

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



VOL. IV.

{COLEBY, FORSTER & COMPANY,
NO. 31-2 BRATTLE STREET.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 20, 1858.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.}

NO. 8.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE DAWN OF THE NEW ERA.

BY COLEBY, FORSTER.

Awake! awake! oh mortal man,
Too long hast thou been dreaming;
Why sleep ye longer—know ye not
The light of morn is gleaming?
Go hang thy blankets in the East,
Thou cannot hide it from the dawn;
The beacon-light reflects afar,
All hail the glorious morning.
When Truth shall ride triumphant on,
Her throne shall not be shaken—
When men from angels catch the song—
Awake from sleep, awaken!

Throw off the chains that keep thy soul
Shrouded like funeral pall;
And let the rays of truth shine in
And light the dusky hall;
There's a divinity within,
Planted by God's own hand;
Then why dost thou thyself in sin—
Rise up and be a man;
No longer bow thy spirit down
To those of wealth and station;
Unfurl thy banners to the breeze,
And catch the inspiration.

Take Nature's books, no longer let
Them mould upon her shelves;
Read, study, and investigate,
And learn her truths thyself;
She bids thee search vain words to gain,
(And not the world's applause;
And learn what wonders she unfolds,
By her progressive laws.
She tells thee that the stalwart oak,
(A mighty truth indeed!)
Once slept within the acorn's cup,
A germinating seed.

Then, oh, learn wisdom from the tree,
And let thy soul expand,
And verify the truth, as yet,
"God's noblest work is man."
And drink no longer at the pool,
But come ye to the fount,
For angels' hands are reaching down
To help thee up the mount.
And when thy work on earth is done,
Instead of doubts and fears,
Thou'lt plume in faith thy spirit-wings,
And soar to brighter spheres.

THATCHWOOD COTTAGE, Oct. 20th, 1858.

"ROCKY NOOK" A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

CHAPTER X.

The storm continued all the next day, and the day following; the mournful sound of the waves hoarsely murmuring as they dashed against the rocky shore, wearied me; while the wind, tireless in its wrath, seemed to strive to rend the tall trees in front of the house, and succeeded at last in breaking one of the largest limbs of the weeping elm, marring its graceful symmetry. I felt as if a dear old friend had been wounded in battle.

"For fifty years," said Aunt Martha, "it has stood the winter's storms, and never lost a limb before."

On the afternoon of the second day, Aunt Martha handed me a pile of letters.

"Anna, can you open and read these?"
They were letters that came to Uncle Mark during his sickness; they might need answering, but she did not feel equal to the task. I took them into my room, and sat down by the crib where my babe was asleep.

I turned them over rather listlessly at first, when suddenly my eye fell upon one superscribed in John's handwriting. It had come within two days. I nervously tore it open, and how my eyes devoured its contents!

DEAR UNCLE—I have been here two days, and as I must be detained a little longer, will write you by the "Truth," Capt. Bayley, which leaves to-day. I feared, the bird had flown; but he went in such haste that he left his family matters unsettled, and I took a ride into the country to-day to his residence. It is a long, low, one-story building, painted straw-color, surrounded with orange trees, with a garden adjoining, around which is a hedge of aloes. It is built around a court, in the centre of which is a fountain; and here were some rare plants in vases, carefully nurtured. The drawing room was in front—a large, airy-looking apartment, in which I found a very fine piano of Boston manufacture, and an abundance of cane-seated rocking-chairs and settees; while playing on the floor, in almost primitive nakedness, were a couple of children, or rather infants, guarded by their colored nurse, herself, too, upon the floor. Recalling upon one of the settees, I found a fan, while she watched the gambols of the little ones, was a young Spanish lady. Of course she was beautiful, for you know "our friend" has a penchant for female beauty—her clear, olive complexion, large brilliant black eyes, and glossy hair, of that rich blue-black hue so very rare in New England. "And here," thought I, as I gazed around for a moment, "was where poor Mary Blake lived and suffered." To be sure, Sydney did not bring this beautiful senorita into the house while Mary lived here, but her home was at a little distance, and there the faithless husband passed most of his time, while Mary was left alone often for many weeks at a time. But, alas! they were both deceived. The beautiful woman before me knew her husband, only as the proprietor of a large oiler manufacturer, and my heart failed me when I looked upon her and the children. I could not reveal his true character to her. She was very kind, ordering refreshments, and

entreats me to stay until her husband should return. She said he went into the city the day before in the morning, immediately after taking his cup of coffee, not waiting for breakfast. I found a fine library and some choice pictures, for Sydney has a taste for such things, and how little one could believe he had been, and still is, the leader of a band of pirates! No wonder Mary's reason trembled when she discovered the correspondence with his giddy companion, the first officer of their little vessel. She has it safe, and I hope her father will see that it is secured, for it will be our principal evidence in bringing him to justice. It was not the cunning of a crazy woman, but the shrewdness of a Yankee, which led her to secure that little trunk. From the time she discovered that he had another wife on the island, she watched his movements narrowly—and, at one time she went, accompanied by a faithful negro servant, to a port some distance from Havana, where she had learned he was on board of a vessel. Here, with the indignation of an injured wife, she seized his private papers from his cabin, thinking they contained the certificate of her marriage, and their correspondence. But she found stranger documents than these; much of it was in cipher, some in a language she could not read; but the remainder, little as it was, was enough to break her heart, as it has. Poor girl! My heart ached for her when we discovered that he had forged her father's and my name, and raised money thereby. How nobly she gave up the rich jewelry in her possession, insisting that we should take it; but begging us to spare Sydney the shame of a discovery. She loved her husband till that love was flung back to her as a worthless thing, and then, her heart broke. She never had the firmness and principle of my precious Anna, who, I am sure could never love a man of Blake's stamp. She was an impulsive, willful girl, and unfortunately had the dangerous gift of beauty. When the village gossips named me with her, I used to say to myself: "John Hooper knows best what kind of a companion for life he will choose, and Mary herself thought happiness could only be found with a handsome, dashing young fellow, such as Sydney was when they married." Your good friend Capt. Minot, who took Mary home here with me, and has been most faithful in tracing Sydney and his accomplices. His vessel is already in the hands of government. I wish you could see it; there is enough of Blake about it to prove it his. At the time I visited it, it was safely moored in a little cove in another part of the island. She is as fine a little craft as ever danced on the Spanish main, very symmetrically built, with an eye to strength and speed; she had open port-holes on either side, and well-mounted guns. As some one who understood sea-craft better than myself, said: "Above deck she was carefully and regularly rigged, and the graceful rake of her slender, tapering spars, the lightness and minuteness of finish in all her arrangements, gives her an air of great boldness and beauty." If I recollect your description, this is not the same vessel which you once encountered in the Gulf; but her commander is the same gallant captain who detained you so long at the dinner table.

You will readily imagine that I have enough to do here. I had hoped to have secured something for poor Mary, but that is doubtful.

I have written a short letter to Anna, which I enclose in this. How much I regretted that all this should happen at such a time! I had striven to keep these disagreeable matters from her, until our babe should be born; and her long illness since has prevented my telling her. I am glad she is now with you, and, if she is well enough, show her this letter, and tell her that John had no secrets willingly from his wife.

My head dropped low as I finished this letter, and vexation and remorse were mingled with a strange, pleasurable emotion at finding that John, after all, was what, in my heart of hearts, I had believed him to be. I was so selfish, that, for a few minutes, I forgot everything else in this feeling—even poor Mary, and all her troubles.

Suddenly I thought of my letter, which John would receive as soon as he arrived in Boston. Ah, me—what would he think of his little wife then? Was there no way to get that letter? Could I send to Boston? I turned to the window, but, without, the storm raged fearfully. This was the third day, and the rain still fell, the wind blew, the casements rattled, and the house itself shook with the violence of the tempest. No mail had come that morning, and none was expected—in the evening—even the oars, it was reported, had not arrived at Salem depot. The more I thought of the contents of the letter, the more mortified I felt; there was only one comfort—the vessel in which John was, could not come in, in this storm.

"She is not near enough to the coast," Joe said, "to be much affected by it."

Perhaps I could find a friend going to Boston, who would take this letter from the office for me. This question settled, I retired to rest, but not until Aunt Martha and myself had read and re-read John's letter.

"Ah! this was what troubled Mark so much when he was so sick. He had learned about Blake from sea-captains, who had been suspicious of him for a long time. It seems there was, some two years since, a vessel lost in the Gulf, and the owners had reasons for suspecting foul play. There was a lady on board from old Spain, who had some valuable jewelry with her, and on two articles, supposed to be her's, were found in the possession of a jeweler in New York, who said he had purchased them of a young Spanish sailor. Upon that, an inventory of her jewels, as far as could be ascertained, was made public. Mark had it, I remember, and he laughingly remarked at the time, that the initials were the same as my maiden name—M. B. How little we thought, then, that your friend Sydney Blake could be a pirate!"

I shuddered. "Oh, auntie, I did not suppose there were such horrible creatures now-a-days."

"Why, my dear child, there are plenty of them, and worse, even, than pirates, are the crookeders, who raise false lights to decoy vessels upon the rocks. Your uncle nearly became a prey to some of these in one of his earlier voyages. I hope they will secure

Sydney Blake, for he has caused sorrow enough. I would not take his life," she added meekly, "but he must be prevented from continuing his work of destruction. John speaks of some papers—I wonder if these were saved from the first?"

A sudden pang shot through my heart. I turned deadly pale.

"Why, Anna, what is the matter—you are strangely agitated."

"It must be, those were the papers—the trunk I gave him!" and I related to Aunt Martha my interview with Sydney Blake that night.

"My poor child, could not you have seen that there was something wrong in his making that request of you?"

"I ought to have seen it; but I have been strangely stupid—and then I told her of the two sailors I met upon the rock."

"That was at the time the stories about the lost jewels were circulated, and these sailors were probably employed by the friends of this lady to secure him, if possible. My poor Anna, you were strangely infatuated—do you remember your admiration of Sydney Blake?"

I did remember it to my heart's sorrow and shame.

"What will John think of me?" I said.

"I do not know, Anna," said Aunt Martha, and looked very solemn as she shook her head dubiously.

Cold comfort, I thought. What strange dreams I had that night! Once I saw Mary Blake stealing into my room with a glittering dagger, ready to pierce my heart; then a stately vessel sailing gracefully upon the sea, and on its deck, slowly pacing back and forth, was the tall figure of Sydney Blake at whose bidding every sailor there was ready to peril his own life. I sat upon the shore as the vessel neared the land, and he sprang towards me, saying: "Will my bonny singing-bird sail to the Fairy Isles with me?" and I thought he reached out his hand, which I took—but horrors! there was blood upon it, and it had stained him! I drew back, and ran away—ran for my life, till I came to Aunt Martha's cottage; but the doors were locked, and she refused to let me in—and I awoke in great fright.

How glad we all were to see the sun which rose upon us in cloudless beauty the next day. We could still hear the angry ocean, in low mutterings, as if resisting the hand that bade its passionate tossings cease; but every tree and shrub and blade of grass stood still, as if, with all their glittering jewels, they waited reverently for the sun to ascend the mid-heaven.

How lovingly nature looks after one of those north-east storms, when the tempest is hushed, and the soft west wind comes with the sunshine! In the afternoon it was pleasant to see the old men coming out to enjoy the scene, and hear the voices of children on the rocks or in the fields at play. About tea-time Aunt Martha disappeared, and I guessed where she had gone; I was the only one who had kept in the house. I had all day been thinking of Mary Blake, and vainly wishing I could recall the past; had I been gentle and loving with her, how much misfortune might I not have averted!

There was a bright moon that evening; and, as I sat at my window, a strange impulse seized me to run up to Prospect Rock. It was very foolish and impudent, no doubt, at that late hour; every one in the house was asleep, but I had no inclination for rest. I felt strong and well just then. I would go for one minute—it would be so beautiful in the moonlight. From the force of habit, probably, I took the glass with me, for I did not intend to stop long. "I am paid for coming," I said, as I caught the outline of the shore, and saw the bright moonlight dancing on the waves, still trembling, but not beating as before, angrily against the shore. The whole village was at rest; the little vessels at anchor, the fishing boats drawn high upon the beach, while here and there, at intervals, gleamed a faint light from some cottage window. The white stones in the graveyard stood out in bold relief in the moonlight, while in the shadow of the old pine trees I almost fancied guardian spirits watched the dead. I turned to Rocky Glen, and could distinctly see the black mass of desolation there—a fit emblem of a crushed heart and blighted hopes. But stop! what is that? A moving figure surely is ascending the old familiar road to the house. I raised the glass, and thought it was a man on horseback. Could Sydney Blake be there? It stopped a moment, as if gazing at the ruins, and then turned, and dashed with speed across the road, and up the little path which I have mentioned before, as leading through woodland and pasture, and across a rustic bridge, to Aunt Martha's garden. It came on fast and faster, and now as it came nearer, I closed my glasses, and stood partly leaning upon it, my own eyes strained in eager curiosity. It was not a very graceful figure; and though the rider liked speed, he did not sit his horse a la Scott. He was too short and thick-set to make much display of his equestrianism; moreover, he had on a shawl, which was pinned about his neck; but otherwise it floated free, making the wearer, with his black cap, look something like an old woman going to market; but no old woman, unless it was a witch on a broomstick, ever rode with that speed, on such a moonlight night. Here he comes; he is almost at the foot of the rock. He has spied me, and has turned his horse into the path. It is—must be John! I threw up my arms with a shout and run; but he was off his horse, and had me in his arms before I had gone three steps.

"The figure of Hope once more," said he.

"Oh, John! is it you?"

"I hope it is; but a moment ago, on yonder hill,

I doubted my own senses. Thank heaven my wife was not there—my child?"

"Is well, and quietly sleeping, thank God."

"But I was there; John. Oh, it was a fearful night! But, Uncle Mark, did you know, John?"

"Yes, yes! I learned that in Boston; but grief for that was swallowed up in greater anxiety for my own loved ones, for troubles, I thought, never came alone."

While we were talking he had placed me on the horse, thrown his own shawl round me, and was slowly leading us through the garden path.

I thought of my letter; but shame and vexation with myself kept me silent. How could he be so glad to see me, if he had read that letter?

We stole quietly in without disturbing any one. Little John was asleep in his crib, a sweet, healthy child. We stood together, and gazed upon it in silent joy, and then John said, "Let us thank God for all his mercies." We knelt together, and this one petition I will never forget:

"We thank thee for our mutual love; may it strengthen us to love thee more; and grant, that amid all the trials of this life, it may grow purer and stronger, till, in thy mansions above, we shall bless thee for the discipline of this life, which has, by thy grace, fitted us for eternity."

I wept freely, tears half of joy, half of sorrow, for my own suspicions. I could not sleep without knowing if he had really read my letter, and my face, half averted, stammered out, "John, John! you must forgive me for writing such a letter!"

I saw the smiles dimple his face, and peep from his eyes, when he saw my confusion.

"On the whole," said he, "I was glad to find my wife had so much spirit. We have both been to blame, Anna; shall it teach us a lesson for the future?"

"My noble, good John!"

CHAPTER XI.

A few weeks found us settled in a small house in the village, not far from the shore. It was very plain in all its appointments; and not one article of luxury, save my piano, which fortunately had not been moved from Barbary Lane at the time of the fire. On examination, it was found that the firm of "Scott and Hooper" had lost a large sum by Blake. "The same as lost," John said, for it was money lent, and he had no expectation of recovering it. Mr. Scott's house was not insured, neither was our furniture.

We were therefore under the necessity of studying economy. John had invested some money by the advice of my father, and the latter was unwilling that we should recall it at present, so that, though I wanted a nice carpet for my parlor—a real tapestry—I was obliged to content myself with a two-ply American; and when I spoke of mahogany chairs, John said that cane-seat maple must answer our purpose. The only article for ornament which John purchased, were some choice engravings and a few valuable books.

Our family consisted of our three selves, Joseph, the clerk, and Henny. We could not part from the latter, and indeed we had no wish so to do, for she was a bright, witty girl, and very handy with the baby.

I did not like living in the village; the street was thickly settled, and the neighbors, like all inhabitants of small villages, made themselves too busy with each other's domestic affairs. I had scarcely put my kitchen in order, when Mrs. Wiggins, my next neighbor, sent to know if I could lend her my flatirons; and for three months the same request was made weekly. One day the janitor came to our house with a large baking pan—just the thing for a piece of beef or a turkey. John had ordered it, because I had complained of mine being too small. Mrs. Wiggins' watchful eyes had seen it, and the next day she had company to dinner, and sent for my largest pan.

That was followed by a request, the next week, for my large brass kettle, and so on, till I began to think that Mrs. Wiggins fancied she had a life-lease of my cooking room and apparatus.

One day John was at home, reading the paper, when Mrs. Wiggins came in and said that "Mother was going to have company, and she wished I would lend her my silver butter-knife, and some nice coffee, all browned."

I saw John turn from his paper and listen while the girl was speaking, but he made no remark. The next day the child came in with the butter-knife, and some West India coffee, burned as black as my shoe.

"Bah!" I exclaimed, as soon as the child left the house, "throw that stuff into the fire, Henny; how can any one drink that West India stuff; and what want of skill to prepare it in that way! I guess Mrs. Wiggins had a rarity for dinner yesterday, with my nice Java browned to a tawny."

"Anna," said John, "have we borrowed anything of Mrs. Wiggins since we came here to live?"

"No—yes—let me see; I borrowed her Monthly Magazine, and—something else; what was it, Henny?"

"The baby's carriage, ma'am; but she sent for the horse and buggy a few hours afterwards."

"Do you want the Magazine, Anna?"

"No; I only wished for a pattern in it. I do not care to read it."

That afternoon, John sent home a nice carriage for Little Mark, and in the evening he requested me not to borrow of Mrs. Wiggins and not to lend. But the next day one of the boys wanted our wheelbarrow. They had none of their own, they said, and had al-

ways used Mr. Waters'—who formerly lived where we were. The wheelbarrow came back broken and useless for the future. John looked displeased.

"Why John, how could I refuse? Mrs. Wiggins is a kind soul; I do not want to hurt her feelings."

"Well, wife, refuse next time, if you can."

Two days after that, Mr. Wiggins' chimney caught fire, and the boys came running over. "Where's your ladder, Mrs. Hooper?"

"In the barn. Why, have n't you a ladder at your house?"

"No, ma'am; we always used Mr. Waters'." And away the ladder went, the boys, in their haste, breaking two or three rounds. It was brought back and put in its place in that condition; but John, who was very particular about his tools and barn fixtures, soon observed it. "Well, Anna, you could n't say no."

"Why, John, how could I, when their chimney was on fire! I'll try and do better next time."

But next time I certainly was excusable, for Milly came running over in great haste, her light hair flying in all directions. "Please, Mrs. Hooper, will you lend mother some brandy? She's afraid she has the cholera mussy," and she says if you would let her have your box—the one full of little pills—she can cure herself."

Now my father had sent me a box of Homoeopathic medicine, very nicely put up, and Mrs. Wiggins had often admired its appearance.

"The cholera—oh dear!" I thought; "and only the next door to us!" and I quickly produced my brandy and my pretty box.

I saw Mr. Wiggins at the pump in the back-yard, an hour afterwards, as I was playing with Mark in our garden, and made inquiries for his wife.

"Nothing very serious, madam; a slight attack of cholera morbus, from eating unripe fruit."

"Cholera mussy?" I said to myself; "I might have known! How foolish I was to be so alarmed."

After tea I called upon my neighbor, and found her very comfortable, and sitting up. She said the brandy had done her good. I noticed a number of articles in the room which belonged to us—our warming pan, the cover of which was broken, and my last magazine with the plates torn off. But I thought to myself, "I will do better next time."

The next day Milly brought in my box of medicine, with—"Here's your box, Mrs. Hooper; mother is very sorry it is hurt so, but the baby got hold of it when she was sick. I took the box, all broken and soiled, and opened it. Half of the medicines were gone, and the other half so mingled together that they were useless. I went to my room and had a good cry," for it was my father's gift, with a request that I would give the system a thorough trial, if my little boy needed medicine.

My eyes were red when John came in, and as he looked very inquiringly at me, I told him, "Only think, my father gave ten dollars for it!"

John smiled. "Mrs. Wiggins will prove an expensive neighbor, Anna, if you don't learn to say no."

"I will say no, next time, John, anyway."

"Well, next time" will certainly come Anna."

He was right, for not two days passed before Sammie Wiggins and his younger brother came into the yard, and going to the barn, took the hoe and rake. As they passed the kitchen door, they said to Henny, "We are going to borrow these a little while."

I was making bread, and with my hands all flour I ran to the door.

"No boys, you can't have those tools; we cannot lend our things so much."

It was a desperate effort for me to say it, and the words came out, as Dr. Payson once said of some speech, like wads of butter out of a bottle.

The boys stared at me a moment to see if I was in earnest, and when I repeated the sentence, they threw the tools down and ran home.

I was quite pleased with myself for my bravery, and thought my hint so strong that it would be taken. And it was fully understood; for the next day Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins borrowed a horse and buggy, and went to the Four Corners to trade; and I heard that Mrs. Wiggins told our neighbors that if they knew what was for their interest they would n't trade any more with Scott & Hooper, when goods could be bought so much cheaper at the Corners.

"And so you've lost their trade, John, and all for not lending a hoe. I wish I had held my peace."

"It will all come round right—never fear," said my imperturbable husband from behind his newspaper.

"But John, don't you think it right ever to borrow?"

"Yes indeed, Anna, and there is something very pleasant to me in the kind, familiar intercourse of country neighbors. There may be some gossip, but there is a great deal of genuine kindness and goodness of heart in a little neighborhood like this; but our neighbors, the Wiggins, have become inefficient and indolent from too much dependence on their neighbors. Their borrowing is all selfish, and it will be better for them and for us that there should be a check upon it. Have you seen much of Mrs. Kinney and her daughters?"

"Enough to make me wish for a further acquaintance. You remember the nice red cherries they sent us?"

"Yes, their garden, small as it is, is quite a model. Mrs. Kinney is one of those quiet, unobtrusive women, who do good without display, and whose strong, good common sense is quite refreshing in these modern days."

Mrs. Kinney was a widow who lived in a small house near us. Our gardens joined, and a little gate

permitted us to make calls without going into the street. She had a small income, but she and her daughters were very industrious, and probably preserved that income for a rainy day and old age. They were fond of reading, and we had exchanged books and papers some, and this mutual interest led us to further acquaintance, which finally ripened into friendship. Our borrowing, which was not extensive, was confined to these, and the favors reciprocally bestowed, cemented that friendship. Mrs. Kinney was Joseph's aunt, and the cousins often spent their evenings together, either in our little parlor or their own. Olive Kinney had a sweet musical voice, and was a great addition to our village choir. I could not but observe with how much interest she watched Lucy Scott, when she played, and I one day asked her if she would like to learn. Her dark eyes sparkled. "Oh, yes, ma'am, I have been thinking if I could only do something for you, in return for your teaching me, I should be so happy."

"Indeed you can," I said. "I want a little cloak embroidered for Mark to wear next winter. What do you say to the exchange?"

"That will be a very pleasant way for me to pay," she said, and forthwith the lessons commenced.

I thought I detected a slight—the very slightest, displeasure in Lucy when she found Olive practising. Lucy was the only young girl in the village who played with any skill, and she was proud of her accomplishment.

She was at our house almost every day, and was a great favorite with Mark, who would watch her from the window, and clap his hands when he saw her gipsy hat with the long blue ribbon-ends, and the third word he learned to say was "Lulu." He certainly showed his appreciation of beauty, for Lucy was fast becoming a beautiful girl. Her features were regular, her complexion good, and her warm, rich blood mantled cheek and lip with a fine color. She was fond of exercise in the open air, and this developed her form and gave elasticity to her movements.

Physically, our "Lulu" was all we could desire—how she would develop morally, was a problem to me. She had already read the books which Sydney Blake had left, and said she regretted their loss by the fire more than the loss of her wardrobe—and that was a strong expression, for Lucy loved outward adorning.

"She's bright as a sunbeam in the house," said Hanny, "and flits in like a singing bird. I think she is almost as pretty as some of the real ladies in our Ireland."

I looked at Hanny, with her yellowish hair and round face, where the features seemed in a sort of a transition state, and thought to myself, "I can hardly tell, Hanny, how you will look five years hence; but of one thing I am sure—a little heart more free from envy cannot be found, and a temper more sweet would be a rare one."

Just then Lucy came in. Mark sprang towards her. Her "good morning" was bright and cordial to me. Hanny she considered as a servant, and took no notice of her presence. Lucy had some high-bred airs for a little Yankee girl.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PICTURE ON THE WALL.

BY J. HOLMES M. SQUIRE.

A single picture hangs on my chamber wall,
And I am never lonely,
Or if I grieve, I only
Look upon the picture hanging on the wall.
Its expression brings the memory-haunting years,
When all my tender fancies,
Through sighs and stolen glances,
Touched my soul and told its tale in joyous tears.
How more dearly dear is that, what'er it be,
Which, when the living perish,
Doth something of them cherish,
And becomes companion with our memory.
We plant the rose-bush beside the noiseless tomb,
Wherein the loved repose;
And sweetly do the roses
Speak, in silent tones, of those for whom they bloom.
So with the choice trinkets, on the shelf laid by—
The last her fingers fashioned;
They speak in tones impassioned,
And we listen to their praise with moistened eye.
A single picture hangs on my chamber wall,
And I am never lonely,
Or if I grieve, I only
Look upon the picture hanging on the wall.

EFFECT OF OLD SLEEPING WITH YOUNG.

A habit which is considerably prevalent in almost every family, of allowing children to sleep with older persons, has ruined the nervous vivacity and physical energy of many a promising child. Those who have dear old friends, whose lives they would like to perpetuate at the sacrifice of their innocent offspring, alone should encourage this evil; but every parent who loves his child, and wishes to preserve to him a sound nervous system, with which to buffet successfully the cares, sorrows, and labors of life, must see to it that his nervous vitality is not absorbed by some degenerated or aged relative.

Children compared with adults, are electrically in a positive condition. The rapid changes which are going on in their little bodies, abundantly generate, and as extensively work up vital nerve electric fluids. But when, by contact, for long nights, with elder and negative persons, the vitalizing electricity of their tender organizations is absorbed, they soon pine, grow pale, languid and dull, while the bed companion feels a corresponding invigoration. King David, the Psalmist, knew the effects of this practice, and when he became old, got certain young persons to sleep with him, that his days might be lengthened. Dr. Hufeland, the German physiologist, attributes the frequent longevity of schoolmasters to their daily association with young persons.

Invalid mothers often prolong their existence by daily contact with their children. We once knew a woman who, by weak lungs and mineral doctors, had been prostrated with incurable consumption. Her infant occupied the same bed with her almost constantly day and night. The mother, lingered for months on the verge of the grave, her demise being hourly expected. Still she lingered on, daily disproving the prediction of medical attendants. The child, meanwhile, pined without any apparent disease. Its once fat little cheeks fell away with singular rapidity, till every bone in its face was visible. Finally it had imparted to the mother its last spark of vitality, and simultaneously both died. We saw it recently stated in a newspaper, that a man in this State had lived forty days without eating anything, during which period he had been nourished by a little cold water, and "by the influence absorbed by him while daily holding the hand of his wife."

STELLA COLLAS.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY OPHELIA MARQUETTE CLOUTMAN.

It was night in Paris. All the live-long day dark and heavy clouds had looked frowningly down upon the great city. Towards evening, however, a pouring rain set in, which soon left the usually crowded thoroughfares of the French metropolis deserted and drear.

It was a strange sight to watch that busy, bustling crowd, impelled by the increasing force of the storm, to seek at once their respective homes, as they swayed to and fro, like a field of grain shaken by the wind. An observer might well have paused to wonder where so many human beings could possibly hope to find shelter from the tempest raging without. But on they sped, the young, the old, the grave and gay, each with but one interest in view—that of self. Bright lights streaming from the windows of the elegantly decorated mansions of the Faubourg St. Germain, afforded a warm and cheering welcome to the hearts of the numerous votaries of wealth and fashion. Other feet turned into streets dark and irregular, miserable lanes, from which issued neither warmth nor light, and soon were lost in the ebon obscurity of the wretched abodes they still endeavored by the loved name of home.

In a cheerful apartment of an humble dwelling, situated in that portion of the city, known as the Faubourg St. Antoine, were seated a mother and daughter, the latter a child of some twelve summers. The anxiety which rested upon both their faces, as they lifted them ever and anon to the narrow-paned windows, (against which the rain still continued to beat mercilessly,) and the intense eagerness with which they listened for each coming footstep, told only too plainly that one was absent, whose cherished presence could alone restore the smile of happiness to their countenances, and the calm of domestic peace to their saddened hearts.

Eight—nine o'clock, chimed out the bells from a neighboring steeple, and still the fond wife's fingers toyed nervously with her needle, while the tiny feet of the beautiful child paced restlessly to and fro in that abode of comfort, if not of luxury.

A half-hour later, and the wanderer returned. He was a powerfully built man, of about forty years, with a lofty brow, betokening no inferior intellect, and a quick, searching eye, that seemed to penetrate one at a single glance.

As he hastily entered the apartment, his wife did not fail to perceive the troubled look that swept across the brow of her husband; but the next moment his expressive countenance was illumined with the sunlight of love, for both mother and child had twined their arms fondly about his neck.

A minute or two the devoted husband and loving father held them affectionately to his heart, then murmuring, "These are indeed my jewels," he tenderly put them away from him, and prepared to exchange his wet garments for dryer and warmer ones, which the careful hand of love had prepared.

At the supper table, Jean Collas, (for such was the republican journalist's name,) made a strong effort towards gaiety; but his usually volatile spirits seemed changed into melancholy, which so far affected his naturally vigorous appetite, as to cause him to leave all untasted, the food which had been kept warm until his coming.

"Do, Jean, dear, drink a goblet of wine," said the affectionate wife, as her trembling fingers hastily poured from the bottle a brimming glass of the glowing claret. "You have not tasted anything since early daylight; either you are ill, or something distresses you, my husband."

But Jean Collas only shook his head mournfully, and said tenderly, "Nay, my dear Julia, I am not thirsty, but have need of rest and quiet, after my day's severe labor. With your permission, beloved wife, I will retire."

"As you please, Jean," replied the anxious woman, and she turned away with a sigh, to give orders to their only servant, for the removal of the tea-dishes. "Don't stir, papa!" said the little Stella, and the ruby lips of the beautiful child were affectionately raised to those of her father, to receive her good night's kiss.

"Don't stir, my child!" murmured the French journalist, "and may the holy Virgin watch over you," he added, in a tremulous tone, at the same time stooping and imprinting a kiss upon the delicate cheek of his only daughter, who, taking a small wax taper from the hands of her mother, retired in silence to her own little bed-room.

A half-hour later, and Madame Collas entered her husband's chamber. He was apparently sleeping soundly, but as she approached the couch, and held the night-lamp close to the face of the unconscious sleeper, she started back in alarm, for a dark shadow crept over the broad and expansive brow, as she gazed, while a low moan escaped the slumberer's lips, as if proceeding from a heart over-burdened with grief.

"It is as I feared," murmured the affrighted wife; "some terrible calamity has befallen him, which deprives him of his appetite, and haunts him even in his dreams. Oh, my poor husband! my brave and noble-hearted Jean, what have I done that thou shouldst now deny me the confidence which, for long years, you have been pleased to repose in thine own Julia? Art grown suddenly unworthy of thy deep and holy love? or, in an unguarded hour, has passion swayed thy heart; and guilt left its foul stain upon thy soul? Nay, I will not entertain so bad a thought. Holy Mother, forgive me, for in doubting him, the lover of my youth, the husband of my choice, and father of my child, I have deeply sinned against heaven and thee!" and, sinking upon her knees, at the foot of the sleeper's couch, the troubled wife implored pardon from above for the unjust suspicions which had momentarily crossed her mind, and strength to meet the future, however dark and foreboding its aspect, or bitter its trials.

Rising from her devotions, Julia Collas commenced her preparations for retiring. Pushing aside the curtain from her casement, she looked forth into the streets, as was her nightly custom. The rain still fell in torrents, and the wind howled fearfully upon all sides. When about to withdraw, a blaze of light shot out from the ebon darkness, which completely shrouded every object from view.

"Mon Dieu! what a terrible night for a fire in Paris!" ejaculated Madame Collas, at the same time making a hasty movement toward the bed, where her husband still lay sleeping, for the purpose of awakening him. But ere she had reached the spot, she stopped suddenly, and said, in a low whisper, "I will not be so foolish as to disturb him, when he

hath so much need of rest. It will be time enough to arouse him, when danger overtakes us," and, saying this, the noble-minded woman turned once again to the window. She raised the casement softly, and peered out into the intense darkness. The light, though still at a distance, seemed gradually nearing the house, and as she strained her eyes, she thought she discerned a number of men, each bearing in their hands a lighted torch. To close the window, and drop the curtain, was but the work of an instant with Madame Collas. Was it the presage of coming evil that made her naturally start, tremble, and shake with fear? She knew not. But all strength seemed deserting her, and, sinking into a chair, which stood near by, the terrified woman listened with distended eyes and half suspended breath, to the heavy footsteps which seemed momentarily approaching.

Of a sudden there came a pause, and the heart of Madame Collas seemed nearly pulseless with fear. The next minute a loud knock vibrated upon her ear, and far above the din and tumult of the elements, rang out the united cry of some fifty voices, "Jean Collas, awake! Give us entrance!"

"They are come! It is as I expected!" exclaimed Jean Collas, springing out of bed, and snatching at his clothes, which hung on a nail hard by.

"Holy Mother, what mean you? Who are come, Jean?" cried Madame Collas, in affright, at the same time throwing her arms tightly about her husband's neck, and looking up into his pale face with an agonized expression of countenance that made his sensitive heart quiver in every pore.

"Jean Collas, awake!" were the words that again broke forth upon the midnight air.

"For heaven's sake release me, Julie!" cried the excited husband. "Do you not hear their frantic shouts? Another moment, and they will burst the door."

These last words had scarcely escaped the lips of the speaker, when, of a sudden, there came a crash that shook the very foundations of that humble dwelling. The next instant the tramp of armed men was heard upon the stairs; the chamber door swung quickly back upon its hinges, and some fifty or sixty soldiers rushed unceremoniously into the apartment, where stood Jean Collas, to all appearances calm and composed, as if anticipating his fate, while his poor wife, made speechless with terror, still clung wildly to the skirts of his coat for protection.

"Jean Collas," cried the foremost of the group, "we are come by order of his Majesty, the Emperor, to arrest you."

"And may I ask, Monsieur, in what I have offended?" said the republican journalist, in a voice by no means agitated, as he glanced carelessly at the printed document which the all-important official held unrolled in his hand.

"It matters not," was the surly reply. "This is not the time to parley words. All that I have to say, Monsieur, is, that you are our prisoner, and, as such, must make ready to follow us at once."

"As you please, gentlemen; I am at your service whenever occasion requires," were the calm and strangely indifferent words of Jean Collas.

"What! have you no tender adieux, and lingering farewells to take of your family, before removing to your future lodgings in the Bastille?"

"None, Messieurs, for hardened men like you to jeer at and gloat over, when sensitive and loving hearts are nearly bursting with their weight of grief," was the indignant reply of Jean Collas, as he suffered his hands to be bound behind him with a strong cord, by one of the soldiers.

"Oh, you will not take him to that dread place, to languish and die in a dungeon!"

"Such would be but a meek reward for his rashness and folly, Madame," was the cold and unfeeling rejoinder of the chief official.

"Nay, you will not be so cruel as to tear him from the bosom of his family," cried Madame Collas, with a supplicating look, that would have melted to pity another heart than a soldier's."

"Madame, it must be. We have our orders, and if we swerve from their fulfillment, our lives will surely pay the forfeiture," and saying this, the captain passed out of the chamber, having first given the command for his loyal band to follow with their prisoner.

The wife of Jean Collas descended the stairs in silence. When the captured man reached the outer door of his dwelling, he turned to take a last farewell of her that had been for years the light and joy of his now desolate heart.

The look of stern determination which sat upon her countenance surprised him; while the extreme brilliancy of her dark eye, and the purple spot which burned in the centre of her otherwise pallid cheeks, betrayed the unnatural excitement under which she labored.

"Julia, my own dear wife, adieu!" were the words that falteringly broke forth from the lips of the devoted husband, while the tears involuntarily gushed from his eyes.

"Nay, I will not leave thee; though to follow were instant death!" shrieked out Madame Collas, as with a convulsive effort she threw herself upon the neck of her husband.

"Madame, you are beside yourself!" cried the captain, gazing terribly impatient at the delay produced by the powerful resistance of the prisoner's wife. "Methinks you woman would make a fine tragedienne," he added sneeringly, at the same time turning towards his brother companions, as if expecting a smile of approval from them, for the insolent remark which his base heart had dictated.

"Yea, another Mars! a second Rachel!" were the mocking words which burst forth from the united lips of that hardened band, in whose stony breasts every sense of honor and compassion had long since died out.

"Hear me, messieurs!" said Jean Collas, in a tone that partook of the nature of a command, your rude and insulting language is but ill-calculated to ensure that respect and obedience, which, as soldiers of the Imperial Guard, you are accustomed to receive from the French populace. A little more of reason—of mercy, would win for these submission; where now then canst only hope for contempt."

The words of the humble republican chafed the flinty hearts of those blood-thirsty soldiers, and the silent look that passed from one to another of the throng, told too plainly that the married rebuke was most keenly felt by those for whom it had been intended, and kept them for a time silent.

"Julie," said the prisoner, imprinting a fervent kiss upon the fair brow of his beautiful wife, whose head was still pillowed upon his shoulder, "this is a severe trial for a heart so pure and loving as thine to bear; but fate hath decreed that we should henceforth be separated; yet, my poor Julie, in

Heaven above we shall one day be reunited; and now, for thy Stella's sake, the child of our mutual love, strive to forget this hour, and him who hath so rashly, yet unintentionally, brought shame and suffering upon thine innocent head."

"Never—never, while life shall last!" cried the anguish-maddened woman, with a maniacal laugh, that vibrated painfully upon the prisoner's ear. One of the soldiers now stepped forward, and, with a rough movement, tore the frail form of Madame Collas from that of her husband, to whose neck she still clung in convulsive agony.

At that moment the little Stella appeared upon the staircase in her snowy night-dress, having been suddenly awakened from her innocent slumbers by the terrible noise below.

A look of painful recognition overspread the countenance of the grief-stricken woman, and, with a wild cry, she fell forward upon the steps of her own dwelling, murmuring the words—"My child! my child!"

It seemed like a terrible dream to the innocent child, that five minutes later sat there upon the cold floor of the hall, with her mother's sainted head pressed closely against her heart, until her own brown ringlets swept the now cold, yet still, purple cheek; her little night-dress spotted and stained with the crimson tide that had flowed from lips that were now silent in death.

Madame Collas was dead. In the excess of her emotion she had suddenly ruptured a blood-vessel—having been always more or less subject to disease of the heart. The prisoner had been spared the sight of his wife's dreadful death, having been hurriedly marched off to the dungeons of the Bastille the moment that his Julie's arms had been rudely snatched away from his neck. Stella was alone with her dead and her childish sorrow.

Now that the little Stella was left almost entirely parentless, she knew not where to turn for sympathy and aid. A knot of workmen who were strongly attached to her father, came forward, and generously offered assistance and protection to the only child of their late friend.

With one of those poor but noble-hearted men, the little Stella made her home. The humble bounty of Monsieur Ladrey and his wife, whom God had likewise blessed with but a single child, a boy some three years the senior of their little charge, was freely shared with the beautiful Stella, whose loveliness of person and sweetness of temper, at once won all hearts.

Yet the devoted child was unhappy. She still grieved over her mother's death and the loss of her dear father, who having spoken unguardedly against the government through the columns of a republican journal, of which he himself was the chief editor, had been sentenced by the Emperor to transportation for life. To procure the release of her father from his exile at Lambessa, was now the all absorbing thought in the mind of the little Stella.

It was while attending the catechism of St. Marguerite, that the words of the Cure, who exhorted his followers to look for mercy and deliverance from their several trials, to the reigning Archbishop, fell with peculiar significance upon the heart of the child Stella, and made a lasting impression there. She hastened home, and communicated to her friends her intention of suing for her father's release from his imprisonment, at the hands of the Archbishop. They could not bid her hope, but nevertheless commended her devotion and energy.

Attired in her best—a frock of white percale and a muslin cap, the beautiful child presented herself for admission at the palace gates. Her simple dress, and unprotected situation, at first excited ridicule from the porter, but a sentinel, who chanced to be passing by, noticed her extreme earnestness, and the official passport which she held in her hand, (and procured for her through the influence of a friend,) kindly offered to assist her in gaining admission to the castle.

At sight of the parohment, which the child held in her hand, the doors now flew open on all sides, and, after waiting some ten or fifteen minutes in one of the ante-rooms, the modest and trembling Stella was ushered into the audience chamber, where were seated a number of elderly gentlemen. One face there, however, seemed to impress her childish heart more than all the rest. It was that of the Bishop of Nancy, whose violet cape, and cross of gold, seemed to mark him the principal potentate of that assembly. Before him she knelt, and presented her petition in language so simple, yet earnest, that it touched the heart of the benignant prelate, and made him her friend from that moment until death.

Her wondrous powers of delivery, and the simple, yet truthful eloquence of her words, startled the ears of her hearers, and enchaunted their attention. The Bishop of Nancy, a strong patron of the arts, and artist himself to his finger's ends, felt the magnetic sympathy which existed between the simple child at his feet and his own heart.

He requested her to rise, and to his question if she could repeat any poetic stanzas, or passages from French plays from memory, she replied in the affirmative.

The spark was lighted. Long and difficult recitations from Racine, Corneille and Moliere, were given with a rapidity of delivery and earnestness, that surprised and delighted the ears of his listeners. Sometimes she would convulse her audience with laughter and merriment, and anon they would be melted into tears by the tenderness and pathos of her manner.

Prompting to consider well her request, the Archbishop bade the devoted child an affectionate adieu, after taking her name and place of residence, and expressing his intention of calling upon her at the earliest opportunity.

The very next day the eyes of Stella were gladdened by the sight of the carriage of the Archbishop, which stopped quickly before the humble dwelling, which, for long weeks, had afforded her shelter and protection.

It was the Archbishop of Nancy, accompanied by his friend Samson, the director of the Theatre Francaise, who had sought out the abode of the orphanlike girl. A home in the family of Monsieur Samson, and a thorough education for the stage, by means of which, in after years, she might be enabled to gain a handsome livelihood, were the tempting inducements which the two gentlemen offered the beautiful child. Their offer was speedily accepted; and the sensation which Stella Collas created on the occasion of her debut, a year after, at the Francaise, proved to the minds of the Archbishop and his friend, that the talented girl had not mistaken her profession.

The death of the Bishop of Nancy, a few weeks later, was a terrible blow to the heart of the sensi-

tive girl, who had looked upon the former as the greatest of earthly benefactors.

For weeks the beautiful girl lay prostrate upon a bed of sickness, occasioned by her excessive grief at the loss of so true and noble a friend. Her sad story at length reached the ears of the Empress, who, with her woman's heart, became deeply interested in the fate of the young and rising actress. Through her influence, a pardon was obtained for the release of the exiled man, and Jean Collas is now contented and happy in the society of his lovely and gifted daughter, whose rapid rise to fame and fortune is the wonder of all Paris.

Stella Collas, the beautiful tragic actress of the Theatre Francaise, is unmarried. She is still very young, and, like most ladies of her position, is not devoid of suitors. But though men of wealth and fashion crowd thickly about her shrine, she kindly, but firmly refuses their noble offers, having long since promised her hand in marriage to the only son of her earliest benefactor, by name Henri Ladrey. Many have wondered at her choice, but to such as would advise her to contract a more brilliant alliance, she calmly replies, "Remember that Stella Collas was once poor and unfriended."

Thank God there are still left to us a few noble women in the world, whose souls are above bartering their heart's happiness for paltry riches and exalted stations.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OCEAN TELEGRAPHS.

BY CORNELIUS.

The heaving throb of dawning wisdom's birth,
Unlocked the grave where science latent slept;
With mystic power, compelling magic art,
The lightning seized and bound with cords of steel.
So quickly now with wondrous willing grace
The tireless spark performs its ready task;
O'er unknown path by dashing waves concealed
The fiery steed its written message bears.
As circling round in liquid glistening lines,
Unfurling worlds with kindly glowing arms,
A voice is heard, from arborescent skies above,
Good will to man! o'er all the earth be peace!

Written for the Banner of Light.

A Legend of the Rhine.

BY CORA WILBURN.

In the town of N—, situated on the banks of the winding and picturesque Rhine, there is shown an old, dilapidated tenement—almost a ruin—once the dwelling of a proud and wealthy man, and the scene of a strange and awful mystery; which I will briefly relate as memory recalls the narration. Roderich Alpenstein had accumulated riches in far distant lands; he had been absent many years, and returned to his birth place, embrowned by Eastern suns, imbued with the superstitions of other climes, gloomy, distant, and reserved; totally changed from the light-hearted, merry, reckless youth, who was at once the pride and the terror of his aged mother's heart, as he was the cherished object of Annette Loring's love, with whom he exchanged vows of everlasting fidelity beneath the apple-trees. For many years she guarded sacredly the forget-me-nots culled by his hand at parting; and when Roderich returned, haughty and changed, with a tall, dark lady he called his wife, Annette fled to her chamber, and wept bitter tears of disappointment; for she had refused many offers for his sake, and suffered meekly the reproaches of her father, the tauntings of the neighbors, for her strict fidelity to the long absent, faithless one.

He bought the stately dwelling-house, of which the ruins now alone remain; furnished it magnificently, and removed therein with his proud and beautiful wife, who always appeared in the costliest silks, and adorned with a profusion of jewels, scarcely deigned to notice the people among whom she dwelt. They lived almost secluded; and the poor were harshly turned away from the gate, which was guarded by two fierce, lauk, foreign-looking dogs.

It was rumored around the town that the wealthy Roderich and his Eastern wife lived most unhappily; smothered cries and groans were heard issuing from her chamber, and she was often seen by the affrighted servants, fleeing from room to room, over halls, and down the stair-cases, as if from her husband's wrath; while the dark browed Roderich was seen in pursuit, not a muscle of his iron countenance moved from its usual cold and studied severity; not with eagerness in his tread, but with slow and measured step, that resounded with metallic clank along the dim passages and luxuriant chambers.

Yet the servants never left the place; though it was so gloomy, and the master and mistress were so stern and cold; only the old mother smiled—a weary, forced smile—upon the humble retainers; but she died ere the heir to Roderich's wealth was born; and was ostentatiously laid to rest, with a marble monument erected to her memory, by the son who had neglected her through life, though he raised her to wealth and comfort at its close.

When it was known that the lady Zelima, as she was called, had given birth to a son, there was none of the rejoicings and congratulations usual on such occasions; the neighbors bowed stiffly to the formidable Roderich, and inquired briefly concerning his lady's health. But on his dark brow rested a gleam of triumph, and a fitful light of joy played in his eye, and smiled from his sternly-chiseled lips, as he bent above the lady's couch, and fondly caressed the infant. On the third day from its birth the lady Zelima died, and the servants walked with a muffled step, and spoke not above a whisper; for the death-angel had cast a gloom upon the household, and the voice of prayer ascended not from the chamber where reposed the beautiful, highborn, and early dead.

She was committed to the earth's embrace; not in the consecrated soil of the churchyard; but was interred in the spacious and fantastic garden attached to the house, and a towering and strangely constructed tombstone, on which was inscribed some Eastern characters, erected to her memory. The inhabitants of N— crossed themselves piously, and looked askance at the strange monument, as it gleamed high and white from amid encircling cypress and willows upon the passer-by.

A nurse was procured for the motherless little one, among the peasant-women of the district. On the night of her installment to this office, honest Marie sat alone at midnight, singing softly to the restless child; when suddenly her attention was directed to the opening door. It opened noiselessly, and on the threshold stood the tall, majestic figure of a woman, clothed in white—a long black veil concealing the head and face; with outstretched hands

she was pointing to the infant. Marie gave a loud shriek of terror; it was the form of the buried mother that stood before her! She must have become unconscious, for when she regained the use of sight and feeling, she found the babe sleeping in his cradle, though she remembered not that she had placed him there; the child's dress, too, was changed; a new coverlet of elder-down, that had not previously been used, was thrown over the cradle, and on it was placed a pure white rose of peculiar form and fragrance, such as only grow by the side of the lady Zelima's grave!

Marie pondered long and deeply; she was strictly honest, faithful, unimaginative; her husband was a helpless cripple, disabled for life by a recent fall; three children depended upon her for support. Sir Roderich was liberal in the love, in all that concerned the welfare of his heir. Even for her family; the courage of necessity nerved the poor woman's shrinking soul with courage. She would keep her own counsel, and pray to Heaven for assistance. Again, at midnight, Marie watched tenderly beside the cradle of the restless child, that tossed and moaned in unquiet slumber. Roderich had just left the room, commending his son to her care, enforcing his demand with the present of a purse with money. Marie regarded the silver treasure with sparkling eyes and joyfully elated heart. She thought of her suffering husband, of her ruddy little ones, of the comforts she would procure for them; wrapt in a delicious reverie of home, all her superstitious fears were lulled, when suddenly—noiselessly—as on the night before, the chamber door was opened, and the white, veiled, pointing figure stood there, motionless as a statue, giving no sign of life by heaving bosom, or rustling robe; not a breath waved amid the stony folds of her trailing garment, amid the dark folds of her veil, motionless, lifeless—yet real all and appalling!

The face of the faithful nurse, blanched to the whiteness of the lace curtains, with which she sought to shut out the fearful vision; her hands were clasped in an agony of entreaty, and gasping, indistinct, trembling, came from her blue lips the query of faith and dread: "In the name of God, who—what art thou?"

Marie fell on her knees, and grasped the child's cradle for protection, pulling down at one wrench the costly curtains, and wrapping them around her, as a voice, inexpressibly sad, but sweet, subdued and humble, replied: "I am a spirit—the mother of this babe!"

What followed, was never clear to the terror-stricken vision—the palsied consciousness of the poor nurse. As in a dream, she beheld the apparition approach the infant's couch, and tenderly lift the little, helpless form in her arms, press it to her bosom, shower kisses on its face; then proceed to disrobe it, and clothe it in other garments, which she took from the place which held them. The babe was silent, quivered; it uttered no cry of fear. Then the spirit took from its bosom a white rose, and replacing the child in the cradle, and covering it carefully, she placed the flower in its tiny hand, and slowly, noiselessly departed by the open door!

For hours Marie remained crouching on the floor in that strange state of abstraction, and then she must, overpowered by fatigue, have fallen asleep; for a servant found her, when the sun was high, sleeping profoundly, with the strange drapery she had chosen, wrapped around her. The babe was still sleeping sweetly—a white rose clasped in its small right hand.

That day Marie sought an interview with the master, and when she related the visitation of the past two nights, he trembled visibly, and his stern lip quivered. But he soon controlled his agitation, and said to her:

"Toll no one of this—I will watch with you to-night. Nay, no shrinking! see, this purse shall be your reward. What can you fear when I undertake to remain in the chamber? Go and rest yourself—the mystery shall be solved to-night."

Night came, and bright moonlight flooded the blue Rhine with silver, and showered radiance o'er the sleeping flowers of the garden. Roderich had watched beside his restless child, and Marie, vainly striving to overcome her terror, sat apart, with wandering eyes and hands tightly clasped over her bosom. The clock struck twelve, and again solemn silence reigned throughout the house. Marie knelt down in prayer; Roderich steadily watched the door.

It opened, slowly, noiselessly—and the white, motionless and veiled figure stood there, as before, with extended arm and pointing finger. Marie covered up her face with a shawl. In thick, husky tones the husband questioned the wandering spirit of the wronged wife:

"What wouldst thou with me, Zelima?"

Clear and distinct the answer fell on the listening ear of Marie—"My child!"

"Thou shalt not take him!" vehemently replied the father. "Return to rest, troubled spirit! I will have masses said for thy soul!—haunt me no longer—I will do my duty!"

Peering from amid the folds of the shawl, which enveloped her head and face, the nurse beheld the spectre approach the cradle, lift the infant from it as before, and shower kisses on its little face. She saw the master threateningly approach the spirit-wife, and demand his son. No sound issued in reply from the veiled, noiseless figure, but slowly and deliberately she placed the infant on its pillows, this time without changing its apparel. Again she took the white rose from her bosom, and placed it on the infant's breast—not in its hand as before. Then slowly, noiselessly, she withdrew; pausing for a moment on the threshold, with uplifted hand to say: "In five years hence, at this hour!" she disappeared in the shadows of the winding passage. Roderich followed wildly, but his search was vain; all the doors and gates were locked and bolted, and the avenging spectre had sped unseen, unheard away.

He returned to his child's room. With pallid face and trembling fingers, the nurse was striving to restore the babe to consciousness; its dark eyes were closed—the long lashes swept its marble-pale cheeks—its little hands were folded across its breast, and the white rose glistened there, as if bespangled with diamond dew; the little hands were icy cold—the limbs rigid—the heir of Roderich! Alphonse was dead!

They buried the child beside the mother—the Pagan mother, as ignorant and superstitious people called her; and Roderich had no masses said for them. But he often visited their graves, and the neighbors noticed that he smiled sadly on little children, and even patted their curly heads; and that sometimes he relieved the mendicant, and turned not from the beseeching widow and the orphan's tears. He was seen in church too; whether his proud Eastern wife had never accompanied him. He began to

be less feared, and more pitied, by the people of N—

A year passed on, and Annette Loring still unmarried and true, often gazed with tender pity upon the bereaved and shunned Roderich. But his place was among the wealthy, the famed and titled; he never visited her father's humble cottage, and while younger and fairer maidens were led to the marriage altar—she, the devoted, remained unsought for and unwon.

She was startled one day by the announcement of the marriage of Roderich with the only daughter of a decayed nobleman. He brought the bride from a neighboring capital, and installed her mistress of his well-appointed house. Bertha von Tellern was a lovely blonde, and her blue eyes and modest demeanor, won the love and confidence of all.

A few visitors ventured to call, and were graciously and hospitably received. The lady attended church, often without her husband, and won the blessings of the poor and suffering. A year after her marriage she gave birth to a daughter, and in three days after departed this life—mourned and missed by all. It was observed by her faithful maid that her mistress often wept in secret—that Sir Roderich was often harsh, violent and unjust—also that he seemed tortured by remorse of some kind that disturbed his sleep and sent him wandering forth at midnight, along the halls and passages, and to the chamber once occupied by the lady Zelima.

On the face of Bertha von Tellern rested an expression of rapture and victory; a sympathizing multitude followed her to her resting-place, in consecrated ground; a splendid monument of pure white marble, finely carved, gave testimony of her gentle virtues and early transition to a better world.

The infant daughter, she had left to be called by her name, thrived awhile beneath the tender care of a judicious nurse. For three months the baby smiled and played; then it began to droop and pine, grow restless and perturbed. The eyes of the attendant nurse were not unsealed as those of Marie had been; but she testified that at midnight, for two succeeding nights, she had missed the infant from its cradle, to find it there again, after the lapse of some moments, freshly attired, a sprig of myrtle and a white rose on its breast. She spoke of it to Roderich, and he shuddered visibly. He knew that the myrtle grew beside Bertha's grave—that the haunting spirit of Zelima cast the fatal rose upon his infant's breast. He watched beside the cradle on the third night, and the nurse heard him address strange words of terror and entreaty to what appeared the empty air. He exclaimed that he beheld the spirits of both his wives, and in abject terms he entreated their pity and forgiveness, and pleaded for the life of his child. The nurse knelt tremblingly in a corner, while this scene transpired, and when, with a heart wrung green he left the room, she hastened to her charge, to find the baby dead and cold! The white rose glistened on its bosom, and a wreath of myrtle encircled its white, smooth brow. Next day it was interred beside the beautiful and much loved Bertha.

Time sped on, and the icy and iron hands seemed loosening from around the stern, hitherto unbending heart of Roderich. He was no longer so proud and cold; he listened more to the pleadings of necessity, to the voice of suffering. He gave much in charity, and he listened to the admonitions of religion. In this mood he sought once more the cottage of Annette Loring, and finally entreated for the bestowal of her hand. Friends and neighbors remonstrated, but her woman's heart—her early affection pleaded loudly in his favor. The wedding day was fixed upon and announced. It was the anniversary of his son's death—five years had elapsed since then. The house had undergone a thorough repairing, and new furniture and hangings, pictures and mirrors had arrived from the adjacent capital.

The gentle beauty of the humble Annette was enhanced by costly dress and becoming ornaments. Her white-haired father had become an inmate of that lordly home, and smiled in fond gratitude and pride upon his devoted, faithful child.

The wedding feast was one of unexampled splendor for the town of N—. Neighbors and strangers were invited, and hospitality made manifest to all. Roderich was gaining golden opinions from all sides—he had won the people's heart by his union with the faithful cottager—his health was drank amid continued cheers, and long-life awarded him by a thousand grateful hearts.

It was near midnight when the merry company left the house; and in the silence of their bridal chamber, Roderich the reclaimed, and Annette the faithful, sat hand in hand; he confessing all the past, and she whispering love, pardon and consolation. He gazed fondly on her face, and stroked the yet glossy brown hair, from which the myrtle wreath glistened amid the folds of the costly bridal veil. So they talked on, until the clock struck twelve; then Roderich, turning pale and pointing to the slowly-unwinding door, cried, in a choking voice—"Oh, look! look there, Annette!" And she looked, and beheld two veiled and motionless figures, whose hands were clasped, and on the bosom of each rested in deep, calm slumber, a lovely infant! Motionless, voiceless though they were; Annette recognized the majestic presence of the lady Zelima—the form of Bertha von Tellern. She addressed them in the name of God, and demanded the cause of their coming. The spirits bowed themselves before her as if in reverence, pointed upward for a moment, and then cast a myrtle crown and a white rose to Roderich's feet. He fell on his knees before them, and they turned, slowly, silently to depart. The door closed noiselessly again, and Annette, rushing to her husband, arrived in time to pillow his dying head upon her bosom, to catch the last glance of his eye, to hear the last words of penitence and prayer issued from his lips. The widowed bride survived him many years, but the haunted house never again was inhabited. It fell into decay and ruin.

MORNING.

Morning! what hour is like unto thine? Thou scatterest from thy wing freshness and fragrance; thou revivest all nature from the death of night. Shall not a morning also come for the soul of man? Must he, when the day-star of life is set, forever lie in his dark and narrow cell? No; for some high purpose, known only to the Infinite Mind, are we created, and not for the few brief hours of pain and sorrow which we pass in a perishing world. This our mortal existence must share the fate of you bodiless vapor that skirts the horizon—melt away as if it had never been. Yet, man, doubt not, tremble not; all nature, from the flower in the valley to the sun flashing over the mountain top, cries aloud: "Thou shalt spring thy unquenchable spirit; and thus shall the morn of immortality burst open the night of the tomb!"—Dewey.

EQUALITY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.
God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts that heathens have made;
And hours the worshiper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.
'Tis man alone who differences seen,
And speaks of high and low,
And worships those and tramples these,
While the same path they go.
Oh, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love;
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move.
Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride—
Ye low, your shroud and fear:
Live, as ye would, side by side;
Your brotherhood be here.

Life Eternal.

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

[Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams.]

PART SIXTEENTH.

As I look over the mighty mass of mind, as I traverse the universe of intellect, and gaze on man's resplendent powers, try to fathom his legitimate glory, that cometh from the Father of Light, I exclaim, Oh, countless riches! measureless deposit of glory! when will man be born to the animated, beautiful hour, and find his glory swelling so large within him, that he can live only by constant impartation? The animated spark of life follows in magnetic course, and the thrilling joy of thy emotion must bound again into angels, to be sent down yet again into a soul of lesser light than thine own.

Great and powerful Omnipresence that dost guard us, teach me with varied cadence, and mellow songs of love, to tell the children of earth all that I feel for them. If the spirit of man is immortal, where did his being begin? The matter that animates us at this moment was once contained in some inanimate deposit of this material globe. If we look back through ages countless, we can forever trace some little particle of this material frame; and, following the glorious law of attraction and repulsion, grand and speculative would be the theme, to notice each and every combined deposit of substances that made up the creation of our being.

I think the ancient one of ages past, who said, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being," did not for a moment comprehend to what a glorious extent that truth might be made evident to the senses of man. Taking the scientific and chemical view of existence, we were with God from creation—we were made from matter and material—and we are now, today, as palpably living in the most eternal rapport with every particle of apparently inanimate matter that makes up this little globe.

Spirit-matter, or the soul, is not held by God as a reserved deposit, when the spirit has arrived to that peculiar point for its reception, for the spirit grows out of inanimate matter, or, in other words, every deposit of the material world is imbued with life and immortality. The sands on the sea-shore have a soul and spirit of life. By that I mean, they have an immortal attraction—a law which can never die. Though we be made of clay, that clay can never die. Decomposition and purification give birth to life in vegetation, and vegetation is synonymous with action, with spirit power, and the plant growth into light and heat in the atmosphere. In the abstract, the spirit does no more.

Thus we were born at the dawn of creation; and so every little particle, every muscle, bone and sinew of this mortal frame, this noble mechanism of Deity, God holds in his immortal glory, the same as he binds the spirit to eternity. And if one deposit of matter has been collected in this existence, and our spirits grown out of the life of that matter, so another deposit, or collection of materiality is being made up for the reception of the spirit again. The form of Deity can only be expressed to the sense of the spirit, by the manifestation of the same. "By his works we shall know him." Therefore we are surrounded by his manifestations, and "in Him we live," for out of the productions of the earth we feed and grow. That is one manifestation of his power. On the beauties of earth we gaze and delight. There is a higher manifestation of his spirit, "in which we move." Through the united deposits of material and spiritual surroundings, where Deity is everywhere manifest, we "have our being." He fills all space and immensity—the mighty universe knows no vacuum.

This little planet of ours, as the inhabitants become more purified, enlightened and refined, will change its orbit, and pass into a more glorious and shining revolution, and in its place a lower one will be forced up, and the glorious sun will shine upon it the same as it has on ours for ages. Then the souls of earth will take the glory of angels, and the angels' joy will be higher raised into those more lofty temples, where the feet of archangels and seraphs have trod. And they shall be transported to a more sublime and finer planet, that has been made up of the refinement, essence and purification of man; for God still creates—he has not done—not done.

That Queen of Night, the silver moon, is yet to be inhabited by a race of shining ones, whose silver streams of love shall radiate on us, and bless the night of sorrow to the child of earth. It is only in a rude state now of vegetation, not fit for any higher existence of life. It is the speculation of many that it is inhabited; but they must have confounded it with other planets. Questions and opinions are often as divided with us, as with earth's inhabitants. And then comes the query with us—is the spirit of man forever to be limited in knowledge? I answer, Yes! As long as the God of Omnipotence and power does reign, we are limited in one sense to certain revolutions of thought.

If you suppose we of the spirit sphere have all place at command, and an illimitable range, it is most untrue, for well do we know the mind of man can range only as wisdom ordains it. Many souls with you cannot have the range of enjoyment that you have, because their intelligence has not blossomed into that enjoyment. And this is but a parallel of the condition with us.

Spirits are limited according to their knowledge—their power being equal only to their understanding. If they depart from earth with no more than a mediocrity of wisdom and intelligence, one cannot expect from them a communication containing all knowledge. They will give you what they believe are truths, yet they are liable to mistakes. They can give you communications of love and affection; they can tell you of their immediate condition, but they cannot bring to your spirit that internal deposit

of thought, that the soul of investigation and science can bring. There are numberless spirits, or souls, now inhabiting earth's sphere, that are far more competent to give knowledge and instruction than spirit-friends, because *spirit progression is condition, not place*. Expansion of thought is a condition, not place. I have seen many spirits here, who were unwilling to receive a truth, because it was not taught them on earth. They are the branches of biggity, willfulness and superstition, while the flowers of knowledge are credulity, hope and faith.

No in our existence we have precisely the same conditions and correspondences that surround you. We have the miser and philanthropist; we have the poet and philosopher—so have you. Let us then learn discrimination, weigh every embodiment of thought and principle that is given to us. The spirit essence is the same everywhere. The mind is not a machine, to be played upon at will by the operator. It must ever rejoice in its own birthright, the immortal liberty of its own rights.

Mind can act upon mind, but mind can never annihilate the same. Through the power of magnetism one spirit can be made subservient to another, but only for a time. That spirit loses no more of its legitimate glory than does the mighty river, when it changes its course.

The time is now close at hand when the spirits of earth can claim their own impressions, their own guidance, to act directly on each respective spirit. The atmosphere has been so long imbued by angels and angels' coming, that the intellect and reason of man has been convinced. And now what wait we for but that the souls who have received the magnet that has so long been sought by mediumistic power, should take us in their arms of love and affection. Oh, receive us with the balm of love and memory; let us come to your heart's recollections, and feel that you are controlled and impressed by invisibles. To convince the incredulous and the still unbelieving, we must yet keep the sleeping power and seeming lethargy upon some, to bring them up also to where others stand.

SPIRITUALISM AMONG THE FLORIDA INDIANS.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—A communication which I find in the BANNER, of July 17, purporting to be from the spirit of the Indian chief "Coconocoe," or "Wild Cat," reminds me of some of his sayings and doings, while living upon earth. The spirit of hatred and revenge which still appears to actuate him, accords well with his expressed aversion to the white man, for what he sincerely thought his unprovoked persecutions.

Coconocoe, like many other Indians, evidently believed in spiritual intercourse. In Sprague's "History of the Florida War," there are many proofs of this beautiful faith. In one of his "talks," sent to his band while he was in captivity, I find the following sentence: "Did not the spirits of our mothers, our wives, and our children, stand around us?" And again: "At night, when you camp, take these pipes and tobacco, build a fire when the moon is up and bright, dance around it, then let the fire go out, and, just before the break of day, when the deer sleeps, and the moon whispers to the dead, you will hear the voices of those who have gone to the Great Spirit; they will give you strong hearts and heads to carry the talk of Coconocoe."

His description of an interview with the spirit of his sister is interesting; and as some of your readers may not have seen it, I will transcribe it here. He says:—

"In going from Florida, I leave behind me the spirits of the Seminoles, with which I have had many interviews. Their spirits have taken care of me all my life. And the spirit of my twin-sister I leave behind. She died many years ago. When I am laid in the earth, I shall go to and live with her. She died suddenly. I was out on a bear hunt, and, when seated alone by my camp-fire, I heard a strange noise—it was something like a voice, which told me to go to her. The camp was some distance, but I took my rifle and started. The night was dark and gloomy; the wolves howled around me as I went from hammock to hammock; sounds came often to my ear—I thought she was speaking to me. At daylight I reached her camp—she was dead. When hunting some time after, with my brother Oatke, I sat alone beside a large oak. In the moss hanging over me, I heard strange sounds; I tried to sleep, but could not. I felt myself moving, and thought I went far above to a new country, where all was bright and happy. I saw clear water ponds, rivers and prairies, on which the sun never sets. All was green; the grass grew high, and the deer stood in the midst of it, looking at me. I then saw a small, white cloud approaching; and, when just before me, out of it came my twin-sister, dressed in white, and covered with bright silver ornaments. Her long, black hair, which I had often braided, hung down her back. She clasped me around the neck, and said, 'Coconocoe! Coconocoe!'—I shook with fear; I knew her voice, but could not speak. With one hand she gave me a string of white beads; in the other, she held a cup sparkling with pure water, which, she said, came from the spring of the Great Spirit; and if I would drink from it, I should return, and live with her forever. As I drank, she sang the peace song of the Seminoles, and danced around me. She had silver bells on her feet, which made a loud noise. Taking from her bosom something, I do not know what, she laid it before me, when a bright blaze streamed far above us. She then took me by the hand, and said: 'All is peace here!' I wanted to ask for others, but she shook her head, waved her hand, stepped into the cloud, and was gone. The fire she had made was gone out—all was silent. I was sorry that I could not have said more to her, I felt myself sinking, until I came to the earth, when I met my brother Oatke. He had been seeking me, and was alarmed at my absence, having found my rifle where I had laid down. I told him where I had been, and showed him the beads. These beads were stolen from me when in prison, at St. Augustine. At certain periods of the moon, when I had them, I could see the spirit of my sister. I may be buried in the earth, or sink in the water; but I shall go to her, and live with her. Game is abundant there; and there the white man is never seen."

It is proper to say that Mr. Sprague was not a believer in Spiritualism, for he adds that "these stories are simple and impracticable." The materials for his book were gathered as early as 1845, when there was little or nothing known of the life after death.

A. SUBSIDIARY.

DIAZOS SANTIAGO, TEXAS.

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrists.

THE NUMBER THREE.

"Jove hurled the three-forked thunder from above." ADDISON.

There is a strong prejudice in favor of the figure seven. The ancients spoke of it as the "sacred number." There were seven plagues. The week is divided into seven days. Our constitution is changed every seven years; and the poet has rendered memorable that figure by a production never to be forgotten, namely: "We are Seven!" That mathematical paradox, nine, has also its votaries—most respectable computers. There were also nine wonders. Let me ask, however, what is nine but the square of three? As for three, its history, its beginning, dates from the creation of the world. It is found in every branch of science, and adapted to all classes of society. Now only have patience, and I will state, explain, prove.

I commence with the Bible. When the world was created, we find land, water, and sky. Sun, moon, and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; our Saviour passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Saviour thrice. There were three Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou Me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions, for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity, these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross are I. H. S.; so also the Roman motto, was composed of three words, *In Hoc Signo*. There are three conditions for man: the earth, heaven, and hell; there is also the Holy Trinity. In mythology there were the three Graces; Corberus, with his three heads; Neptune, holding his three-toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine Muses sprung from three. In nature, we have male, female, and offspring; morning, noon, and night. Trees group their leaves in threes; there is the three-leaved clover. Every ninth wave is a groundswell. We have fish, flesh, and fowl. The majority of mankind die at thirty. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of triangles? witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three premises are indispensable. It is a common phrase, that "three is a lucky number." It is a singular fact that the shape of the continents is triangular, namely: South America, Africa, etc., having their apex at the south; while the oceans are consequently of the same form, with their bases south. Mountains are cone shaped. There are but three pure colors—blue, red, and yellow. In history, the *Triumvirates* were striking. The battle of Horatius and Curiat was decisive. Richard the First was admonished by Curate Falk to give up his three favorite daughters (vices)—Pride, Avarice, and Voluptuousness; and the truce between Richard and Saladin was concluded for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours. A signal is given by three claps. When a duel is fought, the order is given: "Fire! one, two, three, halt!" Who does not recollect his first lesson in Caesar: "Gaul is divided into three parts." The nose is one third the length of the face, so with the forehead. Three notes constitute a chord in music, the fourth being the octave. It is a curious fact that the sweet arts in music are in wait time. In grammar we have active, passive, and middle voices; verbs, regular, irregular, and defective; first, second, and third person; masculine, feminine, and neuter gender. The simplest sentence must have three words, a noun, verb, and object. Franklin felt complimented at being called a man of three letters (far), and Horace proclaimed the praises of his Lydian by "three times three." Man comes of age at twenty-one—three times seven; and woman is free at eighteen—three times six. Do we not all revere our grandfathers' three-cornered hats? And what effect was produced at one time by the tricolor? Three criminals are placed in the same cell to prevent a conspiracy. Mephistopheles requested Faust to call him three times. Columbus sailed in three ships, and made three voyages. A ship has three masts. Sailors, when pulling ropes on a man-of-war, are only allowed to say one, two, three. A dog turns round three times before lying down. Court is opened by "Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye!" And a criminal is sentenced to be hung by the neck till he is "dead, dead, dead!" Only three of the Sibylline books were saved. The three witties of Shakespeare are famous. Who does not, when pleased with a political speech, exclaim, "Three cheers!" without the "tiger." The banners of marriage are published three times. The famous speech of Mr. Burke was followed by, "I say ditto!"

Mother Goose, in reply to Wordsworth, wrote about three jolly Welshmen. A horse, it is said, lives three times the age of a dog; a man three times the age of a horse; a camel three times the age of a man; and an elephant three times the age of a camel. Napoleon's last words were, "Tête d'armée!" The celebrated words on the wall were, "Mene, Tekel, Upharain!" The last words of our Saviour were, "It is finished!" What credit Caesar received for his *lucania*, "Veni, Vidi, Vici!" Punch has one also: "Peccavi!" "I have sinned (Sinde)." In France the watchwords of the revolutionists were "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite!" Trajan's famous saying is worthy of remembrance: "Pro me; si merer, in me." There is another evasive reply: "Non mi ricordo!" And our own national motto is, "E Pluribus Unum!"

SELF-DENIAL.

True, the man who lives for duty must, in a certain degree, live a life of self-denial, and always one of varied toil. He will often have to encounter the tempest of adversity and the wiles of temptation; yet, from the bramble hedges of self-denial, he shall pluck the blossom of future enjoyment; and in the stern encounter of daily struggles he shall gather the material of a truer and nobler manhood. As he advances along the path of high endeavor, many an oasis in the desert of life shall spring up before him, whose green shades and pure waters shall impart new vigor for the struggle which awaits him. From many a rough headland he shall gaze on the calm ocean of purer and more exalted condition in the near future. As he daily goes forward the prospect brightens; the pleasing view expands; wayside roses lose their thorns; the narrow path becomes smooth and broader; the rugged hills slope gently into soft undulations; the rude winds become balmy zephyrs, laden with the richest odors of virtue's coming fall, fruition, till at length the mountain range, which marks the terminus of a well-spent life, rises above the fogs of earth into the clear light of a happy immortality.

love warms his breast and melts the frozen soul into tears of repentance and humility.

The life of Christ was one constant prayer of love; and let us be so guided that we shall find in life a new significance, and not a rapid, visionary dream.

All through the past we find it woven, as a golden thread in the woof of existence. Intellect wiles away the myths and vagaries of the past, but love must finish up what intellect leaves undone. Intellect can rasp man's heart down into seemingly shape, but love must give it the final polish. Men dare not set out their own individuality. They are afraid of their own intellect, and call their noblest aspirations dreams and vain imaginations, and dare not trust them—dare not do right, for dread of that horrid ogre, public opinion. Is there not manhood enough to say I will be true to myself—though the Calvary of public sentiment is before me? Can we not, relying on the purity of our motives and the nobleness of our love, take the prostitute woman or the down-trodden man, by the hand, and lead them up higher with us, into the sunshine of a love Infinite and Eternal?

Sunday Evening.

This lecture was superior in our judgment to any we have heard from this medium during her present visit.

She said, There seems to be a strange oversight in claiming the infallibility of the Scriptures—as the complete and only revelation of the God of all human beings, in all times to come—and yet limiting its scope and expansion. To claim, in the first place, that the Infinite Being could throw all his power and intelligence into one being at one time and send him to the earth to rectify his previous misdeeds, is a palpable absurdity.

Looking on the ancient revelations, and then on the Spiritualism of to-day, the timid mind fears that we are claiming too great rights, and are striving to grasp from God his hidden mysteries—while they claim he measures the whole of his being in the contents of a book. The past have not comprehended his infinite love and justice, and have been satisfied with, and selfishly thank God for, a belief that they have a pass through the pearly gates of heaven into the presence of his love, while he has doomed the greatest part of his children to punishment and torment unending; and they sing an eternal song of glory to him because he is dealing out his justice in such damnable shape. Yet this class of minds are eager to cry out for a rigid idea of God, without regard to conditions or organizations.

Looking over the revered Book, we find one Jesus spoken of, and we believe the Infinite power the immediate source of his being—as no other Nazarine could be; yet they who followed in life and precept were few to the rabble who dogged his heels, shouting, "Crucify him—crucify him!"

This is an age in which human beings are prone to judge for themselves, and they see that the inspiration of the old Scriptures appeals to man's selfish passions. It does not follow, because a mind is impressed, that those impressions must be of god-like thought. Whenever aspiration goes out, inspiration fills the demand, and the supply in quality and quantity is equal to the demand. In the life of every individual we find the tension of love or hate, much beyond the natural capacity, and only on the plane of inspiration can it be accounted for.

The wish for resentment appeals to that passion, and the inspiration of that plane becomes incorporated into his nature for a moment. The class of minds we have spoken of, however, recognize the Scriptures as God's perfect inspiration, and refuse to ask for or receive more.

The past has served us well, and should not be trampled on now; but to it add the dignity and freshness of the present, and find good in everything. We must say it is the work of a life to solve the infinitude of the Scriptures, and understand their deep meaning; and the finer we analyze them, the more beautiful they become. Many of the sayings of Jesus, though dead and meaningless enigmas to the past, in the light of the present are the truest philosophy. When it was said, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive," it was not understood right, nor has it been; but the Adam was the gross and material, while the Christ was the refined and spiritual. The Christ follows the death of the Adam when the wilderness becomes the happy home, and the painter scatters on his canvas the forms of beauty, and from the shapeless marble block the "Greek Slave" is born—the wonder and marvel of art.

When his enemies quibbled at the words he uttered, striving to entangle him in a contradiction, he spoke as never man spoke before: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, but unto God the things which are God's."

The religious teachers cannot reduce this to practice; when they see man erring in his daily walk, they cannot learn to give the Caesar of human passions credit for his own, and the goodness and nobleness of that nature to God.

When Unitarianism sprang up, at the trumpet call of Murray to spurn sectarianism, many who cared no more for Universalism than for Calvinism, or Mormonism, put this religion on for a cloak, and so brought reproach upon the whole, from those whose puny intellects could not sift the good from the ill, and now they in turn clamor for the crucifixion of Spiritualism, even as they were the victims of the ory years before.

The Unitarian and Swedenborgian schools of religion have been born from a higher religion than the one beyond, and each matured nucleus, like the water-melon, opens to give birth to a full-grown religion higher still.

The Adam of material grossness is just as necessary to the Christ of spirit, as the Christ to the Adam; and the idea that a mind sprang up and thwarted the motives of the Deity, is too insignificant an one to call out the intelligence of a developed mind to combat it.

It is said that man has lost in athletic strength and power and health, since a dozen generations past, although we know more and are vastly wiser; but can we not afford to lose the old Adam, if we can increase in the Christ?

The Scriptures have been shrouded in the solemn mysteries of the Oriental language, and the style is so sacred that whatever is vouchsafed in it, is good scripture, though it came from the fertile mind of Byron and Shakespeare.

Let us probe the word till we take the Christ out of it, leaving the Adam and its dross behind—learning to give unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and to God the things which are God's.

One murder makes a villain, millions a hero.

New York Correspondence.

The Indian Movement—The Experience of Dr. Stiles, of Bridgeport, Ct., in Spiritualism, given by himself at last week's Conference.

New York, Nov. 13, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—On Monday evening a meeting was held at the Cooper Institute, in behalf of the American Indians. It was not large, but it was full of interest. The mayor and several of our prominent clergymen and citizens had united in the call, but how many of them were actually present at the meeting, I am unable to say. Mr. Peter Cooper was there, and at the close of the meeting, donated the price of the hall for the evening—\$100—to the good of the cause.

Mr. John Beeson was the principal speaker on the occasion. He is eminently the apostle of the Indians, and his heart is full of them and their wrongs. For many years he was a resident of Oregon, where his family still are; but two or three years ago, having gradually become burdened beyond endurance by the wrongs perpetrated by both Government and settlers on the Indians in that quarter, he came on to the States; and has since devoted himself, mostly at his own cost, to preaching a crusade—or at least a change of policy and treatment—in their behalf. The great point to be achieved, is to bring public opinion to bear on the Government at Washington with such force as shall induce, or compel, them to lay aside the bayonet and revolver in their dealings with this unhappy people, and to substitute in the place of them full protection from the aggressions of the whites, and the arts of civilization and peace.

At this meeting, many important facts were brought to light. We all know that Gen. Wool, who was recently stationed on the Pacific coast, has declared in his published reports, that the whites, not the Indians, are to blame for the war which has been raging in Oregon and Washington territories. It was also stated at the meeting, and for the truth of the statement I can personally vouch, that Gen. Scott has recently declared that nine out of ten of our difficulties with the Indians are produced by the aggressions of the whites. An intelligent gentleman from the Indian Territory, who is principal of the Spencer Academy—among the Chickasaws, I believe—made some most interesting statements touching the adaptation of the Indians to civilized life. The public understand, in general, that the Choctaws, Creeks, Cherokees and Chickasaws are living under laws of their own, and have schools and the mechanic arts among them, but I was not prepared for the particulars, as presented by this speaker. He represented those tribes as an agricultural people, having fine farms, good houses and furniture, with the frequent schoolhouse and church; and on the whole as equal, and indeed superior in intelligence and civilization, to the neighboring whites of Arkansas. Their laws are excellent and well respected. All branches are taught in their schools. They are fond of learning, and are moral, industrious and correct in their habits. In traveling fifty miles, on one occasion, he found nine pianos, with ladies—yes, Indian ladies, in every sense of the term, to play on them. He had not yet, in his present visit to New York, been in a house which was as elegantly furnished, as are some of the houses among the Chickasaws; and the building known as the Spencer Academy, of which he had been principal nine years, was built of hewn stone, and except in ornament, would do no discredit to the Cooper Institute, were it standing on the opposite side of the avenue; and further, he believed the five thousand church members of that nation were as strict and exemplary in their Christian deportment and lives, as any equal body of church members among the whites—in the city of New York, for instance, and indeed more so.

The Indians are truly an interesting race, and the apathy which has so long rested upon us, inducing us to consent to their extermination in silence, is now, I am convinced, about to be broken. They are also a spiritual people. They have always had their prophets among them, and mediums to connect them with the spirit-world. They have never denied the Great Spirit, but in all their troubles, of fire-water, slaughter, famine and disease, brought on them by their conquerors, they have looked to Him for succor; and that succor, at last, is at hand!

In the "Camp Fires of the Red Men," a popular romantic history which embalms some fine old Indian legends, there is a description of prophetic utterances through the mouth of a Mohawk Chief, as he saw in spirit-vision, the impending downfall of the proud Confederacy of the Six Nations, which will be recognized at once by the Spiritualist, and make its appeal to every generous heart. It is as follows:—

"Suddenly the eyes of the savage became fixed, wide open as they were, his face turned toward the clouds; and extending his hands he became rigid and still as a statue. Soon his lips moved and he spoke:—

"Night iseth before the day. The snow melts beneath the rising sun and disappears. The stars are bright, the moon is brighter, but what are they in the presence of the morning? They become shadows and are lost. The red men are like the stars and the moon—like the snow and the night. The night comes and they fade away. Like the ice of winter they soften into rills and are carried to the sea. They cannot stand before the thunder and the flame, the cannon ball and the long knife, the axe and the plow. Their hunting-grounds turn to fenced fields, the deer flee away, and their women and their little ones are without food. Their wigwags change to white houses, their castles and places of council to the mill, and the tall house with the bell to call down the Great Spirit from the clouds. So the Great Father hath determined to take the red man to himself—to remove them to a better land—where game is plenty and the white men cannot come.

"Oh, mountains of the bright and yellow sun, farewell! Pine trees that wave upon the hills, and point the red man to the spirit-land; maples and cedars that whisper in the valleys and sing the little ones to sleep; birds that teach us how to love; beasts that inspire our braves with cunning valor; oh, long and crooked river! [the Susquehanna] ye lakes of shining water, and all the streams that bring the flowers in the dawn of spring; graves of our sires, our country and its glory, farewell! No longer is the Mohawk the terror of the world; the voices of the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and Senecas are still; the war-path is deserted; the hunt has ceased; and the war-cry of the Nations that made the pale ones tremble, that sounded from the Great Salt Lake, that lies under the north star, to the Gulf Sea that glimmers in the sun, shall be heard no more! The red man goes to a better land!"

At the last week's session of our Conference, Dr.

Stiles, of Bridgeport, Ct., made some relations which were listened to with interest, and contain some important points. He stated that he was educated a Presbyterian in the strictest sense, but subsequently threw by the harder tenets of that faith, and became a Universalist. When Mesmerism began to attract attention, he became an investigator in that field, and when Spiritualism made its advent, in that also. He had been clairvoyant from his youth up, and subject to what he now recognized as spirit influence from the time he was eight years of age. During his experiments in Mesmerism he had a subject, a young woman, whom he could put to sleep at any time, and she would say just what he wished her to say. Some might think this to be all there was to Spiritualism, but it was not so. On one occasion he tried the following experiment: He put his room in confusion, piled chairs and books in the middle of it, etc., and then rode a distance of two miles to where his subject was, and put her asleep. Then in mind he had her accompany him back to his room, but in spite of all his willing, she described it totally different from the condition in which he had left it, and supposed it still to be. He immediately drove back to his room, and found that she was right. This satisfied him that she had an independent power of her own, which he could not always control.

The speaker further stated, that when a patient was before him, he could read out his disease, with his interior sight, with the utmost correctness. He could do this blindfolded. On one occasion a lady, a stranger, came to him to be examined. He had just commenced the examination, when a being stepped between him and his patient. He was unable to proceed, and finally made known to the lady the cause of his perplexity, and described the spirit to her. She declared it to be her son who had died a few months before, and said the description was as accurate as she could give herself. A correspondence was subsequently carried on, through him, between the two, to her entire satisfaction, in which numerous tests were given. Now who writes these letters? He certainly knew nothing about them at the time they were written. His hand was controlled and performed its work involuntarily to him, and in this manner names and events are written out which he had never heard of before.

Furthermore, in his own house, he had witnessed various physical manifestations. He had seen tables moved without contact. He had seen the chairs all brought up and put on the table; boots thrown the length of the room; a cane start out from the corner of the room and walk across the floor to a lady; and boxes, brushes, etc., carried from one room to another. On one occasion all present sat back from the table, and on singing "Yankee Doodle," it danced and kept time to the music. This was in a good light. Four persons were present at the time, viz.: Dr. Wm. B. Dyer, Mr. Robbins, of New Britain, Mr. Burr Hubbell and himself. The table finally became so unruly that they became frightened and kept away from it. The table also moved back, and when he was six feet from it, and no one nearer than five, suddenly there was a crash. At first he supposed the table must have been split in fragments, but such was not the case. It was a solid table with a top of birch wood standing on a centre column. This top was fastened on with seven screws, and on examination, it was found that the top had been forcibly separated from the pillar, all the screws pulling out, with some wood adhering, at the screw end, with the exception of one, which was pulled through the solid wood the other way, head and all. Cabinetmakers who have examined the table, say that no purchase could be had on the leaf to separate it from the column, without destroying it. The speaker concluded by saying that he believed there were all kinds of spirits in the spirit-world, as well as here—that what he was to night, if taken hence, he should be in the spirit-world—that he did not believe there was any special sluice-way, through which a soul black in crime, could be sluiced into heaven. If so, Death is the Saviour of the World.

Mr. Pierpont still continues his labors at Dodworth's. He speaks there again to-morrow.

Yours,

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL ITEMS.

The lovers of the classic drama in this city cannot but regret the close of Mr. Edwin Booth's engagement at the Boston Theatre. As might be expected, the critics were on the *qui vive* to witness this gentleman's impersonation of two difficult and directly opposite Shakspearean roles, viz.: "Hamlet" and "Romeo." His chaste and excellent performance of the "Moody Prince," we have before spoken of, while the ardor and fire which marked his rendition of the impassioned "Montague," gave Bostonians a chance to echo the praises, which other cities have so often sung in his favor, regarding his assumption of the above mentioned characters. There are still living in this city many warm friends of the older Booth, who are watching with a strong degree of interest the rapid rise of the promising son of their old favorite, to fame and distinction. Mr. Barry has several new novelties upon the string, among which may be mentioned a five act play, by O. S. Leland of this city, called "The Carina," and founded on Scribner's "Caroline," also, the revival of "The Corsican Brothers," now in rehearsal.

Mr. Kimball was so well pleased with the large amount of money that flowed into the treasury during the recent engagement of Mr. James Wallack, Jr., and wife, that he has been generously paying off the numerous patrons and admirers of the Museum, in their own coin, "Gold," during the past week. The part of the poor imposed-upon pettifogger assumed by that prince of comedians, Warren, is a masterpiece of art, and his anxious question, "What will become of us all?" always produces peals of merriment; and Davies' representation of the rich scoundrel is so naturally rendered, that one almost hates him—albeit he is one of the best fellows alive. It is rumored that we are to have the Opera at the Boston Theatre about the 24th of this month. All are anxious to behold the charming Ploceolomi, whose great personal beauty and high position in her native country, rather than any particular excellence in the art of singing, have won for her the favor and admiration of the nobility of both France and England.

SPIRITUAL LECTURES.

Dr. Gardner announced last Sunday that after the first Sabbath in December the services which have been hitherto held in the Melodeon, will be held in Upper or Lower Music Hall, on Winter street. The "farewell" Spiritualists will bid to the dingy walls of the old Melodeon will not be a sad one.

The Tremont House has been sold by auction for \$124,300.

FUNERAL OF MR. JOSHUA BAILEY, OF CHARLESTOWN.

Mr. Bailey died on the 11th inst., after a long and painful illness. His sickness has developed medium powers, by which he has tangibly and really seen the spirits of many deceased friends. His vivid perception of spirits, and his communion with them, opened his consciousness to immortal life; so that immortality was not a thing hoped for, but a realized certainty; more real, more beautiful beyond comparison than all the material past has been. Thus he died, not with a hope looking beyond the bounds of time; but with a steadfast, abiding knowledge of the hereafter—calm, peaceful, beautiful, easy, child-like, and confiding—falling away in trust into the arms of a Father of love. Let no one who witnessed the long suffering of Mr. Bailey, and the unmeasured bliss that Spiritualism brought his soul, ask again, "What benefit is Spiritualism to the human soul?" In the hour of death all the material world weighs less in real value.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey, at the funeral on Sunday last, spoke in a strain of touching eloquence, that thrilled each heart with a foretaste of heaven's reality, from which we quote a few passages.

In the transit of the spirit of this friend from the material to the spiritual world, the death-angel hath swept the chords, and how sweet is the music to the soul of light! This music hath ushered his soul to its home, to its rest, where there shall be no more night, no more sickness, no pain, no sorrow; it hath plumed its wings, and flown to the land of beauty, where the sun of righteousness ever shines. The pale moon-rays are but the light of our earthly life, the rays of yonder brilliant sun of our spiritual. The confiding wife cannot view the cold remains without a sigh and a tear, but in the light of the spiritual sun we behold his spirit more powerful, more beautiful than before; he still loves thee—will guard and watch for thee. To thy widowed heart remember now powers are added for thy good; angels shall tune their harps, and sing for thee. List to their sweet tones of love. Let thy tears flow, they wash away the veil of darkness, and open the portals through which we see a better life. Your soul, in sadness and in weakness, shall be made better and stronger for its onward and upward flight. The dead, "the beautiful," has but passed on, gone home to the land of angels, to sing the chant of life, and ye shall hear the sweet music if ye listen. Thanks unto thanks shall be added to our Father for the victory of the spirit over death. Angels have rolled away the stone of the sepulchre, and we behold life and light through the darkness of the tomb; and God wipes away the tears of sadness—tears which have been used to draw the chain of spirit-love more close around us. The spirit-world is now open, and children of this departed friend, your father is not dead, but lives; he has gone to sing with angels, and chant sweet melody in your souls. Open your hearts and invite spirits to come, and your souls shall behold the beautiful realities of a better life.

A. B. C.

The Busy World.

The present number of the BANNER contains a great variety of choice literature, which our patrons will not fail to duly appreciate. The Spirit Messages are unusually interesting; and "Life Eternal" should be read by everybody, as the spirit-writer puts forth views in regard to the spirit-world, with which all should become conversant.

An account of Miss Starkweather's mediumship will be printed in our next.

THE LEVEE.—Our friends should bear in mind that the levee of the Ladies' Harmonical Band takes place at Union Hall, on Thursday evening, 18th inst. We hope for a full attendance. Tickets for sale by the ladies; at the Fountain House, and of Mr. J. H. Conant, 35 East Springfield street.

Mary McGee, residing at 41 High street, died on Sunday evening, under suspicious circumstances. The case is under investigation.

The ship Planter, which arrived at New York on Saturday, brought the twenty-eight survivors of the French ship Empress of Brazil, wrecked on the coast of Brazil on the 5th instant.

In answer to several inquirers, as well as to correct any misapprehension that may exist, we would state that the "Mr. Adams," whose remarks at the "Conference at 14 Bromfield street," have been reported in our columns, is not John S. Adams. The latter gentleman entertains views of a totally different character from those of the former.

The proposition for a Convention to revise the Constitution of New York, was rejected by the people, at the late election, by a large vote.

EASTERN RAILROAD.—We often have occasion to pass over this road, and can bear testimony to its superior management. The conductors, each and all, are of the right stamp, and the Superintendent, Jeremiah Prescott, Esq., is decidedly the man for the place he occupies. More especially gratifying is it to us at this time to know these facts, when we take into consideration the extremely loose manner in which things have been managed on this road heretofore.

Philip Richard, one of the crew of the ship John E. Thayer, who is supposed to be the person who set the fire by which that vessel was burnt near Potosi Island, in the Gulf of California, was brought to this city on Saturday by the captain and mate.

The Indian war in Oregon and Washington Territories, is at an end. The decisive defeat of the Spokane Indians by the U. S. troops, under Gen. Clarke, has brought all the hostile tribes to terms.

The first snow of the season fell here early on Sunday morning, but quickly vanished upon the appearance of old Sol.

Experience is the most eloquent of preachers, but she never has a large congregation.

Keep in good humor. It is not many calamities that embitter existence, it is the petty vexations, small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy, and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality.

MEXICO.—Vern Cruz dates of the 9th inst. have been received. Gualdajara was recaptured by the Liberal on the 28th, instead of the 16th ult. It was most desperately defended, and the Liberals had to be reinforced by 1000 men. The people were rejoicing at their success. Zuloaga was anxious to retire from the field, but the clergy had offered him another million. Mazatlan was in possession of the Liberals. San Blas was the only town on the Pacific held by Zuloaga. The steamer Guerrero had been recaptured in the Tobasco River by the Liberals, and the Spanish steamer Colon, at San Blas had been taken by Alvarez.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

Warren Chase will lecture, Nov. 18th, in Newport, N. H.; Nov. 21st in Manchester, N. H.; 24th and 26th in Pittsfield, N. H. (his native town); 28th, in Natick, Mass.; Dec. 1st, 2d and 3d, in Dover, N. H.; Dec. 5th and 12th, in Portland, Me.; Dec. 7th and 8th, in Kennebunk, Me.; Dec. 14th, 15th and 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 Harding will lecture in Montreal, Canada, Nov. 16th, 17th and 18th; and in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 28th. She will spend the month of December in St. Louis, and be happy to receive applications from Western cities for a part of January and February. Address, during November to 194 Grand street, New York; and during December to the care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo. Miss Harding unquestionably stands at the head of the public speakers in the field of Spiritualism.

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

J. H. Currier will speak, on Sunday, Nov. 21, in Nashua, N. H.; 23d, in Concord, N. H.; Dec. 1st in Orange, Mass.; 3d, in North Dana; 3d, in North Orange; 4th, in Orange; on Sunday, 5th, in Erving and Orange. Friends in that vicinity who may desire lectures from the 5th to the 10th insts., can make arrangements with Dr. H. A. Meacham, Orange, Mass.

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations, in Middleboro', Sunday, 21st inst.; Stoneham, Sunday, 28th; Reading, Monday and Tuesday 29th and 30th; Saugus Centre, Thursday and Friday, Dec. 2d and 3d; Salem, Sunday, Dec. 5. Friends of truth are requested to make all needful arrangements.

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.

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

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 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.

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

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Norwich, Conn., Nov. 21st and 28th, Dec. 5th and 12th. Those wishing week evening lectures in that vicinity can address Willard Barnes Felton, at that place.

Anna M. Henderson will lecture in Williamstown, 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, or any evening during the month, by addressing him at Quincy, 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.

H. P. Fairfield, trance-speaking medium, will take subscriptions for the Banner, at the towns where he lectures. He may be addressed care of Banner of Light, Boston.

Miss Susan M. Johnson will speak in North Abington, Union Hall, on Sunday 21st inst. She will receive calls to speak on Sundays. Address, Medford, Mass.

Miss Rosa T. Amedey will speak in Stoneham on Wednesday evening, 17th inst.; in East Abington on Sunday, 21st inst.

Miss Emma Houston will speak at Stotson Hall, in Randolph, on Sunday, 21st inst.; Miss Sarah A. Magoun, ditto, 28th inst.

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

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

George W. Keene will speak in Plymouth next Sunday afternoon and evening.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

L. D. PLYMOUTH.—Your ms. are very acceptable, and we hope you will often favor the readers of the BANNER with the truly poetic inspirations of your mind.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

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

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.—A Circle for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock; also at 5 o'clock, P. M. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHURCHES, on Sundays morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winthampt street. A. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

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

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim to be given by the spirit who speaks through Mrs. J. H. CONANT, 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 tokens of spiritual communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than finite beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives, no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. With every spiritistic sitting, one reads one of a spirit, they recognize, write to 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. 14—James Leamon, Alfred Burke, Margaret Lewis, Oct. 15—John Robinson, John McKee, Sally Luman, Clarence Blanchard, — Welch, James Costello.
- Oct. 16—Frank Harlow to Col. Wm. Carberry, Eng. Capt. Henry Marshall.
- Oct. 18—John Hopkinson, Wm. Whitfield, Actress James Shannon, Mary Tompkins, Charles Saunders.
- Oct. 19—Wm. L. Calhoun.
- Oct. 20—Anonymous, Joseph Clark, Samuel Tobias Wayland, Charles Clark, Wm. Long.
- Oct. 23—Benjamin Chadwick, Dr. Tewkesbury, William Robinson, James Philley, Elizabeth Spinney.
- Oct. 25—Louis Eckhardt, Thomas Harris, Mary Robinson, Andrew Ludwig, Hosen Ballou.
- Oct. 26—Lawrence Robbins, James L. Clark, Wm. Collins.
- Oct. 27—James Henry Willoughby, Charles A. Vinton, Margaret Fuller, Betsey Davis, Richard D. Winne.
- Oct. 28—Zephaniah Caldwell, John Gildren, Eng. Solomon Hill, Patrick Murphy, Roy John Moore.
- Oct. 29—William Jones, Charles H. Healey.

Josiah Churchill.

I understand you receive messages from different individuals, and that after that you publish them, that their friends may hear from them. I have tried to commune quite a number of times, but have always failed. Perhaps I do not know how to use a medium to make a satisfactory communication. And again, perhaps, my own state has something to do with it, for I almost fear to grasp at anything—I do not know what is true, or what is false—I spent the greater part of my life in the ministry when on earth. I thought I understood and believed the Bible, but they tell me the Bible is nothing—it is a mere story-book. I don't know but what it is so, for surely I do not find anything in this state of life that proves it true—everything seems to bear the other way.

Now it is very hard for me to make up my mind to anything I feel I must, if I progress at all. I cannot think the Bible is all error; but I suppose the greater part is so. Perhaps if I had looked into the matter a little since I came to spirit-life, I might have been willing to give it all up; but as it is, I think I will hold on to one end of it, and if I find it proves to be what I have been told it is, I shall have no reluctance in dropping it, and grasping something else.

I did not believe all the world were to be happy, and yet I could not single out any one of my acquaintances I should be willing to have left in hell, while I might be singing praises to God in Heaven.

The Bible a mere toy! Well, well! perhaps in a short time we shall see and know whether that book is the word of God, or whether it was written by the foolish set I hear it was written by. I have not progressed much since I left earth. I have been standing still, thinking I may hear something of my future. But I begin to think it is not right for me to stand still, and that I may pass an eternity in this way. I cannot say I am unhappy, yet I am not quiet.

You are all strangers to me; yet I have friends on earth, and I have been told they have sent for me to come here. I cannot as yet let go all hold of the Bible; no, I must, for the present, grasp on to some little of it. But I cannot stand upon this tottering foundation long; I am almost ready to let go now; yet, when I look upon the space before me, I fear to cast myself upon it.

I lived on earth quite a number of years. I thought I understood myself. I found I was mistaken in almost everything. Instead of passing to heaven, far, far from earth, I have merely stepped into the next room and closed the door. Now somebody has opened the door, and I go back and forth as I please. The two worlds are united; the atmospheres mingle, and the inhabitants walk one with another.

My friends may ask what I think of a God. I have no idea of a God. I have lost that which was to be my saviour. I am like one at sea without a compass. My belief was so firmly grounded in earth, that I now feel as though I had no hope. If there is a God, I shall be pleased to see him; if there is none, I shall not be more disappointed than in other things.

I find animals here; if any one had advanced such an idea as that there were animals in the spirit land, I should have said they were demoted. Yet it is so. Here is the dog, the horse—birds of every description, some of them the most beautiful that eye ever saw or mind conceived of. Trees, beautiful flowers, are here, and all seem marked with change, yet no decay goes on. Oh, I am led to cry out who can understand the mysteries of nature! If there is one in the vast universe who can do this, I should be willing to fall down and worship that one as God.

Well, friend, remember me kindly to those I have on earth. Tell them this is my first trial, and my feelings on coming here prevent my giving what I had intended. I must speak of what absorbs my whole being. I could not speak of that they wanted me to; it was impossible. They wanted me to tell them something of the affairs on earth, and surely they are too numerous to mention. I will try to give them what they want when I can come again, but my state prevents it to day. Perhaps if I could see my own dear children, and talk to them as I talk to you, I should talk of domestic affairs; but now I talk of that which is uppermost to me. Oh, life is a mighty study! "I'll do this if I live," says one. A man little thinks that the spirit-life was but an attenuation of the earth-life. I am lost—utterly lost, when I endeavor to comprehend what is about me. The whole earth, and all about me, seem to be filled with mystery. I am told my own condition makes this appearance to me—that here, feeling so strong on earth, I am at a loss here, seeing it falling about me. No matter—if there is a God, I shall receive at his hands all the blessing that my child needs, and I am content.

My name was Josiah Churchill. I have friends in Vermont, in New York State—all through the East. I should be very happy to speak through this medium, whom I find I can control to my satisfaction now. My condition compels me to ramble. I spent the most of my life in the ministry, in Connecticut, and in many places. I lived to be an old man—what the world calls old. Well, sir, good day. Oct. 11.

Tom Welch.

Who do I talk to—you? Well, I've got here, and I don't know as I know what to say. My name is Tom Welch; I died in California. I was a sailmaker—worked for Devereux, on Commercial street, San Francisco. I'm rather an off-hand rough fellow, but I'm good—good as anybody. The old fellow that came here to talk about religion, ain't no better off than I am, and I did n't believe in anything. I was born in Boston. My grandfather was Irish, my grandmother was English, but my father and mother

were born in this country; so was I—born here in Boston. I was thirty-seven years old, or should have been in March—died a little too soon.

I went out to California, to get myself better off. I got tired of working for short pay. I was used to working under cover, and got there in the rainy season, and died. The place we pitched our tent was Muddy Creek, Placer County. No, I never worked for Nat Lombard. Dead, is he? Who is not dead? Oh, yes, I know Bob Alden.

There's not much fun going to California, unless you have got money enough to take care of you. I laid there sick a good many days, and had no attention, only a little mush once in a while. I learned my trade of Buzzard, in East Boston.

I suppose I have a sister in Boston, and I have a brother who was in Boston, but I don't think he is now. My sister is married to one Walker; I never went there, because I never liked him—never troubled myself about him. Her name was Mary. My brother never had a trade—used to go to sea, sometimes. I used to travel with Bob Levitt, and with Carney, some. I suppose two thirds of the boys are dead, only I do n't see them.

Well, you say that Tom Welch come, won't you? I was going to say something about my dying, but no matter, as long as I did not leave anything. Tell them I can come—free tickets here—no almighty dollar here—but it's a free passage. Walk up to the Captain, and he tells you to go ahead, if you are smart.

I tell you what it is, it's a funny thing to come back and talk, and get these clothes on. I feel as though I was full rig—it's queer. When the old gentleman who manages things told me to be careful of his medium, I promised to be, but told him I did n't understand this full rig of a woman.

You got it down there that I'd like to come again? I do n't know as it's any use for me to pick out one to send something to—you tell me they are all dead. Heaven is a large place; good many cubby-holes here. If you do n't every son of you get mistaken when you come here, I'll pay you twenty thousand dollars—I only have got it here. Oh, I tell you some of you fellows that have been cutting up such shins on earth, will be agreeably disappointed; no devil to catch you—no hell to go to—you'll think you are in heaven—but by and by you'll get mistaken.

Amusements! Oh, yes, we have theatres here, and conventions, and all sorts of amusements. See Booth? Oh, yes, and he's quite a man here—has been to act just as much as he did on earth, but he's a great deal better, because he is always himself. All these folks like whatever they liked to do on earth. I was n't a hard drinker, but I drank a little, and went round some, and I am just the same fellow now. I had a sore on my hand when I was on earth, and force of habit made me take the medium's up and look at it. I was going to say my old palm got wore through, and the needle run into it two or three times, and made a sore; it never troubled me much till I got to California. (A palm is a sailmaker's thumb, fastened about the thumb, so as to bear on the palm of the hand.)

Muddy Creek—I have heard it estimated at about four thousand miles from New York. I went out in the Mary Elizabeth, or Elizabeth Ann, from New York. I was trying to think about—who I should send to—perhaps they are all dead—and then if they are alive, what the devil will they say to hear from a dead man? I should like to talk with Mary. I tell you what I think I shall do—I think I shall study, and some time or other I shall know more about different worlds—what the devil is it you call it—astronomy. When I came here, they told me I had been hurried on earth, and I might take my own time for it here.

One time I boarded with one Begg, in North Square—that's the last place I boarded at here—then at Mrs. Mason's, in Fleet street, and then at no—I won't tell you that place; I'm a little ashamed of it, to tell the truth.

Board here! We do n't pay board here. Tell you what, doing right is the only current coin here—there's no dollars here. I had to do right to come here, so you see I paid for it.

Well, poor Tom is bound for some other place now; I like here better than anywhere just now, but they won't let me stay—so good bye. Oct. 11.

Elizabeth Kine.

I'm a stranger; but do you think I can send a letter to my friends? My name was Elizabeth Kine. I lived in Columbus, Ohio. I've got a husband and two children there, I am very anxious about. I want to communicate to Joseph Kine. I want to tell him about the children and my mother. I want him to take care of them, and good care, and not to think because I'm dead I can't see or hear, for it's wonderfully strange I do. These people are all strangers to me—should I speak before them? (Alluding to those present at the circle.)

I died of fever and consumption together. I was sick about three months. It is now most one year since I was buried. Will you be kind enough to say I'm quite happy, and should be very happy could I see everything as I would like to see it. I don't know as I do right to come to you, but I feel it to be right, and so I think it must be so; still I'm not quite sure. My husband is a dealer in liquors. I do n't like to see him now, yet they say I cannot do anything to help it now.

I must go. I discernment whether I told you my name. I must go, then. I'm all through. Oct. 11.

John Barron.

You'll remember I came to you a little while ago. I want to know why you did what you did? I told you not to publish it, unless I came to you and told you to do so. Now I've been sent here to day, and the parties that sent me may rest assured of one thing, and that is, I shall not gratify them. I am myself, yet, and I'm bound to do as I please. Send my kind regards and say so, if you please—that you may publish. I do n't know but what you are good enough, but I was dragged back to earth against my own will; or I don't know as it was against my will, but I was called and drawn, so I might as well come, as to be troubled all the time. I want folks to come right out in broad daylight and call for me. I want them to show themselves—to come here to me and talk with me. They are not so far off but they can come here in an hour's time. I'm not going to be made a monkey-paw of by certain individuals; they are cowards—cowards—don't dare to come. Well, that's a way of working I do n't like. I do n't feel any better about it than when I first came; when I do you'll find out about it.

Folks that know me better than you, will know me. If I'm going to battle with anybody I don't want an imaginary being, and they will find me no shadow, if they will come in contact with me. Oct. 11.

Charles Blackley.

My name is Charles Blackley. I've got parents living, and I want to talk with them. Do you think I can? I lived in Portsmouth, Virginia. I was thirteen years old. I used to go to school in Richmond. I expect I had a fever. I died this year in August. I want to talk to my parents. I do not want to try it here. I used to sit down and get these things at school—so I knew something about them. The boys used to tell me I was a medium. Spirits would rap for me. Father has gone down in a carriage to Richmond to day. I heard he'd come here, but he will not. I was reading about your circle here once and from that was forebidden to read any more—we got no more papers. I thought about coming here when I was sick, if I should die. Ask my father if he would like for me to come to him. He does not believe in these things. My mother—she is not my own mother—would laugh and say it was something strange, when I would tell her what I would get when I sat down alone. She was a very good woman—I would like to talk to her. The master was not aware we sat after the trouble I spoke of. We used to sit, very privately after that. I would like to speak with Bess, an old negro

who lived with my father before I was born. I liked her as well as if she were my mother. If I would speak to her she would know me very soon. She was very proud of me, and mourned very much when I died. I have one sister, who is married. She lived in Richmond, Va. I would n't dare to go to her, for she once told me never to talk more to her about spirit manifestations. I'll not go to her until I know she wishes me to come.

When I was sick I tried to fancy how your medium looked and how you got these things. I promised the boys—we all promised each other—that the one who died the first should come back and talk. The boys will all get the paper. The ones I was most familiar with were Henry Gass, James Plimpton, and Charles Gowan; Girard Stephens was with us sometimes. He was the Doctor's son.

It do n't seem quite natural for me to speak through your medium, though I have not so much trouble as I expected to have. I believe I have got through now and will go. I will thank you before I go, however. Oct. 12.

Jeremiah Mason.

Good day ladies and gentlemen. I do not come here at this time, because I suppose my poor say-so will make any of my friends believe in the theory of Spiritualism. I may say I come to gratify myself, and again I may say I come to gratify the curiosity of my friends, and still further on I may say I come, because God wills it so. It has become a settled thing to the minds of many thousands, that spirits do come to earth, and are making a mighty revolution in all things. I say there are many thousands of this class; and there are also many thousands who are sitting in darkness. I'm sorry for this class that are in darkness, for every one must suffer for darkness. If I sit, no one can suffer for me—I must suffer myself, for every sin or error I may make.

A party of friends who were personally acquainted with me when on earth, met together a few days, and discussed the subject of Spiritualism. They are very skeptical, and I hardly know whether they can be convinced or not. But while discussing, they turned their attention upon myself, and one said: "If I could be satisfied that that spirit can come back, I will believe." Now I want to tell that man he talks like a fool. He will be no more satisfied if I come back, than he would if this house were to fall. He wants something more than that, and will never believe while he stands where he now does. For my own part I have no wish to make any one believe that I do come to earth and speak, or that any other spirit can come. I well know that the laws that govern mankind will one day enlighten all, and it is not for me to come here to tell mankind they must believe it is I. But I am pleased to come to day, as I suppose as the Lord God Almighty gives me power to come, he will give me power to give something that will convince them that I was there in spirit.

Four days ago, at three o'clock P. M., I was at a certain place, fifty-five or sixty miles from this, and there I met these friends. One said: "I would believe if I could see this," and another that; but one friend declared, then and there, that he would believe if I would come back and convince him it was me. Now mark me, I do n't come back to convince him or any body else, but because I feel it is my duty to do so.

In the year 1812, I had dealings with that man—and, in dealing with him, he defrauded me out of \$1000. However, I consider the debt as paid. I do not refer to this to throw censure upon him, but merely to gratify myself, and perform what seems to be my duty. Now, in all probability, my friend had this in mind when he was speaking of me. In all probability he thought in his mind, that if I could come, I would speak of this. Mind you, I do n't ask him to believe, but I want him to know that my memory is as good to-day as it was twenty-five years before I died. I come, because it is my duty to come; and, if it were not, I should stay away a thousand years.

The gentlemen I speak of, are all, even now, standing upon the threshold of the spirit world; the frosts of many winters have passed over them—their steps are feeble—their bodies are well worn out, and their spirits seem fluttering like a bird striving to be free—to break asunder the bars of their prison, and gain a glimpse of the future. And yet these men are so surrounded by stern notions, that it is almost impossible for their spirits to see beyond the mortal. Yes, they must soon come to me, and it matters not whether they see on this side where I dwell, or on that where they now dwell. Then they will see clearly—now they struggle almost vainly. They are surrounded by young people who are inimical to these things, and it is hard, too, for man to break away from the past. It is very much like the miser who hangs on to his gold up to the last moment of his earthly existence.

I do not find many mediums who are well fitted for my use. I do n't dare to exert more than one-tenth part of what power I wish to, to be in every respect myself through this medium; yet I can use power enough to identify myself to any mind in earth-life, who ever knew me there, and is willing to receive truth. The people are calling for facts, and they are given constantly from the spirit-world, and yet the cry is, we have not enough.

Well, as progression is written upon everything we see, we must be content to wait until its care has rolled on, and taken man with it, beyond his present position.

I am very glad I am no longer bound to a body of death. I sometimes look back to the time I was on earth, and the mind shudders at the vision. Not that my lot was darker than another's, but the troubles of earth are so much more than those of spirit-life, that many spirits do not care to return at all, for they seem to live over again the scenes of earth, and it is not often a pleasing picture.

I do n't know that I have anything more to say. I feel very grateful to my friends for giving me a place in their memory—exceedingly so—and shall ever be pleased to answer their calls, if duty seems to direct me so to do. Now, I suppose, you want the name I bore on earth. Names seem to be of no use with spirits, but I suppose they are as essential here as ever. My name was Jeremiah Mason—there are many who know me. Oct. 12.

William Manchester.

I want to talk to a man who lives in Providence, and his name is Edward Manchester. I do n't know as he is known here, but I presume he is not. I have been what is called dead some time—twenty-three years, and I have never had the blessed privilege of communing until to day. I feel as though I could scarce wait for the time to come when I can speak to my own friends; but I have been told it would be best for me to come here. Edward Manchester has remarkable medium-powers, but he does not know it. I can go to him, and others can go to him and can influence him. I was a relative of his. I am not going to say how near it was—but my name is William Manchester. I have relatives on earth, but I have no desire to commune with any other than him to-day.

I know it is customary for those who come here to tell you much about themselves; but pardon me if I do not tell you more. I have told you my name, and how long ago I died—but here I must stop. I must commune with him whom I have mentioned. I have much to say to him that is of vast importance to him. I must speak with him. I cannot speak through him, but I must find a medium and speak to him.

When I was on earth, and wanted to talk to Mr. Barnes, I said: "Mr. Barnes, I want to talk to you." And now I want to talk to Edward Manchester, and I have told him so.

I do not suppose it is necessary for me to detail here all the little circumstances that transpired between me and when I was on earth. Suppose I do not do so; but, if I find this is not satisfactory to him, I will come again, and give you more. I do not think it will be well for me to say anything more about the person I wish to speak with. If he hears to me, my work is done; if not, I will be here again.

and you will hear from me. How long before you will publish what I have given you here? Three weeks?—then I will return here, if necessary, in four weeks from this. Oct. 12.

Benjamin Shepard—A Touching Story.

I do not know anything about talking through a medium. If I should say anything you think I should not say, you are at liberty to check me.

When I was a small boy, I heard a story from my grandmother I have never forgotten. That has been the means, with the help of God, of bringing me here to-day.

I was born in Manchester, N. H., in the year 1809. My name was Benjamin Shepard. Perhaps it would be well for me here to relate the story I heard from my old grandmother; not that it will benefit me by doing so, but that it may bring my children to a knowledge of the truth, for I have told them the story many times.

In early life I lost my parents, and I was thrown on the mercy of my good grandparents for care. I think I was about eight years of age when I lost my parents. They both died by typhus fever. One evening, after I had been with my grandparents about two years, my grandmother came into the old kitchen, and appeared very much agitated; there was none present except my grandfather, myself, the old house-dog, and a favorite cat belonging to me. My grandfather inquired the cause of her excitement, and she made him no answer, and I, in my childish-anxiety, asked her the cause of it. She sat down by the side of grandfather, and said, "Oh, that I could tell you what it is that troubles me, but I have promised you to do so."

My grandfather was a very conscientious man, and he would not urge any one to break a vow, but it troubled him exceedingly. About a year after that, my grandfather was sick a few weeks, and then died. About two weeks after his burial, my grandmother came to me, and said, "Benjamin, do you remember my agitation one year since, of which I could not tell you then?"

"Oh, yes," said I, for I have always wanted to know what had troubled my grandmother on that memorable night.

"Well, then," said she, "come, sit down by my side, and I will tell you, for now the time has passed when secrecy was demanded of me. I was going into the northeast chamber," she continued, "to see if all things were right there, knowing that you, Benjamin, would be obliged to change your room, on occasion of the snow coming into it, when I encountered my mother, who had departed about fifteen years previous. I started to escape from the door, but she stepped in and said, 'Not so, Betsey, but listen to what I have to say to you.' I seated myself, and she told me that my husband was to die at such a time, and of a certain disease, but that I must, in no case, tell him of this. She said it was necessary for me to know of it, for it would save me a world of anxiety. Again she went on, and told me of the spirit-world, and how she could come to earth, and see what was going on, and was sometimes made sad, and sometimes happy by what she saw; how she could move things in the room by my aid; how she had not seen God, and how different she thought of these things. Then my mother bade me kneel before her, and then she blessed me, and in voked blessings upon me, and bade me be of good cheer. And then she left me in an instant, alone, and trembling with terror."

Now you may believe how surprised I was. I at first thought her insane, for, boy as I was, I yet knew something of human nature. But I found her the same good old grandmother, and I questioned her again and again, and she always told me the same story. And when my grandmother lay upon her death-bed, I said, "Grandmother, do you remember the story you told me many years ago?" "Yes, my boy," she said, "I well remember it, and it was true."

Now, what did old woman, that good old grandmother, lie, and on her death-bed? Was she mistaken? Oh, no; she did see her mother, and the thoughts that revolved in my mind in consequence of that, were the basis of my coming here to-day.

My good old grandmother was the first one to meet me when I went to the spirit world, and, after a few words of endearment, she said, "Benjamin, do you remember the story I told you in your childhood?"

"Yes, grandmother, I remember, but cannot you go to earth?"

"Yes, my boy," she said, "you and I can go by aid of natural laws, but very few can do as did my mother, for I am told I was possessed of wonderful medium powers, and my own unconsciousness had made me a better instrument than I otherwise would have been." And then she went on and told me of things moving in her apartments, and told me that she talked with these things as if they were things of life, and always gathered some intelligence through them. But she did not tell of these things, for these objects, bade her converse with the world was not prepared for these things, and she would be pronounced insane, and be the sufferer for it.

And now I have been in the spirit-world near eighteen years, and all the light—real light, true light, that I received in reference to coming to earth, was based upon my old grandmother's story. I stretched forth my hand for the blessing, because of this story; I received the blessing, because I had faith I should do so. I have a great desire to approach my family, as my great-grandmother approached my grandfather, but I am told that I had better come here and approach them in this way. I do not expect to benefit myself by this, but I do expect to benefit those I have left on earth.

We cannot doubt me now—for they know that no one outside of the family knew of this story, and it will prove a test to them, as well as to the skeptic, who may, in after time, learn of this fact. Good day, sir. Oct. 13.

William Gibbs.

My name was William Gibbs. I died in Boston—died in '32; was 34 years old; lived in Cherry street. I had no trade—worked for a living—worked same as all poor folks have to—glad I am where they do n't have to work now.

I have two brothers I want to talk to, and other folks. I'm just as good as anybody else, I suppose, if I behave myself as well. I used to get drunk—anything objectionable to me for that? I died in delirium tremens—is that any objection? I died in the Hospital—is that any? Well, then, I'm safe. I get round and see things, and I got round here to-day; and the guide said I could come just as well as anybody else.

I have a brother John in Boston, and a brother George—God knows where he is! I feel that I should be happier if I could talk to him.

I was taken up the night I was taken sick. I was drunk, and was put in the watch-house. I was sick two days there. They thought it was no matter about me, and I had as well die. I suppose it was just as well; I'm better off for it. There are no temptations here. In Boston I could n't walk ten steps but a sign beckoned me in to drink. I did n't have a decent suit of clothes to my back. Now there are no rum-shops here. I always wished I could get in some place where there were no rum shops, and I have got there now.

I used to drink in at Eph Hayes's, and at Egerton's. I used to get my drink at Eph's Sundays. He'd open when other people would n't. I would n't blow on him when I was here—now, I do n't care about him. Oh, I went all round, but used to go there often.

Well, the fact is, I think I shall feel better if I can talk. There's just the best fellow here I ever saw. He told me I had as good a right to come as anybody.

I boarded with a man by the name of Jones. He went there, and buried up. A lot of us owed him. I owed him too—drank up all I earned, and couldn't pay for anything else. You see I've been round some—some!

For a long time after I died, I was just as easy as I was on earth. I can't understand it—but my head was always rather thick. I can't say as I am

very happy, as the old gentleman did who was here. Well, he did right on earth, and I did n't. He's getting his gingerbread now, and I'm getting my crust. I ain't just as happy as I want to be, but I'm happier than I expected to be.

My brother was a machinist. He worked for a man by the name of Bird, in East Boston. When are any of you coming here? I want to see new acquaintances.

Do you suppose I can talk to John in any way? George is gone. I do n't know where he is now. I think I should feel better if I could talk; but such fellows as I don't get a chance to talk often. I only want to come to see if I can get any chance to talk with John. He used to train with me some. George did n't; he and I were most strangers—used to talk to me some, and I kept away from him as much as I could; but I knew he was right, all the time. When I was a boy I went to school and got as good an education as boys generally get. Run brought me down—degraded me; but I always had a great regard for truth. If I promised a man anything, if it was a thrashing, he got it; if I promised a man a dollar, he got it. You may say, why did n't you promise him anything. He took me, bad looking as I was; I was going to promise him, one day, but he cleared out—burst up.

I used to hear stories about people who were dead coming up again, and being cats and dogs, and such things, and I always wanted to be a woman, if I got back; and when I got here I thought I had got my wish—but the old fellow here told me, when I got through I must leave. I have seen more happy faces here to day than I have seen since I died. Reason is because they did right on earth. But I ain't in the hell I used to be told I was going to, though I am in hell enough. I'm going to get myself out by helping somebody else out. Oct. 13.

H. Marion Stephens.

Oh, I am so strangely confused. To earth again! is it true? Oh, such a wild, wild dream! I thought it would pass from me, but it's here. I am so confused; tell me where I am. I know I control a medium; I know I speak; I know I have died, but oh tell me something about it—I am so confused. I see no familiar faces here—all are strangers.

She alluded to spirits who were about her.

I do not fear a hell—but oh, to know the immediate future! And they say go back to earth; and I have come, and it seems so unreal and mysterious. I am not sick; I suffer no pain. I know my body is gone, and that I have a body that is not my own; but how I come I do not know. Oh, a thousand wild fancies seem to be floating over me. My name—oh, my name—Marion, and the other was Stephens. Oh, it is a dream. I am so confused. I've no pain, no sickness, but a wild, wild atmosphere is all around me; there is no familiar face—all, all I see are strangers. Oh, I know not where I have been; the place is strange, mysterious—it is beautiful, but the forms are all strangers; they are kind to me, but they are strangers to me. I do not see you; I hear your voice, but cannot see you.

To die, to come back again, to live over one's life in another form, is so strange! To hear the voices, and not be permitted to see the forms. It seems like death again. I heard their voices when I passed away, but I saw no forms—it is so now; I know I live, and that I control a form.

We were acquainted with the spirit, and endeavored to call to her mind our acquaintance, and mentioned to her the last time we met.

Time—time must be an archer. Oh, what is time? I am trying to gather my scattered senses to tell how long it is since I met you. It seems as if I had slept an eternity; and the morning had just broke. Richard—where is he? So strange! I feel as though I was standing in the clouds, speaking to invisible beings. Oh, I am but in a dreamy atmosphere; I hear myriads of voices; I know no voice; One hears of God on earth, and when one is done with earth he finds no God, but a mysterious, dreamy, unfathomable space. One comes back he knows not why. We must be toys in the hands of a superior being. Yes, my good friend Germon tells me of his home, but I have no home; a place in space, that I know not, is my present location.

SPIRIT COMMUNION.

The following (says Drew's Rural Intelligence) was handed us by a lady, who gives the following account of it. Some weeks ago the lady of Gen. Hersey, of Bangor, now in Minnesota, wrote a letter to a young girl in Bangor, who was sick at the time and who died before the letter reached its destination. Her mother is a medium, and whilst in the trance state and whilst conversing with the outer world in common discourse, was at the same time in communion with the spirit of her deceased daughter who guided her arm and obliged her, unconsciously to herself, to write the following answer to Mrs. Hersey:—

I am on my heavenly journey,
Gone from home and mother's care,
Passed away with a sudden breeze,
To a land more bright and fair,
Where the cold, cold blasts of winter
Never more can chill me there.
Oh! I my soul was filled with joy,
With perceptions to enjoy,
Or I could not be so happy
Even amid the sweet employ
Of angelic scenes and wonders,
Filling all my soul with joy.
Who can paint the golden visions
Rising to my spirit-eye?
Who can give the angel glimpses
Of the homes which I deary—
Faded by pure love and friendship,
Which can never, never die.
Now I see the love and wisdom
Of my father and my God
In translation to his kingdom
Souls unfit for earth's abode—
Glad that long I did not wander—
In the dark and stormy night—
He has crowned my life with goodness;
Help me praise Him without end!
New another angel waiting
On your footsteps, will attend,
Till you pass this life of trial—
Meet me, dear but absent friend.

The Public Press.

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

REVIEW OF "W. S. A.'s" ARTICLE ON "NATURAL LAWS."

"Know then thyself—presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man."

says the poet. So say we all; but it is also said, "Man is a religious animal," which implies as its first elimination, a belief in, or a looking up to a higher power. Hence there is no race without its God. The fool alone has said in his heart, there is no God. I may be infidel to the divinity of the "lion of the tribe of Judah," foretold by the prophet, or to the Orthodox God, who projects a race into the world—a majority of them for endless punishment—or to any human conception of God outside of my own; but I cannot be, to a great first cause, uncreated, self-existent, by whose fiat all existing things exist.

With this for a preliminary, let me say a word on the subject of Deity, in connection with natural laws, suggested by reading "W. S. A.'s" articles on that subject—not overlooking "J. H. S.'s" critical suggestion in reply, which is somewhat to the point, though—unless your correspondent has thought deeper on the subject than I think he has—will not be convinced, even if the idea involved reaches him. He is too much in the shadow of the church. I speak it with all due respect for that ancient institution, which has made out through successive ages to move slowly onward; but still, always behind the genius of the age; the sunlight of progress shining first into the soul of humanity, calling them up to higher conditions—the church following slowly after, of necessity, because some light will shine through, and creeds must, in a measure, conform to popular sentiment. So even by one who can give the credit due for what good it has done, and is doing, it is not inappropriate to speak of it as casting a shadow, rather than shedding a light.

The subject treated by your correspondent, has presented itself to my mind in an entirely different view from what it has to him; and if he extends his point, as the subject will force him to—if he reflects upon it—he will end with no personal God, and find himself to be the "atheist in disguise." I do not look at the subject treated as he does, but I will say, in starting, I believe in a personal and conscious God—your correspondent cannot, on his premises, if he reasons logically, or reasons at all.

Not to make this communication too long, I will start with his egg, where he sees the presence of Deity, or his agent, which is the same thing, in the act of transition from inanimate to animated matter—from an egg to a chicken. He says—to use his own words—that this agency must have been employed at the time the chicken was being hatched; that is, it must have been a direct and immediate agency—a Special Providence, so to speak, except that it being so general and universal that the term, Special Providence, as generally understood, would not convey the meaning. Our friend says, the attributing such an act to the operation of natural laws, or forces, and not to the personal agency of Deity, or that God is a principle and not a person—as taught by some mediums—are systems of atheism in disguise. As we ascribe to God justice, wisdom and benevolence, would it not, says he, be absurd to speak of a just principle, a wise principle, or a benevolent principle?

Our friend has failed to make me see the absurdity, as I look at the subject; but it is hardly worth while to go into metaphysics now, to explain the reason why. He will admit, that the reason for using the term "principle" to convey Deity, is for the want of a better word to do so. *Person* is often used, and with less offence; but as the word *person* conveys an individual, or individualization of some particular form—and as we cannot conceive of Deity as an individual, however large—it will at once be seen that *person*, as well as *principle*, falls short of conveying the idea, which can be felt in the soul; but no language can be used which will not be liable to criticism. The same Being, Source, Person or Principle, by whatever name known or conceived of, exists now, and ever has, and each man will form his own highest conceptions of him, and it will differ in different people; and the God worshiped when this world was supposed to be the centre of creation, and sun, moon and stars made alone for its use, will be quite a different conception from one adapted to our age, when the natural laws of the universe, and its immensity, are comparatively understood.

Now some people—perhaps your correspondent is one—unless they can conceive of a God of a personal form, would have no object of worship—while others, and may be the writer of this article, who believes in a personal, conscious God, and yet cannot find a form in which to shape him, would be considered by your writer on natural laws to be an atheist in disguise. When I look around, above and below, and see the work of a divine mind, preconcerting and arranging things with so much wisdom, as is most unmistakably the fact—I cannot help adoring that

Being, and believing in his actual existence. Am I an atheist? God forbid.

I remember, when a crowd of people were coming out of Rev. Theodore Parker's church, about the time Orthodoxy was praying for confusion upon him, a man among it, with more sense than polish, said: "Well, he thought Parker worshipped the biggest God of all the preachers he had ever heard." (The remark is worthy of elaboration, but at some other time.) The longer I live the higher conceptions I have of Deity—I trust it will always be so. In my childhood, when I prayed, "Now I lay me down to sleep," I conceived of him as a great, big father or mother, about the size of Bunker Hill Monument. As I approached manhood, and joined an Orthodox church, I thought of him as one who could "hold the universe in the hollow of his hand." I think I have improved yet more in my conception of him, without approximation to infidelity. I see in human life a correspondence to the history of the race—an infancy, childhood, youth and maturity. The God of Moses, in the infancy of the race, is a much smaller conception than the God of Parker, now as it is approaching manhood.

Now our friend, who has said he sees the hand of God in every blade of grass, or specimen of animal or vegetable life, just as clearly as he sees it in the egg, in its transition to a chicken, says one thing in which I agree with him—only I do not see it as he does in the egg, particularly at that moment while the egg is being hatched. If it is as clear to him, as he says it is, I cannot help thinking he looks at nature through a crack, and not through an open window.

Mr. "W. S. A.," whose religious tinge to the spiritual idea I rather like, let us look at your idea on a larger scale. This is an awful large world of ours, but is only so by comparison with little things; for, large as it is, it cannot be seen with the naked eye, or with a telescope, by the inhabitants of any star in the wide universe, and every star which looks down upon us from the blue dome of immensity, is supposed to be a sun like ours, with worlds revolving round them, and they are in number like sands on the beach, and like ours, probably full of organic life.

Now as all powers of reproduction of vegetable and animal life are but some modification of the egg, let us for a moment look at egg and incubation, in connection with God's particular agency at the moment the egg is being hatched. It is hard for the human mind to grasp any subject in all its connections; but to get at some faint idea of animated life alone, and, leaving out the untold millions of other inhabited worlds, look a moment at the subject as we find it in this. Of all the species of animated life known to exist, the house fly is said to be the middle in size—that is, one-half of the descriptions are smaller than the fly, and one-half are larger. When we come to numbers of individual animated existences, the number requiring the aid of the microscope to make them visible, as existing at all, so far out-number the swarming millions large enough to be seen, that figures are of no consequence in expressing the idea. It is said that the human blood is so filled with animated life of the minutest kind, that many millions die, and millions are born at every pulsation in a single individual. Now the mark of Divine care in the formation of the smallest is as perfect, and often as complicated, as the largest; and when we consider, or faintly attempt to, all the eggs (or seeds of life) in this world alone, and of unnumbered millions of others, how are we to conceive of the presence of Deity specially, or his direct agency at every incubation? It will not do in this connection to say he fills immensity with his presence—that he is everywhere at once—because that destroys the conception of personality, and it will be hard to discriminate between such a God and the pantheistic or atheistic idea. To keep his person intact, the direct agency which our friend sees so clearly while the chicken is being hatched, must be given up, or he will be the infidel, and not he who tries to convey the idea by the word "principle," which smells so much of atheism.

Now it appears to me "W. S. A.," who sees a personal God specially at work in all changes, from inanimate to animated matter, (at the precise moment the egg becomes a chicken,) loses sight of one important fact, which is this: that such changes are not sudden or phenomenal; the forces of nature work regularly; changes are of gradual growth; that in the process of the formation of the egg itself, to its living ultimate, is governed by its own law of growth; and there is no point from its primates—start where you will, to its ultimate, and where you will—that the special hand of God is not just as much needed as at the precise moment when the egg becomes a chicken. Consequently, on his own theory, He must be personally present at every conceivable moment, and at every conceivable spot, in the infinitude of space! If your correspondent does not lose his God in this universal diffusion—

"Spreading undivided—operating unspont."

where is the difference between his personal God, everywhere-present-in-person, and the "atheism in disguise" he so much fears, and which has kept so many from becoming Spiritualists?

I said I believed in a personal God. So I do. Being omnipotent, he has established laws—we call them natural laws—which perfectly outwork his will, and truly ought it to be said of him, "He is without variableness or the shadow of turning." His laws are perfect, like causes always producing like effects, and in this way he is the author and the finisher of everything that is, or is to be; and, to use the finite faintly to illustrate the infinite, let us say, as the spirit of man, permeating his body, giving it its living power of unfolding, so the spirit of God manifests itself in the external world. Call it not pantheism to say his body is the material universe, his spirit permeating it all as the spirit of man does his individual body. Does that destroy the personality of God? No more than the same figure destroys the real man. The human body, so fearfully and wonderfully made—outwrought into flesh, bones, sinews and nerves—is but the unfolding of the man. On his every spot, however small, the fine electric cord is ever ready to convey to the brain all sensations, and, with the other senses, his means of communicating with the external world. Where is the real man—the "I am" of the individual? The seat of sensation and other impressions, is in the brain; everything seems to verge to a point in the seat of life, and the spot where this force or life principle is traced, can only be described as a point; and yet how it controls the external man, which only represents the individual while the connection lasts. The body is not the man, but the soul or life principle—that spark of divinity discovered only at that small point—there is the man, not seen only as he unfolds

into the material world. That point may be this end of that electric cord which connects, however near or distant, at its other end with God.

As there seems to be this central point in man, who is made in the image of God, may there not be somewhere a central point for Deity, where infinite consciousness and thought concentrates? I feel that it must be so; and if it is, God is as much a personality as you or I. We cannot describe, as I said at first, a shape for him; neither can we for the real man. We see man as he is unfolded to us, and we see God only as he has manifested himself in the external world. Though it is absurd to suppose his personal attention is seen at every incubation, it is not so; but, on the contrary, in my judgment, it is both natural and religious to say the egg produced the chicken through the operation of one of nature's laws, which are supposed to carry out in their operation the will of the Great First Cause.

The poet embodies something very near the truth where he says—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul!"
MILTON.

THE "REVEREND" MANIA.

I notice, with unqualified regret that the notorious Spurgeon contemplates a visit to the United States. If it were possible to widen the Atlantic, in order to increase the distance between him and us, Christianity on this continent would be eminently promoted by such a proceeding, while its retrogradation would be deplorable, should he honor us with a visit.

If ten thousand men like Spurgeon could weekly harangue audiences numbering ten thousand each, their united efforts, during an entire century, would not be the means of making so much as one genuine Christian. They might, perhaps, induce thousands—nay, millions—to abstain from outward sin, from the meanest and most degrading of motives—FEAR—but neither of these would be a Christian, in the true and comprehensive sense of the term. According to the interpretation furnished by Jesus (good authority, I think, although apparently misunderstood and ignored by the "lion," of whom I am speaking), a Christian is one who loves every human child of God, and, consequently, venerates and adores the loving and merciful Father of them all.

No poor, craven being, who would abstain from the outward manifestation of sin, simply from a dread of punishment, or a hope of reward, is capable of realizing such love and adoration. A Christian patriot is entirely out of the question. Such an anomaly never did, and never will, exist.

It is a gross insult to any man of common sense or refined affections, to tell him that if he does not acquiesce in certain humanly-prescribed dogmas, God will punish him eternally. Such a man will spurn the blasphemous heresy, and pity the ignorance of the poor, deluded fanatic who utters it. Neither can weak-minded persons be taught, by such means, to love either God or man. Could I cultivate love for me, in the heart of my child, by madly ravaging, and threatening to roast him if he disobeyed my commands? Never! I might so terrify him as to prevent his disobedience, but, inwardly, he would hate me, and long to do everything that was offensive to me.

The only mode of making genuine Christians is to win men to the love of the Infinite Father, by placing before their minds an image of his transcendently fascinating and attractive attributes, as did Jesus. After expatiating upon that boundless and inconceivable power, which enables him to keep in perpetual and unerring motion the vast machinery of the universe, the speaker should assure the ravished listener that his love for all his human children, not excepting the most corrupt and ungrateful of them, as far transcends his power, as the latter does the finite power of man. Fully convince the vilest sinner that exists, of this stupendous fact—once make him realize that the Creator is constantly returning him good for evil, and instantaneous reclamation would be inevitable; it would, subsequently, be as impossible for him to willfully and deliberately sin, as it is for him to annihilate his own deathless spirit.

If a finite man could, during a single week, cruelly torture his own child, all mankind would, with one accord, exorcise the barbarity, and recoil from the demoniac perpetrator of it, as they would from a venomous reptile. Yet this man would be a saint, compared to a Being who was capable of torturing his own children eternally. The former act would be but finite, and very temporary barbarity, while the latter would be infinite, and endless barbarity.

Is it not wonderful that men and women will patiently listen to the gross and blasphemous libels upon the GREAT CENTRAL SOURCE of Love, that emanate from the "Reverend" promulgators of imaginary damnation? Such an unmitigated outrage to the finer dictates of humanity—such wholesale slander of the Creator—should invariably be rebuked by a universal hiss, and an instantaneous rush towards the doors, by the entire congregation.

Not our pulpits are already sufficiently desecrated by weekly libels upon the Deity, and no importation of an additional calumniator is requisite. The eminently "Reverend" Spurgeon will never be needed in the New World, unless he should some day become a convert to Christianity, as defined by its spotless and unrivaled founder. The hideous howl which the former so graphically paints, impudently labeling it "God," is already too popular among those who look to others, rather than to their own reason and conscience, for spiritual guidance.

Many believe Spurgeon to be an arrant hypocrite, laboring for his own fame, rather than the "glory of God." (What a "glory" to be held up to public view as an infinite embodiment of all the ingredients that constitute the fiend?) But I am inclined to hope and think that the man is sincere in believing that he can frighten men and women into Christianity; and that he deems it his duty, and his God appointed mission, to rant, and rave, and spout blasphemy by the hour. Jesus said, concerning those who ignorantly crucified his mortal body, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;" and he doubtless says, in behalf of the deluded Spurgeon, who so palpably crucifies the sublime yet simple doctrine which he taught, "Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does."

When I venture to offer a contribution to a newspaper, it is almost invariably prepared under the prompting of a sudden impulse—a kind of "impression" that something of the kind is needed. As I really have no time to devote to such matters, I always rush them through with so much precipitancy, that many of my words are difficult to understand, and hence, doubtless, the reason why you seldom publish one of my communications without substituting one or more words for different ones in the manuscript. Not having the right numbers at

hand, I cannot now correct all these errors, but I recollect that in the article entitled "What is Eternity?" you made me say *comprised*, instead of "comprised" in his mortal career," etc. There was also one slight error in that headed, "A tacit admission of weakness," besides the following very annoying one, viz: "Keep not only their 'light,' but also their congregations 'under a bushel,' lest the latter should exercise their own, God-given 'reason'?" This you printed thus: "Keep not only their 'light' but also their congregations 'under a bushel?'" But the latter should exercise," etc.

You will not, of course, construe these remarks as conveying any censure of your proceedings, but simply as designed to correct errors attributable to my own carelessness, which—sadly mar and pervert the ideas I strove to present to your readers.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Oct. 29, 1858.

MEDIUMS.—REPLY TO DR. ROBBINS.
PHRENOLOGICAL ROOMS, 138 MAIN ST.,
BUFFALO, NOV. 9, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—I must say a few words in reply to Dr. Robbins. Who this brother Robbins is, or where he keeps himself, I know not, having never made his acquaintance, as I recollect. He speaks in very familiar terms of Buffalo, our hall, &c. Some things he has said, under the heading, "Fanaticism," in a recent Banner, which requires a passing notice.

It is said somewhere in the history of the ages, by way of caution, "Be not puffed up." And again, by way of direction, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and upraideth not." It is not for me to say what class of spirits shall commune with the lowly and ignorant of earth. Spirits even from the sixth sphere may condescend to hold communion with many a humble peasant—who had never been very thoroughly versed in the classics—having found them to be good mediums. This, it appears, was the case with Davis, in the graveyard, where he was visited by Galen and Swedeborg.

In justice to the medium he speaks of in Buffalo, I must say something, as I was present, and know all about it; and if Dr. R.'s inferences are drawn from similar cases, they may be wide of the mark. The young man to whom he alludes came out as a medium quite unexpectedly to us all; but I have never been able to find any one who doubted his sincerity. But there soon seemed to arise a prejudice from some cause, in some minds, against his mediumship. He came forward with a written lecture, claimed to be dictated by the spirits, and requested the privilege of delivery before the meeting, and was told he might do so, if, on inspection, it should be approved by our committee. The time and place was designated, the lecture examined and delivered, and universally approved by the audience. A second lecture was prepared and offered, but at the time it was to be delivered we unexpectedly had a lecturer from abroad, and so the medium very modestly gave way; and when, on the next Sunday evening, we were all expecting the lecture, for some reason unknown to me, the delivery was not encouraged by the leaders; and although we had no lecturer, the young man did not press his suit, and so we did not get the second lecture. The time Dr. Robbins mentions, was at the morning circle. The medium arose and stepped forward, in apparently a trance state, but appeared to be much agitated—and no wonder, for there was prejudice enough, I have no doubt, to have stopped a grist mill with two run of stone, under a good head of water. Under these circumstances, whether the spirit using him fully expressed what it meant to, I would not in charity pretend to say. Perhaps the language used under the agitation was stronger than was really meant. At all events, it was nearly, if not exactly, as Dr. R. states, that we might look for some wonder to be performed in the afternoon; and it was as promptly met by one of the brethren sitting directly before him, with as cruel, sarcastic remarks, as could come from any of the schools of Orthodoxy. The retort was so withering, that the medium shrunk away, and so Dr. Robbins has no miracle to record.

This has been the treatment, with a very few exceptions, that all our home mediums have met with, and it has been the means of breaking up the association, and throwing us ynn in the background. I strongly remonstrated at the time, for I very much wanted to see the miracle, and if the spirit did not fulfill its contract—all conditions being harmonious—it would then be time enough to cry humbug, and Dr. R. would have some foundation for his sarcasms respecting the Buffalo medium.

In conclusion, I will simply add, that if our folks can have something far-fetched and, dear-bought, it will do; but anything too near home smells too much of the common, and they accordingly repudiate it.

Yours, &c., J. C. HALL.

SPIRITUALISM IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

Messrs. Editors.—The glorious mission of Spiritualism is accomplishing much good in these regions, hitherto noted for their devotedness to dogmatical Orthodoxy. The scales of bigotry and intolerance are continually falling from the eyes of those who have formerly shut out all light and knowledge concerning the beauties of this "angel dispensation."

The broad fields of spiritual light and life are bursting anew upon many hitherto benighted visions, made so by an almost fanatical devotion to man-made creeds, and sectarian dogmas. If there is one thing more than another that stands out in bold relief, and shines with true and beautiful refulgence, as connected with the cause of spiritual truth, it is the fact that, by embracing Spiritualism, a man does not lose his individuality, or, rather, he does not become the exponent of all the views held by all Spiritualists. Members of Orthodox churches are exponents of a certain class of ideas, called creeds; and to be a Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, is to stand before the world as the believer or exponent of the theological views entertained by either of the denominations to which one may attach himself, let those views be false, or not, as the case may be. Belonging to any one of the Orthodox denominations, we become involved in a series of mysteries too profound for human investigation; and sometimes so narrow as to belittle the character of the Almighty, and cause us to doubt almost our very existence, and altogether of that immortal life, a knowledge of which forces itself intentionally upon our understanding.

But another and more beautiful era is dawning upon the world of mankind. Sectarian creeds and influences, and dogmatical usurpations, are fast passing away, to be known "among the things that were." Freedom of thought and action is beginning to characterize the mass of human minds. Men and women

in this age will not be bound by man-made creeds, but maintain the right to question the truth of church creeds and dogmas, without the expectation of the martyr's crown.

No, no. The days of martyrdom are past; and to be known and distinguished as an advocate of the theory of spirit intercourse, does not necessarily involve a man in disgrace and ruin. Mankind are becoming more and more liberal in thought and action.

The idea had become prevalent that a bishop, or leading man, of any denomination, could do nothing wrong; his acts were pure and holy, and to hold them up to the public gaze, to scan them as the acts and sayings of other men are scanned, was almost sacrilegious, and deserved the severest punishment. But these days of priest-worship are fast passing away, and while we respect men of merit and talent, we do not look upon them as infallible, or possessing attributes so nearly allied to Deity, that they can say or do nothing wrong.

Just in proportion as these liberal sentiments gain a foothold among the people, and as devotion to priestly power and significance passes away, the great truths of Spiritualism will progress and spread their green branches over the earth. Mankind are waking up, and the stale theories of the past are giving way to the onward march of spiritual truth, as developed by tangible intercourse with the loved ones of the spirit-land. Immortality, its truth, beauty and sublimity, are now being rightfully and thoughtfully considered. The theories of immortal life in the past are giving way to a tangible evidence of man's future state, made happy or miserable, according as he becomes developed spiritually in his earthly life. This seems to be a natural, legitimate conclusion; one deduced by those laws which govern the natural world; and, as these laws are universal, must also govern the moral world.

We have been favored lately by the visitations of the editor and assistant editors of the Spiritual Clarion. They spoke to the people (the editor in the normal, and the editors in the trance state,) upon the great truths of Christian Spiritualism; demonstrating the theory and importance of spirit intercourse. Bro. Clark spoke with an energy and depth of argument, seldom witnessed. None, seemingly, could resist his eloquence and logic. He spoke nearly an hour, and was listened to with attention and respect by an audience composed mostly of skeptics. Soon after he closed, Miss King (the assistant,) was entranced, and spoke for nearly three-fourths of an hour, with a pathos, beauty of sentiment and expression, which I have never seen excelled by any normal speaker. Considering the age (eighteen,) of this young lady, and that this was the third time only that she had spoken to a promiscuous audience, she bids fair to become a second Mrs. Hatch in the spiritual lecturing field. Her simplicity of manner, her amiable and kindly disposition, and her noble bearing, won all hearts, even those who deny the spiritual theory. That she is destined to make her mark as a trance-speaker of more than ordinary beauty and pathos, is very evident.

The "Clarion" circulates in this vicinity, and is a live little sheet, containing the facts as well as philosophy of the spiritual theory. This is just what the people need. "One fact is worth a thousand arguments," is a trite but true saying. And these are what we want, for these are tangible, and, therefore, convincing.

LEWIS, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1858.

H. L. BOWKER'S QUESTION.

Messrs. Editors.—Our good Bro. Bowker, in his late article, presents very lucidly the great spiritual principle involved in the mediumistic examination of distant individuals; or, as he calls it, "reading the Book of Life." He seems to think that the personal presence of the individual examined, or some representation of, or writing from the individual, is necessary to a correct reading, or, in fact, to any reading at all.

But in this he is mistaken. It may be necessary in his case, or in the usual conditions of mediumistic examiners; but it is by no means indispensable, where the medium is fully equal to the "regulated" condition, or "connection"—of which I have, ere this, spoken to him, as well as to the public at large. Thus, by having special reference to the regulating principles and conditions, I have seen examinations made, character detailed, and of distant persons, without the use of any writing, or look of hair, or daguerreotype, or other likeness, or without even a whispered word expressive of what, or who, was to be the subject of the examination. This is a peculiar element of what is denominated the "Higher Unfolding," and, as every statement, or test, which comes under such conditions, is accurate and true, and also high-minded, and satisfactory in all its details, it can very easily be seen that all Spiritualists and investigators will do far better for themselves, and vastly more credit to the subject, by giving a more close attention to the regulating principles and conditions, than they have yet done.

I might say much in elucidation of the spiritual principle, or *modus operandi*, involved, not only in the usual forms of manifestations, but more especially in the regulated operations; but the subject is too broad for a full explanation in this place; it is, moreover, a topic on which I enter at large in my Spiritual and Consecration Lectures, which I am always ready to deliver anywhere on demand.

D. J. MANDELL.

ATHOL, DEPT, MASS.

A WORD FROM RANDOLPH.

Messrs. Editors.—The friends of Spiritualism in this place held a grand love and fair at Stetson Hall, on Wednesday evening, October 27. It was arranged and conducted under the auspices, and by the exertions, of an association of ladies, for the purpose of creating a fund, to be expended in promoting the good cause. At an early hour, the large and commodious hall was filled to overflowing by an audience who, each and all, seemed intent upon making themselves and friends as happy as possible. Addresses, appropriate to the occasion, were delivered by Bro. J. H. Harris, Miss Emma Houston, and Miss Sarah A. Magoun, which were well received. A fine quadrille band, under the direction of Mr. A. S. Porter, was in attendance, and discoursed excellent music at intervals, throughout the evening; also, several eminent vocalists, who generously volunteered their services, and sang several songs and glees highly to their credit, and the amusement of the company. Several large tables, loaded with refreshments, and others with toys and fancy articles to please the little folks, were kindly provided by the ladies, to whom we owe one of the happiest of entertainments, and one which we hope to see again repeated.

Yours truly, J. H.

Pearls.

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

The Autumn time! the Autumn time!
How softly steal its footsteps on!
How gently wanes the summer's prime,
And fades her glories one by one!
The days are bright, and calm, and clear,
It seems like summer-time to me;
But ah! a change is round me here,
In faded flower and crimson tree.

Men cannot but admire the mind that marches steadily on
through sunshine and shade, calm, smiles and frowns—glad
of favor, but pressing on without it—thankful for aid, but
fixed on advancing at all events.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn—
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashen burn.

Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last
of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the
battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant
courage in the human soul, is his best physician.

There had whispered a voice—
"Twas the voice of her God!
I love thee—love thee—pass under the rod!
Yet the healer was there, who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away.
To allure her to Heaven he had placed it on high,
And the mourner will quickly obey. LOSEFELLOW.

It has that spent much of his time in his study, will
seldom be collected enough to think in a crowd, or confident
enough to talk in one.

Cling to thy home, if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth—a shelter to thy head;
And some poor plot with vegetables stored,
Do all that Heaven allows thee for thy board,
Unswerving bread and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river's brink or mountain's brow;
Yet o'er this cheerless mansion, shall provide
More hearty-rope than all the world beside.
LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM, B. C. 250.

The best way to condemn bad traits is by practicing good
ones.

Where'er we go, in sunlight or in shade,
We mourn some jewel which the heart has missed—
Some brow we touched in days long since gone by—
Some lips whose freshness and first day we missed;
We shut out from our eyes the happy light
Of sunbeams dancing on the hill-side green,
And, like the maiden, open them on the night
And cry, like her, "Oh God! it might have been!"

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Last Sunday we had the pleasure
of listening to the fine lectures given through the
mediumship of Miss Emma Houston; she gave uni-
versal satisfaction. There were many skeptics
among the audience, but all went away satisfied
that she spoke in an unconscious state. Circum-
stances have occurred here by which more interest
has been induced than we had previously felt, of
which I will speak further on. We have recently
been addressed by Mr. L. Judd Pardee and George
W. Keene, Esq., of Lynn. Mr. Keene is among the
best speakers in the field; he is an original thinker,
as well as being intensely interesting; his audiences
were very much gratified. To those who believe we
are for money-making, I wish to say that Mr. Keene
always speaks without money or price—he even re-
fuses remuneration for his expenses; he is a true
laborer in the cause.

Our audiences are composed of the thinking minds
among us; no church in Newburyport can show so
attentive audiences as are weekly to be seen at Essex
Hall. Weekly social parties are held alternately at
the houses of the friends, for the purpose of forming
acquaintances, and they are productive of good re-
sults. Bro. R. Sherman, the pioneer in the cause,
also holds evening circles at his house every Wednes-
day, for the honest skeptics to investigate; mediums
are present, and give tests. These meetings are
free; unprejudiced minds must see that such meet-
ings cannot be conducted without considerable trouble
to the persons interested, and this shows to our op-
ponents that sincerity must be conceded as one of
the virtues of the Spiritualists. Mr. Sherman and his
family deserve the thanks of all the friends for the
manly course they have pursued in the darkest days
of Spiritualism; they are receiving their reward.

We have recently been favored by a few misnamed
lectures against Spiritualism; they attracted a good
deal of excitement, the hall being filled each evening.
Among the visitors, were some of the clergy. They
will go to any lecture purporting to expose Spiritu-
alism, but never to examine it, so they have no
means of judging whether the *expose* is true or false,
for they have nothing to judge from, and conse-
quently, are deceived. This pretended exposé prom-
ised to do all that we could do, but in fact did not do
anything; he said he would make mediums from
the audience, and some thought he did; there were
persons who went on the stage, and were examined
by a committee opposed to Spiritualism, who pro-
nounced them in an unconscious state, but the *demon-
stration* showed how much they were capable of judg-
ing, for these same subjects sued the so-called lecturer
for ten dollars, which he agreed to pay them before-
hand, for pretending to be entranced—and this is
what is termed an exposure of Spiritualism!

This lecturer was invited here by the editor of the
Herald of Gospel Liberty, a Christian Baptist paper;
the clergy gave notice in their pulpits of his lectures,
and made a god of him. He said, while here, that
he believed he was raised for the purpose of protect-
ing the Orthodox religion and the clergy from the
inroads of Spiritualism. We hope more such will be
raised, but we advise all friends to have nothing to
do with him—the less you have to do with him, the
less chance will he have to misrepresent you.

On Tuesday evening Miss Houston again lectured
at the Essex Hall; on this occasion a note was sent
to each clergyman in the city, inviting him to at-
tend; but of the whole number (18) not one attend-
ed. Any miserable impostor can come along, pre-
tending to expose Spiritualism, and they all rush
to hear him, and pay for the privilege; but when we
present Spiritualism as it is, in its purity, and invite
them to attend, they shrink in holy, hypocritical
horror from the contact. Very well; let them go on—
the people are thinking and investigating for them-
selves, instead of any longer allowing a hired preach-
er to think, and decide for them; and they will soon
find that as education advances, bigotry recedes, and
with the advance in general knowledge, a desire is
begotten for a more thorough knowledge of the
ground-work of the multitudes of so-called religious
faiths now preached.

I cannot leave this subject without bearing testi-

mony to the great good which is resulting from the
discourses of Miss Houston; she made hosts of
friends while here, and her future course will be
watched with great interest by us. She is one of
the best speakers we have had. It is but a short
time since she entered the field; but she has proved
to be a valuable acquisition.

A friend of mine, one of the most respected citi-
zens of Newburyport, has recently become convinced
of the truth of Spiritualism. He was an investi-
gator, and one evening met with an accident, strik-
ing his head a severe blow; a bad headache, and
very prominent bunch, were the result. The same
evening he visited some friends, among whom was a
healing medium, who, without knowing of his trou-
ble, was impressed to lay her hands on his head; in
a few moments the pain was gone, and also the
swelling; this is well known here; yet, while it is
admitted, skeptics will deny that such a result can
again be accomplished.

A few weeks since a seeing medium of this city,
while riding in the cars, saw three spirits around a
gentleman; he was informed of it, and the spirits
described; as the description was being given, he at
first looked doubtful, but as it went on, tears came
to his eyes, and he says, "Who are you? What
does this mean?" He was answered that it was
Spiritualism; he said he had never known anything
about Spiritualism; had presumed it was one of the
humbags of the day, consequently unworthy of an
investigation; but that in future he would improve
every opportunity; "For," he continued, "I cannot
give so correct a description of my father, my wife,
and my adopted boy, as you, a perfect stranger, have
given." And this is but one of the many
modes by which the world is to be informed of who
and what we are, as well as what we believe.

It will be recollected that most of the papers last
spring copied the account of a monster baptism of
one hundred persons in this city; of that number, I
know of ten who have gone back to their old ways,
(if in fact they ever left) and are as bad, if not
worse, than ever before. I have no doubt that, were
I to examine, I should find at least one-fourth of the
whole in the same boat. Does this speak well
for the revival? Will the same papers copy this
statement? It is true, and the names can be given
if needed; among the number is the son of the clergy-
man who performed the ceremony.

The papers copy with avidity every case reported
of renunciation of Spiritualism, as well as of any
case of apparent recency; but they have taken
pains not to report the case of the Baptist minister,
who was recently arrested here for a crime, at
which the most extreme free-lover would blush.
Oh, no; it won't do to report such a case, for their
church would then be in danger. Oh, consistency!
truly thou art a jewel of the rarest kind!

I promised in my last letter to give an account of
some strange occurrences in days of yore, but the
length of this admonishes me to postpone them till
my next, when I will endeavor to give them.

NEWBURYPORT, Nov. 11, 1858.

FROM THE DAVENPORT BOYS ON THE
PENOBSCOT.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—At the homes of worthy citizens
in this vicinity, these boys have passed much time
since their arrival in this state, about ten months
past. From this central locality, at which they have
been thankfully welcomed, they have traveled to
many towns and cities, giving manifestations in var-
ious parts of the state. Their mediumistic powers
have been thoroughly tested, and such demon-
strations, given, as have silenced doubts and made inno-
vations upon the strongholds of despotism in the
public mind, while many have been led to embrace
the belief, in its fullest meaning, that spirits have
been the originators of such demonstrations.

My object in presenting this testimony for publica-
tion in your paper, is to aid in establishing the great
fact of spirit intercourse, and to help the world to
come to a knowledge of this truth.

The boys are well known in this region to possess
integrity, and among those who best know them, not
one individual conceives them to be impostors. Gen-
erous, frank, and of noble spirit, we have ever found
them, inclining not only to a love for useful knowl-
edge, but cherishing, also, a desire to rise in the
scale of virtuous attainment beyond what most minds
of their age deem important.

In addition to the facts demonstrated at their us-
ual public and private circles—which facts have been
given to the world, and avouched for, in so far as hu-
man testimony can be admitted—there are certain
other phenomena which should be mentioned. Ar-
ticles belonging to household affairs have been taken
from one room and carried to another; the me-
diums having no contact with the articles; a large
gold pencil, taken from a private drawer in a room
remote from the mediums, and dropped, in the light,
in another room, in the presence of competent wit-
nesses; pieces of coin transported greater distances,
(in two instances, pieces of silver coin, with private
marks, were carried thirty miles, and presented and
identified in such a manner as to preclude the possi-
bility of a doubt that they were conveyed by the
spirits—the one being presented at the carriage, after
a signal that it should stop, when the party was on
the way, at noonday, and the other dropped in a
hall, in the light, in the presence of a number of
witnesses.)

Trunks are raised, without contact, as the me-
diums pass them, in the light; chests, and other ar-
ticles, have been moved in the house, when the me-
diums were not in the same room; a stand was
turned bottom upwards, without mortal contact;
when the mediums were not in the room where it
stood; a trumpet, and other articles, some thirty
feet from the mediums, moved across the room in
the light; communications written by a spirit-hand,
in total darkness, the ruled lines each nicely traced,
the composition good, correct and elegant in expres-
sion, and accurately punctuated—many pages have
been thus written, with great rapidity, in the pres-
ence of persons of integrity and intelligence, who
carefully furnished the paper, and identified it when
it was written upon. Several articles of this sort
have thus been written, with great force and chastity
of style, upon topics which regard the highest inter-
ests of our race.

Among the commonest and most interesting exer-
cises of those familiar with the boys, and with the
spirits that attend them, is the practice of frequently
going into a dark room, at any time, and conversing
with the spirits, as they freely talk through a tramp-
pet, furnished for this purpose. Select parties often
assemble for the purpose of thus conversing with
the spirits, who talk with audible and distinct voices,
heard by all. At such a season it is common for the
spirit in charge to approach a part, or all the

persons in the room, shake hands with them, and
freely talk upon the gravest or most lively subjects,
as the conversation may chance to turn.

Persons who have witnessed this sort of spirit
manifestation, have tested the matter to the last
degree, and know that these things are so; and
many persons of unquestionable standing in com-
munity, for intelligence and honor, are ready to tes-
tify to these facts.

The mediumistic powers of the boys improve and
strengthen as they themselves advance towards the
maturity of manhood. This is seen in the fact that
physical objects are now more readily and forcibly
moved, in the light, without contact, than formerly;
and also, in the fact that the spirits are beginning
to speak audibly, though not with the same force
and ease, when the room is partially-lighted.

The spirits long since announced that the boys
have other gifts than those for physical manifesta-
tions, which are yet, in their maturity, to be em-
ployed as a blessing to the world. Of this we have
recently had a most interesting confirmation. At
our last interview the oldest medium was profoundly
entranced, when he was moved to rise and speak.
At first, after a few introductory words, there was
offered, through his organism, a most fervent, elevat-
ing, and able prayer. The prayer was followed by a
speech of great force and beauty, of eloquence and
comprehensiveness; an utterance of startling facts
which are yet to astonish the world! The prayer and
speech were offered by Mansfield, the secretary of the
band that attends the boys.

In this statement the utmost brevity and truth-
fulness have been studied, as not a hundredth part
of the facts demonstrated in our midst, through
these mediums, has been mentioned. A specimen
only has been given of what has been witnessed by
scores of men and women, whose testimony would
be deemed abundant on any point in the ordinary
experience of man, and it is but an imperfect spec-
imen, doubtless, of what will be witnessed by many
thousands who will yet see and hear for themselves.

ORONO, ME., Nov. 2, 1858.

MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MRS. J. W.
CURRIER.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The remark is often made by
those who have read the wonderful accounts of spirit
manifestations which have appeared from time to
time in the columns of the Banner, why is it that I
cannot witness these things, and obtain such proofs
of the existence of my spirit friends? For years I
have been trying to investigate Spiritualism; my
natural sympathies and intuition prompted me to
believe; but, alas! solid, unmistakable facts were
wanting, and, like one of old, I have cried from the
depth of my soul, "I believe—help thou mine un-
belief."

Within the last few days a strange variety of
manifestations have occurred at my house, which
are almost overwhelming in their nature. Last
Wednesday Mrs. J. W. Currier arrived in Groveland,
and, according to a previous engagement, she lec-
tured in the evening at the Independent Church.
The speaking was very eloquent, and gave great
satisfaction. Indeed, I have rarely heard such a
fine, argumentative discourse from any speaker.
During the week, Mrs. C. has been my guest, and I
have daily seen and heard demonstrations of spiri-
tism. I will give you an account of some of the
most remarkable. She saw and described many of
my deceased relatives; the descriptions she gave at
once without hesitation, and they have been as cor-
rect as I could have possibly given them myself.
My daughter appeared to her, and the medium
uttered her name, (which she had never heard be-
fore.) I said: "If this is really my child Mary Ann,
will she cause the medium to see a particular mark,
which she had upon her hand while in earth-life.
Instantly the medium exclaimed: "She holds up to
my view her hand, with one finger shut; it looks
crooked and stiff, as if it was withered." This was
strictly true; and what greater test could have been
given through one who was an utter stranger to my-
self and family?

Last Thursday, one of my neighbors, Mrs. Hovey,
called at my house. She came in at the back-door,
and had hardly time to seat herself in the kitchen,
when a door opened, and Mrs. Currier entered, being
completely entranced. Mrs. Hovey received from her
a communication purporting to come from a daugh-
ter who died some time since. The name was given
correctly. The circumstances under which this test
was given, rendered it a very striking one. When
the medium became entranced, she was sitting in
the parlor, engaged in conversation with my daugh-
ters, and others.

We have had many physical manifestations, which
were truly wonderful; the rappings have been heard
in all parts of my house, and I have repeatedly seen
a table move without physical contact; and in
several instances stones have been brought in and
dropped on the floor by some invisible power. In
one instance, flowers were brought into the room,
fresh and dripping with rain. Startling as it may
appear, these are facts, and they have occurred under
circumstances which precluded all possibility of col-
lusion. A great many names of deceased persons
have been given, since Mrs. Currier came here.
Sometimes she hears them spoken, as if by an audi-
ble voice; many have been spelled out by means of
raps, and many have been given while she was en-
tranced.

I could record many tests as interesting as those
which I have related, but time will not permit. I
can say, with all sincerity, that I would not be will-
ing to lose the evidence of spirit communion, that I
have lately received, for a fortune.

JOHN BROWN, JR.

GROVELAND, Nov. 7, 1858.

A NOTE FROM TOLEDO.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—We have had a most refreshing
awakening, and stirring up among our Spiritualistic
friends in this city, which has caused the dry
bones of Orthodoxy to rattle far more merrily
than did even the famous ones of Cornelius Wine.
Leo Miller, Esq., has favored us with very able
lectures, during the last three evenings, upon the
subject of Spiritualism, generally, and inspiration—
the fallacy of adopting the Bible as an infallible
standard of truth—and good and evil, particularly.
He was greeted with large and intelligent audiences,
and a marked interest and desire to know and learn
more of Spiritualism and its manifestations was
generally exhibited and expressed—so that the field
may now be considered fairly open for lecturers, and
we hope that their calls may be often made upon us,
as we can insure them a cheering welcome and
large audiences.

Our Baptist and Presbyterian clergymen were in

attendance, and swallowed the doctrines proclaimed;
not, however, without making many wry faces, and
exhibiting pure Orthodox and Pharisaical displeas-
ure.

Mr. Miller has with him a spirit portrait of a
beautiful sister, which was executed by the spiri-
tist—Mr. E. Rodgers, of Cardington, Ohio—in
thirty minutes, in a room darkened, so that it was
impossible to read print. This has excited much
interest and speculation in the minds of the disbe-
lievers.

We hope to have A. J. Davis with us soon, as we
understand he is now making a western trip, and
we should be pleased to welcome other lecturers, who
may chance to take our city in their route.

Yours in faith,
TOLEDO, O., Oct. 26, 1858.

MESSAGE VERIFIED.

In the Banner of Sept. 4, we published a communi-
cation received through Mrs. Conant, from "Eulalia."
At the close of speaking, the spirit said:

"My husband will know me by this name—it is
not necessary to give you any other. Please request
him to write you in reference to this, that you may
know me in future. My husband publishes a paper
in California."

This part of the message was not published, being
private to us, but it furnished us with a reason for
requesting a reply in reference to the authenticity of
the message. His reply has reached us, and is as
follows:

Calaveras Chronicle Office,
Mokelumne Hill, Cal., Oct. 30, 1858.

Messrs. Colby, Foster & Co.—In your paper of
Sept. 4th—the "Banner of Light"—I recognize a
communication addressed to me from "Eulalia," my
late wife. I have no doubt of its authenticity, hav-
ing communicated with her personally before, but for
a long time have not been able to receive a communi-
cation, until I received those through your paper. I
understand most of it, but see no propriety in an-
swering it more than as above. I should be pleased
to know your reasons for wishing me to recognize the
communication, or answer it. Will you inform me?
I remain very respectfully yours,
JNO. SHANNON.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENA.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—A novel and singular proof of
spirit power may be seen at Mr. S. Whiting's, in
this town. It was received through the mediumship
of a grandson of Mr. W.'s on the 31st of July last.
It appears upon the object-lens of a spy-glass, and
purports to be a representation of the spheres. In
the centre appears a ball, with luminous circles
around it, the whole in the brightest rainbow colors,
which are almost continually changing. Sometimes
it will disappear, and then, in an instant, will be
seen as bright as ever, occasionally changing its
position upon the glass. It occupies a space not
larger than a three cent piece, and when magnified,
appears to be of various sizes, to different persons.
It is invisible when looking through the spy-glass in
the usual manner. It is a perfect little gem, which
its owner would not sell for a thousand dollars. He
asked the spirits for a test which he might show, to
prove that Spiritualism is true, and soon received it,
with the assurance that it should last as long as he
wished. Hundreds have seen it, and generally con-
cede it to be a wonder—a great curiosity.

This is a nut for the Professors to crack, when
they shall have given their promised explanation of
spirit rapping. Yours for the truth,
GARDNER ADAMS.

FRANKLIN, MASS., Nov. 5, 1858.

DIED.

In Marlboro', Nov. 4th, Miss Lizzie A. Mosser, of Rock
Bottom, aged 18 years. The flower has wilted on earth to
bloom afresh in heaven. She had nearly recovered from
fever, but a relapse ended her earthly career. M. S. T.

Special Notices.

LIBERAL LECTURES.
Joseph Barker, the Reformed Clergyman, will lecture upon
"the French Revolution and its Calculators," at the Lec-
ture Room of the Music Hall, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 18th,
at 7 1/2 o'clock. Tickets 10 cents, to defray expenses. On
Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, Nov. 17th, 18th,
and 19th, Mr. Barker will lecture at Mercantile Hall, No. 18
Summer street, upon Free Thought and Free Speech; the
Perplexities and Sorrows of a Christian Life; Indolence—its
Cause and Cure, with a Review of Nelson and Bishop Mc-
Jilvaine. Admittance 10 cents, to pay expenses. Tickets,
admitting a gentleman and lady to the four lectures, 50 cts.
To be obtained at the box office on the evening of the lecture.

HARMONIAL COLONY ASSOCIATION.
CONVENTION.

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

For order of the directory of the Harmonical Colony Assn
station.
D. C. GATZ, Recorder.
WORCESTER, Nov. 13, 1858.

Advertisements.

AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED.

HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS.
To such of the afflicted as desire Spiritual treatment for dis-
eases, I would say that with the increased facilities which
now have, both for ascertaining accurately the cause and
nature of their disease, and for the application of the proper
remedies, and being enabled to give them my constant per-
sonal attention, I can ensure them a speedy return of health
in all cases in which their disease is curable.

Locks of hair sent for examination, must be accompanied
by a leading symptom; also, age and sex must be given.
Terms \$1.00, payable in advance, accompanied by a letter
stating to whom to send.

Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.
CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street.
BOSTON, Oct. 23, 1858.

JUST PUBLISHED, MR. DAVIS'S NEW WORK! THE
HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL, with sugges-
tions for more noble institutions and philosophical sys-
tems of education. Price 30 cents; bound in cloth, 60 cents.
Sent to order, on the receipt of the price. Postage free. For
sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 14 Broad street. 5m nov20

OCTAVIUS KING, ELECTRIC DRUGGIST AND APOTHE-
CARY, No. 64 Washington street, Boston. Spiritual,
Clairvoyant, and Mesmeric Prescriptions accurately prepared.
Dec. 18, 1857.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
Boarding House, and Foreign Families supplied with reliable
help at short notice.
L. P. LINCOLN.

HALLS' QUADRILLE, BRASS AND CONCERT BAND,
Music from one to thirty pieces furnished for Balls, Wed-
dings, Private Parties, Assemblies, Concerts, &c., on applica-
tion to D. C. Hall, No. 4 Winter Place, Rhodolph Hall, No. 3
Gough Place, &c., or at the residence of D. C. Hall, No. 1 Russell Place, or at White
Broomfield Music Store, opposite Tremont House, Boston.
nov18 5m

MRS. L. W. KENNEL, HEALING MEDIUM AND ELECTRIC-
IAN, Columbia Building, Columbia street, Boston.
(Second entrance, Room No. 5.) 1f sept 4

NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCOTT COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, having taken the large house, No. 10
BROAD STREET, New York City, for the express accom-
modation of patients desiring to be treated by SPIRITU-
AL INFLUENCE, can assure all persons 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 cure
Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, &c. Price per bottle, \$5.
He offers his professional services in all cases of disease,
whether chronic or acute. 1f March 6

CIRCLES AT MURKIN'S ROOMS.

M. R. C. H. FOSTER, of Salem, Mass., has been employed
by the undersigned, and will give sittings day and evening.
Other mediums will be constantly in attendance. On
Tuesday and Thursday evenings, in place of the large circles
held heretofore, it has been deemed advisable to limit the
number to eight persons, at \$1.00 each, for the evening.
Circles will commence at 7 1/2 o'clock, and close at 10 pro-
cisely. 1f
S. T. MUNSON,
sept 11 5 Grand Street, New York.

J. R. ORTON, M. D., G. A. REIDMAN, M. D.,
DRS. ORTON AND REIDMAN,
Office, No. 108 Fourth Avenue, near corner of Tenth street,
one block from Broadway, New York.

Dr. Reidman receives calls and gives sittings for tests,
as heretofore. 1f April 10, 1858.

ROSS & TOUSEY,
PACKERS AND FORWARDERS OF DAILY AND
WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS, AND GENERAL JOBBERS
OF BOOKS, FULLY RECOMMENDED.

NO. 121 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.
Feb. 27—1f

BOARDING AT MR. LEVY'S, 231 WEST THIRTY-FIFTH
STREET, where Spiritualists can live with comfort and con-
venience with people of their own sentiments.

June 10 1f

MRS. M. MUNSON, 13 LAGRANGE PLACE, will devote
her whole time to examinations and treatment of dis-
eases. She will visit patients at their homes, if desired.
Tuesday and Thursday afternoons examinations for the poor
will be made at no charge.
Terms.—Examinations, \$1; by hair, \$5; hair sent by mail,
requiring written diagnosis, \$3. 1f oct 2

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.

A HOME FOR SPIRITUALISTS, TEMPERANCE MEN
AND WOMEN, and for all others who wish for quiet,
order, and comfort. This house is now under the man-
agement of the subscriber, who will always be at his post—
ready to attend to the wants of those who may favor him
with a call—at the corner of Harrison avenue and Beach
street. 1f
E. V. WILSON,
Manager, for Proprietors.

HEALTH TO THE SICK.—MR. LEMUEL EDMISTER, hav-
ing fully tested his powers as a healing medium, would
be happy to meet his friends at his residence in Bow street,
South Malden, near Malden bridge, on Mondays, Wednesdays
and Fridays. Terms, \$1.00 on week days, and \$1.50 on
at their own homes, if desired. Mr. Lemuel Edmister, as
clairvoyant, speaking and writing medium, may be seen on
the same days, and at the same place. Terms, 50 cents an
hour—poor considered. 5m aug 14

SAMUEL BARRY & CO.—BOOKS, PERIODICALS, &
SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS, THE BANCROFT, & LITTON, & ST.-
RICHMOND AND FANCY GOODS; No. 338 Race street, Philadel-
phia. 1f

Subscribers Sent with Periodicals without extra charge.
Birds in all its branches neatly executed. 1f

CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS, &c., printed in plain or or-
namental style. 1f July 23

MRS. B. K. LITTLE, the well known Test Medium and
Clairvoyant, has removed to No. 35 Beach street, (nearly
opposite the United States Hotel.)

Terms, \$1 per hour for one or two persons, and 60 cts. for
each additional person. Clairvoyant examinations, \$1.
June 10 1f

A HOME FOR THE AFFLICTED.—HEALING BY LAY-
ING ON OF HANDS.—DR. W. T. OSBURN, Clairvoyant
and Healing Medium, who has been very successful in
curing the sick, treats with unprecedented success, by the
laying on of hands, in connection with other new and invalu-
able remedies, all Chronic Diseases, such as Consumption,
Liver Complaint, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Gout, Nerve-
grip, and Heart Complaint. Diseases considered incurable
by the Medical Faculty, will readily yield to his new and
powerful remedies. Persons desiring board and treatment
can be accommodated. Terms for an examination at the of-
fice, one dollar—by letter