the call. Dr. and Mrs. Hatch, I understand, have rendered a decision, decreeing a separation of the parties, and the ready money-seven hundred dollars-to Mrs. Hatch. Of course, in a legal point of view, this vordiot is of no weight. If I understand the proceeding correctly, it was based on a simple agreement between the parties, to submit their differences to friends, and abide by the result; but the declsion carries with it nothing of the force of a divorce. As to the propriety or impropriety of separate bed and board, in this particular instance, I have nothing to ENCE AND VIOLET," by Emma D. R. Tuttle; " DREAMsay, for I lack that full knowledge of all the oiroumstances necessary to the formation of a wise judgment; but, on the general question, I desire to field street, etc. 6th page-Five columns of Inteonter my protest, with all the force that language can command, against that laxity with which many Spiritualists seem disposed to regard the marriago dinge's lecture on "Modern Spiritualism," delivored tie. I do not learn that anything c, minal, if oharged, was substantiated against Dr. Hatch, and Hyzer's lectures at the Melodeon last Sabbath. conclude that the verdict was rendered on "general principles."

The reaction against the rampant skepticism, which has recently manifested itself on the part of one or two individuals here, is bringing to light an on a tour the 15th of the present month, and visit array of astonishing faots, many of which penhaps, Portland, Cleveland, Montreal, aud other places. would not otherwiso have been heard of. Among They will give concerts at Portland, Island Pond and the number related at last week's Conference, was Montreal; also parade with the Cleveland City one by Dr. Orton, who said that on that very day a Greys and give a concert in the evening. As this is statement:

in his affairs, and finally appealed to friends in the tones from the gold bugle, played by D. C. Hall, are spirit world for help. This was promised. He was allowed by good judges to be very fine. directed at a certain hour to go to the corner of a particular street, when help should come. He did the requirements of the general banking law, the so, when a stranger approached him and placed a President and Directors of the new "Bank of the bag in his hands, without speaking a word, and de- Metropolis " have recorded a copy of their stock list parted. This bag was found to contain seven hun. in the Registry of Deeds, and also filed the same in dred dollars in gold. At other times, and in a simi- the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, lar manner, additional aid was secured, until the preparatory to entering upon business. whole sum amounted to sixteen hundred dollarssufficient to relieve the individual from his embarrassment.

Mr. Smith, of Chicago, related the following: A gentleman in New Orleans, four or five years ago, entrusted to his brother-in-law, in Illinois, eighty of the church members, was settled over said sothousand dollars, to invest. The brother-in-law afterwards repeated to him that the money was The consequence was-as the minister refused invested and lost. Still, subsequently, the New Orleans gentleman failed and became poor. He was soon after developed as a medium; when the spirits informed him that he had been deceived by his chapel, under the style of the "Straightshanks." brother-in-law, and that the money he had sent to If this is n't acting "according to Scripture," what Illinois was not lost. Following the advice of his is?

invisible friends, he repaired to Illinois, and for three years has been supplied, in very unexpected ways, with money to carry on an expensivo law-suit. His spirit friends, meanwhile, furnished him with facts, told him where to find documents, etc. His lawyer says he will succeed. A month ago he came to Chicago with five cents in his pocket. It was necessary for him to have seven hundred dollars at

encc. Where should he get it? A banker, the most unlikely person in the world to apply to in an emergency of the kind, loaned him the money, without a dellar of scourity, on his simple promise to pay, if ever he should get able to do so.

following incident connected with Rodgers, the famous spirit-painter of Columbus. Ohio:

There is to be a meeting of sympathy for the abused Indians, at the Cooper Institute, on Monday evening. Mayor Tiemann, Peter Cooper, Rev. Drs. Cheever, MoClintock, Chapin, Bellows, and other eminent clergymen and gentlemen, are among the sign-YORK.

# The Busy Marld.

JAT CONTENTS OF THE BANNER .- 1st page-Original poetry; continuation of "Rooky Nook," by Mrs. Porter. 2d page-Poetry, by Mary B. Davis; Sketch No. 5 of the "Experiences of an Old Nurse,' entitled "THE CONFESSION," by one of our best contributors. 3d page-A fine story, entitled "CLAR-LAND," by Cora Wilburn, etc. 4th and 5th pages-Editorials, Correspondence, Conference at 14 Bromresting Spirit-Messages. 7th page-Correspond. ence. 8th page-Pcarls; synopsis of Miss Hardinge's lecture on "Modern Spiritualism," delivored

JAT "LIFE ETERNAL "--- which we intended to print in this No.-is unavoidably postponed until our next.

7-3- HALLS' BRASS AND CONCERT BAND will start most reliable merchant had made him the following one of the finest Bands in New England, our readers in the above localities should not fail, to embrace the A friend of his, a Spiritualist, became involved opportunity offered of listening to their music. The

BANK OF THE METROPOLIS .--- In accordance with

12 We read in the Scriptures that ." the crooked shall be made straight." Acting upon this precept, doubtless, a certain religious society in South Malden have ceased to be a unit. It seems that a clergyman by the name of Cruikshanks, by a bare majority ciety; which fact has caused much dissatisfaction. to resign his commission-that a large portion of his parishioners withdrow from the said church, formed a new society, and now worship in a newly built

727 It will be seen by those interested in the Harmonial Colony movoment, that the time of holding their next Convention has been changed from Nov. 7th to Dec. 26th, at the same place. The "Directory " are examining different locations and hope, at the meeting then to be held, to decide where they will locate their first colony.

Foneion News .- The Gaiway steamer Circassian brings European advices to the 26th ult. New soundings for an Atlantic telegraph line were taken by the British war steamer Gorgon, on her late pas. sage out, from Newfoundland via. Fayal. The Por-The same informant has also related to me the tuguese government has delivered up to Franco tho ship " Charles Georges." The U. S. frigate Wabash has arrived at Constantinople.

#### MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

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Mrs. F. O. Hyzor, the eloquent improvisatrice, will lecture in Boston every Sunday in November, and will receive calls to lecture in this vicinity week evenings during the interval. Address, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Fountain House.

Warren Chase will lecture. Nov. 14th, in Bethel Vt.; Nov. 18th, in Newport, N. H.; Nov. 21st, in Manchester N. H.; Nov. 24th and 25th, in Pittsfield, N. H., (his nativo town ;) Nov. 28th, in Natick, Mass.; Deo. 1st, 2d and 3d, in Dover. N. H. : Dec. 5th and 12th, in Portland, Me.; Deo. 7th and 8th, in Kennebunk, Mo.; Deo. 14th, 15th aud 16th, in Portsmouth, N. H.; Dec. 19th, in Newburyport, Mass.; Dec. 21st, 22d and 23d, in Salem, Mass.; Dec. 26th, in Worcester, Mass.; Dec. 29th and 30th, in Boston; Jan. 2d and 9th, in Providence, R. I.; Jan. 12th and 13th, in Windsor, Ct.; Jan. 16th in Hartford, Ct.; Jan. 23d and 30th, in New York; Feb. 6th and 13th, Philadelphia; Feb. 20th and 27th, in Baltimore; March and April, in Ohio; May, in Michigan. Address, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Portland. Mo., Nov. 14th; in Montreal, Canada, Nov. 16th, 17th and 18th; and in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 28th. Miss Hardinge will spend the mouth of December in St. Louis, and be happy to receive applications from Western cities for a part of January and February. Address, during November to 194 Grand street, New York; and during December to the care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo. Miss flardinge unquestionably stands at the head of the public speakers in the field of Spiritualism.

H. B. Storer, inspirational medium, will fill the following engagements: lu Worcester, Mass., Nov. 14th; Lowell, Nov. 21st and 28th; Burlington, Vt., Dec. 5th aud 12th. He will visit other places, leoturing four evenings in the week, besides Sundays, if the friends will make early arrangements with him to that effect. Address him at Lowell, Mass., until the last week of November ; after which, at Burlington, care of S. B. Nichols.

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 her at No. 27 Richmond street, Providence, R. I.

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

Mrs. Charlotto F. Works will speak in Taunton, Mass. Nov. 14th. She will make engagements to speak on week evenings during the interval. Address, 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 Burbauk Felton will lecture in Willimantic, Conn., Nov. 14th, and in Norwich, Conn., Nov. 21st and 28th, Dec. 5th and 12th. Those wishing week evoning lectures in that vicinity can address Willard Barnes Felton, at either place.

A. B. Whiting will speak in Waltham, Sunday, Nov. 14th ; in New Bedford, 21st and 28th ; and in Providence, R. I., Dec. 5th, and 12th. These desiring lectures during the week may address him at either of the above places.

Prof. J. L. D. Otis will speak, November 21st and

But most of us are only comets, seeking an orbit sometimes in the solar system, and sometimes out of worthy of its cause. it, darting away upon the unexplored and boundless

deep. Our earth was once a comet, sporting thus space-full of wild antios and youthful vagaries.

round, never once spoiling a day's work by inattention to business! So should we be, and do. Time shall make us planets, and then we shall bound o'er the celestial courses, true to the attraction that draws us home to the Infinite, and true to the repulsion that preserves our individuality.

Mr. Wilson made some remarks in defence of the negative side of the question.

Mr. Wetherbee said, we see so much to improve, to make better in the world, that the thought is constantly suggested to the mind, is anything right? from no to yes, and from yes to no.

A logical, broad, comprehensive view of things-of the past, present and future-leads us to say there is no wrong-

"All discord, harmony not understood; All partial ovil, universal good."

But are we to look on things in this broad sense. or should we look at them as finite beings. In a limited view we see much that is wrong. It seems wrong to add suffering to the sufforing poor, to oppress the oppressed-selfishness, misery, and all deexamination we find that the darkest hours of human great artist, in our city. Of course the laughter-, existence are the most beneficial to the soul. We see good coming out of suffering, and what we call wrong low comedian, Burton, could not possibly appreciate for the time being, but not wrong in the ultimate; genius like Edwin Booth. All, however, who have while if we take wrong for the time being, not as a means ultimating in good, the world is full of it. Wrong is only wrong in detail, while a view from first to last makes all right, and there is no wrong. Mr. Edson presented a paper, in which he said, I believe that almost everything that is, is wrong; with me in pronouncing him the most talented and others have taken the ground that everything that is, promising tragedian of his age. Mr. Booth is reis right. There may be truth in both extremes engaged for this week, and we trust the public will -probably the truth lies between them. By what authority do we call this right, that doubtful, and Othello, Richard III., Richelieu, and closes his enthe other wrong? By the authority of the soul, from gagement. which there is no appeal. What is this-the authority of the soul ? Perceived or conscious truth. Truth is cternal--its voice is the action of the interlor mind, little house, the Museum, during the past fortnight. flowing from mental or spiritual light; its effect is |Shakspoare's "Winter's Tale," but rarely given in positive, and its being individual existence; it ob. this country, has been produced at this establishtains in man by conception and birth, not a birth of ment in grand style; with Mr. Wallack as Leontes the truth, but a birth of individual knowledge of its and his talented wife as Hermione. existence. Truth shown is authority for the soulit satisfies it in proportion to the soul's capacity. for reception, which constitutes each soul an individual forms on horseback in each of these plays; and all soversignty to perceive, define and determine for him- lovers of good horsewomanship must lay their plans self what is true or right. Hence progression, or accordingly. an increased and increasing capacity to judge what is right. With me, there is wrong and evil by wrong, Howard Athenmum two weeks from Monday next. which is to act or cherish the desire in opposition to This is the same company which exhibited at the my highest perceptions of justice and truth. By evil Public Garden this summer, and will be remembered I mean the bad effects that follow wrong actions. Our as having played a successful engagement of over cheerful philosophers tell us it is not so, that there is three months, some years ago, at the old National.

the human soul, which must burn out the chaff, and, consuming the dross, eventually ultimate an effect

Permit us to say, in concluding these unargued, upon the bosom of the outstretched and trackless but, to me, self-evident propositions, that I had rather go to hell than not to go anywhere, because But now how naturally she performs her daily God is there omnipotent for good, but powerless for evil, except in low conditions of quality, or essence, that have obtained in finite beings.

> God, the perfect father and mother of us all, will not suffer a child to be spoiled, because he does not spare the rod-he holds it out through the laws of nature, permitting us to whip ourselves to our

hearts' content: and when we are tired of evil, the toys and bubbles of life, and sick of the husks of

truth, we begin to cherish the desire for the substance of truth; then our Father reaches out his hand and rejoices to help us; we put our trust in Change is constant; we pass from point to point, him; and, as we do this, tho germinating principle of life shall swell within us into buds, and burst

into blossoms, and grow under the sunshine of a perfect cause, and finally ripen into perfect fruit.

Remarks were made by Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Bradbury, and Mr. Adams, which our limited space prevents us from inserting. A. B. C.

#### THEATRICAL NOTICES.

The two weeks' engagement just concluded by Edwin Booth at the Boston Theatre, though far from being a profitable one in a pecuniary sense, is nevergradation seems wrong. But if we review the past, by theless the most brilliant one ever performed by this loving public, who flocked in crowds to see that very is but the means of blessings. Thus wrong is wrong the chasto and refined acting of a man of true witnessed during the past week his excellent renditions of Sir Edward Mortimer, Sir Giles Overreah, (one of his late father's greatest impersonations,) and last, but not least, his truly beautiful and intensely pathetic conception of Hamlet, will agree remunerate him. He appears in Lear, Hamlet,

> James Wallack and his wife, two very worthy artists, have been drawing fine houses at that cosy

> At the National "Mike Martin " and " Jack Shenpard," are the attractions. Mdlle. Louisa Wells per-1.1

> Nixon & Kemp's Circus Company will open at the

And the second second

Mr. Rodgers was at Chicago, at the house of Alderman Green, a prominent gentleman and lumber mer. in Alger's Selectious of Oriental Poetry : chant of that city, where he executed portraits of two children of Mrs. Green, and of the father of Mr. Green. The originals were all in the spirit-world, and Mr. Rodgers had never seen them. The three likenesses wore in a group, and were drawn in colors, with crayons, in the following manner : The artist, in a trance state, or at least with closed eyes, scated himself at a table with his materials, in a room darkened to a moderate twilight, and sharing off from the different crayons to be employed, the are returning in scores, penniless and disheartened. necessary colors, used his fingers as a brush in the execution of his task—the figures in their relation to him, being drawn wroug side up. Still under these mpossible conditions -- impossible to mercly human number of roots, herbs and other articles in this skill-the pictures turned out admirable likenesses, and fine specimens of art. There was a circum for compounding medicines, which are unsurpassed, stance connected with the likeness of one of the and those having spirit prescriptions, will do well to children, of sad interest; which occasioned the mo- have them prepared by him, as none can so well do ther to shed tears as she first behold it. The left

car was malformed-indeed, imperforate, external

meatus being entirely closed. During the life of tho obild, this defect had been concealed, by parting the hair on the right side of the head, and drawing it down over the ear. Now, in the picture, the hair 18th : was parted on the left side, and the malformed ear | THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE, by O. W. exposed. To those who can credit this statomentand the authority on which 1 make it is unquestionable-it furnishes an evidence of the intervention of

spirit-power, almost impossible to resist. At the Conference last evening, Mr. Weston gave us a chapter of his experiences with the medium Ruggles. On returning to his lodgings from the Conference a week ago, he found Ruggles out, and he did not return until about midnight. Soon after he came into the room, a table, untouched, whirled ovor on the floor, making a great orash. On the 621-2 cents per volume. following morning while Ruggles was still in bed, about four pounds of wedding cake, which Weston had in his trunk, under look and key, suddenly made its appearance on the bureau. The trunk was found looked, and the key in his pocket.

Subsequently the cake made another move, passing over the head of the bed; and in the evening it was replaced by the invisible operators in the trunk. which still remained locked. Afterwards he was told by Ruggles, while entranced, to look in his trunk, which he did, and found it empty. Cake, ing hours is not amiss, but a decided hit. The charclothing, and miscellaneous contents had uttorly disappeared, and could not be found on the premises. The spirits said they had taken the things out of doors to gir. On the following day they were returned, and placed in the trunk as mysteriously as they went.

The relations of Mr. Weston, of the phenomena occurring in the presence of this boy, Ruggles, are marvelous in the extreme; still his statements seem

to be made in a frank and oandid manner, entitling them to weight; and last evening he took the procaution to have several of them corroborated on the spot by witnesses who were present,

row. I hear that Dr. Redman intends to go to 180, a report may be expected in the BANNER.

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jer The following philosophic verse, we find

All immortalities are circular in form: The transmigration of the soul is truth divine. If endless linear progress were each being norm, The whole creation would at last become a line.

CALIFORNIA NEWS .- The California Overland Mail

of the 11th ult., arrived at St. Louis on Saturday. Rumors are afloat of new gold diggings -that have been discovered in Calaveras County, some thirty miles from Stockton, and said to be very extensive. The Frazer River excitement has died out ; miners

2 0. King, No. 654 Washington street, keeps on hand a fresh assortment of Botanio and Ecleotio drugs. His store is the repository of the largest line, for a retail store, in the city. He has facilities as a Pharmaceutist.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Phillips. Sampson & Company, have announced the following books, to be published Saturday, Nov.

Holmes, in 1 vol., 12 mo., 350 pages, with characteristic illustrations-price, in oloth, \$1. The papers published under the above title, in the

Atlantic Monthly, have been admired by all its readers, who will doubtless be pleased to see them colleoted in a convenient shape for the library.

POOR AND PROUD; OR, THE FORTUNES OF KATY RED-BURN.

A New Juvenile, by Oliver Optic, author of the Boat Club," "All Aboard," "Try Again." Price

KARL KIEOLER" and "WALTER SEYTON." Two books for children, fully illustrated-price 50 ets. PINEY WOODS TAVERN; OR, SAM SLICK IN TEXAS. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

We have received from Shepard. Clark & Brown. a neatly bound volume with the above title. It is a series of back-woodsman's stories, and partakes largely of the humerous. It is well calculated to enliven the spirit and chase away melancholy. A little fun strown here and there among one's readactors in this book are well portrayed, and the scones described in a rich veln of humor.

THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE : A True Story of Now York Life. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Received from A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street. A pamphlet of over 100 pages, printed in good style and sulted to the readers of the exciting branch of romance, and those who "hate Popery" and delight in " Know Nethingism."-

#### REV. THEODORE PARKER.

This gentleman's health, we are gratified to learn, is much improved, and it is hoped that he will re-Mr. Piorpont speaks at Dodsworth's again to-mor- sume his labors at the Music Hall next Sabbath. If

28th, in Portland, Me. He will answer calls to locture 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 Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Woburn on Wednesday evening, 10th inst.; in Washington Hall. Cambridgeport, Sunday, 14th inst., afternoon and ovening.

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

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

Miss M. Munson will lecture in Cambridge on the 21st inst., and in New Bedford the 28th ; in Worcester, Dec. 12th; in Quincy, Dec. 19th; in New Bedford, Dec. 26th.

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

Bro. J. H. Harris will speak at Stetson Hall. in Randolph, on Sunday, 14th inst. ; Miss Emma Houston, 21st inst. ; Miss Sarah A. Magoun, 28th inst.

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

Mrs. Puffer, of Hanson, Mass., will speak in Washngton Hall, Charlestown, on Sunday, Nov. 14th, afternoon and eyening.

II. A. Tucker will speak in Kingston, Mass., on Sunday, Nev. 14th, and will receive subscriptions for the Banner.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

I. W. P., MILL BROOK .- We do not know that you can. Doubtiess your spirit-friends know of your wish, and if they do will respond to it as suon as circumstances will permit. Patient walters are no losers.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON .- Mrs. F. O. Hyzor, the inpirational improvisatrice, will speak at the Melodeon, Washugton street, Boston, on Bunday next, at 21-2 and 71-3 clock, P. M. Admission, ten cents.

MEETINOS AT No. 14 BROMPIELD STREET .--- A CIRCLE for ranco-speaking, to, is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-3 "clock; also at 3 o'clock, P. M. D. F. Goddard, regular spoaker. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINOS IN ORELSEA, OR Sundays, morning and evoning-at Guild Hall, Winuisinmet street. D. F. Goddand, regilar speaker. Boats free.

Lawnencz.--The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forencen and afterneon, at Law-rence Hall, LowzLL--The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-ings on Bundays, forencen and afterneon, in Well's Hall, Speaking, by mediums and others. NEWDURTPORT,--Bhiritualists of this place hold regular meetings twars Sunday afterneon and evening at Kesser Hall.

meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Essex Heil, State street, at 2 and 7 o'clock. The best of trance speakers enguged.

#### LIGHT. OF BANNER

# The Messenger.

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Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim J. H. Corast, 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 early the bost that beyond, and do away with the errore-ous idea that they are more than rivirg beings. We believe the public should eve the spirit world as it is— should learg that there is evil as well as good it it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mertals.

Weak the reader to receive no doctine put forthey in interval. In these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Rach expresses so much of truth as he perceives.—ho mere, Rach can speak of his own condition with truth while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

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

They are held every-afternoon, at our effice, commencing at HALF-FAFT TWO, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirit governing the manifestations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are fixing the tremain until dismissed. until dismissed.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Oct, 11-J. Churchill, Tom Welch, Elizabeth Kine, J. Barron. Oct, 12-Charles Blackley, Jeremiah Mason, William Manchoster. Oct. 13-Benj. Shepard, Wm. Gilbs, Marion H. Stephens.

Oct. 13-Bond. Shepard, white Gross, Sharlon A. Stephenis. Oct. 14-Thomas Hunting, James Leenan, Alfred Burke, Margaret Lewis. Oct. 15-Stephen Robinson, John McKeene, Sally Inman, Charence Bianchard, — Welch, James Costeleto, Oct. 16-Frank Harlow to Col. Wm. Carbury, Eng., Capt.

feary Marshall. Oct. 15-John Hopkinson, Wm. Whitfield, Actress, James Henry Shannon, Mary Tompkins, Charles Saunders, Oct 19-Wm, L. Calhoun,

Oct. 23-Monymous, Jepson Clark, Samuel Toblas Way-laud, Charley Clark, Wm. Long. Oct. 23-Benjamin Chadwick, To Dr. Tewkesbury, William

Oct. 25-Louis Echlaster, Elizabeth Spinney. Oct. 25-Louis Echlastet Thomas Harris, Mary Robinson, Andrew Ludwig, Hoses Ballou. Oct. 20-Lawrence Robbins, James L. Clark, Wm. Collins.

Oct. 29—Lawrence housing, James I. viartes A. Vinton, Mar-garet Fuller, Betsey Davis, Richard D. Winne, Coct. 25—Zephaniali Caldwell, John Glidden, Eng., Solomon Hill, Partlek Murphy, Rev. John Moore. Oct. 29—William Jones, Charles H. Hesley.

#### James Fenderson.

For my life I can't see what good I can do by coming. Do you know James Ryder? He sent me here. He lives in Boston. He is, I am told, an unbeliever. He don't believe f can come. I was with him the other night, and he wanted me to come here. I might do him some good, he said. I do n't know what good I can do. My name was James Fenderson. I've been dead about a year and a half-1 ain't sure of the exact time. It was in 1857 -- in New Orleans.

Give my respects to him, and tell; him he had better call for somebody beside me; I cau't do him any good. I was a book-keeper; died of fever-they said it was yellow fever, but I thought it was black fever, the way I vomited. James Ryder was a book-keeper in New York, at the time I was. We were chums together. I was twenty-two years old. I had a bad cough, and left business, and weut to New Orleans, thinking to get better. It seems some of the folks where I stopped had the fever, and the doctors said I was in just the right condition to take it, and I did.

My mother died when 1 was an infant, my father when I was a small boy, and I lived with an aunt, until I got big enough to take care of myself. She was living in Hoboken. 1 am quite happy in my present situation. It is very strange to me-1 don't know what to make of it. I had some acquaintances with my mother, but it's very strange they do n't live with me. I had hoped I should meet them here, but I have to plod on as I always had to do, alone.

Oh, I kuew James Ryder did n't believe I could come here, but why did he send a nobody here, that

he thought could not come here? I thought it was strange when he said, come here, and was not here himself, but I see through it now. I at first thought he did not believe I could come, and so had not presented himself here; but now you tell me you publish a paper, I see through it, and know why he is not here.

The gentleman 1 first met here told me he was your son (addressing a gentleman present.) I asked him if he had control here, and he told me he was

# Benjamin Hazeltine.

This is hard work-to speak. I want to talk at believed as he now does. home, not here. I don't See anybody that I know here. My name is Benjamin Hazeltine; born in Pembroke, N. II. I have nothing to say to you; I do n't want anything of you. I am disappointed \_1 embraced the opportunity, as I had known him in don't see anything here to come for. I have been former times, to speak with him. I could not do dead most sizteen years. (We inquired what year well then, for the medium was undereloped for me, he died in.) No matter what year I died in-1 know how long I have been dead. (Thinking he might not be correct as to time, we remarked that it was 1858.) 1855, is it? That's no news-tell me something I do n't know, will you? I did what I was a mind to for a living-worked sometimes on my farm. My children sent me here, and why did they not come here to meet me? I have got nothing to say to you, stranger: if they send me on another fool's errand again, they'll know it. One thing they will knowl have come here; and another thing-that I did not give what they wanted. I'm going, now. Oct. 7.

Isaac Baker.

I come to ask a favor, will you grant it? I have a brother living in Boston. I wish to send him a line or so through the medium of your paper. Can I do so? My brother is a medium, but he will not admit the fact, and is constantly striving against Spiritualism-striving to rear up something in his own mind which shall prove these manifestations to be something else than they really are.

I am a stranger to you, and to all present, yet I trust you will pardon me for thus abruptly intruding. want my brother to understand one thing-there is more power in the spirit-world than there is in this, and he may strive ever so hard-the time will come when he will be a good medium, and a bright light. He cannot help it—he may as well fight against God himself, and the sooner he comes down to the right plane, and becomes a medium, the sooner he will become happy.

I do not know as I am right in saying this here, but when one is anxious, he will speak the truth plainly. I will leave now, after giving you my name. My name was Isanc Baker; my brother's name is Oct. 7. William. Good day.

#### Samuel Fitz.

Begging pardon for my abrupt intrusion, I will proceed at once to the object of my visit. Some three weeks ago I held a private conversation, through a medium, with a friend of mine, who by the way is very strongly wellded to theological opinions. My asked me many questions, some of which l friend was able to answer and some quite unable to an-

swer. Thinking it might be well, not only for the friend, but for the skeptical world, I have come here to day to talk with my friend, although he is at some listance from me. I must here say, he is an oppo nent of the new light, although he says I would like to believe, could I be assured of its truth. Again he says, "My position in life would almost forbid my becoming a Spiritualist." Now it is not my de-sire to speak of what I was, or what I liked, on earth, but to prove to my friend that spirits can come to earth, without the aid or presence of their friends in mortal form.

When I was on earth I thought I loved the Bible; I found, when my eyes were opened to spirit-life, that the Bible was not what I thought it to be. 1 hope my dear friend in the distance will not charge me with blasphemy. I give due reverence to God, that marry my father and mother. but I cannot charge him with the authorship of that book-indeed, 1 cannot. 1 well know there are millions on earth who have great confidence in the sometimes for a man in Blackstone street, that keeps Bible, but I know there are few who understand it. Now would you believe one who placed confidence sir, I remember these things well-what else have I in what he did not understand? Surely you my to to think of? I am changed all over, but it 's meself the man who does, you are a fool. The theologian after all. pretends to understand the Bible ; he takes up passage after passage and pretends to explain it to the people ; yet his own soul is not satisfied with the explanation he has given. I know it to be so, for l been explaining the word of God, as they call it. I and God, and all. have looked down into the soul, and I have seeu that | I used to go to Moon Street Church when I was the soul and word were not united : no, they were as here. Yes, sir, I have most of the catechism by far apart as the earth from the sun.

what he preaches-if his whole soul will respond and I believe I'll get out. It's right to believe in ameu to what his lips speak ? I expect an answer- God, and in the saints on earth, aud it's right for a candid auswer. I care not whether it be audible me to believe now. or no. I expect a candid answer, and then I will call again and speak to him. The Bible is a book Church correctly. that all the people of the world , nearly, have beard of, yet, I will venture to say, there is not one in a thousand who understands it at all. The theologian tells you it is the word of God. Now, who would be content to worship a God who could be so foolish to dictate a work like that? If one of your modern writers should dictate a book like that you prize so much, how many of you would look upon it with an approving eye?' You would all say the author was without wisdom and fit to become a member of a lunatic asylum. I know the multitude will say l blaspheme, but it is true. The Bible is merely a history of the past, religiously speaking. Where you have one truth you have ten errors. The time you have one truth you have ten errors. is now come when the Christian world should be looking for something higher. Instead of standing in a peck measure all the day long, they should strike out for something that carries its own light. I do not hesitate to say that I was a believer in the Bible with all its errors, and it is not until lately that I

time it will come forth and he will wonder why he

You may ask how it was that I conversed with my and I deam it proper to come here. "Now," said my friend, "I believe this to be nothing more or less than the action of one mind upon another, for when I anticipated what the answer of the medium was to be, I could hinder the spirit from speaking." Now I come here to-day to prove to him that I can communicate to him at a distance, and to tell him that, had I been possessed of a well developed medium, he could no more have controlled my power, as I confess he did, than he could control the winds of winter ; and, were he here to day, I could prove to him that all his power would not be sufficient to embarrass me one tittle. He knows me well. You may spell my name Fitts, or Fitz as you have written it. He knows me well.

My prayer to God is, that the time will soon come. when the human race shalknow their God as he is. and shall see him in all his glory, as they do not **Oct.** 7. now see him. I am sure.

#### James Pogue.

I met ycu some months ago, and gave a communication things this medium for my friends in Louisi-ana. They have requested me to come here again, if I really did come here then.

I wish to tell them that I have been in a state of mental confusion ever since I left my body, but I cau come here and identify myself.

I am unhappy, because I do not understand the conditions that surround me. I hardly know whether I am entirely dead, or waiting to be transformed into another state. I hardly know whether those who are spirits entirely are capable of coming back to earth. In these moods I frequently wander to my old home and friends, and am only restored to a state of consciousness by seeing them pass me by with coldness.

I feel very grateful for the call, and I understand what I have been requested to give, but I cannot give it; I don't know as I am competent to do it. ] do not understand the spirit world, or the conditions which enable me to come here. When I am better able to explain; I will come here and do so.

I thank you for your kindness. I am James Pogue. Oct. 7.

#### James Keenan.

Is it you I spake to, sir? I do n't like to spake where they are all looking at me. The praist, Father Canovan, brings me here, and he tells me I will talk to my father and mother, and make them believe I am James Keenan. I lived in Boston. I died of fever last summer-no, last year's summer-1857 it was. I was most fourteen years old; I worked at anything I could find; I worked in a store sometime, and my father and mother lived in Jackson's avenue I have two brothers younger than me; I'm the oldest of all. The praist says my mother is a medium, and it is right for me to come back and tell her to believe. I inquired of the praist whether or no if studied it well, and thought I understood it; but the Catholic, religion was true, and he tells me he will tell me in time; 1 am not to know any more now. If I knew, I would tell my father and mother. I never knew Father Canovan meself-it was him

> I sweep out sometime for Mr. Alger-up in Court Square, along there. I sweep out and done chores store ; theu I was on State street sometime. Yes,

I'd like to spake to my father and mother-plase God I'd like to do that better than come here, but the praist tells me it is better for me to come here and talk. I like the praist well; he tells me he will have, since my death, stood beside many who have teach me by and by about the angels, and the saints,

heart. 1 do n't know whether I ans out of purgatory I want to ask my brother if he really believes in now or not; but I believe in God and all the saints

The spirit here recited the creed of the Romish Good bye, sir. Yes, I'll come again if the praist brings me and helps me. He does not tell me what to say, but he tells me what year I died in; he do n't tell me what to say. He tells me that is for me to do. Good bye, sir. Oct. 7.

far as I have ascertained, I was correct in this. I spell it Swazey. find that all mankind are to receive pardon for all sins they have committed. I find a portion around me who believe in eternal damnation; such are very unhappy, I find.

I do not come back to advocate any religion; I think it better for every man and every woman to investigate God's truths for themselves, and then walk in the path of right, and be happy.

l desire to have a personal conversation with my son. I wish to meet him at some place most con venient to himself, where we can talk together. I think the time is not far distant, when I shall be blessed with the privilege of speaking with him.

kind as to publish what I have given, and I shall be Oct. 9. vastly obliged to you. Good day, sir.

#### James Patterson.

Is this the place to come to? You guess so; do you know so? Well, I want to send a message to at all.

You, see, about three years ago I was wrecked on Jersey shore.' My name was James Patterson. feel a little strange here to day; perhaps it is because I am a little green at the business. But I 're got folks on earth, and I want to let them know can come back and talk, and when they know that, I want them to give me a call. I was steward on board the brig Mary, owned in New York. I don't know the occasion of the mishap, at all-all I know is, I came to my death by that means. I have been strangely confused ever since-did not know whether was in hell or on earth. Some time ago I was told I could come back, and was initiated somewhat in the mysteries of this new mode of talking.

I've got a sister in Boston-I have that. My mo ther, I am pretty sure, is visiting a little beyond name is Elizabeth. I am pretty sure my body was never recovered, as I have not seen it buried. My father was an Englishman, my mother an American woman. I was born in New York.

A strange place it is where I am. Nobody complains of being sick, nor of pain; but the cry is, "What is going to become of me? shall I see God, or heaven?" Nobody asks "Where shall I get clothes, or food ?" but, " What is to become of me?" When I was first a spirit, I was very much troubled. as I didn't know what was to become of me: but since I have learned I could come back. I have made up my mind to be content-trust to wind and tide, if you haven't a compass to take you into port. Haven't you any male mediums like this? I should think

they would be more staunch and strong-to last a good many years. There are a good many who want to come. I am but an individual, and there are millions of them who are waiting. It's a strauge thing, is n't it? If any one had

told me, five years ago, I should die, and was coming back to use a female form to speak through, I should have been inclined to have doubted it. I suppose you believe in the final salvation of all men? Well, think that is right. Oct. 9.

## George Price.

The following conversation was addressed to a visitor :---

Maybe I intrude-if so, I beg pardon; will you allow me to ask a question? Perhaps I am wrongare you R-W-? Then we have mot before My name is Price. I think it is now twenty-five years ago since I met you at West Point. I was a classmate of yours. I am not happy. Strange circumstances have drawn me to you to-day-so strange that I am lost in wonder.

I am not going to tell you what I passed' through after I left that place. Since I have seen you, I have suffered much. When I was a boy, I was possessed of a violent temper; cometimes it would be so unmanageable I was half insanc. I gave it full sway, never thinking for one moment it would bring me desolation-yet such is my case; I am here to day, an unhappy spirit-made so by giving loose rein to the lower passions. I have been dead now near five bring to its abiding place the olive branch of peace years. Five years ago I died in South America. 1 and good will; and another is even going into the was murdered by one of the natives, in Rio. I was spiritual state, and gathering whatsoever ho may

I was a believer in universal salvation. I find, as have you spelled my name? That is not right-

l've seen communications that were dated when you received them. I want this dated-say I came such a day, and make no mistake. Good day, sir. Oct. 9.

# William Hallett.

I've tried a great many times to come to your medium, but I have never been able to do so till now. I-promised to come back if it were a possible thing, and, according to promise, I am here in so long a time. I said I thought I could come back in a month, and it's now a year and two months. Well, I reckoned from the wrong side, and so it did n't Now sir, I am very much obliged to you for your come out right. My name is William Hallett. I kindness in taking down what I have said. Be so have a wife in Boston-no children. I died of consumption. I suppose you will say I don't act very much like it. I was told I must not bring any thoughts of my last sickness here, and I have not.

The fact is, I have got a wife moving around Bos ton, and I do n't like to see her as she is. ' I expected just what I see-ain't at all disappointed-not a bit. I want to say I do not approve of all I am permitted scmebody. What you going to do for me? I'm I want to say I do not approve of all I am permitted green in this matter-do n't know anything about it to see, and I do n't know but I shall try to put a stop to some of it. If I have power enough, I shall succeed; but I am like a fellow that has lost his tools. and is obliged to borrow somebody's else. I have to run around for a body. I went up in New Hampshire for my health, and never came back. I did not suppose I should, for I had old fashioned consumption about me., I was afflicted, too, by rheumatic difficulties, beside, and if that is n't enough to carry one off, I can't see what is.

My wife is on earth. She is surrounded by people that are very willing to talk hard, and are not blessed with much charity. I want to reach her in as quiet a way as possible. I have given you my name, but I withhold hers, for I think she will know me by this, and I think also, she will change certain affairs.

There are some persons in the world you can persuade to almost anything. They will dodge here New York, with another sister I have. These sis-ters' names are Elizabeth and Mary. My mother's wind, you will find them going that way-if north or south, in that direction. My wife is not blessed with a strong mind of her own-is too easily influenced for good and evil, and I think it is my duty to influence her, if I can, to better her position. I know she will kick at this, but it is no matter. It's no use for me to come here and say I am satisfied with all I see, for I am not. It's no use for me to say nothing about it, for then she will say, he has come back, and says not a word against these things, and he must be satisfied. So I'm going to open the door easily, and by and by I shall become master of the house. Now if I see any change for the better after this, I may not come again; if I do not, I certainly \_\_\_\_ Oct. 9. shall.

#### George Averill.

I said I would come to day, and so I have, but I could not speak, so an old man helps me to write. Morse, 1 want to talk to you, but I can't-no, I can't. Oh, I am so confused, and have been ever since I died; God knows the reason-I do not. I should like to see your father, and talk; or anybody who would talk to me. Jim, will you try to help me? They say you can. They won't help me any longer, so I must stop short. I am George Averill, and I come to James Morse. .Oet. 9.

This was addressed to a gentleman who was with us this afternoon. The writer was well known in Boston.

#### John Endicott.

For the last five minutes I have been contemplating the changes that have taken place since I left earth. Intelligence is marching onward, onward, still onward and upward. I find that science has become the basis of all you have in the material world. Man receives the toy, and science makes the toy a blessing. And yet the multitude are opposing every new star-every ray of light that comes stream. ing down from the great source of all life, to make man better and happier-to unite the human race in the bonds of love, by the power of knowledge. The mind of man is mighty in itself-it conceives of grand things, and brings forth the astonishment

of the multitude. One mind is searching down beneath the surface of the earth, for truth and wisdom ; another is floating on the elements, and it intends to the offender, and deserved punishment — perhaps fud, bringing it back for the good of the multitude, death. My exit from the sphere of earth was so Now I am suisfied that you of this day would not isfied that you of this

merely a spectator, but referred me to a mau who was the controlling spirit of your circle. I know nobody here-do n't know he is your son, but he says he is, and I am in the habit of believing every one, until they prove themselves rascals.

It is very strange that I can come here. How is it? A great many stand around here who would give the wealth of earth to speak ; I am lucky, for once in my life. Well, sir, perhaps I am taking up too much time. I have no particular duty assigned to me by my friend, so I have given what I could. I don't exactly understand this thing now, nor why my friend sent me here, but suppose I shall in time. Good day, sir. Oct. 6.

#### Patrick Murphy.

Faith I've come again, plase God, and I got in first rate, too. llow do you do? I've come for something first rate, now. Ob, be gad, they want to know who hid the Bible and the Prayer Book. Faith it was myself did it, an' I'll shake the ould house to its foundation. Gad, I was a madium, and frightened myself all to nothing. I can do things there. I hid the Bible and the Prayer Book, and they know I done it. I told them so theu; I rapped it out for them. I'm Murphy-you know me. I've been here before. Well, tell them I hid the Bible and the Prayer Book, that's all. The praste says the divil is in me now. Be gad I've not seen the divil, and I'll not send for him. Faith I see meself, and that's enough. Good bye, now. Faith I feels happy when I am here-it feels like meself, only when I see the rig I am in, then I do n't feel like meself. Faith, did n't you see me forninst you a while ago? I was standing forninst ye, and I was afraid the madium would see me. Good bye, now-I'll say that again, if I'm not care-is n't in me. Good byc, now. Oct. 6.

#### Francis H. Smith.

My dear father-I am mado very happy by meeting you again this day. I have now learned to control this medium to write, and shall soon be able to speak. Then I shall hope to give you something that will tend to relieve our many friends from the bonds of skepticism. Yours truly, and in love, Oct. 6. FRANCIS II. SNITH.

. The above was written to a gentleman from Baltimore, who was with us at our sitting October 6. At first he did not recognize it ; so used was he to calling his son Frank, that the full name did not at first strike him familiarly. Thus this was not in the mind of the person to whom it was addressed. This was also the party James Fenderson alludes to.

#### Timothy Fletcher.

Good day. You will recollect I used your medium to convey a message to r y friends some time ago. 1 have been sent here to answer certain questions. I do not care to answer them here. If my friends will furnish mo with a medium at a private sitting, I will do what I can to aid the cause and benefit myself.

I have nothing more to say; sir. You will know me as Timothy Fletcher, who came to you a short Oct. 6. time since. Good day.

#### A Text.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Rev. Nehemiah Adams is requested to speak upon these words for the gratification and edification of a class of spirits who will attend to hear. SPIRIT. : Oct. 6.

A curious invitation, surely-one which, we venture to say, was not suggested by any person present.

have given up its errors or a belief in them. My dear friend should pause and think for himself, and not be constantly leaning upon somebody else. What though all the old world rise up and tell you the Bible is true, your own soul cannot understand it so. Your conscience cannot tell you it is true: why then stand upon that book? You may stand upon it as long as you please; you may carry it to the spirit world, and sooner or later you will and you have hugged a toy to your bosom-a toy. I say-that which the past looked upon as sacred.

Nearly all the Christian world are idolaters-they worship the Bible and the minister. Now what folly it is for churches to send forth missionaries to minister to the heathen ! Is the heathen more an idolater. than the Christian? The low caste Hindoo casts himself beneath the car of Juggernaut and believes he is doing right; he is appeasing the wrath of his God. The Christian swallows the Bible-careless of its contents-and believes he is doing his duty before God. Oh, what a deplorable state ! You seek for wisdom where it is not to be found, and clasp unto the bosom the folly of the past, and try in vain to go to heaven upon it.

When the Christian goes to the spirit-world, his first thoughts are of God and of the Bible, and he strives, and strives in vain, to find out by the Bible how long he is to remain in such a condition as he finds himself, and asks, where is God? and the farther he goes on, poor, foolish man, he finds out God had not more to do with the making of the Bible than he had with making this table. In one sense we may say God made this table-God made the Bible, for God made man and man mado the table and man wrote the Bible ; but, oh, the effect is sadly changed by the Bible coming through the channel of mortality.

Now the Old Testament was compiled from fragments that had been scattered, you might say, to the four corners of the carth-a mere rough outline of what had been transpiring in past ages. Nearly all the names given there are incorrect-you have not more than one in seven that is right. You will have positive proof of this in coming time. The next generation will see that what I have told you is true. In the New Testament you will find that you have an imperfect life of Christ and his followers. Nearly all of his acts were cast aside. Now if Christ was God, not an act of his should

could not take everything and call it a sweet morsel. My dear brother, perhaps, will be carried further from land than ever by my remarks; but it will be far better for him to stand out to sea again, if he has only a compass on board whereby he may reach the abore in safety. I design my words to be his man progresses he outlives evil, and enjoys life, becompass, and shrink from it as he may, the soil is

#### James Killbride.

It was some time before this spirit obtained control sufficient to speak. Once or twice before it, he was in almost complete possession, but the medium suddenly returned to consciousness, and, as she saw him, bade him go from her. He finally succeeded, and it is this he alludes to in the first paragraph. During his trial, he wrote the name of James Killbride.

Pretty bird, pretty bird, but aint got wings strong enough to fly away from me! Because I happened to show myself before I controlled her, she said I should not come; but I would have come, if I had killed all the mediums on earth by it.

Fact is, somebody wanted me to come here and tell my real name. That's easy enough-you havo it there, on the paper before you-James Killbridethat's my right name. They say, "Go there, and give your right name, and we will give you a chance to commune with us."

'Of course I 've seen tho man that shot me. No. I don't know how he came here, and I don't care. Oh, I've no business here where I am. I ought to have done different, and then I should have been on earth. How old do you suppose I was-thirty-three? Oh, you are mistaken ; I was thirty eight when I died. Well, I do n't know whether I shall stay all day or not; if it takes that medium as long to travel back as it did for me to get here, it wont be to day. I do n't know where she has gone-where she had a mind to, I suppose. I don't care where she has gone-but she'll learn one thing, and that is, not to fight me when she sees me again. Do any of you know Ben Morgan? There was a

little business transaction between us that I want to straighten out. I can do it, if I can talk with him five minutes. I owe him\_that is. I did : don't know whether I do now or not. Tell him to call, and I'll pay up-in my own way, to be sure-can't do it in anybody's else way. He thinks I'm a rascal. So I am one way-in another, I'm not. Well, here comes my female opposer, so I'll go. Oct. 8.

#### Samuel DeWolf.

I don't know anything about this, myself; it is new business to me; but I believe I must speak. I feel very weak-I do n't see why I should feel so. I have been hoping I might gain some strength before I proceeded to talk. I want to speak with my son if it be possible; if you think it is not possible, would you be kind enough to tell me so?....

To begin with, then, my name was Samuel DeWolf. I was 78 years of age. I have been in the spirit-land in the vicinity of three years-not far from it. I am a native of Kennebunk. The son I desire to speak to is in New York, practising medicine. I cannot rest, because it seems to be my duty to como back to earth and talk to my son. 1 do n't know as I do right in hurrying back, but I think I do. You ask for my disease. I died of cancerous humor, with which I had been affected ten years previous to my be cast aside; but even the men of darker ages death. I had knowledge of it that time. I lost my wife some years before I came to this place of existence

I have no fears of the future, although I have been very much disappointed ; yet I expect the future will be more pleasant than the past-for I learn as comes an Inmate of heaven, or a sphere of life where soft and the seed will sink beneath the surface. In peace dwells and love rules.

. . . .

sudden, so violent, and the conditions which surrounded me were so complicated, I have been unhappy ever since.

Three years ago I saw you at a place similar to this, where spirits were accustomed to congregate. I then sought to commune with you, but I could not ever moving onward, I was inclined to believe my in-To-day I gained permission and aid to come. I want you to tell me one thing, if you can. Is there any such thing as a state of happiness in the other world, as we used to call it, or is there a state of endless misery, in which man suffers?

Your father aids me to day, and is with me. now. If I mistake not, you had quite as much fire as I had. When I look back to our youthful days, it is with mingled pleasure and pain-pain, because I spirit land, and that the humble soul sitteth high in did not from thence mark out a happier pathwaypleasure, because I am sometimes carried back in memory to those happy days when I was free from sin-from the load I now bear.

I am not at all used to controlling as I now control-this is, something new to me. Yes, I can remember now how I used to try to read your future : but I came a great way from right, looking at you. Then you tell me there is no endless punishment. This brings past scenes before me, and makes me very unhappy. My coming here to-day revives all that which was dead. 1 think I graduated, and went into the 4th artillery. A rough path I've traveled over. My first name was George.

The one with whom this conversation was carried on, remembered this party, although he had not heard from, or of him, since at West Point twentyfive years ago. Oct. 9.

# Daniel Swazey.

look, for I am dead. They are searching for me to that is being exerted through the churches, you would day, and I have just come here to tell them they be astonished. You would scarce believe what your need n't search, 'cause I'm dead. I asked some of senses realized. Now I have some very dear friends my folks here how I could help and tell my friends on earth about myself. They told me, "Go to such a new light, while others are sitting in darkness. They place, and there you will find a medium. They will who walk in the light need no word from me, for the tell you there what to do, and your friends will hear of your death, before they get your body." I believed in Spiritualism before I died, and was a

medium myself. I was born in Derby, Lower Canada. My name was Daniel Swazey. I've been dead three days, and I do n't think they will find me-they may to-day-they may, but it's not very likely. I've been told since I came here that I died of heart disease.

I llved in Derby. I went out to tend to some business, and I had to go about fivo miles-three miles of the way was woodland; my body now is close by an old, crooked tree, where I've sat many a time, and eaten my victuals-whatever I may have had when told them, when I went out; that I was going another way, and then everything they do know goes to prove that I went the way they are searching. Then again, I used to have dizzy spells, and be unconscious, and they think I am in a pond called Deal's pond, but I ain't there, neither in body or spirit; but if they will go the other way-which they think of going, I see, today, but have not yet done, they will find me. I recollect sitting down there, and I am dead, three miles from Derby, in a piece of woodland. Let them keep a quarter of a mile to the right-then turn, to the left, in a little footpath-follow it round, and I In spirit life. think it is about a mile to a mile and three-quarters I have a wish for the eternal happiness of all manscious more than an hour after death, and 1 knew just as well what to do then as I know now. I was sixty one years old. Now I'll go. How

would no have had these blessings come to you, had not mind went out for them.

When I was first told I could return to earth and commune with mortals, I said, it cannot be so; but when I paused and considered that intelligence was formant was correct; and acting on the belief, I went forth to seek, and seeking, found that communion was perfect between the two worlds.

The religious and the political world seem to be making very slow progress, when contrasted with all around them. Man still loves to rule his neighbor. One loves to be called a Duke, another a Lord, and so on, never thinking that there are no titles in the a sphere of happiness beyond the grave.

Now if they who are called the common people of the land, would only stand upon a foundation of their own building, think for themselves, and act for themselves, the world, politically speaking, would be ruled for the better. But at this time the multitude are seeking what they can get to make their bodies comfortable, caring little for the spiritual part. And tho religious part of humanity-they who profess to stand as lights in the world-make themselves idols, and in every sense fall down and worship the idols their own hands have erected. As in old times, they have builded temples, and once in seven : days they go there-to worship God? Oh, no, but-the temple and the priest.

These things were so in my day, and in walking among you, and making myself acquainted with the theory of this day I find the change has not been very great. 

But the new star that has arisen for the good of the multitude, is about to make a grand revolution My friends are looking for me, but they need not in the religious world, and could you see the power left on earth. I find some of them are walking in the Lord God, whose presence is exhibited in the light, shall guide them by day and night; and they who

walk in darkness, I cannot approach by reason of the darkness. By-and by this light will dispel the darkness, and I shall be enabled to shake hands with those I love.

Some of my dear friends want to know why I do not return and commune with them more frequently. Every day brings a blessing to humanity, and that part who are especially drawn to me will receive all they need. The Great Giver knows how to dispense the gifts, and if conditions forbid my coming to day, I take it for granted that the Great Giver of all good hath willed I should not come, and therefore I stay I went to work. But you see they are misled; I in my own spiritual condition. The priest and the president are being touched by coals from off the altar of the living God, and soon a light shall burn before them, that shall teach them how to guide the people

. Yes, I find the carth and the people very much changed ; ideas that were all unborn when I lived on earth, are more thoroughly matured.

A great company of anxious ones are here to-day ; verily you are surrounded by a mighty cloud of witnesses; may they be tho bearers of good tidings to their numerous friends in earth-life, from their home

from the edge of the woodland. I want them to find | kind ; 'I desire to leave a kind word for those I bear me, but I foar if they do not, do so soon, I shall not a relationship to in carth-life. Those who are seek-have a decent burial. I don't think I was uncon- ing, may they seek on -- and those who are not seeking, may they seek on - and those who are not seeking, may they rise, shake the dust from their garmente; for the traveling multitude are looking at them with wonder. Out 11.

#### BANNER $\mathbf{OF}^{-}$ LIGHT.

# The Public Press.

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

## MIRACLES.

The miracles that are related in the New Testament, are proved by historical evidence of a character that cannot be derthrown. This evidence is given by Paley, in his tork upon the evidence of Christianity, at great length, and in all its phases : and he clearly shows that the fact of Christianity being of Divine origin, rests on the same evidence as the miracles themselves-and if this evidence is not sufficient for the latter purpose, is is not for the former. But, in my judgment, it is amply sufficient for both, and places both of them on an impregnable foundation; and I would advise those who deny the truth of the miracles, on the ground of a mere theory -and that a very shallow one-carefully to read. Paley, and then refuto him if they can. This, I confidently believe, they cannot do.

Miracles woro intended, among other reasons, to prove the Divine origin of Christianity, by being a departure from the usual operations of the Deity in his natural system, thus arresting the attention of mankind, and convincing them that they were wrought for this special purpose. Spiritual manifestations I consider, also, to be miracles-properly so called-and designed for a similar purpose, viz. : to arrest the attention of mankind, by being a departure from what is called the order of Nature, and to convince them in this way that spirits can and do communicate with mortals in the body. Those who deny the truth of miracles in the New Testament. and the spiritual manifestations of the present day, do it, many of them, from a mere unwarrantable skepticism. They do not rest their denial on facts, but against facts-upon the mere theory that the facts are in thomselves impossible, as being out of the course of nature, as they term it-as if nature were anything but the operations of God himself. Their theory, therefore, being in Itself an absurd one, their conclusion from it must be an absurd one aiso.

All the facts in relation to Christian miracles, so far as they are trausmitted to us by historical records, contradict this theory. And these facts, which are abundant, rest upon such testimony as cannot be overthrown, unless the ground is taken, as it was by Hume, that no amount of testimony is sufficient to establish the truth of the alledged miracles. In that case, both the miracles, and Christianity itself, would fail to the ground-both for the want of the necessary evidence to support it; and also, because it contained, what it is assumed, are falschoods.

Again, in proof that miracles-properly so called -have taken place, without going to the Bible for proofs, we have only to look to the formation of our globe, and the productions it contained in its carly stages. Miraoles may be defined, as I have before said, to be a departure from the usual process by which certain effects are produced in the physical world-to be by a way different from the latter. Now the present mode of operations, by which animais and plants are produced, could not have been the mode always in which they were produced. There must have been a period when they were pro-June San the first time, and, therefore, could not have been produced by a course of successive propagation in the way they are at the present time. The first animal could not have been produced by a preceding one, nor the first-vegetable; and, therefore, some other than the present mode must have been used for producing them. There was a time when the animal was not produced from the ovaria, nor the vegetable from the seed, for they did not exist. Therefore, there must have been a time when miracles, as they are called, were performed when there must have been a departure from what is now the usual mode of operations, or what is improperly called natural laws. And this view of the subject is confirmed by geology itself. Geology teaches that the different tribes of animals, which have existed at different periods since the beginning of organized matter, could not have been produced by what is called the development process-a sort of progressive and spontaneous creation carried on by matter itself, continually changing its forms, and producing a higher type of the animal tribes-for the remains of different tribes of animals are found in different strata of rocks, so far apart and so arranged, that the sub sequent ones could not have been produced in any possible way by the preceding, but must have been a new creation by God himself. And the carth has also been, from the creation, undergoing such changes as would fit it to be the abodo of these different tribes of animals, at the time that they came upon a particle or so of dust, or in a tadpole or polypus. the stage, and not at any time preceding. In this way It proves that the changes in the physical world were contrived and carried on with a view to these subsequent tribes of animals. And this remarkable coincidence clearly proves the wisdom and power of of designing Providence, in adapting means to ends, belief in a permanently regulated and bright spiritand causes to effects. Agnin, all the effects in the mineral. vegetable and animal worlds are produced by certain physiological or chemical processes, by which certain properties or elements are brought into combination. . The mineral, the vegetable, and the animal are but the production of certain properties and elements existing in nature, which God formed, and combined in a this principle, in deed or in word, confusion and its ocrtain way for this purpose. These usually take train of incidental evils have been the inevitable replace by the slow process of accretion of growth, bc- sult. cause this is the way in which God sees fit to produce them, to answer certain ends he has in view in their production. But the Being, who knows exactly extremes, it can only be met and conquered by other what these properties or elements are, and in what extremes. But, any blind submission to spirits out "proportion they must be combined in order to produco a certain substance or animal, could, if he saw fit, produce them instantaneously, as well as gradu. therefore, if even a very respectable and phllanthropally. He could produce an animal, or a vegetable. is personage should venture upon mediumship with by an act of his power, full grown, and at once, as well as by the slow process of growth-for it is only and that the spirits might handle him precisely as a combination of the elementary properties in a cortain way which constitute it, and this he knows how to produce. He could produce the "loaves and the many false and disagreeable positions; and in all fishes" instantaneously, as well as by the slow pro-likelihood, his " new motors" would be exceedingly cess of growth and chemical combination; for all imperfect in their organization and developmenthe has to do, is to bring into immediate combination his medjunistic associates night be impulsed, somethose elements which compose them. And this pro- times into suicide, and sometimes into acts of im-

way, and on one occasion mentioned in the Newthe miracle he performed, when, through the Savlour, he multiplied the loaves and the fishes; and also, when the water was converted into wine. The objection has been made against the spiritual

manifestation-which I consider to be miracles; properly so called-on the one hand, that they would be a departure from natural laws, and for this reason inoredible, and, on the other hand, it is contended that they are in strlet conformity with natural laws, and for this reason' should be belloved, If supported by a sufficient weight of evidence. But if the view which I have taken upon the subject of natural laws, be a correct one, they are not produced by any conformity with natural laws, for no such aws exist, in the sense intended : but they are produced by the direct agency of spirits themselves, who are endued by God with the power of producing them in the same way that he conducts all his own operations-that is, by A direct agency. It is true physical forces may be employed by spirits in produoing these manifestations, but they are employed as instruments, put in operation and controlled by spirits themselves, at the time the manifestations take place, and not as acting by virtue of any inherent energy imparted to matter, and making it capable of acting itself without the intervention of any spiritual agency for the purposa. They act in the same way when spirits use them, as when God himself uses them, as materials and modes, and not as efficient of themselves alone. Every physical phenomenon, or effect, is, as I view it, produced by spiritual agency or influence acting upon matter, either by God himself, or by some spirit, either in or out of the body, whom he has endued with the necessary power for the purpose. .....

And in these spiritual manifestations God may have invented, and carried into operation, now modes of producing physical phenomena, such as may never have been used before. He may have created new forces for this purpose, or he may call into action forces hitherto unknown to us. For it is not to bo presumed that he has ceased in his work of creation. with the present forms of matter, and the forces which he has made to act upon it-and that his power of creation has exhausted itself by the works it has already produced. This power may continue to operate through eternity, and be employed in the production of new forms of matter, and new forces to act upon it. A now power, different from clectricity or magnetism, or any known power, may have been produced by him to operate in the production of such spiritual manifestations as are physical in their nature-for there is no reason to suppose that he must necessarily be confined to his former mode of producing motion, nor that he could never invent nor practice any new one. He has, at all periods of the world, probably, been employed in new acts of creation, which, when 'they took place, were, in themselves, necessarily niracles. Why may he not coutinue to do so? We certainly do not know, and have no reason to suppose the contrary.

BOSTON, Uct. 24, 1858. W. S. A.

#### READ THIS ARTICLE.

DEAR BANNER-You have done nobly in acknowledging the disagreeable things, and in openly accepting the lessons taught by the disagreenble things which have been recently visited upon Spiritualism. It has been my unpleasant duty in times past, to pre-announce and warn Spiritualists of the influence of disagrecables which was coming upon them, and, from the very first, to contend against the false elements that were working mightily towards disruption and folly, in connection with the cause. It is needful still to contend : and just now I esteem it special duty to say that Spiritualists, and the world, need not anticipate any better order in their relations, either with heaven or among themselves, except in proportion as they take up and apply those higher principles of a true unity with the spirit life, which it has been exceedingly fashionable in certain quarters to disregard and renel. The case with which many persons, on the present plane of Spiritualism, take up the most orude, unphilosophical and demoralizing ideas, and loudly vaunt them, induces me, at this time, to notice a few conceptions or sentiments which are at the root of much of the discord and disorder which pervades not only the ranks, of Spiritualism, but other classes as well. I frequently meet with a class of spiritual believers vho are exceedingly dubious on that sublimest of all subjects-Gon. Some say outright that they never saw God-know nothing about him-and that the spirits who communicate with them, say they never saw God. Others very sagely assert that God must. at some time have begun to exist, as in the form of And sometimes a very good speaking medium will express very much the same class of ideas. or like Mrs. Britt, at Utlea, burst out into a point-blank declaration, that " No God can change men-they must change themselves I" Personally speaking, I have no ual connection, where such ideas have an abiding place in the mind or heart of any person. On the contrary, a caim and affectionate elevation of the soul to Delty, as to a loving father, has been an indispensable adjunct to a full degree of rollability, wherever I have witnessed it; and in proportion as medium, or oircle, or society in general, has departed from Some say that you must let the "Spirits." have their own way; and that as society is now given to of the body, or spirits in the body, or any adherance to an extreme, will inevitably punish itself; and the idea that he was not afraid of the very devilthey were a mind to-ten to one but he would find himself very frequently misdirected, and placed in. inves he pursued, probably, when he created the first modesty, fornication and extravagance-here waxing and, and the first vegetable, of any particular bold, in indecent speech and exposure, whether in done our chemists could produce bread public or private-thore wasting thousands in carryhad command of the elements, ing out the conflicting and frequently deceltful dioan in the second a chaotic spirit-impression. "ntion for his pur- Under such circumstances, any person will do 

then baking it. But God may know of a different and a true and reverential devotedness toward God; lieves in spending small and large sums of money to and to have less of an " usual trust in the inspiration | got such "spiritual information" as he communi-Testament, he is said to have adopted this way, in that moves" him.º Under such circumstances-with cates-that is, a spiritualism with an angry God, a such discrimination and devotedness, the medium hell of fire, and the devil in it. And if Spiritualists will soon find that he (or she) has a kind of "inspira would only adopt Methodist views of an imperfect tion" to " trust," different from that which originates God, whose work in the creation of man was a failure, orazy free-loveism, and falsehood, and folly in gen- why, then, our scatarian friend would of course beeral

, Let it not bo by any means understood, however, that the fault is in the medium, alone. The friends associates connected with him, (or her,) may be not so very particular in respect to regulated conditions as they should be. Doubtless the " new motor " the same principle is true of the sittings of the "Selentific Committee," or of any other body of investigators; and from the same cause originates all fulsi- of Methodist preaching. tles, absurdities and derangements in connection with

manifestations; nono can succeed as they should--none can realize the truthful results they would, uninspiration.

A word here relative to "marriage" will be ap propriate. There is no question but that the mark to the deliberate conclusion," (as the Methodist ringe relation is being interfered with on many pre- bishop said of "pennyroyal tea for a common texts which are as fulse and frivolous as are many of the manifestations. Magnetic attraction seems to liglon! It has all the elements of a true revival, be everywhere put for "oongeniality," and there really seem to be as many mistakes in ." spirit marriages " as there are in " priest marriages." To a truo man or woman there is no abiding attraction its demonstrations, and in the rapidity of its spread but true principle ; and it is by no means the truest man or woman, who is the most ready to say-"I would not stand it !"-- I would separate !"-- I would cast him (or her) off, at once !" I say it is by no means the truest man or woman who is prompt to indulge these expressions, or to act in their spirit; large sums of money for spiritual information, in for. faithfulness, even to conquering the faults and subduing the perversity of those we love, is one of if paid for preaching the absurd notions of Methodthe loftiest attributes either of humanity or Heavon ism in respect to au angry Deity, and an omnipro--nnd many a noble hearted husband or wife, has sent devil; notions, too, bear in mind, based on lived to see the fully of such a conquest in the redemption of a boyom companion from vice and folly who, thousands of years ago, not one of which is so -it may be from crime and infamy.

I know well that parties thus struggling, need some help---and I know, too, that in true, practical brotherhood relations of society, such help can be effeotually rendered, where now it is seldom realized, and many matrimonial separatious prevented, and many parties rendered truly loving and abiding, is made up of alledged "spiritual communications," where now they are disjointed and apart.

True, indeed, if a couple are both of them willful or perverse, and determined not to act up to their mutual interests, in unity and co-operation-or if one, either the male, or the female, is determined to be wholly on tradition. The "communications" for obstinate, and to pursue a course which tends to the which he thinks people ought to pay money, if over constant perplexity, and perhaps, uscless sacrifice of made at all, were made thousauds of years ago-so the other-why then disunion or perpetual torment long ago that he does not positively know to whom is the only question at issue-and in the latter case, or by whom, or where. All is conjecture, or faith, the very salvation of an innocent and suffering party, from first to last. And now, where spiritual comrequires the interference of friends and the suspen- munications occur, which become to us positive knowlsion of existing relations.

ums, who are sympathetic, and nicely balanced in of years ago, so as to have been made a part of the their sensibilities .... the wife or the bashand, yes, even Rible ; or, more likely, they object to them, because the business agent of any such one, should be, at they do not seem to confirm the notious entertained once, pure minded, protectivo, and most honorable of an imperfect God, an overlasting Hell, and an ugly and true in an unfultering devotedness to the holiest Devil, entertained by ignoraut and superstitious principles of religion and right. Such sensitivo or people, three thousand years ago 1 But these objecsympathetic persons are exceedingly tender and im- tions of Zion's Herald are characteristic, and purely pressible in their natures, and very much need the sectarian. He will, doubtless, outgrow thom, by and ustaining power of a virtuous and noble connection by, as really as he has now outg in the body, even as they require a bright and ele- once were when a very little boy. vated relation with the spirit-land. They should never barter their spiritual gifts for mere money, nor be hawked about as a speculation, by mercenary associates or companions. If there is trouble in the NATURAL LAWS .- REPLY TO "W. S. A." domestio relations, let every honorable method be MESSRS. EDITORS-In your edition of October 30. adopted to overcome it. If such effort fails, then let an article appears under the signature of "W.S.A." the next best thing be done. But above all, under in which the writer attempts to show that God. actall or any such circumstances, let every person thus ing upon matter, personally, produces these changes conditioned remember that a pretensive sympathy is to which matter is subjected, at the time when they not associated with the best and sufest influences, lake place; and that he understands the developand does not lead to the purest connections. Let me ment theory as explained by some, to be, that matalso briefly remark that the idea so often expressed | ter, by its own innate energy, produced all the changes just now, to the effect that "oil and water will not that take place in the physical and intellectual unite," is a fulse idea. Every schoolboy-every mal world. The author of "Vestiges of Creation," the auture person who washes his hands or face when dirty, thority of this theory, states (page 115,) that Gol knows that an alkali makes a very efficient union of created animated beings, as well as the terragueous oil and water" for all cleansing purposes. And so theatre of their beiug; which is a fact so powerfully parties who may have been called "uncongenial," evidenced, and so universally received, that I at once have made the happiest and most helpful couple, take it for granted. Again he says, the ordinary nowhen, in the adoption of "good principle" they tion is, that the Almighty Author produced the prohave resolved to do each other good ; for "good prin- genitors of all existing species, by some sort of perciple" is the alkali that blends and binds humanity sonal or immediate exertion. This, he states, would of all conditions; and if friends, neighbors, or fam- | surely be to take a very mean view of the Creative ilies are in any onse separated, good principlo must Power, etc. On page 116, we have seen powerful have been lacking in one party, if not in both. ATHOL DEPOT, MASS. D. J. MANDELL.

lievo in paying large sums "to get" such "spirit unl information " as this-nay, not information in any legitimate sense of this term ; for I fearlessly

or investigators surrounding him, or even the spirit assert that what is usually called "preaching of tho gospel," is not information; the whole story was told when the books of the Bible were collected and published, nearly two thousand years ago. The tale might have been much more of a success than it was, is so often repeated, that It is soon "loarned by and other things more orderly and true, had the heart." Let me hear a Methodist preacher announce friends of the medlum, as well as the medium him- his text, and I will tell you, in advance, what he will self, been truer to the cléments of Spiritual unity give as "spiritual information" in his sermon ; and which alone can secure success in such matters. And my own opinion is, that very "small sums" of money indeed should be paid for such "spiritual information " as I have often heard under the name

I was in Méthodist revivals when the editor of Zion's Herald was a baby; and for the pust forty years I have witnessed the operating of the human less it is by special attention to the conditions or machinery with which they are got up., And, for principles that regulate mediumistic relations and the past ten years, I have had considerable experienco in Spiritualism, including all its mysterious faots, and its admitted fancies. And "I have come cold.") that Spiritualism is a genuiue revival of re-(excepting an angry, vindictive God, hell and the dovil.) It exceeds all the revivals of the past ages in the MYSTERIOUSNESS of its origin, in the rower of over the world. It is characterized by precisely the same changes in the conduct of men, the same nervous phonomena which obaracterize sectarian revivals, more or less, always and overywhere. Those mortuls, therefore, who may spend small, or even my judgment, make a better use of their money than

" spiritual communications," made to nobody knows well authenticated as the alledged spiritual communications which are now occurring in our midst every day. The distinction attempted to be made by this Methodist brother, is evidently an invidious one. 110 relies upon the llible, which is "spiritual informa-

tion,"-that is, if this book be what it is taken for, it not one of which is half so well authenticated as the Spiritualism to which he now objects. The Spiritualism on which this editor relies for his faith, and his hope of salvation from the wrath of God, depends edge, our sectarian friends object to these communi-In respect to sensitive persons-especially medi- cations, merely because they did not occur thousands

human agency," etc. Now, I ask, what is man without he is matter or substance? The arrangement of a steamboat hy his instrumentallty, is no more than the ability of a beaver to build his house with his tail, under his organization. Again he says, he views new races as new creations by God. Now, the literal definition of "Creation," is to make something out of nothing. (Quero-How much of nothing will make something?) But, taking his views of it, viz.: the changing of forms, he says he is borne out ln this view by the discoveries in geology. My readings of the discoveries in this soience and others, as well as that of the Bible, teach me that any now formation comes in under conditions favorable to its existence; and when those conditions change, by the will or impress of God imprinted on them in process of time, then the forms change. The appearance of animals on the earth's surface, and the disappearance of them again, conclusively show it. J. C. Nuw Yonk, Oct. 30, 1858.

## "AND THE RICH MAN ALSO DIED."

In one of the large towns on the -Merrimac, there ived a man called rich, who had accumulated wealth n several cities, and who came to this town some years ago, and built his tomb, and prepared to die. at that time feeling the effects of years and disease; but he recruited in health, and again engaged in speculations, and added greatly to his already overflowing coffers. He had no wife, nor child, in either world, and few that loved him, except for his wealth -for he had been an extortioner, in exacting high rents and usury from the poor, and unrelaxing, even in the hard winter and commercial crisis.

He lived to accumulate for no end, to no purpose, but to gratify his love of gain. He had no religion, but had a religious fear, and, in his ignorance, or fear of death, he is said to have remarked, on one occasion, that he would give all his property to know that death would be the end of his existence. Ho feared no doubt that his works would follow him, and that he might meet some of his victime in another life, if there were one; but he could not know that to be true which was not true, so he kept his wealth and his ignorance.

Not long ago he heard the rattling wheels of Death's chariot coming to his door, and he sought out his relatives, who, no doubt, were glad to be so when he died, and made his will, and -- how singular l--instend of giving each of his poor tenants, from whom he had exacted the last farthing of rent mouey, earned by washing, or other labor, a home or a pittance, ho gave to each genuine hunker preacher of the place a present of \$500, and the rest where it was as little nceded as here, and perhaps as little descryed, also.

It was indeed strange that this man, who had no sympathy with their preaching, and seldom or never went to hear them, should fee them as attorneys, to help him out of trouble in the other life; but he undoubtedly had fears that some of their doctrines night be true, and, if so, certainly, this small sum, out of several hundreds of thousands of dollarsmost, of it extracted from the earnings of the poormight avail to save him from the brimstone pit !

What a commentary of wealth and bachelorism is this picture ! No rational incentive to induce him to accumulate-no children of his own, and with thousands of dollars at his immediate disposal-he could take the bread from the hungry children, and the needed clothes from the suffering widow, to increase his pile ! Is there any wonder that he feared aell, or feared that his works would follow him?

But, stop; he was rich, and gave, in his will, to the preachers. He must, therefore, he preached to rest-ticketed, somehow, to benven, and monumented to posterity-not in children, who shall riso up and call his name blessed, but in marble, which shall tell its story as coldly as its object of memory does. Poor man !- Spiritualism could have saved him, furnished him knowledge, and directed him to return fourfold to the poor whom he had robbed, and thus be blessed. in the here and the hereafter. WARBEN CHASE. BOSTON, Oct. 30, 1858. .

's slow pro- much bettor to seek for truth, rather than spiritin-A.1. and fluence-and to oultivato a discriminating judgment, 11

• The quotations here refer to a recent article by John M. Spear, in the "Agitator ;" and the remarks are equally cau-

#### "EQUALLY FOOLISH."

MESSRS. EDITORS-Perhaps you may have noticed a paragraph in Zion's Herald, of October 27, 1858, in which the editor says :---

"Wo believo that all who spend small sums of money to get 'spiritual' information, are equally foolish."

The editor aforesaid quoted your remarks respecting the case of Mr. Sheldon, who is said to have spent \$80,000 in following the advice of apcoryphal spirits, and the feellshness of other mortals who rely upon alledged revelations from the invisible world, in the pursuit of money. This opinion is endorsed by the Methodist editor, and he adds, that he believes gvii, then all things are evil, and no power enn all who spend even small sums of money, to get change them. Again-as forms are momentarily spiritual information, are equally foolish."

"Those who live in glass houses should not cast stones at their neighbors." The Zion's Herald editor lives in a glass house, frail and brittle-as I hap- changes are going on in opposite parts at the samo pen to know, having lived in the same sectorian edifice myself nearly forty yours ago. Ho believes he cannot be personally present in any other at the in a "jealous," "angry" and vindictive God : in a "burning hell" of "fire and brimstone;" and in

that old boss "Devil," without whom no "revivals" could ever be "got up." This same editor is himself tain causes produce certain effects. To produce a a "spiritual adviser;" he writes and publishes ar good effect on mind, we array before it all those moticles from week to week, on purely spiritual matters tives and olroumstancel which induce it to not right. world he has never entered, and of which he knows | nificant and useless. precisoly nothing at all | And for his sniftual

writing and preaching he is paid a regular salary of \$2000 a year, more or less. And thus it appears that this Methodist editor be that it could transform itself into bread, without | BOUTH MALDEN, Oot. 21, 1858. INVESTIGATOR.

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LA ROY SUNDERLAND. BOSTON, NOV. 11, 1858.

evidence that the construction of this globe, etc., was the result, not of any personal exertion on the part of the Deity, but of natural laws, which are expressions of his will-

I appreliend, then, that all chauges of forms occur from this first impress or continued operation of the Deity, without any particular personal intervention. "W. S. A." says this law cannot be made to extend to the mind, or spiritual nature of man. Herein lies the error. The Univercoelum is full of substance, or matter, in spirit, electric, magnetic, chemical, or other form, and the spiritual part of man is as much substance as other bodies of space. Creation, being full of substance, is God, for God is everywhere present; we are in him, and ho in us.

In Mrs. Hatoh's discourses, (page 812,) is written: "God is the One and the only governing and positive principle throughout all the universe of mind and matter." If he is good, all things are good ; if he is and constantly changing, how is it possible for God to be specially or personally present in a changetaking | lace in one part of, the creation, while other time? If God is personally present at any one change. same time. The attributes of a person is not Omnipresence.

Further. In mind, as well as matter, we find cer--alledged revelations, from the invisible world-a ly; and could we not control this, education is insig-

"W.R.A." says, again, "It would be just as absurd to suppose that matter, of itself, could construct a steamboat, without the mechanical aid of man, or

#### QUESTIONS FROM AN INQUIRING MIND.

MESSRS. EDITORS-Suffer a poor, illiterate old man to ask a few questions, through your paper.

The fact that spirits do commune with mortals is now established in many minds, without a doubt. und we should now look for some advance in the ways of wisdom. The questions I would ask are :

First-Is this earth the first state of the existence of man-or, more plainly, I would say, individual mind, which appears to make the man-if not, were all living beings, whom we believe to be the shildren of God, set apart before, and placed in Paradise, as reported of Adam in Genesis?

Second-le this present sphere of good and evil. experience; and is it not necessary to know evil, to appreciato the good? If we never knew pain or sickness, how could we appreciate bealth, and if we never know iniscry, how appreciate happiness ?

.Third-Did not our Father in the arst state give man free will to choose good or evil? Is not his own individuality deeply centered in that free will, which I should call "Individual Sovereignty?" In the Bible, where man is called upon to snorifice his heart to God, (free will, I should call it) and by Jesus of Nazareth to " Take up your cross and follow mo," is it not a command requiring us to snorifice that free will to God, so that his will shall be our will?

Fourth-If it is an established fact that spirits do communicate with mortais, is it unreasonable that our great teacher. Jesus of Nazareth, should commune, who said : . I will be with you always, even to the end; and where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst?"

Fifth-I would ask why the communication, or revelation, purporting to come from him through L. M. Arnold, of Poughkeepsie, called the "Origin of all Things," is not more public? Certain, to my mind, they are the highest knowledge 1 have received, and, so far as I have had the opportunity of investigating, for six years, the most reasonable and greatest truths, (from the ovidence) I have received in that time. And I would most carnestly recommend the perusal of the work by all, asking them to provo all things, and hold fast that which is good."

And, as I think our. Lord Jesus never spake on earth but in truth, and to some purpose, I would ask what he meant when he said, "The last shall be first and the first last?" To this I would call the attention of your College Profussors, as well as to the text : "I thank theo, oh Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast ruvealed them to babos." Should any take notice of these questions, and give their opinion through the BANNER, they may benefit some scoking for more light.

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## OF LIGHT. BANNER

# Pearls.

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

It was late in mild October, And the long autumnal rain Had left the summer harvest fields All green with grass again; The first sharp frosts had fallen, Leaving all the woodlands gay With hues of Summer's rainbow, Or the meadow flowers of May And shouting boys in woodhad haunts Caught glimpses of that sky, Fleeked by the many-tinted leaves, And laughed they knew not why And school-girks gay with aster dowers, Beside the mendow brooks, Mingled the glow of Autumn with The sunshine of sweet looks. J. O. WHITTER.

Great mon are like great rivers in winter, that break through the fettors and rigid restraints which bind the smaller streams.

The best of mon have ever loved repose; They have to mingle in the filthy fray, Where the soul sours, and gradual rancer grows Embittered more from peevish day to day. Even those whom Fance has bent her fairest ray, The most renowned of worthy wights of yore, From a base world at has have stolen away, 80 Scholo, to the soft Cumann shore Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before. Thomso.

It is not enough to believe what you maintain-you must maintain what you believe, and maintain it because you be-lieve it.-Archenshor WHATLEY.

Nothing but leaves; the spirit grieves Over a wasted life; Sin committed while conscience slept, Promises made but never kept listred, battle, and strife; Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but loaves; no garnered sheaves Of life's fair, ripened grain ; Words, idlo words, for earnest deeds ; We say our seed—lo! tares and weeds ; Wo reap with toil and pain Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves No veil to screen the past : As we retrace our weary way, Counting each lost and misspent day, We find saily at last Nothing but leaves.

Under whatever name it may be known to the real students of every seet, the only field of Progress is now that of Pogi-tivo Philosophy.-HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Who comes towards God an inch through doubtings dim, In blazing light llo will approach a yard towards him. ORIENTAL.

Nobility is a river that sets with a constant and undeviating current directly into the great Pacific Ocean of Time; but, unlike all other rivers, it is more grand at its source than at its termination.

# Sabbath in Boston.

MISS HARDINGE AT THE MELODÉON. Sunday Evening, Oct. 31.

This was the last regular lecture of Miss H.'s course, and was listened to by a large audience. The following verse-John, iv., 12-was her text:

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

She said : Greater works have been done than Jesus of Nazareth did-greater works before him, shades of night, the hand left the mark, upon whatand greater works since his death. Greater works ever it was laid, of sulphurous flame. What if we in degree with the capacity of mediums are done by should tell you this was true? When the electrical the commissioned spirits of God this day, than we body comes in contact with material substance, and find in the scripture records of the past. The presremains there any length of time, a flame is the reent manifestations of modern Spiritualism-though sult. it is now in but a primary condition-will reach up to the law by which these works were done, and accomplish still greater, thus fulfilling the words of Jesus of Nazareth. From the ocean of truth rolling before us, we will select a few pearls showing the great work mankind has yet to witness. Our essay must be as an arrow shot at random, in hope that it may drop in good ground, and lead those who may mortality. and it, to seek for the source from whence it came. We will examine the philosophy of Spirit-speechthe recognition of spirit voices on the plane of audible sound-or a force not governed by sense, appealing to the sensual faculty of hearing; the healing of diseases by the power of mediums; the moving of ponderable bodies, and the gift of prophecy. Man is in himself a triune structure, and his is a body composed of all those forces crowded into what is called matter, partaking of the character of both matter and spirit. This is filled with an electrical force which grows with the body and ultimates with the spirit. In it exists all sensation-all consciousness, and after it has been used up, its lack occasions the decay of the body, and the dislodging of the spirit. What conceives pain? Is it the body? You examine a body after death and you find it inenpable of sensation ; the spirit wanders away and does not suffer; thought cannot anyway be wounded; then it is the magnetic body to which alone pain is sensible. It is this same magnetic force which holds sphere from sphere, as well as the millions of stars in the heavens in the orbits God has planned for them; and there is no particle of ether, but is con-trolled by magnetism. This magnetism is made up of the character of the spiritual and the material of the body, and exists in more multiplicity of form than man can conceive. It is claimed, by writers of olden time, that they saw spirits and talked with them - face to face, evenas a man to his friend. Now, measuring this by the philosophy of to-day, we find it reasonable ; taking the laws which govern matters in the present, and tracing them back to the undeveloped past. Two thousand years ago, the magnetic atmosphere was crude and materialistic, and so the spirits were prepared to control the elements to work their ends. As there is no physical law for the spirit to suffer, so there is no need of reaction in sleep-as is required to recharge the body with its electric ferces; so in the hour of slumber, it is free to commune with its kind. 1. N. How is it that mortals in the normal state can see spirits? Are they tangible? If so, why may not all see them with equal ease? If they are intangible. all the wonderful multiplicity of lenses and cameras cannot detect them. Then it is the spirit which perceives it-it can only be perceived when the spirit is in a condition where another spirit can be daguerreotyped upon it. The aroma of the eye appeals to a perfect medium. It will be found the seeing medium is clairvoyant, and must be appealed to in that condition. This law applies to the whole phenomena. When the toacs speak to the clairaudient medium, the atmosphere is thickened by the aroma; and hence none hear the audible sounds except the susceptibly organized medium. The next point is, how de spirits move ponderable bodies, and by sounds designate intelligence? The electricity of the spirit is the sine, and the electricity of mortals is the copper, and these form the spiritual electro-galvanic battery. What can not electricity do? .... Ø

easily as it can pick up a needle. Take whatover prominent in the gospel of use, and just as true form of nature you will, you will find it there. The thousands of years ago as to-day, appealed only to poor Persians saw the potence of heat, and worshiped the intellectual nature of man, and not to his affecit as God-only electricity stands between them. tions. School boys learned the rules, yet the science Spirits are indeed letter chemists than men. They was not there to themt-they saw not their practiheap togethor mountains of electricity when they cability; and unless the teacher had power to bring know a single spark would tear this house to atoms them to the infant mind of the child, he was not You cannot see the gases which made up atmosphere aiding him. The boys, to escape ohastisement, -hydrogen and oxygen-yet this room is filled with leugued together and parceled out the rules between them; and the chemist, if you will give him time, them and the sums, and took their position in the will turn them into water, and then into the hardest class so that each would have his chosen task before of all minerals, diamond. him; but if any other than the particular and prac-

The strongest power found in the fiercest northern ticed-upon sum was called for, the boy was at a loss wind, which lashes the ocean into foam, tears open to solvo it. They saw not the bearing this science the bowels of the mountain and uproots the giants had upon the business life of the future, and only of the forest, though not susceptible to your senses, studied their lessons out of dread of the teacher. you will declare no less a mighty power because of They went mechanically to work, and were thwarted its invisibility. Yet you deny the works produced by any question not in the lesson of the day. But by this coming together of animal and spiritual now the educators of youth have seen this fault, and eleotricity. have remedied it by the little picture illustrations

Could Christ perform the same miracles in our in his primary book, and by ruling their scholars by midst as he did in the olden time, in Judea ? Ho love, rather than by fear. English Grammar is was then governed by conditions, and would be so to- another study the child can never appreciate till he day.

he cannot do it-if he cannot give invisible gases

bulk and weight. Let him take this whole building,

and he may dissolve it into thin air, southat not an

ash will remain. So he can resolve the grain of

sand, and the giant oak, into apparent nothingness.

He can take gold and dissipate it ; yet it is not lost,

can do their task in comparatively triffing time.

of that virtue.

s brought to regard it from the affectional plane. Take the mightiest weight of iron; let the Titans Religion has been taught as a science, rather than an affectional impulse. The teachers were of earth lift it, and lay it gently down, and not even the fragrant rose-leaf would be crushed. Let it be men of learning-sage, crudite, and profound ; but projected with the least momentum, and the walls of they failed to give the masses an idea of God upon Jerusalem would tremble and totter at the shock the affectional plane. They have been told that the Momentum is the will acting upon matter-it is but affections would seduce their souls, and lead them one of the effects of the life-principle. Use that mo into eternal punishment, if they were not crucified. mentum in combination with gas and electricity, and 'With this false idea, they ask, "What is Spiritualism good for ?" as if religion is what they were not you know its power.

So with the healing of disease by spirit-power. all acquainted with before. "Had it not been taught Disease is caused by a disarrangement of the clee by Jesus, and all who have followed him? And trical forces-the plus or minus of electricity. Inwhat use is there for you to give us a new religion ? the life of Christ we find the record of a woman There is nothing new with the infinite Father." afflicted with disease, who, by touching the hem of Such is their reasoning. They dream not that it is his garment, was made well again, and the fell dis a practical thing-they regard it ouly as a theory of enso was annihilated. The pure condition of the the future life.

Saviour caused him to be filled with health-giving But Spiritualism appeals to the affections-opens power, and that electrical force was supplied in the the portals of heaven, and the freed ones are strivdiseased woman, and the vacuum filled, when she ing upward to bathe in the glory which wells from touched his garments. Christ was governed by it; and, with heart beating against heart, they have faith, and his magne ic influence was the outflowing not to go to the book to know whether the rule will

apply or not. Their religion is a question they are Spiritual hands have been seen, and spirit forms, to solve; and when the answer is obtained, they possessing density and weight. Can spirits resolve know it intuitively. Their own souls will rebel themselves into such forms? Ask your chemist if against unkindness and injustice.

> not understand the use of it. One says : "It proves to me I have a soul." Another: "It shows the communion of spirits with mortals." Another will view it from his stand-point. But all do not see that it is to bind mankind in closer bonds of love. They are dazzled with its beauty, but cannot take in its greatness. But when a few more conventions are held, and the waves of intelligence roll, and conflicting opinions clash, never to mingle, the calm follow-

There are few Spiritualists who study the moveother minds has entertained the same, aud, reaching

practicability in the depth of the theory. Why are we better, with all our pride of intellectual power, if the affections are wanting within us? But were we true to the blessed theory of spirit life, we would be found drying the tears from the checks of the mourning, undoing the shackles from the downtrodopens to usher them into the higher spheres of im-

> She concluded her lecture we give the first verse:

long, and painful in the extreme; but he bore all his suffer-ings with Christian fortitude and patience. In his sickness the spiritual man was developed in him upon the affectional plane, so that the Saturday before his change, he doelared to his wife that he was extremely happy—that he would not exchange situations with any man in town—such was his joy in believing the Christ-spirit within him. To the loving partner of his earth-life, and their interesting children, and friends, would wasay, your loss is gain to him. The separa-tion will be of short duration. Soon we shall all meet him, where tears will be wiped from all eyes. Ills funeral was attended, Oct. 2d, by Rev. John Pierpont, who read what Paul save in the first of Corinthians—15th chapter—upon the ntiended, Oct. 24, by Rev. John Pierpont, who read what Paul says in the first of Corinthians—15th chapter—upon the subject of the resurrection from the dead, taking the same view as Spiritualists generally do of this important subject. His romarks were clear, strong and impressive, and could not full to be understood by a large concourse of relatives and friends, from that and the adjacent towns. Con.

# Adbertisements.

## SPIRITUALIST REGISTER FOR 1859.

ON OR BEFORE THE FIRST OF JANUARY NEXT, shall publish No. 3, the Spinitualist Registren for 1859. O shall publish No. 3, the Srinitvatist Richert for 1859-a neat pocket companion, of thirty-six pages-facts for 1859-tics and inquirers, ancient and modera Spiritualism, its uses and abuses, free-love, reforms, short articles of interest to all, names of lecturers and nedlums, general statistics of Spiritualists, otc., otc. This little work is an Annual, the only one of the kind ever published, and the last number was extensively quoted by the popular press. Will all lec-turers, mediums, editors and Spiritualists throughout the country, please report as carly as possible? Dealors and others will immediately send their orders, with advance pay-ment, as the work will not be sent out on sale, and the edition will be limited to previous orders. Mailed free, \$5 a hun-dred; fifty for \$3; fourtcou for \$1; single copies 10 conts. Address, URIAH CLARK, Auburn, N. Y. nov13 tf

NEW DEVELOPMENTS.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS. By THE AID OF A NEW PERCEPTIVE POWER, I continuo to givo from the hand-writing descriptions of persons. First—their general appearance, parentage, the condition of their birth, and a general roview of their past ilfe, Second—their present condition, both mental and phy-sical, with directions for living. Third—their character and qualifications, with directions for proper purcuits and loca-tions. Fourth—Miscellaneous matters rolating to business, therefore, and all matters and clear to outside friends, marriage, losses, and all matters not clear to outside

perception. Torms, for a full reading in all points, \$3; for a reading on each separate point and matters in general, \$1: postage.pre-paid, All letters should be addressed to II. L. BOWKER,

Natick, Mass. Those wishing to consult me personally, may do so on Sat-urday of each week, at Dr. Charles Maiu's, 7 Davis street, Boston

Boston Persons sending written inatter must avoid quotations and the dictation of other minds, to secure a correct reading. NATICK, MASS., Nov. 13th. II. L. BO WKER. tſ

C. STILES, M., D., INDEPENDENT CLAIRVOYANT, A. Office, No. 106 Main street, Bridgeport, Conn. A true diagnosis of the disease of the person before him is guaran-teed, or no fee will be taken. Chronic diseases scientifically teed, or no fee will be taken. Chronic diseases scientineany treated. Strict attention given to diseases of the ear and eve. Cancers removed, and curo warranted. The Electro Chemical Baths will be applied when necessary, for the re-moval of polsonous minorals from the system. Persons from abroad can-be accommodated with good beard at a reasonable rate, near the Doctor's office. Office hours from 6 o'clock A. M., to 6 P. M. No patients received Sundays.

MRS. A. W. PRATT, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, announces to hor patients and the puble, that she has removed from No. 77 Willow street, Chelsea, to Cedar street (off Pleasant street) Malden, near the Boston and Mulne Rallroad Dopct, where she is having good success. Sho has had much practice as an accoucher, and offers her services with confidence in that capacity. Torms: Examinations at house. 50 cts.; by hair, \$1; hair sent by mail, requiring written diagnosis \$2. Hours from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M. tf nov13

HALLS' QUADRILLE, BRASS AND CONCERT BAND. Music from one to thirty pleces furnished for Balls, Wed-dings, Private Partles, Assemblies, Concerts, &c., on applica-tion to D. C. Hall, No. 4 Winter Place, Rhodolph Hall, No. 3 Gouch Place, S. K. Conant, No. 1 Russell Place, or at White Brothors' Music Store, opposite Tremont House, Boston. mov13 3m novis ងពា

DR. 1. G. ATWOOD, the Mental and Magnetic Physician. Dof Lockport, N. Y., rospectfully informs his friends and tho public, that he has, removed to Baratoga Springs, N. Y., where unequaled facilities can be afforded to invalids for their restoration to health and happiness. He has taken rooms in the celebrated "Saratoga Water Cure," the remedies and treatment in which, combined with the famous Mineral Waters of the place, and his Magnetic or healing powers, he feels confident will secure the most successful results. Clairvoyant examinations, by letter, \$5. If symptoms are

given \$3. For such as cannot be with him, he is prepared to treat by chirroyant prescriptions, and directions. The sympo and used in all parts of the United States, and can be safely sent by express. SABATOGA SPA., N. Y., Oct., 1858. Sm oct30

CONSUMPTION CURED.

The following latter from a gentleman who had been ap-parently in the last stages of consumption, will be read with interest by all who are suffering with that insidious 

## NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCOTT COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

D.R. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 10 BOOD STREET, NEW YORK CITY, for the express accom-modation of ALL PATIENTS desirous to be treated by SPIRIT-UAL INFLUENCE, can assure all porsons who may desire to try the virtues of this new and startling practice, good nurs-ing, and all the comforts of a home. Dr. John Scott's Rheumatic Remedy warranted to curs inflammatory rheumatism. Price, per bottle, \$5. He offers his professional services in all create of discase

He offers his professional services in all cases of disease, whother chronie or acute. If March 6

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S BOOMS.

MR. C. H. FOSTER, of Salem, Mass., has been employed by the undersigned, and will give scances day and oren-ing. Other mediums will be constantly in attendance. On The by the understanding of the constantly in attendance. On The constant of the second seco

EDIUMS WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE CONSTANTLY, M day and overing, at MUNSON'S RCOMS. S. T. M. has the pleasure of announcing that he has engaged the services of some of the best mediums in the country; the hours will be from 10 o'clock A. M. till 2, and from 3 till 5 P. M. Evening eircles from 8 till 10. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings the circles will be public, at an admission fee of 50 cents. S. T. MUNSON, and the street Longes street New York

t٢ 5 Great Jones street, New York. aug 14

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in mallee." THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE RUTLAND CONVENTION, THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE RUTLAND CONVENTION, Interpretend of the phonographically reported by Mr. J. M. W. Yerrinton, is just published. This is a very full report, in the reading of which the public will be ablet to gather how much of false-hood and misrepresentation has been promulgated and sent broadcast throughout the land by the secular press, claiming to have a todor regard for, and in seme sort the guardian of the public morals. This book contains about 200 pages, large octavo, and will be formislied at the very low price of 60 cents, in pages of 6 cents hyperd. The chiefed to specific in paper, or 67 cents bound. The object not being to specu-late, but to get the facts before the people, it has been con-cluded to make the price at the lowest possible figure. Or-dors sent to the undersigned will meet with prompt atten-tion. Address B. T. MUNSON, 

5 Great Jones street, Now York. nug 14

J. R. OETON, M. D. DBS. ORTON AND REDMAN. . Office, No. 108 Fourth Avenus near cornerof Tenth street, one block from Broadway, Now York. The Redman receives calls and gives slitings for tests, as heretofore. tf April 10, 1858. April 10, 1858.

ROSS & TOUSEY, PACKERS AND FORWARDERS OF DAILY AND

WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS, AND GENERAL JOBBERS OF BOOKS, PUBLICATIONS, &c. NO. 121 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. Feb. 27-14

BOARDING. BOARDING AT MR. LEVY'S, 231 WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, whore Spiritualists can live with confort and conomy, with people of their own own sentiments. june 19

MRS. HATCH'S DISCOURSES.—First Series, 372 pages 12mo., just published, and for sale by B. T. MUNBON, 5 Great Jones street, April 24 tf Agent for New York.

THE BOOK OF LIFE OPENED.-By the use of a new power of the mind, I am able to give, from the hand-writing of a person, their daguerreetype, or the persons homselves, a description of their looks, character, state of the system, condition of life, parentage, and features of their pust life, together with the best pursuits for success in life. To those contemplating marriage, their true conjugal rela-tions will be defined. The influences which bear unconsclously upon persons can be given, rovealing friend and enemy, their motives and intentions. Everything which re-lates to the social welfare of man, is clearly defined by this

Nos of the both remination, my charge is \$1.00. Those for a written examination, my charge is \$1.00. Those wisiting for a personal examination, will flud mo at Dr. CHARLES MAIN'S, 7 Davis street, Boston, on Saturday of each week. All communications directed to H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass., will receive prompt attention. H. L. BOWKER, NATICK, MASS., Aug. 25, 1858. 1

MATTER, MASS., AUX. 20, 1000. M liss M. MUNSON. 13 LAGRANGE PLACE, will devote enses. She will visit patients at their homes, if desired. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons examinations for the poor will be made free of charge. TERMS.—Examinations, \$1; by hair, \$2; hair sent by mail, requiring written diagnosis, \$3. tf oct 2

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

A HOME FOR SPIRITUALISTS, TEMPERENCE MEN AND WOMEN, and for all others who wish for quiet, order, and comfort. This house is now under the manageorder, and comitort. This house is now under the manage-ment of the subscriber, who will alwayse be at his post-ready to attend to the wants of these who may favor him with a call-at the corner of Harrison avenue and Beach strent, oct B , if Managor, for Proprietors.

DRS. GUTHRIE & PIKE, Ecleotic Physicians, and Medical Electricians, Givo special attention to the cure of all forms of Acute and

Chroule Diseases. —17 TREMONT ST., (opposite the Muscum,) BOSTON. UTHRIE, M. D. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, M. D. 8. 8. GUTHEIE, M. D.

1nuy 8. OCTAVIUS KING, ECLECTIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

ing will reveal its majestic loveliness.

Spiritualism is destined to make man pass not for what he seems, but for what he is. If he will not be good for love, he will for very fear of the spirit eyes which look down upon his interior being. Little children will regard spirits as friends, not as beings of terror, and the grave as the door which the needs of our brothers.

The world is full in beauty, And life is full of love; And if we do our duty. 'T will be like that above.

the elements are all there, and can again be resolved into their previous condition. It would take time, but the knowledge of immutable laws exist which can do it. By the same process spirits undertake to do these seemingly strange things; and, having superior knowledge to the scientific ones of earth, It has been said in old traditions that when the shrouded ghost from the tomb walked abroad in the

ment and love it for its immortality. Many individuals will not receive thoughts if they find any after originality too intensely, place themselves at enmity with all mankind. They lose all idea of

But yet many who have embraced Spiritualism do

We will next allude to the capacity of spirits to read the future. Through the laws of cause and effect are explained every act of the universe; and a knowledge of those laws will make the future plain. Each spirit is a prophet to the spheres beneath it. Man is a prophet to the vegetable life below, and the spirits high up in wisdom can read the

destiny of man. Shall man himself know, all the unwritten future? It would be unwise. Better developments of science, the persecutions which have cultivate mankind-seud better spirits to the land of followed them, and the advantage afterwards taken and what is now shrouded and mysterious you will great peeple. When electricity was put to a matesee plain and understandingly.

MRS. F. O. HYZER AT THE MELODEON.

# Sunday Afternoon. Nov. 7.

Before proceeding with her lecture, Mrs. H. gave a brief narration of her musical mediumship. She then, with her melodeon accompaniment, sang a song, the burden of which was the coming, com the ultimation one day nearer. munion and cheering influence of dwellers in the spirit-life.

She said: It is not our mission to dwell on the She said: It is not our mission to dwell on the greatness or pride of the past, nor to trace in mortal life the correspondences of the ignorant and degraded, and the intellectual and cultivated classes. Humans, hite the correspondences of the ignorant and degraded, and the intellectual and cultivated classes. Humans, hite to correspondences of the ignorant and degraded, and the intellectual and cultivated classes. Humans, hite to correspondences of the ignorant and degraded, here to correspondences of the ignorant and degraded in the departure of the cherished one from the oxternal interval. selves in a receptive condition towards the spirit speaking. There are every variety of systems, and each must have some exponent to follow in its chan-bright on sociation will attract her in the angel-had to the bright ones associated in effort for the elevation of humanity, nel; but who can take the light of spirit existence, and lay it before the feet of the poor, downtrodden and ignorant, is doing the greatest work for humanity.

The world is full of theories, and intelligent and cultivated minds are looking for these which will dazzle the intellect; but I find written on my soul that that which is destined to make mankind higher, nobler and better, must appeal to the affectional na-ture, and prove its place in the gospel of use; else it the second state of the

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#### In a future life of beauty Where the blessed angols live, You are taught this is your duty-First forget and then forgive.

Sunday Evening. In the evening her lecture related to the various

souls, and so have better prophets there. Will you of those sciences by the same class of opponents, continue to send demons from the streets of your oities, when they become fixed facts in science. When and then complain if demons return to deceive you ? Columbus on the mountain of science was asked the Oh, men of science, own your ignorance when this question, "Watchman, what of the night?" the Westmysterious phenomena overcomes your arbitrary ern Continent was his answer. The ory of humbug rules, and admit with us the great world of wisdom and insanity disturbed not the hardy pioneer more outside of your circumscribed sphere ; and you, men than the moon is embarrassed at the barking of the of the press-you who claim to do the thinking for dog. Franklin's answer flashed in the lightning, the people-if venom and ridicule is to take the and Morse's run ever the electric nerves of the hemplace of judgment and sense-better dip your pen in ispheres. Fulton and Mesmer, bore the scoff and colorless fluid, that your black marks may never scorning of the rabble, and of the Christian world; stand up in the hereafter, as witnesses against you. but now their discoveries are recognized, and those All you will be spirits ere long. The waves of who once regarded them as triffing with the mystetime are breaking on the sounding shore of eternity, ries of God, now thank Him that we are such a

rial use, it was asked when the mania of discovery would cease; now all are ready to use the product

of the scholar's toils, and transmit the messages of business or affection over the wires. So it will be with Spiritualism. It is to be crowned with thorns. and led to the martyrdom, before its place in the gospel of use will be recognized; but the time is coming fast and faster, and every sitting sun brings

#### OBITUARY.

If the correspondences of the ignorant and degraded, and the intollectual and cultivated classes. Human-ity is indebted to the past, and should not despise it now. But our mission is to enter the intuitive sphere, and give you our thoughts from our own standpoint. Each spirit must give his own thoughts in his own style, and they who receive them must place them

Then yo who still love her, chill not by your weeping, The spirit which o'er ye its love-watch is keeping But keep the life-stream so pellueld and still, That she can remirror hor beauty at will.

nobler and better, must appeal to the affectional na-ture, and prove its place in the gospel of use; else it may dazzle the intellect in vain. Those who have stood in the rank of great men, and profound ones in scientific lore, were not affectionate and loving, and so their teachings took not hold upon mankind's oreat heart. It can shatter the grandest building in the world, as In mathematics we find a science which, though gences which the world knows not of. His sickness was

an yang bagi sari

Gonucinen-in 1838 I took a violent coid, which soon ro-sulted in chrenic bronchitis; with the continuance of the disease, my constitution was failing, and in the winter of 1853 I was confined to my room. I had recourse to overy remedy within my reach, and placed mysolf under the care of a physician. In February, 1854, I was much emachated, took my bed, had night sweats, heetle fover, coplous bleeding from the lungs, do: these my physicians checked, but 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 hesi-tated to use thom; I tried, however, the Cherry Baisam, and, after an era but the low privation of the cherry baisam, and, after using one bottle. I expectorated a TRUE ORALEY TUBER

and bloeding boots in the gradually recovered, and the cough and bloeding because loss and less. For the benefit of these in the same afflicted and almost helpless condition, I will state the effect of your remedies in my case. The Cherry Balsam produced free and easy expectoration; the Neuropathic Drops removed spasmodic stric-ture in the throat, and allayed irritubility and tendency to cough; the Cherry Bitters alded digestion, and this increased the strength of the system. The effects of the Sarsaparilla were nevel in the extreme; before I had used the first bottle were novoi in the extreme? belore i had used the first bottle, my body was a daguerrectype of Job-bells from sole to erown -rirry-ringer at once; these passed off, and, with them, all violent coughing. It is now February, 1855, and my health is more robust than it has been for the last seven years. To the use of your remedies I mainly attribute my restoration. That others may read, bellove, and try, is the object of this testimonial. Outnow, Feb. 18, '55. Quinoy, Feb. 19, '55. េះ jy24

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

AN ABYLOM FOR THE AFFLICTED. HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. OWING to my constantly lucroasing business, and in order that my patients may receive the most careful attention, 1 have associated with mo ME. WILLIAM E. Rice, who is well known to the Spiritualists of Boston as a reliable Medical Clairyoyant, and as a Medium for the prescription of Spirit

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CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street. BOSTON, OCT. 25, 1858. tf

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Mr. Manshold will receive visions are requested not to Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. tf Dec. 26.

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